

WITHDRAWN

Pacific Bible Seminary

137

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Page 2

Funk--The complete preacher.

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THE COMPLETE PREACHER

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COMPLETE PREACHER

SERMONS PREACHED BY SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT CLERGYMEN
IN THIS AND OTHER COUNTRIES, AND IN THE
VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS

UNDER THE EDITORIAL SUPERVISION OF REV. I. K. FUNK

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE

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VOL. I.

FROM APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1877.

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THE COMPLETE PREACHER.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1877.

NO. I.

The Gospel of Marah.

A SERMON

BY Theodor Christlieb, D.D., Ph.D. PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY, AND PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN, GERMANY.

[Translated from the manuscript by A. C. WEDEKIND, D.D.]

[This sermon was preached *extempore*, in German, before the Evangelical Alliance, in Dr. Crosby's Church, New York. It made a profound impression. Now, after repeated solicitation, Dr. Christlieb has consented to write out, from his notes, the sermon in full. The manuscript has just been received in New York. The Doctor, in a letter to a friend in this city, says he spent his last Christmas holidays in his preparation, and he prays God's blessing to go with its publication.—PUBS.]

Exodus xv. : 22-26, especially the last clause of 26th verse—" *I am the Lord, thy healer.*"*

HERE, beneath the very shadows of Sinai, we have the gospel already in the Old Covenant, as truly comforting and supporting as anywhere in all the Bible. Well could the Lord in after ages say, "When Israel was a child I loved him; I led them with bands of love."—Hosea xi: 1-4. For here, at the very threshold of the wilderness, He meets them with the gracious assurance, *I am thy healer.*

How grandly was this gospel promise verified! At every step they took in their onward journey, the divine helps multiplied. The triumphant song over their miraculous deliverance at the Red Sea had scarcely died away, and their first sad experience of life in the wilderness had hardly been realized, when the Lord heals the bitter waters of Marah. Thence He leads them to the palm grove and refreshing fountains of Elim; thence on to Sin, "where the people asked, and God brought quails, and satisfied them with the bread of heaven." With unseen hands He had stretched "the bands of love" throughout the wilderness, along which He guides them in

"The fiery, cloudy pillar; "

seeking to heal them of their youthful arrogance and stubborn-

*The English version reads: "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Luther's version, which DR. CHRISTLIEB follows, reads, "*Ich bin der Herr dein Arzt*"—I am the Lord, thy physician. To retain the beautiful unity of this most excellent sermon, the translator has adopted the substantive instead of the verbal form of St. James' version, which is also in consonance with the Hebrew text. The terms "healer," "helper," and "physician" are used as synonyms. — *Transl.*

ness. And in order that they might clearly perceive that His mercies and His judgments alike aimed at the healing of their spiritual maladies, He gives them, at the very outset of their pilgrimage, if they would but obey His voice, the abiding, comforting assurance, "*I am the Lord, thy healer.*" As if He would say: My child, in this wearisome journey thou wilt often be foot-sore; but I am thy healer. Often thou wilt suffer from hunger and thirst; the sun will smite thee by day, and the moon by night; but I am thy healer. Enemies, mighty and many, will assail to wound and to bruise thee; but I am thy healer, thy hope, thy help.

How well, beloved, was this wilderness adapted to train, as in a school, a young, arrogant nation into obedience to God, and trust in His word. Here, without the intervention of second causes, they were absolutely thrown upon God's mercy, and had to derive, each morning, their daily subsistence from the dew of His love.

Is it otherwise with us, beloved? Do not we realize the same gracious interpositions of the Almighty? Has not the same unseen hand stretched "the bands of love" along our paths? At the very entrance of our life-pilgrimage, does He not meet us with His grace, in holy baptism, and say: "*I am the Lord, thy healer?*" In all the loving as well as chastening dispensations of His providence, does He not aim to heal the maladies of our hearts? O, that we might never forget, whenever we come to our Marahs, and taste their bitter waters, this consoling truth, that He is our healer!

But is this truth, that we are *really being healed*, manifested in our lives? Do we, in our needs, hasten at once to this healing Lord? Are His disciplines of "goodness and severity" restoring us to spiritual health? Alas! Alas! Look out upon the present Israel in the wilderness—Christendom; how sick, how very sick, the whole yet appears. How many have hewed them out numerous cisterns in the wilderness, who, nevertheless, with Israel of old, still cry, "What shall we drink?" They quaff one cup of pleasure after another, and perceive not the poison in the chalice. Their thirst is only aggravated; their condition becomes increasingly more hopeless and helpless; whilst—strange delusion!—they regard themselves as perfectly sound. Surveying our times and the world at large—Christendom and heathendom, church and state, home and family, ourselves and others—one may well exclaim with Isaiah: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

Listen, then, ye ailing, though pretending hale ones; ye pilgrims in the wilderness, whether your sojourn in it has only been three days or forty years; and ye, too, my countrymen, who have tasted something of the bitterness of exile in the land of strangers, listen to-day to the gospel of Marah: "*I am*

the Lord, thy healer." Every word of this gospel is full of grace, and power, and comfort. The Lord will *Himself* be our healer; is *to-day*; is your and my *special* healer; is in very truth the *healer*, who is fully adequate to all our maladies.

Let us then refresh and strengthen ourselves, as we meditate on *Marah's Gospel*:

"I AM THE LORD, THY HEALER."

We consider—

I. That here all other help is excluded: "*I am the Lord, thy healer.*"

II. That this help is of perpetual continuance: "*I am the Lord, thy healer.*"

III. That it is both of universal and special application: "*I am the Lord, thy healer.*"

IV. That it is irrevocably pledged, and demands, therefore, our fullest confidence: "*I am the Lord, thy healer.*"

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this precious truth! Preach it here to-day, as first at Marah, and may this gospel, like the breath of life, penetrate and permeate all ailing hearts and homes. Lord, our complaints are so many and grievous, that Thou canst make Thy name renowned in our midst. Thou knowest them all better than we do ourselves. O, produce within us the conviction that we need a physician, and enable us to seek and find our remedy in Thee and Thy dear Son, that we may exultingly say, "Through His wounds we are healed!" Amen.

I. "*I am the Lord, thy healer.*"

If we place the emphasis here, where God himself, because of His incomparableness, has placed it, we shall at once perceive that all other help or healing is here excluded. Israel had probably sought and expected help from Moses. And no wonder. A three days' journey in the wilderness, beneath a scorching sun and over burning sand, with waning strength of man and beast, was no ordinary trial; when, lo! they came to Marah. Water! water! is the tumultuous exclamation that echoes through Israel's camp. All rush to the fountain, when—O, cruel disappointment!—"the people could not drink the waters of Marah, for they were bitter." Sadness succeeds gladness—disappointment, transport. With murmurs long and loud the people turn to Moses, and despairingly ask, "What shall we drink?" "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and the Lord, in answer to Moses' cries, sweetens the bitter waters by means of a tree.

The Lord was the healer, and the Lord exclusively. This is the first truth taught in the gospel of Marah: a truth, by the way, not easily learned. For how many and various are the

contrivances to which men resort—and even Christian men—before they learn this divine exclusiveness of help asserted in the text.

No man is without some healer or helper. Somehow, somewhere, he seeks for deliverance and comfort, be it in himself or in others. And to what sorry helpers he often resorts with his heart troubles! How little, after all, has the world learned to go directly to the living God for help. When men come to their Marah in any need or bitterness of life, what do they do? Just see. Yonder kneels the besotted heathen before his dumb idol, and *that* shall help him; or he runs to some priest, or wizard, or juggler, and they shall help him; or he plunges into some sacred stream, tortures or lacerates his body, or “offers his first born for the sins of his soul;” and all this shall deliver him from guilt and perdition!

And how is it in Christian lands? Alas! Here the ointment for their wounded hearts is sought in haunts of pleasure, in convivial clubs, in diverting comedies, in amusing stories, in art galleries, in operatic entertainments; *these* shall divert, deliver, help, heal! Men everywhere act as though it had never been proclaimed, “*I, the Lord, am thy healer.*” In the lazar-house of this world one plague-patient seeks help of another, and if any one essays to deliver himself, it only proves that self-help is self-destruction. And why? Because all these helps and helpers are not adequate to the terrible malady that afflicts the race. So men have found it. So God has declared it. “Thus saith the Lord: Thy bruise is incurable, thy wound grievous. There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up; thou hast no healing medicines.”—Jer. xxx: 12, 13. The whole world contains not within itself a single drop of cooling water to quench the thirst of the soul, or to penetrate to the burning conscience. The incessant cry, therefore, continues: “What shall we drink?”

Marah’s sad experience is daily renewed. Water is at hand, but it quenches no thirst. Moses is near, but Moses alone is helpless. Self-upbraiding and murmurs abound, but deliverance comes not. World-help, human-help, self-help—all are inadequate.

By what right, now, can God claim this exclusive title of helper or healer? His *name* already, “*the Lord*,” implies it. “*I am Jehovah!*”—*i. e.*, not only the Almighty, to whom nothing is impossible; nor simply the Omniscient, who thoroughly understands the nature and extent of all human complaints; but also the “Faithful and True,” who will reveal Himself to thee—set thee apart for his people, and who is, even now, ready to enter into covenant with thee.

But His *deeds*, as well as His name, entitle Him to this exclusive right as helper or healer. With an outstretched arm

He had just delivered Israel from Pharaoh's hand. Through the healing of the waters at Marah He had renewedly demonstrated that he controlled the forces of nature; and that in special needs he could provide special helps. And who, we may well ask, had, from the beginning, cared for the fallen race? Who was, even now, gradually developing the great redemptive scheme, by the selection and training of a particular race and people? Was it not He alone?

But how much greater is God's right *now* to this exclusive title in the text? After the bitter waters of sin had flooded the earth, and one generation after another had drank its death-draught from the polluted stream, then he selected another tree and put that into the waters, and the curse and wrath-producing waters of sin were converted into streams of salvation. It was the cross of Christ, the only green branch on the dead tree of humanity. This did He and He alone, the Holy, the Triune God. Now the invitation, sweet as angel music, resounds through this wilderness world: "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink." Whenever now a soul drinks of this fountain, opened in Christ the Lord, so that it thirsts not again—*i. e.*, is truly healed—there God has been the physician through His Son, His Word, and His Spirit.

In administering the saving means, God employs, indeed, human instrumentality, as Moses at Marah, but the specifically efficacious healing power is always He, His Word, His Spirit, His grace, His peace. So that, in view of all this, God can now, with infinitely greater reason than at Marah, stand before mankind, and assert with unwonted emphasis: "*I, I alone*, am your healer;" and century after century of redemptive history responds with one loud, prolonged *Yea* and *Amen*.

Have we learned this, and do we fully appreciate it? Physicians dislike, when, along with them, we secretly call in others for consultation. The Heavenly Physician dislikes it as well. And yet so many "halt between two opinions;" so many human devices are resorted to, that the divine remedy is either greatly impeded, or rendered nugatory altogether. It is, therefore, no matter of astonishment that so much spiritual ailment abounds everywhere, and also here among you. O, my countrymen! you who seek deliverance by so many whom the Lord has not appointed as healers of your deepest sores, would that I could publish it in all your homes and hamlets, along all your hills and valleys, that *One* is your helper. High above all controversial strifes and animosities, He stands to-day before you, beholding all your secret woes and unmollified wounds, saying: "*I am thy physician.*" Acknowledge Him at last as your exclusive Saviour; flee with all your sufferings and sorrows to His peace-bestowing wounds, and your entire restoration is accomplished.

2. But there are yet many other springs of truth and comfort issuing from this Gospel of Marah. A new one is indicated in the *perpetual continuance of this Divine help*. "I AM," says the Lord, "*thy healer*;" am it always, and will continue to be it forever more. Human physicians come and go for awhile, and then either death or recovery ends their visits. The malady of the human race, however, as it has existed from the beginning of time, and will continue to the consummation of all things, needs an eternally abiding help. Here all things change, except sin; it has an obstinately tenacious existence, and transmits its blighting life from generation to generation. Hence has this little word, "I am," not yet passed away. High above all times and changes, thrones He who uttered it; before whom is no past nor future, but who surveys all in one eternal "Now;" who was, and is, and is to come, and who, therefore, can always continue to say: "I am the Lord, thy healer." He was it from the beginning, is it now, and ever shall continue to be it, world without end.

He continued to be Israel's helper. Else why does He not say, Behold I *was* thy healer; was it *just now*. Why, "*am*?" Because He wishes to intimate that He purposes to *remain* such. And this our text specifically confirms. "*There He made for them a statute and an ordinance; and then He proved them and said: If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, then will I put none of these diseases upon thee, which I brought upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord, thy healer.*" It was, you perceive, to be an ordinance and a statute forever, including on the one hand the leading them to the bitter waters from which nature recoils; but, on the other hand, also, the sweetening, the restorative efficacy of this water, redemption. That shall be a statute for God's Israel of all times, for all his children of all ages, "who diligently hearken to the voice of their Lord," so that they may definitely reckon on the Divine help.

How often was this firm and unalterable statute verified in Israel's history. Marah was but the beginning of the wilderness, not the end. And how faithfully did God continue their physician in all their wanderings! His face shone upon them from the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night; it was the visible pledge of His ever gracious presence. And O! how comforting for them in all their needs to see and to say: Yonder, in the front of the long, long procession, is the pledge of our help, the Angel of the Covenant!

Kings and princes usually take their family physician with them on their journeys. Israel had its physician along, both for body and soul. It was led and accompanied by Him who had said, "I am and remain the Lord, thy physician." And

whenever, in its subsequent history, even after long-continued faithlessness and monstrous iniquity, Israel cried unto the Lord in its sorest needs and greatest oppressions, becoming again obedient unto Him, the sweet truth was renewed by: "I am thy healer."

Is the case different at present? This holy sanctuary, this quiet Sabbath hour, this sacred volume, which, thank God, shines to-day like "the fiery, cloudy pillar" all along our pilgrimage through this wilderness world, all demonstrate the perpetually enduring force of this word "*am*." It is felt in the healing power of the Cross to-day, and it will continue to be felt to the end of time. And when time shall be no more, this self-same power shall stand out in all its fullness and majesty, in glory everlasting. In all the history of the past, where is there a single soul that humbly sought and believingly applied its healing efficacy, was either disappointed or rejected? Who can count the hearts it has quieted, the tears it has dried, the consciences it has unburdened, the soul-hunger and thirst it has satisfied?

Ah yes! This joyous news is still true. The Gospel of Marah still sounds forth its glad tidings. It has been clearly interpreted, graciously extended, mightily strengthened, amazingly deepened, and unshakenly established by the Gospel of Calvary. Its expiring victim, despite thy waywardness, is still "thy Healer," thy Saviour. And He remains such as long as "repentance and forgiveness of sin are preached in His name among all nations." His power is not limited. His arm is not shortened, that it cannot help. His kingdom increases, and with it the means of help.

And mark! whether thou recognizest the fact or not, He, unseen, has attended, with His gracious aid, each step of thy life-journey. As in Israel's case, thou had Him ever near thee. And this day thou mayest come to Him; and having been accepted, thou mayest come again and again. After each sin, each misstep, run to Him at once and say: Now Lord, more than ever Thou, and Thou *alone*, art my healer. O, neglect not the day of grace. It lasts long, but it has its limits for each one; else thou mayest knock in vain for admission when once the door is shut. Only to those that obey His voice it lasts forever; to such it is continued through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and will be perpetuated in the city of our God, when the mighty Helper and Healer, Jesus Christ, shall lead His flock "unto living fountains of water," and "unto the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

3. Or does any doubt in the ability of this physician to heal just *your* sickness hinder you? Then let me disclose to you a new spring of comfort in the Gospel of Marah. You have already seen how copiously the streams of salvation flow from

"*I am*;" but richer, fuller still, they issue from the little word, "THY healer," "*I am the Lord, THY healer*;"—a word as *comforting in its general as in its specific application.* A

In its *general application.* For whom is it intended? Beyond all controversy, for the entire Israel of God, of both the Old and the New Testament; for all, therefore, who are willing to obey the voice of the Lord their God.

Let me ask: What are *your* ailments from which Israel did not suffer? Instability? Who was more unstable than Israel? Is it the diabolical trinity of this world: The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life?" Who has ever excelled Israel in all these? Is it covetousness? Who has ever paid greater devotion at Mammon's shrine than ancient or modern Israel? Is it pride, or self-righteousness? Where has that bitter root ever produced more offensive blossoms and fruits than in the heart of Israel? Look only at the Pharisees of ancient time, or at the self-conceited, knowledge-inflated, culture-puffed Jew of the present. Or is it ingratitude and unbelief? Who fell away from God so easily and so often; and where, in all this wide, wide world, did the basest ingratitude of man to God ever reach such towering heights as when Israel led forth the Lamb of God, the embodied light of the world, to be crucified? And yet it was to this people—so wayward, so lustful, so proud, so thankless, so base, all the thoughts of whose heart the omniscient God well knew—that He said: "*I am thy healer.*" What an amazing revelation here of mercy and truth, of wisdom and grace, of long suffering and infinite forbearance, in order that God might proclaim Himself to such a people and for all time to come: "*I am thy healer.*" And how much grace and truth, love and compassion, might and light, are contained, too, in that announcement for *you*! Call your ailments what you please—be your sins of deepest dye and blackest hue, of personal or relative nature, of family or business character, to-day God announces Himself as your physician, and invites you thereby to become His patients; to commit yourselves to His treatment. Ye, then, whose hearts are becoming petrified in the service of mammon and through the deceitfulness of riches; ye whom appetite and lust have bound as with chains of iron; ye whom the inveterate canker of self-righteousness and pride is consuming; ye whom Satan is beguiling with indifference, from whose faith he is stealing its strength, from whose love its ardor, from whose hope its brightness; who are becoming spiritual consumptives, being neither cold nor hot—lukewarm; ye, of whatever state, shade, or condition of ailment, who are "full of wounds and bruises and putrifying sores;" ye are the ones to whom the heavenly physician says: "*I can and will heal you.*" Oh, blessed amplitude! oh, glorious universality! contained in the promise, "*I am thy healer*!"

Not less comforting, however, is the *specific application* of it:

Not every physician is adequate to every disease. Often a patient must hear: "I am in this instance not your man; go to another, who has made your particular class of complaints a specialty." And when, then, that other one can say: "Yes, I am your man; I understand your case thoroughly;" how comforting!

This comfort, too, is contained in Marah's Gospel. "I am *thy* healer;" *specifically* and *particularly* THINE.

Sin, the great malady of the race, is in its essence and nature the same; but its developments are different in different men. There is, therefore, a certain degree of propriety in the sinner's question: "Can this Physician help me? Because He has helped others, does it follow thence that I can be restored by Him?" To this question the text replies: Yes! "I am *thy* healer." I know all about thy case. Like a faithful family physician, I have watched thee from thine infancy. I know thy constitution and all the mischief that lurks within thee, as no one else. Just *thy* peculiarity is *My* specialty. And My treatment of thy case shall demonstrate over again, that I rightfully claim to be "The Lord, *thy* healer."

He surely was the right physician for Israel's complaints. His wonderful display of wisdom, of long-suffering and loving-kindness, of severity and lenity, of faithfulness and compassion, which characterize the whole history of Israel, furnish the competent demonstration, that God thoroughly understood their case.

And so is it with all. He knows precisely what to do and when to do it. One heart He melts with love, another He breaks with severity; here he rouses one slumbering conscience with the terrors of the law; there, like the good Samaritan, he pours into its burning wounds the oil of the Gospel; here He subdues a haughty spirit with the rod of affliction; there he raises up a weeping Magdalene with tenderest compassion. And as He fully understands the seat, compass, and virulence of the disease, so He thoroughly comprehends the symptoms of its inner crisis—the moment of conversion; and in the process of convalescence He selects, with infinite precision, the most approved means for the complete restoration of the patient. And as the omniscient Lord of all, He knows what influence surrounding circumstances exert upon each one of us; He selects and orders them in such a way as may be most convenient and helpful to all that have committed themselves to Him for treatment. Hence the checkered scenes, otherwise often inexplicable, that characterize their history.

And just here, He shows Himself the master in helping and healing, that, amid the vast concerns of universal empire, He

bestows His special care, skill, and attention upon every single individual that has employed Him as his physician. O! thou ailing, anxious, troubled soul, He that knows thee as no one else; that loves thee as no one else; that bruises and wounds, but also heals and comforts, as no one else; *He is thy helper, thy healer.* And notwithstanding all thy waywardness and infidelities, thy heedlessness and insults, He has never left thee, remains thy physician still, and will continue to be until He has placed thee beyond all danger.

4. For He pledges Himself, in the last word of the text, to your complete restoration, when He says; "*I am the Lord, thy HEALER.*" And herewith I open to you all the sluices of comfort contained in Marah's Gospel.

God's help is irrevocably pledged, and demands therefore our fullest confidence.

As a sinner, fear might naturally deter a man from committing himself to this daily care and *nursing* attention of God. But bear in mind, He announces Himself here not as Judge, but as Physician. A physician comes to the patient, even though his disease should have been contracted by utter wantonness; he comes not to chide nor to punish, but to heal. So our Lord; as the parable of the prodigal son abundantly shows. To him, therefore, who is wont to think of God only as a Sovereign and Judge, He says, to-day; "My child, think of Me first as a physician. I must heal the mighty malady that afflicts the race; therefore, I go after the lost sheep until I find it; and when found, it is not to pelt and abuse it, but to bind up its wounds, and to lay it on my shoulders and carry it back to the fold." Dwell upon this picture until your tuned heart exultingly exclaims: "My Lord and my God! Thou wilt not destroy, but save me."

And to this fact he is *irrevocably pledged.*

He is the "faithful and true" God, who cannot lie. And He has established this *statute* or *ordinance* for all time to come. Israel found Him faithful and true in all its history. And this truth is even more firmly pledged in *Christ Jesus*, whose very name is, Saviour of His people. And the first great comfort contained in this announcement is, *Help is possible.* All other physicians may despair of your case; He does not. When He says, "*I am thy healer,*" he pledges, in that statement, His word, His honor, His saving name. Nor can your fears, or the inveteracy and imminent danger of your complaint, weigh aught against this. Dangerous cases are sometimes coveted by able physicians, for in them their skill and name can be made illustrious. Granted, then, that yours is a desperate case; His skill and ability are equal to it. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Where sin abounded,

grace did much more abound." To-day he says: As Moses healed the waters of Marah by means of a tree, so I heal thee by my cross. Only acknowledge thy transgressions; only come unto Me for help; and through My wounds thou mayest be made whole.

To the blessed assurance that help is possible, the Lord adds a second comfort, namely: *The means of help are already prepared.* And this fact gives to the little word, "healer," such deep significance, and confirms the divine statute and ordinance so irrevocably, that any doubt in reference thereto becomes a flagrant wrong.

Human remedies must first be provided; the Lord's are already at hand, and they are thus set forth and offered us by the apostle: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. . . . We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." What countless souls have already been healed of their complaints by this precious truth of God's grace in Christ Jesus! How many burdened, wounded consciences has it already healed, forever healed! And why not yours? The erected cross is the embodied will of God, that all men should be saved (1 Tim. ii: 4). And should you alone be excluded? The redeemed of all ages testify before the throne of God on high, that they have been healed and washed in the blood of the Lamb; and should God and man, heaven and earth, history and experience, be insufficient to satisfy you of the firm, irrevocable pledge of the Lord, that He is your helper, your healer, your Saviour!

To render this help, however, available, He, as is the case with human physicians, demands your *confidence and obedience*. And why should this demand occasion you any difficulty? We put confidence in a physician who devotes himself conscientiously and entirely to the duties of his profession. And is not this true of our heavenly Physician? Though exalted high above all principalities and powers, the great redemption work is the one controlling element in the government of His vast empire, and everything in it is made subservient to the recovery of the human race. Extended experience is another element of confidence in a physician. Our "Healer" has the experience of an hundred centuries on His side. Other physicians have often great difficulty in ascertaining the seat and nature of a disease; they are frequently deceived, and select the wrong medicines, so that many a one, like the woman in the gospel, suffers many things of many physicians, and is nothing better, but rather grows worse. But our Physician's eye penetrates to the deepest recesses of the soul, and all things lie naked and

open to His view. In His prolonged and widely extended practice, He has never yet lost a single case, where the patient himself did not wilfully withdraw from His treatment. Is not such a physician entitled to the fullest confidence?

More still. If a physician were at the same time master over the lives and deaths of his patients, what could be more agreeable to him or them? How would the whole world run after such a man! Now the Healer of Marah can say, "I am *the Lord*, thy healer." The question of life and death is at His disposal. Says Job: "Thou has granted me life, and Thy visitation preserveth my spirit." He holds the keys of death and the grave in His hands. Should not He have our implicit confidence?

Nor can His willingness to help be questioned any more than His power. Suppose a physician, in order to save his patient, should transfer the disease of the ailing one to himself, and die in his stead, could any one doubt his willingness to save his patient? That is just what the Lord, thy healer, has done. "Surely, He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His stripes we are healed." Such was His interest in your recovery, that He submitted to death itself for your sakes.

Besides, in the employment of human physicians the rule is: the longer the services the greater the bill; and no little anxiety is often occasioned by this fact. But how stands the case here? "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." I ask, with great emphasis: Does not the "Lord, your healer," with such ability and with such a disposition, deserve your confidence? O! why does not all the world run after Him?

Why? Because there is something in his method of treatment which men dislike—*the obedience He demands.*

Confidence in a physician is tested by following his orders; and this for many a patient is not an easy matter; because so many things are prohibited to which he was accustomed, and in their stead so many bitter medicines are prescribed. Thus, too, the physician at Marah first led to the bitter waters and then to the sweet. He first probes the wound, then heals it. "He maketh sore, and then bindeth up; He woundeth, and His hands make whole." First the bitter tears of repentance, then the sweet experience of grace and peace. First into the Valley of Humiliation, then to the Delectable Mountains. Thus the very beginning of the Divine restorative method is offensive to the natural heart, and demands unquestioned confidence and obedience, without any consultation with flesh and blood.

And then the convalescent is further instructed to avoid everything that would cause a relapse—to walk in the new life, upon the narrow way, to crucify the flesh, to deny the world ; all which demands steadfastness in obedience to and confidence in the Divine Healer, in order that, as He has commenced the good work in him, He may also complete it.

Hence says God to His people at Marah : “ *If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians.*” What dire calamities and sufferings would Israel have avoided had it heeded this counsel and walked in the ways of its God.

This, too, beloved, is the rule for each one of us to-day, who has committed himself to the Divine Healer for treatment ; only we see clearly that the way we have to take is Christ and His example ; the support on which we rely is Christ and His spirit ; and the aim and object of our way is Christ and His glory. And, therefore, all the commandments to be obeyed by us are compressed into this one : “ *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house.*”

My dear hearers, would you be entirely healed ? Then remain in Christ's treatment. The beginning may be bitter ; the progress will become increasingly easier, sweeter, happier ; so that, by-and-by, you will be able to say : “ His commandments are not grievous.” Love makes them easy and clear. Should you at times not understand the mysterious ways He leads you, nor comprehend His methods of healing many of your complaints, run not away from Him to other physicians. Be assured that He knows. Should His hand seem sometimes against you, His heart is always for you. Your whole course of life will only become intelligible to you in the light of this Gospel of Marah, when, with all your heart, you have learned to believe, *The Lord is my healer*, and He seeks by all He sends me to cure my sin-sick soul. Humbly and confidently submit to His direction ; nor seek to restrain His hand should He reach for the knife to prune the branch, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Try not, secretly, to associate with Him the world as a subordinate helper. Remember, he is thy healer exclusively. Many physicians are often death to the patient. To serve two masters is the clearest proof of the unfitness of the servant. Give Him not only a part, but your entire confidence. For He has irrevocably pledged to you complete restoration.

After the waters of Marah had been sweetened, the invitation echoed through the whole camp : “ Come and drink !” Doubtless, it was cheerfully, gratefully accepted. Let the Gospel of Marah, to-day, blend in the Gospel of Christ : “ Who-

soever thirsteth, let him come unto Me and drink." For all your complaints, here is the Physician. I place Him before you, that He Himself may preach to you as at Nazareth, His home : " The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor ; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind ; to set at liberty them that are bruised." " He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." And whosoever has come to this fountain, and has drunk from it life and health, let him say, " Bless the Lord, O my soul, * * * who healeth all thy diseases." AMEN.

The Unknown God.

A SERMON

BY Rev. J. P. Newman, D.D., DELIVERED IN THE METROPOLITAN M. E. CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 18, 1877.

"For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: To the unknown God."—Act, xvii: 23.

SOME truths are as old as time, and lasting as eternity. Foremost among such is the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator of all things. Whatever may be the origin of the thought, the doctrine is as prevalent as the habitations of man. Whether we go to countries the most enlightened, or countries the most debased, there the idea prevails. Whether this idea is intuitional, or traditional, or rational, that is, discoverable by reason, or whether it is a matter of pure revelation, are points of dispute between us and the infidel. The question, then, is one of essential importance; but there is another of equal importance, and, I may say, of greater vitality, namely, What is God? What is His character? What are His attributes? What are His relations to man and man's relation to Him? Is He our friend or our foe? If our friend, how can His love be reciprocated? If our foe, how can His wrath be appeased? If He is a being to be perpetually trusted, how may we ascertain that fact, and cultivate that trust so that it will impart to the human soul a sweet repose? How can we know Him? If there is a God—and who doubts it?—if there is a Being high over all—and who can question it?—the practical and vital question is, how may you and I, as the offspring of His power, and the objects of His regard, how may we know God, in the truest sense of that term? Know Him as our father and our friend; know Him as our Judge, know Him as our preserver, and, finally, and above all, know Him as our Saviour, who will impart unto us the impulses of a new life. The text is remarkable for two things: First, for its knowledge; and secondly, for its ignorance. Its knowledge consists in this, that an altar in Athens was erected to God. The ignorance consists in this, that that altar was erected to an unknown God. As to the historic fact, that such an altar existed, I need not delay you for a moment to dispute, for Pausanias is sufficient authority on this question; and to doubt his observation touching this fact, is to doubt all the other observations of that distinguished traveler.

Then we accept the statement in the text as a fact, "As I passed by and beheld your devotions, I saw an altar with this inscription: 'To the unknown God.'"

In speaking to you on this important subject, I desire to make three points: First, that God is unknown to all who have

not the Bible ; secondly, that He is unknown to all who do not believe in Jesus Christ ; and thirdly, He is unknown to all who do not personally accept Christ as their Redeemer. There are three sources of information touching this subject—intuition, the light of nature, and the light of revelation. It becomes us, in approaching the *finale* of the subject, to ascertain or examine these three sources of information. Each theory is defended by men of renown and learning.

The question of intuition amounts to this, that the idea of God is native to the human mind ; native in the sense that mind is so constructed that it operates in obedience to such laws, that whenever mind comes into existence it conceives by intuition the idea of God. In other words, that, had Adam and Eve been left to themselves, without a personal visitation from God, they would have conceived the idea of the existence of their Supreme Creator. This is the theory ; this is the assertion ; this is the illustration. But it seems to me there is this fatal answer to the theory of intuition, namely, that all that could have been conceived by our first parents, had they been left without a personal visitation from God, is simply this, they would have realized, nay, they would have been conscious of the fact, that there was a time when they did not exist ; in other words, their existence had had a commencement ; and if their existence had a commencement, the same must have been *caused*. This mode of reasoning would not have led them to the Creator, but to the relation of cause and effect ; and this to a succession of causes and effects, and that succession *eternal*. So it was with the best of the Greek philosophers, who asserted the eternity of matter, out of which all things were made.

That the human mind has not innate ideas of God is illustrated in the case of Peter, the wild boy, found in the woods of Germany at the beginning of the last century.

But were this idea innate, could the unaided mind reason out the attributes of the Deity ? The affirmative argument runs thus : I feel myself hemmed in, limited in the use of all my powers of mind and body. I am shut up within the finite, and realize that I am finite. Now, this sense of limitation, it is said, suggests the idea of the Infinite. My own scanty knowledge and feeble energies throw me upon the contemplation of omniscience and omnipotence, and lift me up to the great idea of a God in whom these great attributes reside.

This is what is called idealizing—the exercise of the imagination. But history is in proof, that the man who attempts to draw an ideal God, the character of that God resembles the character of the man by whom it is drawn. He is ready to love and willing to worship such a God. The idealized

God of the ancient Scandinavian was "Thor, the god of battles and of plunder," and was worshipped by the Scandinavian warrior, who stood with a purse in one hand and a spear in the other. So with the Thugs of India, who worshipped Doorga, the goddess of vagabonds, thieves, and murderers, and who considered themselves as acting under her immediate influence. From her shrine they went to the highway, where they waylaid the traveler—whether saint or sinner, Hindoo or Mahommedan—demanded his purse, and on refusal, took his life.

So it was with the Greeks, of whom I am speaking this morning. Take the Grecian Olympus, wherein were gods and goddesses representing every human passion—revenge, envy, jealousy, and war. All the baser passions of human nature were embodied in some god or goddess. Mars was the god of war and blood, Mercury the god of thieves, Bacchus the god of drunkards. Some of their festal scenes cannot be described in a presence so refined and morally beautiful as this. The classical scholar here to-day recalls them with a shudder. Once a year, in everything that was degrading to man and degrading to woman, these terrible revels were carried on the livelong night. And the same thing is true in regard to some of the Jews, for Jehovah had to say to them: "Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself." They were thieves, adulterers, and slanderers, and thought God was like themselves. This has been the weakness of mankind all through the history of the race, namely, creating a god resembling the individual man; and it is to be feared that the idealizing is characteristic of the Christian Church—that men draw their ideal of God independent of that old Book; and the god of many a Christian man and woman resembles himself or herself—in prejudices, in castes, in envies, in dispositions, and in inclinations. I tell you, my friends, it is to us a tremendous fact, that the human heart is desperately wicked, and is deceitful above all things; and the very god that you to-day bow down before is a god of your own creation. You cannot find the correspondent of your ideal in that inspired volume. Read that Book, and the scales will fall from your eyes as they fell from the eyes of Saint Paul, who thought that he was doing God's service when he murdered the men and women and children that followed the Lord Jesus Christ. The individual cannot rise above his idealized god. He must change himself to raise himself to a higher plain of moral excellence. We may go further and say, that a people, having received by revelation a knowledge of God, but now destitute of that Book, may forget Him, may reach a state when He will be unto them "an unknown God." This is true of the Chinese.

Now, it is a fact, and it is one of those facts which are sustained by history and by observation, that without the presence

of a Divine revelation a people cannot form a correct conception of God, and cannot preserve the same without Divine aid.

The other source of information to which I alluded is a speculative philosophy. It cannot be denied that the Greeks had that. Indeed, it culminated in their palmyest days. We must remember that some of the most gigantic minds of the human race lived in the age to which I now refer. Plato had certainly some noble conceptions of God; but with those conceptions he also had errors—errors which underlie the beautiful conceptions of the Deity which he entertained. It should be remembered that the God of Moses had been known all through Greece, and all through the Roman empire; but here was a man independent of revelation, trying by his philosophical speculations to form an ideal of the character and attributes of Jehovah. What is Plato's testimony? It is this: "God, fortune, and opportunity govern all the affairs of man." And what is the statement of Seneca? It is simply this: That "Evil things happen to good men, because God, the Great Artificer, could not change matter; that many things were made ill by the Great Artificer, not that He wanted art, but through the stubbornness of matter."

Both Plato and Seneca taught the eternity of matter. The sublime man of the Academy—and who else is more sublime among the sons of men than old Plato?—with his splendid intellect, reaches this conclusion, namely, the eternity of matter, and that the affairs of men are governed by God, fortune, and opportunity; so that, according to this theory, divine Providence over all things is excluded. And prayer is excluded; for who would offer a prayer unto him who is a co-partner with blind fortune and inconstant opportunity?

It was in the year 54 that St. Paul landed in Athens, then the most splendid city in the world. But at that time Athens was given to idolatry. In the Athenian Olympus were included gods, superior and inferior, represented in the Agora, or the beautiful forum, that was between the Acropolis and Mars Hill. There were statues to Jupiter and Apollo, to Bacchus and Saturn, to Mars and Mercury, to Venus and Vesta, to Minerva and Diana. And these Greeks were not satisfied with embodying their ideals in statues and in altars, but they must go further, and deify their heroes, Hercules and Theseus, Cadmus and Cecrops. They must go still further, and embody abstractions, and altars were erected to Fame, to Fortune, to Energy, to Persuasion, and to Pity. It was in that Agora that Paul met the philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics. There he encountered them; there they engaged him in argument; and from there they took him to Mars Hill, that he might have a hearing before the highest tribunal of the Greeks, upon the accusation of being a "setter forth of strange gods."

The seat of supreme justice was on Mars Hill, so called from the legend, that on that hill Mars had been tried, by a court of twelve gods, for the murder of a son of Neptune. The Areopagus, in the days of Paul, as it had been in the past, was regarded as the supreme and most impartial tribunal in Greece. For of that court it had been said, that, "Innocence, when summoned before it, appeared without apprehension, and the guilty, convicted and condemned, retired without a murmur." The judges sat in the open air, upon seats hewn out of the native rock. The advocates were not allowed to appeal to pity or aversion. The parties arraigned were obliged to add to their oaths the most solemn imprecations upon themselves and families, that they would tell the truth. And to deepen the solemnity of the scene, at the base of Mars Hill was the cave or temple of the infernal furies, into whose hands the culprit was committed.

Upon that hill, before that court, the friendless apostle stood. On his right hand were the honey-glades of Hymettus; on his left were the white marble quarries of Pentelicus; before him was the Acropolis, covered with shrines to Bacchus, Æsculapius, Venus, Earth, and Ceres. On the brow of the hill was the temple of "Wingless Victory;" and covering the summit of the Acropolis was the fane of Minerva, surmounted with the colossal bronze statue of the goddess, armed with spear, shield, and helmet, looking down into the very eye of the friendless apostle.

Before him were the twelve judges, one of whom was Dionysius, whose name abides in Christian history. Around him were the philosophers of the Epicureans, who denied the immortality of the soul and a future judgment; and also philosophers of the Stoics, who deified reason, and taught that a pleasure was not a good; that pain was not an evil; while among the crowd was Damaris and other Christian women, and many people that worshipped at the various shrines of Athens.

Such were the surroundings and the audience at the trial of this grand man. And now see with what skill, directness, and fidelity he declares the truth, and says: "As I passed through your city, I beheld an altar with this inscription: 'To the unknown God.'" And then, taking this for his text, he proceeds at once to declare that God.

And, first of all, he announces that "God made the world, and all things therein." Those philosophers had denied the creation of matter by the Infinite; had asserted the eternity of matter. But Paul says, "God, who made the world, and all things therein."

Nor was this enough; for he also declares His supreme and universal sovereignty in the words: "He is Lord of heaven and of earth." They had gods many, and lords many; but he

would draw them from their idolatrous shrines, to that Being whose throne is on the circle of the heavens, who "binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades," and "guides Arcturus, with his sons."

Nor is this enough ; but he now passes to the attributes, and declares the divine ubiquity. Waving his hand over those idol shrines that came within his purview, he said : "But He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." God is ubiquitous, and is not confined to shrines and temples.

Then he goes on to declare that God is the preserver of all things : "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." Nay, He is a benefactor : "He giveth to all life and breath, and all things."

The very Greek philosophers, who stood near him, asserted that man was not created by Jehovah, but that the Greeks were self-produced, and they denied the unity of the human race ; but Paul, surveying the sons of Attica, exclaimed : "He hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the earth," thus tracing our ancestral line back to a common fountain-head.

Is this all? Nay. God is not only creator, preserver, benefactor, ubiquitous, but also the judge, of all men. O, how those hearts must have trembled, as their intellects became illuminated by the assertion, that God "hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained." A judgment! Ah, yes! An Arcopagus beyond the clouds, where One, greater than Dionysius, shall sit in judgment ; where the ubiquitous One Himself shall be the solemn and inexorable judge. And the apostle reached his climax in the words, "By the Man whom He hath ordained," whose resurrection was the proof of the coming judgment.

The great sermon was ended. Some mocked ; others proposed another hearing ; the audience dispersed. But, see ! On one of those stone benches sits Dionysius. His eye rests upon Paul ; his heart has been touched. He believes in Paul's God, and accepts the Lord Jesus. So, among the Grecian women is Damaris. She, too, receives the Lord—Christ. Others are in tears ; they linger around Paul, as he speaks of that mysterious altar, inscribed, "To the Unknown God."

As it is true of the past, so it is true of to-day. There are deists in our city ; there are deists in this congregation. But, young gentlemen, you who are tempted to deism, that is, to the rejection of Jesus Christ as the manifestation of God in the flesh, let me give you the testimony of the keenest mind of this century, a man who was an unbeliever like yourself ; a man who has written on this subject. Let me give you his testimony touching the inability of mankind to form a conception of the character and attributes of God. I quote this from a recent work by John Stuart Mill. He says :

"The net results of the natural religion on the Divine attributes are these: A being of great but *limited* power, how or by what limited we cannot even conjecture; of great and, *perhaps*, unlimited intelligence; but, perhaps, also more *narrowly limited* than His power; who desires and pays *some* regard to the happiness of His creatures, but who seems to have *other motives* of actions which He cares *more* for; and who can hardly be supposed to have created the universe for that purpose alone. Such is the Deity whom natural religion points to, and any idea of God more captivating than this comes only from human wishes, or from the teachings of either real or imaginary revelations."

Thank you, Mr. Mill, thank you! There is the testimony of a logician, and such a logician as England may not see the like again for many a year, and a man who had given his utmost strength and attention to the investigation of this very subject: Whether human reason, unaided by revelation, is competent to discover the character and attributes, the will and relations, of the Infinite God; and he declares it is not possible even to determine whether this God of nature is omnipotent or not, and whether He is unlimited in intelligence or not. And now we go to that old Book; we turn to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the manifestation of God in the flesh, "in whom dwelleth the fullness of the God-head bodily," whose chief mission in coming into the world was to reveal the unseen and the unknown God to us, and to concentrate in Himself that God. I do not think that it derogates from this teaching to-day, that it is necessary for the human mind to have a concentration of the personality of the Infinite One. There was such a concentration when the rainbow was made to span the clouds. There was such a concentration when the Shekinah appeared in the Holy of Holies; and there was such a concentration when the Son of Mary came on earth—Jesus Christ, "Emanuel, God with us." Turn away from Him, philosophers, and you turn away from the greatest of teachers. Reject His revelation of the Father, and you worship the "unknown God." Refuse to accept His manifestation and you grope in darkness and stumble on the slippery rocks of unbelief.

And, lastly, inasmuch as God is unknown to those who have not the Bible, and to those who do not believe in Jesus Christ, so He is the "unknown God" to all who do not accept Christ as their personal and living Saviour. Of what avail, though you believe in your creed, "that God is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders;" that He "upholdeth all things by the word of His power; that He heareth the raven when it cries; that He watcheth the sparrow when it falls." Of what avail, though you believe in His ubiquity, in His omnipotence;

that you believe He is the judge of the quick and the dead. There is something more than this. Nay; of what avail though you receive Christ, Son of the Father, the Only Begotten. Something else is necessary, brothers, that God shall no longer be the "unknown God" to you. You must know Him as loving, and as being loved. You must know Him as trusting, and being trusted. You must know Him as sin-pardoning; know Him as imparting peace to the mind, rest to the soul, beauty to life. You must know Him as Enoch knew Him; walking with Him in the utmost friendship, hand in hand, heart responding to heart in its beautiful pulsation, eyes looking in the same direction; so you can say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee;" so you can say, with the apostle, "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

The most touching and beautiful illustration of the intimacy between God and the human soul, is the relation between husband and wife. They know each other's spirits, each other's characters, each other's loves, each other's interests, each other's jealousies, each other's aspirations, as no two other beings can know each other. They know all this in the truest and most beautiful sense in the world. And this beautiful, heaven-born relation between husband and wife is the illustration of the spiritual and intimate relation between man and God. O, brothers! let Him be no longer to you, the "unknown God." To-day, in your family, and around your hearth-stones, there is an altar, but on that altar is the inscription, "To the Unknown God." Aye! unknown to your heart of hearts, unknown to your experience, unknown to your aspirations, unknown to your better thoughts, unknown to your interests, that reach into eternity; unknown to Him as the sin-pardoning God, saving to the uttermost. The time of this ignorance must suffice. Go home, and erase the inscription, and write thereon, "To the known God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." And then walking with God, as Enoch did, you shall ascend and approach the eternal gates, which are opened wide, and enter into the palace of eternity, there to live with Him forever more.

The Church--The Office of Elder.

A SERMON.

BY Rev. John Hall, D.D., IN THE FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
NEW YORK, MARCH 4TH, 1877.

'And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the Church.'—Acts of the Apostles xx: 17.

Also; *"Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood."*—Acts of the Apostles xx: 28.

IF there are any of you, dear friends, who are solicitous to make yourselves thoroughly acquainted with your Bibles, and make that book a frequent and abiding visitor in your thoughts, you can adopt no better plan than to take one particular section of it and study it thoroughly. Take, for instance, this epistle to the Ephesians, and you have a basis for your thoughts, and then address yourselves to the history of the church to which the letter was sent, and then make yourselves familiar with the circumstances under which it was written, and then give another reading of the epistle in the light of the history with which you have obtained acquaintance, and, finally, follow out any movements or traces that may appear in the succeeding history of the people to whom the letter was written, and you will find that it has an intelligent and connected aspect in your minds which it never can have while we content ourselves with a hurried and miscellaneous reading of the Word as a whole.

These remarks will apply especially to such portions of Scripture as this address to the Church of Christ at Ephesus. This Church had the closest connection, in all its history, with the Apostle Paul. He made, in the first instance, a brief and hurried visit to Ephesus; he would have been glad to remain, and the people would have been glad to have him stay, but there was occasion for him to go elsewhere. It became necessary for him to go, leaving the work, in part, in the hands of Aquila and Priscilla, to whose assistance, at a later time, there came Apollos, who rendered valuable aid in the instruction and help of the infant church in that place. You are all aware of the fact that the dominant worship in this great city of Ephesus was that of Diana. Here was the temple, known to Bible readers as the "Temple of Diana at Ephesus." The immense temple erected to this goddess must have been a most striking object before the minds, and continually under the eyes, of the residents of that place, and so it is not in the least degree wonderful that there should have been so many allusions in the epistle to the Temple at Ephesus.

[At this point a lady, who was suddenly taken ill, was borne from the church, when the speaker said: "Brethren, with what solemnity ought we to hear the Word of the Lord, seeing with what startling suddenness our powers of hearing and understanding may be taken away."]

There seems to have been the strongest possible attachment between Paul, the Apostle, and the believers at Ephesus; his epistles are full of assertions of "abiding faith." There was no trouble to be got rid of, there was no sin to be reproved; and the result is, that he presents before them, in the most vivid way, the distinguishing glories of the great church, and seeing that their eyes must have been constantly resting upon that great architectural power—the Temple of Diana in their city—he makes many allusions, the obvious tendency of which is to turn the thoughts of his hearers from this to that nobler structure, of which Jesus Christ is the foundation, of which God is the builder, and of which all true, loving servants of God are living stones, constituting an integral part of it. Following this line of thought, he has occasion to speak in strongest terms of the safety of the Lord's people, and to give assurance that they shall be kept by Him who is interested in keeping the spiritual structure of which He has laid the foundation.

The epistle is about equally divided, the first-half being expended upon doctrinal statements, and the second half upon the Lord's people who have received the doctrines of the Lord Jesus Christ. Occasionally, in the epistle, we will see some allusion to the peculiar manner in which the church was founded. When Paul stayed a period of more than two years in the city of Ephesus, he had opportunity, for the first three months, to give instruction in the Temple of the Jews, and afterward, in the school of one Tyrannus, he instructed those who came about him. There was decided opposition of various kinds, which opposition God overruled—as in the case, for example, of one Sceva—the Lord vindicating the name of Christ in a great and wonderful manner. We are told that all in Asia heard the Word. There seems to have been a diminution in the devotion rendered to the goddess Diana to such an extent, that Demetrius was moved, by a consideration of his own interests, to enlist, in opposition to Paul, the artisans and mechanics. I do not know in all literature of any more graphic description of a popular tumult, of the play of popular feeling, than the one in the account of the riot—for such it was—that was raised against Paul in the city of Ephesus. In the narrative there is a very curious corroboration of its own authenticity. You remember how the town clerk, in a speech to the people, said to the rioters: Why, everybody knows, it is proverbial that the city of Ephesus is a worshipper of Diana. The word used in this place is "*νεωχόρον*," or "temple-keeper," which is the exact signification of the word. The city was a "*νεωχόρον*" of Diana, and a curious corroboration of the

statement is, that upon Ephesian coins, this very word "*νεωχρον*" is found as being descriptive of Ephesus.

To the elders an opportunity was given, apparently, to labor, thoroughly to organize the church at Ephesus; and in connection with this counsel to the elders at Ephesus, let me, to-day, call your attention to the elders of the church, and that organization, as it is shadowed forth to us in these historical notices.

THE CHURCH.

First of all, we have to say something about the church itself as a whole, and then about the organization and the officers that the Lord appoints for His church.

The word church in the Bible is used in various senses. There is the wide sense, in which the word church is employed to describe the whole body of the Lord's people. In this epistle to the Ephesians you have the word used in that sense more than once—"The church, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all;" all that believed in the Saviour, and all that will believe in Him in all time. And earthly things will not come to an end, until the last man's soul that goes to make up that mystical, spiritual body, shall have been brought to a faith in Jesus Christ and eternal life. That is the widest sense in which we use the word church in the Bible. Then there is a narrower sense, in which it is used to describe a part of this great body. How frequently have Europeans, when they have been sailing into New York harbor, said to one another, "There is America," when the meaning was not that the whole of this continent lay before them, but that there was a part of the great continent upon which they were touching.

The church may mean the whole body of believers, from beginning to end, or it may mean a limited selection of the saved. "And called the elders of the church," that is, of the church he himself had founded at Ephesus, in that limited sense, as we see by the word "*ἐκκλησία*." It is a little like the Greek word for "elect," the word *ἐκλεκτός*, "*ἐκκλησία*," being from *ἐκκαλέα*, "to call out," and *ἐκλεκτός*, from *ἐκλέγω*, "one chosen;" but you can see that there is a difference between the two. There is a kind of call to all the men that pass by, and all the men that live in the neighborhood, and they who accept the call, and come in, are termed *ἐκκλησία*. How eagerly one wishes he could call all into these great churches, especially as one sees, on the Lord's day, hundreds of men and women walk by and refuse to come in.

Ἐκκλησία, then, means those who are called. In the narrower sense, it means those who accept the local and peculiar call, and identify themselves with a particular congregation. This church we describe under two forms—the visible church, and the invisible; the adjectives themselves describing exactly

the idea that we associate with the words. By the visible church, we mean all those who profess and call themselves Christians; and by the invisible, all those who have truly and with the whole heart believed in the Lord Jesus. This distinction is well founded. There are men who accept the external call, and there are those who accept the inner call, which is given to the heart, mind, and conscience, and are believers. There are men who accept the external call, but who will not receive the word into their hearts. There are members of the church invisible, and of the church visible. It is part of the policy of the Church of Rome to deny that there is any such distinction as this; it is the part of Protestantism to maintain that there is. The Church of Rome claims, by an inexorable logic, that any one who partakes of her sacraments becomes a member of the invisible church. This is denied on the part of Protestants, who take such revelations as the Lord makes concerning His church. The Bible describes the church as a barn-floor, with chaff and wheat mixed together, in due time to be separated, and the chaff to be burned up. She is likened to a net, in the hands of the fisherman, with good fish and bad in it, the worthless to be cast away and the good to be kept. She is likened to the field of the husbandmen, with wheat and also with tares, in due time the tares to be gathered into bundles and burned. The apostle declares her to be like a great house, with "vessels to honor, and vessels to dishonor." We cannot reconcile these statements with any declaration, that asserts that the visible church is the same as the invisible. This distinction it is important that we should keep in mind. You need not be told that the fact that you are Presbyterians does not prove that you are members of the invisible church. That is a matter before God, and between Him and your conscience, and you only know when you are joined to the Saviour by a living faith, and dwelt in by the Holy Spirit.

There is the church militant, so called from the Latin word for soldier; and the church triumphant, those who have gone home, and are wearing their crowns before the Lord. We must not forget that we are here in the church militant. If there be difficulties and hardships to be endured, if there be sacrifices to be made, let us bear in mind that that springs out of our position as members of the church militant, and we have no more reason to be surprised by such things, than the soldier when called to the field, and exposed to danger. Blessed be God's name that He aids us in His militant church, and gives us full pardon, that we may fight the good fight.

As regards the church militant, it is nowhere alleged that she is infallible. Protestantism denies such infallibility of the church, and denies it upon the authority of the divine word. Romanism, by the same inexorable logic, is compelled to assert this

infallibility. God has given us this infallible guidance in the Bible, but the Church of Rome has put that Book out of the hands of her people, and now she is compelled to meet the demand of man, and make everything of her traditions and interceedings and forms, thereby glorifying herself as a great corporation. Infallibility is predicated of the Bible. Its holy oracles cannot lie, but the church, in any particular age, may err and make mistakes, and history is full of the record of just such mistakes.

It is asserted in the Bible, that the church is indestructible, not meaning the Church of Corinth, or the Church of Rome, or the Church of Laodicea, but meaning the church in the widest sense. The mystical body of Christ cannot perish from the earth. There is a statement made by the Lord, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock (*πετρα*) I have built my church." It does not say, upon this "*πετρος*." Rome makes the "*πετρος*" and the "*πετρα*" the same thing, and makes the "*πετρος*" the foundation of the church. Where must the church have been when Peter fell? Should we ask Peter himself, if he believed himself to be the foundation, you hear him contradict this as he speaks to the Jews. So when he writes his first epistle, in the first chapter and fourth verse: "To whom coming *as unto* a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious." "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ." By Peter's own inspired statements, every sort of ground is taken away from the people to believe that he sets himself up to be the poor miserable foundation upon which the church is built. Christ is that foundation, in His true Messiahship.

It is no where asserted in the Bible that the church shall always have a visible and imposing appearance to men. The Church of Rome is driven by her inexorable logic to assert perpetual visibility. They will say, "Where was your church before the Reformation? The Church of Christ is always visible, therefore, your church cannot be true." Where is the assurance that the church shall always be visible? That she shall always exist, is one thing; that she shall always be *conspicuous*, is another. Christ is the sun and the church is the moon, and like the moon, she has her periods of obscurity and her periods of shining. She had her periods of obscurity when even the keen eye of the prophet could not see her; but Christ has His invisible church. The Lord had His real church, though not visible. Permanent visibility is no where claimed for her; but her imperishable nature is guaranteed by her living union with the Lord Jesus. He is the head of the body of the church; "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." The head directs the body, and Jesus Christ directs and

regulates the movements of His mystical body. He is the head of authority. He is the head of control. He is the head of supply. All fullness is made to dwell in Him for the benefit of those who are brought into the mystical union with Him as the members of His body. I do not need to tell you how this statement has been travestied upon. A body with two heads is held to be a monster. Any making a human being in the nominal succession of the Apostle Peter, the head of the Church of Christ, is not founded on the Bible. If it be said that Jesus is absent, and this is His viceregent, that does not accord with the promise that He shall never be absent from His church—"Lo! I am with you always." That which is weak might need a deputy—a viceregent—but he who is strong needs no deputy. It is the tendency of the Church of Rome to displace the true church of Jesus Christ, and exalt in its room, covered with claims to its dignity and honor, a corrupt, degraded, and degrading human corporation.

Jesus Christ is to be looked to for guidance and direction in the management of the affairs of the church. Churches, as parts of the great church, are more or less true, in the degree in which they teach true doctrine, in which they maintain pure worship, and in which holiness marks the character of the people. True doctrine, scripturalness of worship, holiness of life, the measure in which these three things are found in any community, in that measure does it approach to the body of Christ. Churches are more or less pure as they are marked by these features. If a traveler passed over this country, and should have occasion to describe what he had seen to his friend in Europe, he would say that, "There are certain of the older cities that are very American." He might say that "There are other places that are much less American—some German, some Bohemian, some Irish, some French," etc. They are all part and parcel of the great American community, but they all differ in their characteristics. And it is so with the great church of the Lord Jesus. The more there is declaration of Bible truth, the more there is scripturalness of worship; the more there is holiness in the members, the more true is the church, the more does she conform herself to the ideal—to the mystical body, of which Christ is the head. And the aim of every church ought to be to reach this purity in the teaching of the doctrine, in the maintenance of worship, and in the personal consecration of the individual members. So much it seems proper to say upon the general subject of the church of the Lord Jesus in the world.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

For several reasons I desire to say something upon the organization of the church. We have that organization dis-

tinctly pointed out in the two texts that have been read. For the space of two years the Apostle Paul had labored at Ephesus, and an adequate organization had been given to the church, under which she could perpetuate herself. Paul meant that the church should have a true, organic health; that she should have power to continue her work and her influence for good. We learn from the words in the address which he makes, that there were elders in this church; that there was a plurality of elders. The evidence from church history is conclusive as to the smallness of the congregations at that time. Indeed, one average congregation in this city would be nearly as large as the whole number then, and yet, later, when Paul comes to speak to this plurality of elders, he says: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you *overseers* [ἐπίσκοποι—bishops], to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with His own blood." The ἐπίσκοποι—elders—are bishops. That used to be regarded as a Presbyterian heresy, and it is a very gratifying thing to know that such is no longer the case, and in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, in the note by Dr. Plumptre, you will find an explanation of these words, and you will see with what fairness and candor the subject is treated. The Greek word for elder, or presbyter, "πρεσβυτερος," means one and the same person, without any distinction whatever between them. Now, the ground that we have uniformly taken—historically taken—is that the apostolic church government involved, at its very beginning, the substantial identity of the bishop and the elder, and that a plurality of such bishops and elders is to be in each church, and upon this body rests the responsibility of shepherding all the flock—"Over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." Our object ought to be to have apostolic doctrine, and our object ought to be to approximate to apostolic organization, apostolic government, apostolic usage. It is very well to notice that directions are given for the maintenance of these elders of the church. Then this is a natural arrangement; it comes down from patriarchal times. An elder meant one who had character and gravity and experience of years. It was so over all oriental countries. The Hebrew people naturally continued that arrangement. God's way is to take natural arrangements and give them spiritual direction. In the Jewish nation, as early as the days of Moses, the elders were a recognized, governing, counseling body. When synagogues were erected over the land, each synagogue had its elders; so, when the followers of Christ were driven out of their synagogue, they set up a Christian synagogue, and they carried into the Christian synagogue the same arrangement, only bringing into it the inspiration of the Christian life.

When Titus was sent to churches where there were Gentiles, and where his duties were substantially those of organization, instructions were given him for the ordaining of elders; in only such cases was there any need to give instructions, among the Jews the custom being understood. This ancient custom is taken and applied to the Christian Church, and constituted an organization, under which great congregations have shown a healthy Christian life.

When from the people themselves rulers or governors are chosen, they are chosen on the ground of intelligence, of experience, of gravity, and of gravity connected only with years, and on the ground of being well tried; accordingly, the apostle gives directions as to who should be such bishops. They should be pure in their domestic relations, men of one wife each. They should be vigilant and sober. They should be competent to give instructions—"apt to teach." They should "have a good report among them that are without." They should be men of self-denial—"not given to much wine." They should be men given to ruling their own house, so that the Church of Christ may be built up and established. These officers—bishops and deacons—we hold to be the only officers recognized in the church. Paul, when he sent his epistle to the Philippians, addressed it "To the church at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons." If the Pope of Rome should address a letter to his church in America, directed "To the church in America, with the bishops and deacons," the Romanists would say, "What? No notice of the cardinals! What! no notice of the deans, the archdeans, and the rest! No notice of the whole body of priests; no notice of the whole body of preachers." The thing is absurd upon the face of it. Yet, when the Apostle Paul wrote to the whole church, with the bishops and deacons, he included everybody in the church, the bishops and deacons covering all the officers that he recognized in the church. I stand here as a minister upon the same level precisely with my brother elders in the management of this church. The difference between them and me is, that where the gift of teaching is recognized in the church, the elder that has that gift is recognized as laboring in the word and doctrine, and so discriminated from his brother elder, whose distinction is simply to rule with other elders. There were times when it was proper to give maintenance to all the bishops in the Christian church. When men collect together, and make their appeals to the public, it is customary to choose their president and to associate with him a body of directors or trustees, or whatever you may please to call it. There is an analogy therein to a healthy Apostolic Christian church, and the elders associated in the government of the church with the minister may be supposed to bring with them a

knowledge of human nature, a knowledge of individual life, of practical experience and Christian character, and as having sympathy with the people to whom they belong, and from whose ranks they are chosen; and to be, at the same time, in sympathy with the minister, whose purpose really is one with themselves.

Such, brethren, is the basis upon which we rest the organization of this great church, and I do feel that there is cause for thankfulness to God Almighty on the part of you, its members, for the Christian elders given to you in times past. I am able to speak of what they have been before my time from frequent perusal of the letters of my predecessors, and for substantial aid and encouragement, I shall be bound to make corresponding acknowledgement regarding the elders with whom I have had the privilege of co-operating. I came into this city an utter and entire stranger, with little knowledge of American life. That more mistakes have not been made by me is to be accounted for only by the circumstance, that I have had the frank and confidential counsel, encouragement, and sympathy of the elders chosen among you to rule over you in the Lord. I cannot speak too highly of their intelligent Christian worth, their earnest personal piety, their deep interest in your spiritual welfare. You ought to appreciate and honor them that have thus been set over you in the Lord.

May God grant that, by pure doctrine and spiritual worship, and apostolic usage and government, we may be all of us, minister and ruling elders and people, rendered holy in life, bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit in abundance to the glory of the Divine Name.

The Prevalence of Sin.**A SERMON**

BY Archibald Campbell Tait, D. D., LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.—ROM. viii : 22, 23.

I DO not propose here to enter on the difficulties of this difficult passage. The very word, creation, or creature, as it is translated in verses 19, 20, is capable of very different senses, according as it is understood in a limited or more extended application.

Ver. 20. "The creature was made subject to vanity." Some understand the inanimate creation involved in the secondary consequences of man's fall, or the inanimate creation with the lower animals.* Some, again, turning to the higher orders of creation, understand the word to mean mankind, the unconverted races groaning in their ignorance and misery while they wait for some great manifestation of the sons of God; or men who, living in a land and age of light, still know not Christ, and are therefore unprotected, un comforted, and exposed to those many miseries, from which they can only escape when the throes of the spiritual birth bring them to the new life enjoyed by Christ's real people.

For our present purpose we need not be minute in settling either the exact meaning of each of the words, or their exact connection amid the difficulties of the context. I shall regard the text at present as bringing before us these two facts.

The first, set forth in verse 22, That a real Christian looking without himself sees in all around him traces of misery, the fruit of sin.

The second, set forth in verse 23, That looking within he is still troubled; though he knows God has done much for him, he feels how much there is still to do in the work of cleansing and renewal.

Ver. 22. "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Ver. 23. "And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body" (*i. e.*, as I understand, its final complete emancipation from the thralldom of sin).

No doubt we are right to be on our guard against a mere sentimental religion—against making too much of feeling, as

* *Vide* Alford in loco

contrasted with sound principle resulting in sound practice. The Church has suffered as much perhaps from the self-deceit of assumed or overstrained feeling, as from the dulness of a self-satisfied orthodoxy, or the coldness of a mere formal practice not impelled and regulated by the living springs of religion in the heart. But, however this may be, there is no true religion without feeling; and a real Christian, whether he looks without or within, must have his feelings deeply stirred when he thinks how much sin prevails around him—how much misery is connected with it—how little he is himself able to cope with it from his own abiding sinfulness.

The reading of the Psalms supplies a fair test to us by which, in this respect, to measure our spiritual progress. Open the book at random. Turn, for example, to Ps. lv. 9: "I have seen violence and strife in the city. Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof: mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it. Wickedness is in the midst thereof; deceit and guile depart not from her streets." When the Psalmist was afflicted with this thought, he cried out, in verses 4, 6, "My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. And I said, Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I flee away, and be at rest." It is not merely because the prevalence of wickedness stirs up enemies against himself, but rather because he is pained that there are so many sinners near him, the enemies of God. The sight of the wickedness that is in the city, that festers and grows rank wherever men do congregate, is a sad sight for him who loves God in Christ Jesus. This is characteristic of the whole Book of Psalms. A feeling of annoyance and pain because sinners are so many and so unrestrained. But, then, David did not confine his dislike of sin to the sins of other people, or of the world in general. He was pained at sins which were his own. Take the well-known words in Ps. li. 9: "Hide thy face from my sins (my own sins), and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me."

The whole book is full of sad thoughts because sin is still so powerful—even in good men's hearts. No one can read the Psalms as they ought to be read (and they are almost forced upon us in our Church's service)—no one can look upon them, as the outpourings of a religious heart, as approved by God Himself, and by the experience of all the faithful souls that have delighted to use them, among Jews and Christians alike—no one can so read them aright, without having his feelings stirred as to these two matters—

I. The prevalence of sin without him.

II. The prevalence of sin within him.

Now, much of the Epistle to the Romans—this eighth chapter, for example—supplies the same sort of test as we find in the Psalms by which to gauge our religious feelings. Would to God we were more like David or St. Paul, and not so cold in heart, so easily satisfied with a formal outward standard! But we said, it is not feeling alone that constitutes religion, and now-a-days, especially, religion must be tested by its works. The tendency is to think little of forms of faith. “His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

Let me say, then, the best security for a consistent Christian life of usefulness is to be found in a heart really imbued with the feelings of which we are speaking. If a man is pained at the sight of sin without him, knowing in himself how great an evil sin is, and longing to be free from it, then it becomes impossible for him to remain contentedly inactive while sin is gaining ground. The feelings, indeed, which he expresses in the language of David and of St. Paul must be real; but if they are real, from feelings, they become principles, and principles showing themselves in act.

How different are the feelings with which different persons walk through the streets of London! I have heard it remarked that, in passing along the great thoroughfares, it is strange to note, when your attention is directed to it, how many people you pass who are talking to themselves. But if not talking, they are all thinking. The anxious faces of most of them show this. In plays and poems men are made to express their thoughts aloud. If we could hear their soliloquies, it would be well worth while to learn what all this teeming crowd is thinking of. These soliloquies would let us into many secrets as to their habitual thoughts, desires, and characters—the aims to which the busy day has been directed—the sort of pleasures which are most prized as the hour for relaxation approaches. Sometimes, perhaps, a cunning plan to overreach, hidden while a part was acted in the presence of the intended dupe, may be spoken freely in half-whispers, while the actor finds himself no longer under restraint and is in the solitude of a crowd. Sometimes the man is giving vent to what he had not readiness to say when it was wanted, but he has been conning the matter over since—some matter which is very important to him—and this is what he wishes he had said. If we could hear, we should learn the fixed impression made on him by what has passed. With some, these whisperings may be but snatches of songs, speaking merely of the mind’s vacancy. With some, let us trust, they are ejaculatory prayers—“O, my God, what an ocean is this in which I am immersed! in this great Babylon what a flood of suffering and sinful humanity is sweeping past me! can I do anything to rescue here and there some drowning

swimmer from the billows?" Or—"O God, *that* old sin, how it haunts me! Surely the blood of Christ is powerful enough to wash away its stain. Surely the grace of God, my Saviour, will give me power to conquer when it again assails me."

Now, it is the men who have these thoughts of the misery of other people's sins and of their own, who will, I think, be found the true philanthropists, ready to gain a vent for the feelings of their own troubled hearts in doing something for the troubles of the mass around them. Our deep sense of the misery of sin leads us to do good to others. Certainly it is remarkable that public schemes of philanthropy did not flourish in Europe of old, even in the most polished nations, before Christ came. There was much done, no doubt, in heathen Rome by rich men to conciliate the good will of the needy by bread and the games. But well-devised plans, undertaken simply to alleviate sufferings and lessen temptations, do we not, in Europe at least, owe all of these to the Lord Jesus Christ? And so, even now—after so many good suggestions and good institutions have been borrowed from Christianity by a world that has no love for Christ—I do not indeed doubt that you will find some great philanthropist, here and there, who is not (so far as we can see) stirred by any religious feeling, and we honor what he does for the good that flows from it, and we love the man; but still, speaking generally, if you would have any great and widespread movement of benevolence, it is on the deep feelings of Christian hearts you must rely, or your efforts will all languish. Of course, this holds as to missionary efforts to raise the heathen to Christian civilization. In these you hardly expect much help from any who have not Christian feelings in their hearts. The same holds of home missionary movements; not that all who join in them are influenced by strong Christian feelings, but that there is an affinity between these efforts and such a feeling. These efforts may become fashionable for a time, and do obviously approve themselves to all ordinarily good men, and thus make some progress; but you cannot rely on their steady maintenance, nor on their long-continued progress, in spite of obstacles, unless you enlist the sympathy of Christian hearts. Look even to secular education. I think we may take it for granted, it has certainly been affirmed continually by those best able to judge as having most experience, that you must depend on the religious feelings of the community, if you are to have any general system of education supported by voluntary effort. Those who do not advocate education on religious principles have not shown that they are ready to make great sacrifices for it. I am by no means saying that the number of religious and self-denying people in the country is sufficient to make adequate voluntary efforts to bring education home to the millions of our poor, but

I adduce the past history of the education question simply as an illustration of this statement, that, imperfect as may be the Christian feelings we have to appeal to, and slight the progress which each individual Christian has made in having these feelings deepened into principles by the Holy Spirit of God, yet it is to this good root that you must look for the aftergrowth of an abiding Christian benevolence.

We come back then to that from which we started, that the sense of human sin and misery which lies at the root of all earnest Christianity, and the longing to see the end of it, which St. Paul in this passage of the Romans sets before us as characteristic of the Christian—this, gradually deepening, strengthening, and extending, gives the best hope for efforts after relief from sin. Such feelings as to the misery of sin, if they are real, are the only sure source from which we can expect with certainty that efforts of earnest Christian benevolence will spring. And to them we must look, if we would have men thus exerting themselves for Christ's sake—not by fits and starts, irregularly, but everywhere and under all circumstances. These feelings go with those who have them wherever they move, and are with them at all times.

Therefore, when a good Christian visits London, he will not leave these feelings behind him in his country home. He will show the reality of his convictions as to sin by doing what he can to help in some work of Christian benevolence where he is living, though it be but for a few weeks.

We live, my friends, in an age when we cannot but hear much said respecting two dissimilar systems of Christianity which divide the whole religious communities of Europe, and find both of them a home, and sometimes, alas, a battle-field, within our own National Church : one resting much on authority and the outward helps of sacramental and ceremonial usage ; the other appealing to the individual reason and the conscience, and rejoicing ever to speak of the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. We hear also much, while earnestly religious men are thus contending, of the steady, onward progress of a materialistic system of unbelief which threatens to trample down both the one form of Christianity and the other, while there stands also, hard by, a sneering or despairing or frivolous skepticism, which refuses to join any side in such discussions, contented to wait for another world before it makes up its mind as to mysteries ; patiently confessing, that respecting what concerns things unseen, while here in the flesh, as it knows nothing, it believes nothing. Now, at such a time, it seems to be the especial office of the minister of Christ to urge on men's consciences those great, simple truths of the Gospel about which there is no dispute. My friend, you are a sinner, as I am. Judged by

your own standard, be it what it may, you fail, and fail grievously, and as you fail, so do those around you. The world, and you living in the world, are in a bad plight ; you fail in doing what you know you ought to do ; your failure we, with David and St. Paul, and all the good men who have lived from their day till now, call sin, and sin and suffering somehow are linked together. The Lord Jesus Christ has come to save you from both. Cease your contentions as to forms of religion. Cease from the arrogance of your dry, logical speculations ; give up frivolity or cynicism. Go down to the depths of your being in your hearts and consciences. Is there no voice divine speaking within ? If there be, though it speak but in a whisper, be sure you listen to it. Think of the reality of things now as men think of them on their death-beds, and then I feel sure you will agree with David and St. Paul ; you will feel and know you are a sinner, and this will stir you to help others who are sinners, who are sinners like yourself, but who are not sinners without hope, because Christ was born, was tempted, died, and rose, and lives now interceding that he may save them and you.

Character Building.

COMPREHENSIVE REPORT OF A SERMON BY **John A. Broadus, D.D., LL.D.**,
IN THE MADISON AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Text : 2 Peter i : 3, 8 ; more especially commencing at 5th verse.

I SUPPOSE we will all agree that the important work we have to do in this life, as regards ourselves, is the building of our characters. The business man knows how important it is for him to understand the character of his subordinates. A large part of the capital in trade of some men is this power to look into the hearts of others. How important is this gift to the politician. Have you never got a letter from a stranger proposing some great thing, and wished to look that man in the face for five minutes that you might be able to know him? How you looked the letter over and over again, in hopes that it might reveal something about the character of the sender. Have you never observed a skilled physician at the bedside of a very sick patient, endeavoring to draw the sick man into a conversation, talking on things unimportant, until you have wondered what it all meant? That physician, so quiet, seemingly indifferent in his talk, knew what he was about. He wished to understand the character of his patient. You, parents, all know how necessary it is that you find out the nature of your children. And pastors know how essential it is for them to look into the hearts of their parishioners.

But important as it is to know the character of others, it is still more important that you understand your own. What a man *is* is more essential than his possessions or standing in the world. We have almost a morbid desire to know about our fellow-men. The press seeks to gratify this curiosity by its publication of what others are doing. We should look to ourselves—at the revelations our actions make of our own natures. Then, character is the only thing which we shall carry away from this fast, fleeting life. Our body, touched by death, shall soon drop from us, then what we are will remain, will pass on.

The apostle, in the passage, is speaking of the building of character. He treats :

1. Of some reasons for this work.
2. Of lessons as to the way it is to be done.
3. The motives for doing the work.

First.—THE REASONS OR ENCOURAGEMENTS.

1. The Apostle says that God's divine power has given us all things which are necessary for the development of life and piety. He does not say that we will, unaided, be able to build up ourselves. We all know, who have tried it, how hard this work is. All things we need God gives us. Can we think of

anything God has failed to give—*donate*—to us when we were earnestly desiring to perfect ourselves?

2. Then the Apostle adds, as another reason, that God has given us exceeding great promises for the future. "As the day is, so shall thy strength be." This cheers us in our greatest trouble. We do not know, when in the severest trial, but what God is just then, in this, fulfilling some promise? A wise father does not give to his son at once a large capital. It might be ruinous to him. He gives him capital and responsibility and power as he is able to bear it. "Exceeding great and precious promises." How these words give us courage in our battle of life! Have you not walked out with a child in the darkness, where, if alone, it would be terror-stricken? It tightly grasps your hand. It wishes to assure itself that it has a hold of your hand. Thus assured, it is not afraid. Why? It has confidence. So we walk in dark places with God. We have a confidence that relieves us from fear. We need to be assured that God is with us. His promises, great, exceeding, and precious, give us this assurance.

3. Then we have an inspiring ideal. He has given us a nature that partakes of the Divine nature. It is true, we are animal. How the animal in us does assert itself! It is no wonder that many scientific men come to the conclusion that man is nothing but animal; that there is only a difference of degree. When you stop and think, shake yourselves, and listen to the voices in you, you will know there is a difference. Beasts reason a little, but exhibit no sign of a moral nature. They have no conscience. They know nothing whatever of right and wrong—of the word *ought*—a word a little child may utter, but which can shape the universe. Now, with this moral nature, which brings into kinship with the Divine nature, we have an inspiring reason for building up a right nature in us.

Second.—NEXT, THE APOSTLE SHOWS HOW WE ARE TO PROCEED IN THE WORK.

1. To your faith add virtue. He starts with faith, the foundation of all. He assumes that you believe. Without believing, you would not be a Christian. But you are not to stop with believing. He who stops there is no Christian. He must exercise his faith. And in the exercise of it virtue will be furnished. That is the meaning of the passage, "To your faith" supply "virtue;" that is, try to be good. The mother says to the child, "Try to be good." The learned philosopher, the poet with his mighty word-power, angels, God Himself, cannot say anything better than "try to be good."

2. To virtue supply knowledge. It is not enough that you simply desire to do what is right. You are to *know* what is

right. You must get light. How often we say, had we known what we do now, we would not have done this or that. Even those who try the hardest to be good stumble in the darkness. Then there are very many who don't more than half try. How these do go astray! Very important is it that the Apostle has said, supply knowledge to thy faith. In the whirl of our daily life, when everything is so confusing, we need light as well as a desire to be good.

3. To your knowledge supply a good degree of self-control. That is the meaning of temperance. Passion and prejudice blind knowledge. We must control ourselves, or the light will be put out. Men often cheat themselves much more than they do others. You say we are speaking about simple things, as if to children. True, these things are simple, but they are the very essence of right living. The greatest things, the things that lie right near the foundations of life, are simple. Do some of you think that to gain self-control is easy? If you think so, you have never made a real effort at it. Do some of you think it hard? Remember, God works with and in him who tries to be right and to do right.

4. Then, in your exercise of self-control, have a good supply of patience. You have seen how sometimes those who have succeeded in gaining control of themselves are impatient with others who lack in this respect. Persons may obtain this mastery of themselves by heroic effort; or, it may be, they lack temptation. One has no patience with a drunkard—and it is hard enough to have patience with such an one. The impatient man is cold and narrow, and could hardly be a drunkard if he tried. Did you never hear a drunkard, ashamed of himself, say "Well, I ain't stingy and mean, as that fellow." Says the Apostle, let your self-control supply patience. In this mad, rushing age of ours how needful is this injunction! There are some who think patience to be a weak thing. It is no sign of strength that through lack of self-control we give vent to temper and passion. A horse that runs away does not prove that it is strong, but that the driver is weak.

5. Then, lest that we should think that this life is all, the Apostle continues, To patience supply piety. Piety controls all the other graces. Then, says he, see that in this piety is brotherly kindness; and in this brotherly kindness is Charity—Love. Where there is so much to bear, so much roughness, so much that is selfish and hard, that worries and irritates, as in this world, how essential that the Christian should have patience and brotherly kindness and love.

Third.—OBSERVE SOME ADDITIONAL MOTIVES TO THIS WORK.

1. Through these things we will make progress in the life of a Christian, "For if these things be in you and abound, they

make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful," etc. If you are teaching a clerk his duties, you tell him to do this and that, and then he will understand how to do these other things. So with children; so with scholars at school. We learn duty through the discharge of duty. Christianity is a practical thing. If these truths be in you and abound, then will you know more of Christ and of His sustaining sympathy, and of the whole round of Christian truths. All this will be wrought through the atonement and intercession of Christ. So there will be no place for boasting. He who has developed the most, done the most, will be the most humble.

2. Another reason is given in ver. 10: You will make "your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things, you will never fall." I remember when a boy how those words, "calling and election," often sent a shiver through my soul. How many stumble over them. What does the Apostle say?—If you do these things, if you will supply to you faith, virtue, etc., you will never fall, and so you will make your calling and election sure. There is a divine side to this doctrine of election; but with that we have nothing to do. If a man wishes to know whether he is a Christian, one of the elect, let him try to do these things. How we are constantly brought back to the practical!

3. But a crowning motive is given in ver. 11: "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." The word ministered may be rendered *supplied*. Is not this motive enough that we give all diligence to perfect our characters?

Brethren, I have tried to preach you a practical sermon, one that would help me in my troubles, and I pray God it may help you.

Christ the Destroyer of Death.**A SERMON**

By C. H. Spurgeon, AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON, ON
LORD'S-DAY MORNING, DECEMBER 17, 1876.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.—1 COR. xv. 26.

DURING four previous Sabbaths we have been following our Lord and Master through his great achievements; we have seen Him as the end of the law, as the conqueror of Satan, as the overcomer of the world, as the creator of all things new, and now we behold Him as the destroyer of death. In this, and in all His other glorious deeds, let us worship Him with all our hearts.

May the Spirit of God lead us into the full meaning of this, which is one of the Redeemer's grandest characters.

How wonderfully is our Lord Jesus *one with man*! For when the Psalmist David had considered "the heavens the work of God's fingers," he said, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him; or the Son of Man that thou visitest Him?" He was speaking of Christ. You would have thought he was thinking of man in his humblest estate, and that he was wondering that God should be pleased to honor so frail a being as the poor, fallen son of Adam. You would never have dreamed that the glorious gospel lay hid within those words of grateful adoration. Yet, in the course of that meditation, David went on to say, "Thou madest him to have dominion over all the works of Thy hands, Thou hast put all things under his feet." Now, had it not been for the interpretation of the Holy Spirit, we should still have considered that he was speaking of men in general, and of man's natural dominion over the brute creation; but, behold, while that is true, there is another and a far more important truth concealed within it, for David, as a prophet, was all the while chiefly speaking of the Man of men. It was of Jesus, the Son of man, as honored of the Father, the model man, the second Adam, the head of the new race of men, that the Psalmist sang, "He hath put all things under his feet." Strange, was it not, that when he spake of man, he must of necessity speak also of our Lord? And yet, when we consider the thing, it is but natural and according to truth, and only remarkable to us because in our minds we too often consider Jesus and man as far-separated, and too little regard Him as truly one with man.

Now, see how the Apostle infers from the Psalm the necessity of the resurrection, for if all things must be put under the feet

of the man, Christ Jesus, then every form of evil must be conquered by Him, and death among the rest. "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." It must be so; and, therefore, death itself must ultimately be overcome. Thus out of that simple sentence in the Psalm, which we should have read far otherwise without the light of the Holy Spirit, the Apostle gathereth the doctrine of the resurrection. The Holy Spirit taught his servant, Paul, how by a subtle chemistry he could distil from simple words a precious, fragrant essence, which the common reader never suspected to be there. Texts have their secret drawers, their box within a box, their hidden souls, which lie asleep till He who placed them on their secret couches awakens them, that they may speak to the hearts of His chosen. Could you ever have guessed resurrection from the eighth Psalm? No; nor could you have believed, had it not been told you, that there is fire in the flint, oil in the rock, and bread in the earth we tread upon. Man's books have usually far less in them than we expect; but the Book of the Lord is full of surprises—it is a mass of light, a mountain of priceless revelations. We little know what yet lies hidden within the Scriptures. We know the form of sound words as the Lord has taught it to us, and by it we will abide, but there are inner store-houses into which we have not peered; chambers of revelation lit up with bright lamps, perhaps too bright for our eyes at this present. If Paul, when the Spirit of God rested upon him, could see so much in the songs of David, the day may come when we shall see still more in the epistles of Paul, and wonder at ourselves, that we did not understand better the things which the Holy Ghost has so freely spoken to us by the Apostle. May we at this time be enabled to look deep and far, and behold the sublime glories of our risen Lord.

To the text itself, then: *Death is an enemy; death is an enemy to be destroyed; death is an enemy that shall be destroyed last; "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."*

I.—DEATH AN ENEMY. *It was so born*, even as Haman, the Agagite, was the enemy of Israel by his descent. Death is the child of our direst foe, for "sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin." Now, that which is distinctly the fruit of transgression, cannot be other than an enemy of man. Death was introduced into the world on that gloomy day which saw our fall, and he that had the power of it is our arch enemy and betrayer, the devil; from both of which facts we must regard it as the manifest enemy of man. Death is an alien in this world; it did not enter into the original design of the unfallen creation; but its intrusion mars and spoils the whole. It is no part of the

Great Shepherd's flock, but it is a wolf which cometh to kill and to destroy. Geology tells us that there was death among the various forms of life from the first ages of the globe's history, even when as yet the world was not fitted up as the dwelling of man. This I can believe, and still regard death as the result of sin. If it can be proved that there is such an organic unity between man and the lower animals, that they would not have died if Adam had not sinned, then I see in those deaths before Adam the antecedent consequences of a sin which was then uncommitted. If by the merits of Jesus there was salvation before He had offered His atoning sacrifice, I do not find it hard to conceive that the foreseen demerits of sin may have cast the shadow of death over the long ages which came before man's transgression. Of that we know little, nor is it important that we should; but certain is it, that as far as this present creation is concerned, death is not God's invited guest, but an intruder, whose presence mars the feast. Man, in his folly, welcomed Satan and sin when they forced their way into the high festival of Paradise, but he never welcomed death; even his blind eyes could see in that skeleton form a cruel foe. As the lion to the herds of the plain, as the scythe to the flowers of the field, as the wind to the sere leaves of the forest, such is death to the sons of men. They fear it by an inward instinct, because their conscience tells them that it is the child of their sin.

Death is well called an enemy, for *it does an enemy's work* toward us. For what purpose doth an enemy come, but to root up, and to pull down, and to destroy? Death tears in pieces that comely handiwork of God, the fabric of the human body, so marvelously wrought by the fingers of divine skill. Casting this rich embroidery into the grave among the armies of the worm, to its fierce soldiery death divideth "to every one a prey of divers colors, of divers colors of needlework;" and they ruthlessly rend in pieces the spoil. This building of our manhood is a house fair to look upon, but death, the destroyer, darkens its windows, shakes its pillars, closes its doors, and causes the sound of the grinding to cease. Then the daughters of music are brought low, and the strong men bow themselves. This vandal spares no work of life, however full of wisdom or beauty, for it looseth the silver cord and breaketh the golden bowl. Lo! at the fountain the costly pitcher is utterly broken, and at the cistern the well-wrought wheel is dashed in pieces! Death is a fierce invader of the realms of life, and where it comes it fells every good tree, stops all wells of water, and mars every good piece of land with stones. See you a man when death has wrought his will upon him, what a ruin he is! How is his beauty turned to ashes,

and his comeliness to corruption. Surely an enemy hath done this.

Look, my brethren, at the course of death throughout all ages and in all lands. What field is there without its grave? What city without its cemetery? Whither can we go to find no sepulchres? As the sandy shore is covered with the up-castings of the worm, so art thou, O earth! covered with those grass-grown hillocks, beneath which sleep the departed generations of men. And thou, O sea, even thou art not without thy dead! As if the earth were too full of corpses, and they jostled each other in their crowded sepulchres, even into thy caverns, O mighty main, the bodies of the dead are cast! Thy waves must become defiled with the carcasses of men, and on thy floor must lie the bones of the slain. Our enemy, death, has marched, as it were, with sword and fire, ravaging the human race. Neither Goth nor Hun nor Tartar could have slain so universally all that breathed, for death has suffered none to escape. Everywhere it has withered household joys and created sorrow and sighing; in all lands where the sun is seen it hath blinded men's eyes with weeping. The tear of the bereaved, the wail of the widow, and the moan of the orphan—these have been death's war music, and he has found therein a song of victory.

The greatest conquerors have only been death's slaughtermen, journeymen butchers working in his shambles. War is nothing better than death holding carnival, and devouring his prey a little more in haste than is his common wont.

Death has done the work of an enemy to those of us who have as yet escaped his arrows. Those who have lately stood around a new-made grave and buried half their hearts, can tell you what an enemy death is. It takes the friend from our side, and the child from our bosom; neither does it care for our crying. He has fallen who was the pillar of the household; she has been snatched away who was the brightness of the hearth. The little one is torn out of its mother's bosom, though it almost breaks her heartstrings; and the blooming youth is taken from his father's side, though the parent's fondest hopes are thereby crushed. Death has no pity for the young and no mercy for the old; he pays no regard to the good or to the beautiful. His scythe cuts down sweet flowers and noxious weeds with equal readiness. He cometh into our garden, trampleth down our lilies, and scattereth our roses on the ground; yea, and even the modest flowers planted in the corner, and hiding their beauty beneath the leaves that they may blush unseen, death spieth out even these, and cares nothing for their fragrance, but withers them with his burning breath. He is thine enemy, indeed, thou fatherless child, left for the

pitiless storm of a cruel world to beat upon, with none to shelter thee. He is thine enemy, O widow! for the light of thy life is gone, and the desire of thine eyes has been removed with a stroke. He is thine enemy, husband, for thy house is desolate, and thy little children cry for their mother, of whom death has robbed thee!

He is the enemy of us all, for what head of a family among us has not had to say to him, "Me thou hast bereaved again and again!" Especially is death an enemy to the living when he invades God's house and causes the prophet and the priest to be numbered with the dead. The church mourns when her most useful ministers are smitten down, when the watchful eye is closed in darkness, and the instructive tongue is mute. Yet how often does death thus war against us! The earnest, the active, the indefatigable, are taken away. Those mightiest in prayer, those most affectionate in heart, those most exemplary in life, those are cut down in the midst of their labors, leaving behind them a church which needs them more than tongue can tell. If the Lord does but threaten to permit death to seize a beloved pastor, the souls of his people are full of grief, and they view death as their worst foe, while they plead with the Lord and entreat Him to bid their minister live.

Even *those who die* may well count death to be their enemy; I mean not now that they have risen to their seats, and, as disembodied spirits, behold the King in his beauty, but aforesaid while death was approaching them. He seemed to their trembling flesh to be a foe, for it is not in nature, except in moments of extreme pain or aberration of mind, or of excessive expectation of glory, for us to be in love with death. It was wise of our Creator so to constitute us that the soul loves the body and the body loves the soul, and they desire to dwell together as long as they may, else had there been no care for self-preservation, and suicide would have destroyed the race.

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"

It is a first law of our nature that skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life, and thus we are nerved to struggle for existence, and to avoid that which would destroy us. This useful instinct renders death an enemy, but it also aids in keeping us from that crime of all crimes the most sure of damnation, if a man commit it wilfully and in his sound mind—I mean the crime of self-murder.

When death cometh, even to the good man, he cometh as an enemy, for he is attended by such terrible heralds and grim outriders as do greatly scare us.

“Fever with brow of fire ;
Consumption wan ; palsy, half-warmed with life,
And half a clay-cold lump ; joint-torturing gout,
And ever-gnawing rheum ; convulsion wild ;
Swoln dropsy ; panting asthma ; apoplex
Full gorged.”

None of these add to the aspect of death a particle of beauty. He comes with pains and griefs ; he comes with sighs and tears. Clouds and darkness are round about him, an atmosphere laden with dust oppresses those whom he approaches, and a cold wind chills them even to the marrow. He rides on the pale horse, and where his steed sets its foot the land becomes a desert. By the footfall of that terrible steed, the worm is awakened to gnaw the slain. When we forget other grand truths, and only remember these dreadful things, death is the king of terrors to us. Hearts are sickened and reins are loosened, because of him.

But, indeed, he is an enemy, for what comes he to do to our body ? I know he doeth that which ultimately leadeth to its betterness, but still it is that which, in itself and for the present, is not joyous, but grievous. He comes to take the light from the eyes, the hearing from the ears, the speech from the tongue, the activity from the hand, and the thought from the brain. He comes to transform a living man into a mass of putrefaction, to degrade the beloved form of a brother and friend to such a condition of corruption that affection itself cries out, “Bury my dead out of my sight.” Death, thou child of sin, Christ hath transformed thee marvelously, but in thyself thou art an enemy before whom flesh and blood tremble, for they know that thou art the murderer of all of woman born, whose thirst for human prey the blood of nations cannot slake.

If you think for a few moments of this enemy, you will observe some of his points of character. He is the *common* foe of all God's people, and the enemy of all men ; for however some have been persuaded that they should not die, yet is there no discharge in this war ; and if in this conscription a man escapes the ballot many and many a year, till his grey beard seems to defy the winter's hardest frost, yet must the man of iron yield at last. It is appointed unto all men once to die. The strongest man has no elixir of eternal life wherewith to renew his youth amid the decays of age ; nor has the wealthiest prince a price wherewith to bribe destruction. To the grave must thou descend, O crowned monarch ! for sceptres and shovels are akin. To the sepulchre must thou go down, O mighty man of valor ! for sword and spade are of like metal. The prince is brother to the worm, and must dwell in the same house. Of our whole race it is true, “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.”

Death is also a *subtle* foe, lurking everywhere, even in the most harmless things. Who can tell where Death has not prepared his ambuscades? He meets us both at home and abroad; at the table he assails men in their food, and at the fountain he poisons their drink. He waylayeth us in the streets, and he seizeth us in our beds; he rideth on the storm at sea, and he walks with us when we are on our way upon the solid land. Whither can we fly to escape from thee, O Death, for from the summit of the Alps men have fallen to their graves, and in the deep places of the earth, where the miner goeth down to find the precious ore, there hast thou sacrificed many a hecatomb of precious lives. Death is a subtle foe, and with noiseless foot-falls follows close at our heels when least we think of him.

He is an enemy whom *none of us will be able to avoid*, take what by-paths we may, nor can we escape from him when our hour is come. Into this fowler's nets, like the birds, we shall all fly; in his great *seine* must all the fishes of the great sea of life be taken when their day is come. As surely as sets the sun, or as the midnight stars at length descend beneath the horizon, or as the waves sink back into the sea, or as the bubble bursts, so must we all, early or late, come to our end, and disappear from earth, to be known no more among the living.

Sudden, too, full often, are the assaults of this enemy.

“ Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death

Such things have happened as for men to die without an instant's notice; with a psalm upon their lips, they have passed away; or engaged in their daily business, they have been summoned to give in their account. We have heard of one who, when the morning paper brought him news that a friend in business had died, was drawing on his boots to go to his counting-house, and observed with a laugh, that as far as he was concerned, he was so busy he had no time to die. Yet, ere the words were finished, he fell forward and was a corpse. Sudden deaths are not so uncommon as to be marvels, if we dwell in the centre of a large circle of mankind. Thus is death a foe not to be despised or trifled with. Let us remember all his characteristics, and we shall not be inclined to think lightly of the grim enemy whom our glorious Redeemer has destroyed.

Secondly, let us remember that death is AN ENEMY TO BE DESTROYED. Remember that our Lord Jesus Christ has already wrought a great victory upon death, so that he has delivered us from lifelong bondage through its fear. He has not yet *destroyed* death, but he has gone very near to it, for we are told that he has “abolished death, and hath brought life

and immortality to light through the gospel." This surely must come very near to having destroyed death altogether.

In the first place, our Lord has subdued death in the very worst sense, by having delivered his people from spiritual death. "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Once you had no divine life whatever, but the death of original depravity remained upon you, and so you were dead to all divine and spiritual things; but now, beloved, the Spirit of God, even He that raised up Jesus Christ from the dead, has raised you up into newness of life, and you have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. In this sense, death has been subdued.

Our Lord in his lifetime also conquered death by restoring certain individuals to life. There were three memorable cases in which at his bidding the last enemy resigned his prey. Our Lord went into the ruler's house, and saw the little girl who had lately fallen asleep in death, around whom they wept and lamented; he heard their scornful laughter, when he said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth," and he put them all out, and said to her, "Maid, arise!" Then was the spoiler spoiled, and the dungeon door set open. He stopped the funeral procession at the gates of Nain, whence they were carrying forth a young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," and he said, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise." When that young man sat up, and our Lord delivered him to his mother, then again was the prey taken from the mighty. Chief of all, when Lazarus had lain in the grave so long that his sister said, "Lord, by this time he stinketh;" when, in obedience to the word, "Lazarus, come forth!" forth came the raised one with his grave-clothes still about him, but yet really quickened, then was death seen to be subservient to the Son of Man. "Loose him and let him go," said the conquering Christ, and death's bonds were removed, for the lawful captive was delivered. When, at the Redeemer's resurrection, many of the saints arose and came out of their graves into the holy city, then was the crucified Lord proclaimed to be victorious over death and the grave.

Still, brethren, these were but preliminary skirmishes and mere foreshadowings of the grand victory by which death was overthrown. The real triumph was achieved upon the cross.

"He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew:
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,
And death, by dying, slew."

When Christ died, he suffered the penalty of death on the behalf of all his people, and therefore no believer now dies by way of punishment for sin, since we cannot dream that a righteous

God would twice exact the penalty for one offence. Death, since Jesus died, is not a penal infliction upon the children of God ; as such he has abolished it, and it can never be enforced. Why die the saints, then ? Why, because their bodies must be changed ere they can enter heaven. "Flesh and blood," as they are, "cannot inherit the kingdom of God." A divine change must take place upon the body before it will be fit for incorruption and glory ; and death and the grave are, as it were, the refining pot and the furnace, by means of which the body is made ready for its future bliss. Death, it is true, thou art not yet destroyed, but our living Redeemer has so changed thee that thou art no longer death, but something other than thy name ! Saints die not now, but they are dissolved and depart. Death is the loosing of the cable, that the bark may freely sail to the fair havens. Death is the fiery chariot in which we ascend to God ; it is the gentle voice of the great King, who cometh into his banqueting hall, and saith, "Friend, come up higher." Behold, on eagle's wings we mount, we fly, far from this land of mist and cloud, into the eternal serenity and brilliance of God's own house above. Yes, our Lord has abolished death. The sting of death is sin, and our great Substitute has taken that sting away by his great sacrifice. Stingless, death abides among the people of God, but it so little harms them that to them "it is not death to die."

Further, Christ vanquished Death and thoroughly overcame him when he rose. What a temptation one has to paint a picture of the resurrection, but I will not be led aside to attempt more than a few touches. When our great Champion awoke from his brief sleep of death, and found himself in the withdrawing-room of the grave, he quietly proceeded to put off the garments of the tomb. How leisurely he proceeded ! He folded up the napkin and placed it by itself, that those who lose their friends might wipe their eyes therewith ; and then he took off the winding-sheet, and laid the grave-clothes by themselves, that they might be there when his saints come thither, so that the chamber might be well furnished, and the bed ready sheeted and prepared for their rest. The sepulchre is no longer an empty vault, a dreary charnel, but a chamber of rest, a dormitory furnished and prepared, hung with the arras which Christ himself has bequeathed. It is now no more a damp, dark, dreary prison ; Jesus has changed all that.

"'Tis now a cell where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news."

The angel from heaven rolled away the stone from our Lord's sepulchre, and let in the fresh air and light again upon our Lord, and he stepped out more than a conqueror. Death had fled. The grave had capitulated.

‘Lives again our glorious King !
 ‘Where, O death, is now thy sting ?’
 Once He died our souls to save ;
 ‘Where’s thy victory, boasting grave ?’ ”

Well, brethren, so surely as Christ rose, so did he guarantee as an absolute certainty the resurrection of all his saints into a glorious life for their bodies, the life of their souls never having paused even for a moment. In this he conquered death ; and since that memorable victory, every day Christ is overcoming death, for he gives his Spirit to his saints, and having that Spirit within them, they meet the last enemy without alarm ; often they confront him with songs, perhaps more frequently they face him with calm countenance, and fall asleep with peace. I will not fear thee, Death ; why should I ? Thou lookest like a dragon, but thy sting is gone. Thy teeth are broken, oh, old lion, wherefore should I fear thee ? I know thou art no more able to destroy me, but thou art sent as a messenger to conduct me to the golden gate, wherein I shall enter and see my Saviour’s unveiled face for ever. Expiring saints have often said that their last beds have been the best they have ever slept upon. Many of them have inquired,

“ Tell me, my soul, can this be death ? ”

To die has been so different a thing from what they expected it to be, so lightsome and so joyous ; they have been so unloaded of all care, have felt so relieved instead of burdened, that they have wondered whether this could be the monster they had been so afraid of all their days. They find it a pin’s prick, whereas they feared it would prove a sword-thrust ; it is the shutting of the eye on earth, and the opening of it in heaven, whereas they thought it would have been a stretching upon the rack, or a dreary passage through a dismal region of gloom and dread. Beloved, our exalted Lord has overcome death in all these ways.

But now, observe, that this is not the text—the text speaks of something yet to be done. The last enemy that *shall be* destroyed is death, so that death, in the sense meant by the text, is not destroyed yet. He is to be destroyed, and how will that be ?

Well, I take it death will be destroyed in the sense, first, that, at the coming of Christ, *those who are alive and remain shall not see death*. They shall be changed ; there must be a change, even to the living, before they can inherit eternal life ; but they shall not actually die. Do not envy them, for they will have no preference beyond those that sleep ; rather do I think theirs to be the inferior lot of the two in some respects. But they will not know death ; the multitude of the Lord’s own who will be alive at his coming will pass into glory without needing

to die. Thus death, as far as they are concerned, will be destroyed.

But the sleeping ones, the myriads who have left their flesh and bones to moulder back to earth, death shall be destroyed even as to them, for when the trumpet sounds they shall rise from the tomb. *The resurrection is the destruction of death.* We never taught, nor believed, nor thought that every particle of every body that was put into the grave would come to its fellow, and that the absolutely identical material would rise; but we do say that the identical body will be raised, and that as surely as there cometh out of the ground the seed that was put into it, though in a very different guise—for it cometh not forth as a seed, but as a flower—so surely shall the same body rise again. The same material is not necessary; but there shall come out of the grave, aye, come out of the earth, if it never saw a grave, or come out of the sea, if devoured by monsters, that self-same body for true identity, which was inhabited by the soul while here below. Was it not so with our Lord? Even so shall it be with his own people, and then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave! where is thy victory?"

There will be this feature in our Lord's victory, that death will be fully destroyed, because *those who rise will not be one whit the worse for having died.* I believe, concerning those new bodies, that there will be no trace upon them of the feebleness of old age, none of the marks of long and wearying sickness, none of the scars of martyrdom. Death shall not have left his mark upon them at all, except it be some glory mark which shall be to their honor, like the scars in the flesh of the Well-beloved, which are his chief beauty, even now, in the eyes of those for whom his hands and feet were pierced. In this sense death shall be destroyed, because he shall have done no damage to the saints at all; the very trace of decay shall have been swept away from the redeemed.

And then, finally, there shall, after this trumpet of the Lord, be no *more death*, neither sorrow, nor crying, for the former things have passed away. "Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over Him;" and so also the quickened ones, His own redeemed, they too shall die no more. Oh, dreadful, dreadful supposition, that they should ever have to undergo temptation or pain, or death a second time. It cannot be. "Because I live," says Christ, "they shall live also." Yet the doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul having been given up by some, certain of them have felt obliged to give up with the eternity of future punishment the eternity of future bliss, and assuredly as far as

some great proof texts are concerned, they stand or fall together. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal;" if the one state be short, so must the other be: whatever the adjective means in the one case, it means in the other. To us the word means endless duration in both cases, and we look forward to a bliss which shall never know end or duration. Then in the tearless, sorrowless, graveless country death shall be utterly destroyed.

III. And now, last of all—and the word "last" sounds fitly in this case—DEATH IS TO BE DESTROYED LAST. Because he came in last he must go out last. Death was not the first of our foes; first came the devil, then sin, then death. Death is not the worst of enemies; death is an enemy, but he is much to be preferred to our other adversaries. It were better to die a thousand times than to sin. To be tried by death is nothing, compared with being tempted by the devil. The mere physical pains connected with dissolution are comparative trifles, compared with the hideous grief which is caused by sin, and the burden which a sense of guilt causes to the soul. No, death is but a secondary mischief, compared with the defilement of sin. Let the great enemies go down first; smite the shepherd, and the sheep will be scattered; let sin and Satan, the lord of all these evils, be smitten first, and death may well be left to the last.

Notice that death is the last enemy to each individual Christian, and the last to be destroyed. Well now, if the Word of God says it is the last, I want to remind you of a little piece of practical wisdom—leave him to be the last. Brother, do not dispute the appointed order, but let the last be last. I have known a brother wanting to vanquish death long before he died. But, brother, you do not want dying grace till dying moments. What would be the good of dying grace while you are yet alive? A boat will only be needful when you reach a river. Ask for living grace, and glorify Christ thereby, and then you shall have dying grace when dying time comes. Your enemy is going to be destroyed, but not to-day. There is a great host of enemies to be fought to-day, and you may be content to let this one alone for a while. This enemy will be destroyed, but of the times and the seasons we are in ignorance; our wisdom is to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ as the duty of every day requires. Take your trials as they come, brother! As the enemies march up slay them, rank upon rank; but if you fail in the name of God to smite the front ranks, and say, "No, I am only afraid of the rear rank," then you are playing the fool. Leave the final shock of arms till the last adversary advances, and meanwhile, hold you your place in the conflict. God will, in due time, help you to over-

come your last enemy, but meanwhile, see to it that you overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. If you live well you will die well. That same covenant in which the Lord Jesus gave you life contains also the grant of death, for "All things are yours, whether things present or things to come, or life or death, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Why is death left to the last? Well, I think it is because Christ can make much use of him. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, because death is of great service before he is destroyed. Oh, what lessons some of us have learned from death! "Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud to damp our brainless ardors;" make us feel that these poor fleeting toys are not worth living for; that as others pass away so must we also be gone, and thus they help to make us set loose by this world, and urge us to take wing and mount toward the world to come. There are, perhaps, no sermons like the deaths which have happened in our households; the departure of our beloved friends have been to us solemn discourses of divine wisdom, which our heart could not help hearing. So Christ has spared death to make him a preacher to His saints.

And you know, brethren, that if there had been no death the saints of God would not have had the opportunity to exhibit the highest ardor of their love. Where has love to Christ triumphed most? Why, in the death of the martyrs at the stake and on the rack. O Christ! thou never hadst such garlands woven for Thee by human hands as they have brought Thee who have come up to heaven from the forests of persecution, having waded through streams of blood. By death for Christ the saints have glorified Him most.

So is it, in their measure, with saints who die from ordinary deaths. They would have had no such test for faith and work for patience as they now have, if there had been no death. Part of the reason of the continuance of this dispensation is that the Christ of God may be glorified; but if believers never died, the supreme consummation of faith's victory must have been unknown. Brethren, if I may die as I have seen some of our church members die, I court the grand occasion. I would not wish to escape death by some by-road, if I may sing as they sang. If I may have such hosannas and hallelujahs beaming in my very eyes, as I have seen as well as heard from them, it were a blessed thing to die. Yes, as a supreme test of love and faith, death is well respited awhile to let the saints glorify their Master.

Besides, brethren, without death we should not be so conformed to Christ as we shall be if we fall asleep in Him. If there could be any jealousies in heaven among the saints, I

think that any saint who does not die, but is changed when Christ comes, could almost meet me and you, who probably will die, and say, "My brother, there is one thing I have missed; I never lay in the grave, I never had the chill hand of death laid on me, and so in that I was not conformed to my Lord. But *you* know what it is to have fellowship with Him, even in His death." Did I not well say that they that were alive and remain should have no preference over them that are asleep? I think the preference, if anything, shall belong to us who sleep in Jesus, and wake up in His likeness.

Death, dear friends, is not yet destroyed, because he brings the saints home. He does but come to them and whisper his message, and in a moment they are supremely blessed.

"Have done with sin and care and woe,
And with the Saviour rest."

And so death is not destroyed yet, for he answers useful purposes.

But, beloved, he is going to be destroyed. He is the last enemy of the church collectively. The church, as a body, has had a mass of foes to contend with; but after the resurrection we shall say, "This is the last enemy. Not another foe is left." Eternity shall roll on in ceaseless bliss. There may be changes, bringing new delights; perhaps in the eternity to come there may be eras and ages of yet more amazing bliss, and still more superlative ecstasy; but there shall be

"No rude alarm of raging foes,
No cares to break the last repose."

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, and if the last be slain there can be no future foe. The battle is fought and the victory is won forever. And who hath won it? who but the Lamb that sitteth on the throne, to whom let us all ascribe honor and glory and majesty and power and dominion and might for ever and ever. The Lord help us in our solemn adoration. AMEN.

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The Divine Incarnation.

A SERMON

By Pharcellus Church, D. D., PREACHED IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

[WE bespeak for this sermon a most careful reading. The novelty of the views expressed, the age, the illustrious career and the ability of the speaker entitle him to a hearing. We, of course, do not hold ourselves responsible for the views uttered in any of the sermons we publish. We are but *reporters* for the Church at large. The following extract from a letter sent us by Dr. Church we take the liberty of publishing:—EDITOR COMPLETE PREACHER

“It has cost years of the hardest study to arrive at the principles of interpretation which I enunciate in this sermon. I began twelve years ago to read the Hebrew Bible through with no thought of any such result. Four years ago I wrote a commentary on the Mosaic history of the creation much on the old principles of interpretation. Since, I have rewritten it according to my present views as reflecting the Divine Incarnation. My plan has been to look at the language and imagery of the record in the light of their use in the subsequent inspired documents and the general subject-matter of revealed religion. I have condensed into a single sermon what ought to be a book of 400 or 500 pages. It is scarcely the introduction. I pray God that it may lead to better and clearer views touching the Hebrew Scriptures.”—P. CHURCH.]

“*To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*”—Eph. iii: 19.

“*And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.*”—Luke xxiv: 27.

THIS view of the religious life as a fulness of God, and of the Old Testament as a fulness of Christ, gives us a higher conception, both of the one and the other, than is ordinarily entertained. It supposes, in the one case, a being with organs and senses suited to a prosaic life in this world, moved and controlled by spiritual power from above; and, in the other, seemingly unmeaning histories, ceremonies, and writings, as being really an embodiment of the incarnate God and of the resurrected and glorified Christ. It was after his return from the sepulchre that Jesus gave this exposition of the Old Testament, and it was from the third heavens that Paul took his idea of a Christian as one filled with all the fulness of God; both passages of our text, therefore, being an outlook from the spiritual world.

The formula of an indwelling God is peculiarly scriptural, and appears in many aspects: “Christ in you the hope of glory;” “Christ in you except ye be reprobates;” “I will come in and sup with him and he with Me;” “Your bodies are the

temple of the Holy Ghost ;" "If a man love Me he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and WE," the whole divinity, "will come unto him and make Our abode with him." This formula shaped the sacred architecture of the Hebrews, their temple having one room from which light was excluded, whose floor was never trodden by profane feet, but only by the high-priest, once a year, after special purification, and here, "in the darkness of light insufferable," God was supposed to dwell. "He dwelt between the cherubim," and gave responses to a supplicating people. "The cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." Thus the solid framework of the temple was invested by an unseen, a spiritual and divine presence from the world above, to reflect the great truth that man, in his primeval creation, is a construction from two worlds, the natural and spiritual, and that in redemption he is brought again into that state, after losing it by sin, and is filled with all the fulness of God. Things shape symbols, and not symbols things.

Thus the indwelling God, first in the construction of man and then in his restoration by union to Christ, is the fundamental idea of divine revelation. Human history is the outworking of powers above and below, God and man, the world of faith and of sense, angelic intermediation and the divine incarnation being the chief factors. I appeal to my brethren, whether this heavenly presence is not with them a matter of consciousness. Had you not the sense of it this morning in your closet and at your family altar? Now, I hope to be able to show you that this divine indwelling is what connects you with Moses, the prophets, and the whole Scripture record, and not any outward arrangements, or fixtures, or ceremonies, or symbols, which have proved such a source of division in the family of God. "What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord?"

"And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." This Jesus did after his resurrection, to dissipate the gloom of two sorrowing and disappointed men, who had accepted His crucifixion as the end of all their hopes of His Messiahship. "They trusted that it had been He that should redeem Israel," till this terrible event of the crucifixion had made the thing impossible. Alas, how many are as oblivious as these mistaken men to the real power that administers God's kingdom here below! They base it on earthly conditions, forces, events—a literally restored Israel, for instance—a reconstructed material world, a fallen papacy, or other outward fact, forgetting that, though apparently crucified and entombed, the redeeming energy is intact, and is pluming itself for greater

victories than ever. God's kingdom is like Ezekiel's vision, complicated and infinitely varied in its parts, but still, all so instinct with life that its seemingly dead parts minister to its efficiency. And when this hidden power was shown from the Old Testament Scriptures to have been acting from the beginning, a new world of thought opened upon these men; the scene was beautiful in its coincidences and transporting in its hopes; and they said, "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked to us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

What are these things concerning Christ expounded out of the Old Testament?

Wherein do they appear in Moses, the prophets, and other documents?

Their connection with the fulness of God in the Church.

These are the several points to be considered.

I.—THE THINGS CONCERNING CHRIST. They no doubt refer to His nature, His life, His doctrines and miracles, or they are the facts included in the Gospels.

1. *His duality of nature*, divinity and humanity, were alike conspicuous in Him. He felt as a man, while He spake and acted as God. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth." This duality of nature was the model of the race with which He had become identified by being born a man. Manhood, in its normal condition, is not merely an earth production, not merely a combination of members, senses and faculties, suited to a life among these material elements, but a life in which the spiritual world is represented, or which is ruled by the higher principle of duty to God and the hope of immortality. It is a typical incarnation, of which that of Christ is the image and likeness. In this dual nature "it behooved Christ to be made in all things like unto His brethren," that His life here might correspond to the general type of humanity.

2. *Christ reached His glorification as a man through successive stages.* He lived an infant, a child, a man; was manifested as the Son of God at His baptism; was tempted, preached, wrought miracles; was persecuted, endured the passion of the cross; was buried, rose again, had various communications with His disciples, and then "ascended on high, leading captivity captive, and receiving gifts for men." In this He, no doubt, conformed to the universal law of moral progress. We might as well speak of beings created learned; as with merit, and entitled to the reward of merit. Learning comes from an exercise of the faculties created with us, and it is impossible to conceive of it as an original, involuntary gift. So of merit and its reward; they can only be achieved by endeavor, by

moral action, and by rising above the involuntary level on which a race begins its existence. If any being could, by a single stage, pass from his birth to his crown in glory, would it not have been He who was begotten by the Holy Ghost? True, had there been no sin to expiate, Christ would have reached the right hand of His Father without pain, but not without a process of discipline, through its various stages, to mature a life, begun as an infant, into the exercise of prerogatives so exalted.

All I have to say is, that this thing concerning Christ, that He reached His crown by successive stages of voluntary action, shows that a simple creation, though pure as His, does not fit a race for communion with God, or for a moral and spiritual beatification, but it must advance to it through successive stages of subsequent action and discipline. I know we are accustomed to speak of the primitive man as created holy and put into a state of exalted beatification, without any volition of his own. 'He was as passive a product of Eden as its trees, gold, or precious stones. Herein I think we not only violate the laws of right reason, but the spirit and scope of divine revelation. I hope to show you that the burden of Moses' account of the creation, in the first chapters of Genesis, is, not the origin of material nature, with which his text cannot be made to harmonize, but the elevation of a race here below, through successive stages, to a spiritual life and heavenly beatification. Hence it was that our Lord began his exposition at Moses.

3. *The subordination of the human to the divine.* This thing concerning Himself, our Lord fully affirms; "I came down from heaven," He says, "not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me;" "The Father who dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works;" "Father, not My will, but Thine be done." His human feelings in all cases were subordinated to the divinity acting in and through Him, and therefore the Father loved Him, because He laid down His life as a duty and was obedient unto death.

Precisely the same law of duty to God obtained in the case of the primitive man. His appetites, his impulses, his activities were to be held subject to God, the spiritual world revealed in him was to control his earthly faculties, and, so long as it did so, his Eden was continued to him with all its delights. He lost all when God ceased to rule him, and his spiritual nature, not gone or extinguished, became demonized, and the angel was transmuted into a devil. No wonder that our Lord should have expounded out of Moses this law of duty to God, since the very end of His mission was to fulfill it and make it honorable.

4. *The divine overshadowing the human.* It was not till Christ

had lived thirty years that the divinity was fully manifested in Him, but when it was it became the ruling power of His life, and He ceased to appear as the man He had been in Nazareth. His former acquaintances said of Him, "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son?" The humanity is the base, like the mountain on which God came down in "the thick cloud," or "descended in fire," and therefore it is hid from view. Christ's manhood came from "the power of the Highest overshadowing" His mother, and in this His whole life was foreshown. And this, too, is the universal condition of being capable of a moral, spiritual, and heavenly life. All that pertains to themselves, or the lower nature as in man, must be overshadowed and pervaded by the divinity, and they must be, as it were, God's footstool, as heaven is His throne, or the basis of His earthly kingdom. There is nothing ghostly or unnatural in a life so overshadowed as the ascetic religionists seem to suppose; but every earthly faculty, appetite, and relation is brought into its normal condition, and Christ was as complete in His manhood as in His divinity. Thus the primitive man described by Moses, in being overshadowed by Jehovah, found his Eden instead of suffering in any of his faculties or powers of happiness. Hence it is that wisdom in Scripture is the term applied to an eminently religious state. It is the wisdom of reaching the best results by the best means, which can only be ensured by "being filled with all the fulness of God."

5. *A mission that culminated not in the earthly, but the heavenly.* Who but Christ ever embarked in a great mission to be consummated only in a disembodied life? He wrote no books, organized no institutions, not even a priesthood, enacted no code of laws, built no monuments to perpetuate His name and His fame, and not in a single particular did He rest the hopes of his cause upon any worldly expedient, but only upon the moral and spiritual forces of His being. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit," was the maxim at the basis of his policy. He must die to live and reign. His kindred reproached Him because one so capable of making himself and them so rich and great should waste his powers upon a spiritual and ideal mission in which they had no faith; and they said to Him, "If Thou do these things, show Thyself to the world." Do something creditable to us and you. But "Jesus said unto them, My time is not yet come, but your time is always ready," that is, your all is in this earthly world, but Mine is above.

It was by suffering that Christ reached His kingdom. "By His own blood He entered into the holy place." His sufferings were expiatory, "Bearing our sins in His own body on the tree," "Being made sin for us who knew no sin, that we

might be made the righteousness of God in Him." But is not this part of our Lord's experience foreshadowed in the judgment pronounced upon the serpent, as recorded by Moses—"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; IT shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel"? Is it not also foreshadowed in the sacrifices under the law? "Without the shedding of blood is no remission." In all the Scriptures the things concerning Christ's death, resurrection, and glorification are recorded, and no wonder that He should have made them manifest in His exposition. He may be supposed to have dwelt with special unction upon the closing scenes of His life, as it was that which had dashed the hopes of His Messiahship in those with whom He was conversing.

II.—WHEREIN DID THE THINGS CONCERNING CHRIST APPEAR IN THE OLD TESTAMENT?

I shall here confine myself chiefly to the parabolic sketch of man's nature and creation in the first chapters of Genesis. It is in these misinterpreted and misunderstood chapters that we have the prologue of divine revelation. The doctrine of man as here enunciated rules all the rest, the patriarchal, the theocratic and Christian dispensations, general history, so far as embraced in the Bible, and determines the things concerning Christ, His nature, His life with its various stages, and His redemption as restoring the fulness of God to the souls of His people. As natural history must accord to the nature of plants or animals, whatever they be, so the moral and spiritual history of our race and of God's dealings with it must be the legitimate offshoot of a being so constituted, so situated, so related, and so acted upon from above, from below, or by all influences, spiritual and natural, which affect its character and its destiny.

To make my meaning perfectly plain, I will say at once, that the leading purpose of Moses is not to trace out man's formation as an animal, but how he was made a spiritual being and prepared for communion with God. I hold it to be an immutable principle that a moral, spiritual and holy life is not a thing of power like creating the world out of nothing, but of development through successive stages, in which there is reciprocal action between a higher and a lower mind, and that the ensuing merit, virtue, holiness, whatever you please to call it, with its consequent beatification, is the product of such joint action. Creating in Genesis has not its ultimate idea in matter, or man as a passive production; but in the formation or establishment here below of a kingdom of spirit, moral forces and immortality, like that with which God has surrounded himself in heaven. Such is the order of things of which Moses records the beginning by a succession of similes in the manner of the

Hebrew Scriptures, which is followed up through all the subsequent chapters of the Bible, which our Lord expounds of the things concerning Himself, and which culminated in the Spirit's dispensation and indwelling, as "Christ in us the hope of glory."

Let us now look at the text of Moses, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and He breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Here we have two distinct acts having respect to a duplicate nature. The first act formed man out of dust, the other act was that of breathing into him the breath of life. The general idea of this dust formation is, I believe, that man came as a clay mould or piece of pottery from the plastic hand of his Creator, and that the life breathed into it was purely animal. But is not this absurd literalism as much at war with the Hebrew Scriptures as with common sense? Can animal life in any species be conceived of as beginning thus? How then with man, the highest species? The text says that God made *man*, not a piece of pottery, not a statue, but a MAN.

What is a man as a creature of earth and the chief of the animal tribes? Has he not an intellect, as well as bodily organs and senses, that does for him what instinct does for animals? And if he has an intellect or mind, then he can reason, then he can organize society as the beasts gather in swarms, flocks and herds. Do we not see these things in the lowest type of human kind, and even a high order of statesmanship in men who act merely from worldly consideration, or without any regard to God, to religion or immortality? What I mean to say is, that man may be complete in his power of action as an earth creature, or among these material elements, without a spiritual element in his being, though of course he could not attain to the proper dignity of manhood. Such was man as formed of dust. He could have no notion of a Supreme Being, because "by wisdom men know not God"; no capacity for religion, no sense of the higher law of duty, no hope of immortality; and a judgment to come could not have influenced his conduct. Hence, he was called Adam -ground-man, as the word means in Hebrew. In the controversy as to the origin of the idea of a God, I am fully prepared to concede that it is not an earthly but a heavenly development.

"And the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." This was act the second, and supposes an addendum to this ground-man from a higher world, creating his possibilities of a religious life, of a theogony, of a power to act as seeing Him who is invisible, of adhesion to a higher law, even to crucifixion and martyrdom, and of all the higher attributes of manhood. It was a typical divine incarnation. Breath, in Hebrew, is the soul or essential life of a being, and God's breath

is not like ours, but of His own adorable nature, and its infusion into the earth-man supposes the importation to him of what is of God, what is of heaven, what is of the spiritual world, to expand and ennoble him, and make him and his social life a type of that which surrounds the throne of God above. It is a divine kingdom on a material basis, the very idea of it which obtains in Scripture throughout. It is worth remarking, that though animals have animal life, nothing is said in the account of their creation of a divine inbreathing, showing clearly that there was something different in man from the animal life, which is common to him and the beasts. Indeed, as Sir William Hamilton says, if our minds are not in the likeness of God's mind, we can have no notion of Him, and we are to look for the highest proof of His existence in our own moral constitution.

"And man became a living soul"; that is, living in a spiritual sense, living under the impulse of religion, duty to God, and the reward to come from Him, which is the sense of living in Scripture; while being immersed in pleasure and walking according to the course of this world is being dead (1 Tim. v: 6; Eph. ii: 1). As a mere earth-creature, man is in chaos, darkness and death.

These three acts, fingering dust into the shape of a man's body, breathing into the construction, and producing a living soul, give the idea of the work of an hour or a day. But as they are symbols of moral progress, which always goes by stages as with Christ (Heb. ii: 10), we must allow for them an indefinite period of time. How long man's life was merely earthly we are not told. All I have to say on this point is, that if it were demonstrated that man came from an ovum, a mussel, a tadpole, a monkey, or any other animal series by development, it would not at all shake the foundation of morals, of revealed religion, nor of our hopes of immortality. Let scientists burrow here as much as they please, they cannot unsettle the Bible doctrine of man as the revelation of a higher in a lower nature—God in man, the kingdom of heaven within,—this being a subsequent development in a race previously wholly earthly, and whether so for a longer or shorter period we have no means of knowing. I can say nothing on the subject further than what is reflected in the text of Moses. "The Scriptures," says Kalisch, the ablest of Jewish expositors, "have from the beginning a fixed spiritual end; the narrative has an ideal tendency; it is not inserted for its own sake, but to prove a great truth and to support a sublime precept; it is represented as historical, but it has a philosophical background; its interpretation must be literal, but it yet borrows some celestial light from the great source of eternal truth."

This is true, and we have found it so in the experience of

later ages. Ministers incapable of seeing in Scripture anything but the naked text, who never kindle over symbols, who have no art of converting them into spiritual power, and who deal out their cold logic from a precept or a maxim, may be celebrated as reasoners or fine writers; while a man of coarse mind, but full of Bible unction, will deal in symbols, incidents, histories, and parables with amazing power. Whitefield's "O, earth, earth, earth!" sermon was one of his sublimest and most powerful efforts. Knapp's ox sermon was one of his most effective; and the charm of the late Dr. Welch's eloquence is said to have been in his use of Scripture similes and quotations. I am afraid our theological education is piling upon young men incombustible material to quench the little fire they might have in dealing with the word of God. This by the by.

The stages in the life of Christ are further indicated in the primitive man by his transfer to Eden; by the restraint of law imposed upon him in reference to the fruit of one tree; by his naming of the beasts; by the sleep that came over him, and by the wife and the marriage which ensued. Whatever else these several stages in his life may mean, it is certain they indicate progress in reaching the perfection of his moral being, and that no man and no race can jump into it at a single leap. How our Lord expounded them of the things concerning himself, I know not. Perhaps the dust state was His private life in Nazareth; the inbreathing, the Spirit of God like a dove lighting upon Him; the ensuing life, the divinity in Him; the planting of Eden, the planting of His Church as His earthly garden; the naming of the beasts, the cataloguing of saving truths and duties; the restraints of law, His being made under the law; the sleep, the profound repose of His sepulchre; and the wife, the Lamb's wife; and His marriage supper, for which she had "prepared herself as a bride adorned for her husband." I do not propose this as interpretation, but simply to indicate analogies which our Lord might have dwelt upon in expounding out of Moses the things concerning Himself.

This subject of stages of moral development, as the universal law of God's government, is more fully seen in the days of creation with which Moses begins his history. There is this difference between the first and second chapters of Genesis, I think, that in the first we have not only a view of the progress of God's kingdom in the primitive man or in the race, but of the various dispensations in his redemption; while the second and third chapters are confined chiefly to what concerned Adam and his life in Eden. Redemption is marked off into distinct periods, like the days of creation, of which Edwards has written a history, and what more probable than a symbolical outline of it in the first chapter of a book so exclusively devoted to it as the Bible?

If this is not the ultimate idea in the Mosaic history of creation, what are we to make of it? It cannot be accepted as a record of nature, for it does not correspond with the known laws and processes of nature. Is it possible in nature to have water in the atmosphere, and trees growing where there is no sun? Can we have light without eyes or a luminous body? Can an element appear as light except in the eye? And yet, according to the literal interpretation of this history, light existed the first day, before eyes were yet made, water above the firmament the second day, and trees the third, though there was neither sun, moon nor stars till the fourth day. How, then, are we to make this history a record of nature?

The theory of Hugh Miller and other Christian scientists, that Moses had a vision of the geological ages, and embodied what he saw in his history of creation, is still more absurd. What, the Bible a revelation in science! On that principle the old Hebrews were the most scientific people in the world. But Kalisch says of them that "at no period did the natural sciences flourish among them; and though they excelled all other nations in sublimity of thought, they were inferior to all in practical studies; their life was too much directed to the higher aims of truth to leave much leisure for curiosity or expediency; and if they obtained some scanty scientific results; they soon forced them under the dominion of religion, and made them assume an unsecular character." Is not this true? What inspired man shows any knowledge of the natural sciences beyond that of the age in which he lived? And to suppose that Moses embodied in his first chapter discoveries in science never thought of till the age in which we live, is too great a tax upon our credulity. The controversy between Dr. Huxley, and others of his school, and the Christian geologists, is like lawyers contending about the fitness of a statute which they have misinterpreted. Gentlemen, Moses is innocent of your dispute, for he means something very different. Your blows at Milton's brilliant creations are heaven-wide of any mark which Moses has set up.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep." On the supposition that heaven and earth mean the crude matter out of which the orbs of the universe were made, how could it be spoken of as heaven and earth? Was the universally diffused *nebulae*, of which the philosophers speak as the first condition of matter, more heaven or earth in one place than another? Must not the polarity of these diffused molecules, according to their theory, first set them in motion and agglomerate them into spheres, and set the spheres to dancing among themselves, before one part could be called heaven and the other earth? Must not the

chaos of the first day of creation have been as complete above as below, as Milton describes it?—

“ a dark,
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimensions, without length, breadth and height :
And time and space are lost, where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, midst noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.”

The very fact, therefore, that Moses set off the earth part as alone in chaos, leaves us to suppose that the heavenly part was in light and order, which, according to the material interpretation, was an impossibility. He must, therefore, have something else in view. So of the Spirit of God. He is spoken of as “moving on the face of the waters,” whereas God operates on matter by material laws, but never by the Holy Spirit, which is applied only to His working upon moral and spiritual natures. The old Jewish interpreters made it a wind of God, or a powerful tempest, that moved the waters, thus initiating order in chaos. As the agent moved upon was water, they imagined that the moving power must be wind, to which, in their language, the same term is applied as to spirit. But, in the ultimate idea of the text, are not both elements, wind and waters, alike spiritual? Do they not symbolize the action of God, or the spiritual heavens, which are always in light and order, upon an earthly nature in chaos and darkness? “In Him is no darkness at all,” but the earthly nature of man is necessarily a chaos, till moved upon from above.

The term waters, in Hebrew, is a symbol of the affectional nature of man (see Ps. xxiii : 2 ; lxi : 1 ; lxxiii : 10 ; cxix : 136 ; cxxiv : 4, 5 ; Prov. ix : 17, and innumerable other passages). And the two elements of wind and water, as representing the Holy Spirit and what pertains to man, are brought together in our Lord's words, “Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” What is regeneration, but the affectional process of repentance, faith, and holy love? What is the grace by which we are saved, but a movement upon our affectional nature by the Spirit of God? I do not make too much of these coincidences, but suggest them to show that there is an underlying meaning in the Scriptures, as our Lord assumes in directing us to “search” them as “testifying of Him,” or as containing occult references to Him and His kingdom. The transfer of men from a state of nature to a state of grace is, in the Bible view, so great an event and so much an affectional process, or a change of heart, that it seems worthy of being symbolized in the first stage of a history of creation, representative of the two great stages of human progress, that by which the race was raised at first

from a natural to a spiritual life, and that by which they are redeemed from the fall. The first Adam in the one, and the second in the other, are brought into comparison by the apostle in the precise relations here supposed.—1 Cor. xv: 22, 45.

No doubt these remarks will seem imaginative and untenable to many, though ideas of the kind have been entertained from the first age of Christianity. Augustine, in the fourth century, conceived of chaos as containing the elements, "apt to receive form," out of which came both the spiritual and natural universe. And the evangelist John identifies the beginning of Moses with the divine incarnation. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him," this last sentence fixing the reference, as the commentators generally agree, to the opening words of Moses' history of creation. A word is not a sound merely, but a sound in which there is an idea of thought. It is a birth of mind. So the Word was a manifestation of God in the image and likeness of man, and this manifestation, or incarnation, was the beginning of Moses, according to John's view. It was a typical incarnation, God from His own eternity thenceforth manifesting Himself in time and space relations, or with the attributes and sympathies of manhood. This anthropomorphism, or God as man, appears as Jehovah of the Old Testament and Jesus in the New.

This is the key to the Mosaic history of creation. The heaven of Moses, the spiritual world; the earth, the earthly man; chaos and darkness, his natural state; the Spirit, God giving him the first impulse to a higher life by moving his affections; light, his first dim perception of spiritual truth; the waters above the firmament the second day, forms of happiness that seemed inaccessible, provoking the inquiry, Who shall ascend to heaven to bring it down? (Deut. xxx: 12; Rom. x: 6); the grass, herb and tree, on the third day, the first manifestation of spiritual life; the luminaries, God's fuller provision for enlightenment, and so on, till man takes on the image and likeness of God, a typical incarnation, when the six days' labor ceased, and the seventh day brings the repose of a perfect coalescence between God and man. In what other sense could God rest? Can He cease to operate in nature? This seventh day received two names in Hebrew, holiness and rest—the rest of holiness—and they are used in that sense and connection throughout the Bible. (See Isa. xxvi: 3; Mat. xi: 30; Rev. xiv: 13; Heb. iv: 9, and innumerable other passages.)

No doubt a thousand objections will arise to such a mode of interpretation. Very likely those who make them would have equally objected to our Lord's exposition of the things con-

cerning Himself in ALL the Scriptures if they had been hearers of it. The truth is, most minds occupy the purely material plane, and find themselves in a vacuum when they reach the spiritual altitude. But does not the whole Bible occupy this higher plane? What was Eden but God with man? What the history of Cain and Abel, of Noah, Abraham, of Moses and his institutions, but the outworking of divinity in various human relations? What was the life lived by Christ but God in man? Even the forest of proper names in Chronicles has a line of blazed trees through it, showing the path traversed by the ancestors of Christ.

The fall of man did not annihilate in man his religious nature, nor his sense of connection with the invisible powers. It simply subordinated these higher qualities to the flesh, the world, and the devil. His religion became idolatry, his spiritualism witchcraft, his priesthood a despotism, his worship worldly pomp and parade, and his doctrine a doctrine of devils. Still, his religion was the greatest power in history. It built Babel as his own device for getting to heaven. It constructed the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt, to give to immortality the embalmed dead. It originated Grecian art in chiseling the images of the gods into Parian marble. It tuned the lyre of Homer to sing of gods and of men. Man's higher nature is thus great in its fall.

III.—THE RESTORED FULLNESS OF GOD IN THE CHURCH. We see exactly what redemption is in its effects upon character. It brings God back as a ruling power in the soul. The formula in the temple dedication is shaped to this idea: "Arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting-place, Thou and the ark of Thy strength; let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness." It is expressed in the sublime language of David: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle." What is it but the ruling flesh, devil and world that bars the soul against God? What but spiritual power can overcome the resistance? To this reference is had in such passages as Christ "traveling in the greatness of His strength, mighty to save"; "breaking His enemies with a rod of iron, and dashing them in pieces as a potter's vessel." Christ thus describes His own exercise of power: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, he taketh from him his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." This is Christ's work.

The apostle had such a sense of the glory following God's re-entrance into the soul, that he expresses it by the solecism

of knowing what cannot be known, and of being "filled with all the fullness of God." Thus, divine incarnation, typically represented in the primitive man, made an infinite reality in the person of Christ, and entailed upon believing souls as the Spirit's indwelling, is the greatest fact of human history. It is God coming down to dwell among men. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

The Purpose of Christ's First Coming.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN LONDON, ENGLAND, DECEMBER 10, 1876, BY Henry P. Liddon, D. D., D. C. L., CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON, AND PROFESSOR OF EXEGESIS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Timothy i: 15.

THESE words are admirably calculated to help us to put our thoughts into some sort of order in Advent time, when the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, clothed in our flesh, into this world of sense and time is prominently before us. Why did He come? What were the reasons—what was the main reason, at any rate—for this wonderful act of His providence? What was it that determined Him—the uncreated and the eternal—to leave His glory, to empty Himself of it, as St. Paul speaks, to take on Him the form of a servant, to be made in the likeness of man? No greater question than this, a Christian must feel, can possibly be raised, since it touches on the one hand the dearest interests of man, and on the other the inmost nature of God. And this question is answered in the words, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” What is it, let us ask, that makes St. Paul preface this statement by saying that it is “a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation”? Why does he not let the words speak for themselves, as is generally his way when he is teaching us important truth, instead of calling our attention to them by recommendations like these? The answer is, that the words “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” are not the Apostle’s own words. He is quoting somebody else. He did not compose this saying; he was not inspired the first to utter it. He found it current in the Church of Christ, and made ready to his hand. Timothy, no doubt, was familiar enough with the saying before he received the Apostle’s letter. It was a sort of proverb or maxim. It was a piece of the known will of God put into a condensed and striking form, and then passed from mouth to mouth, and lodged first in one memory and then in another. When everything was new to the first believers in Christ, a saying like this would be of the greatest value. It would have worked, like a short creed, as a standard by which to measure half-formed, loose language on the sacred subject: as a guide by which to order wandering, confused, uncertain thoughts—faithful to the divine truth which it expressed—worthy of acceptation by Christians. We do not know—we never shall know—who composed it. Like many of the most beautiful

things in this world, it is the work of an unknown soul. St. Paul picked it up out of the Christian language of the day, and forthwith endorsed it with his Apostolic authority. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance," said he, "that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

And this is not the only instance of St. Paul's putting the seal of his approval upon maxims, epigrams, poems, already existing in the Church of Christ. When he quotes the words, "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desires a good work," he prefaces this quotation by remarking, "This is a true saying." When he has repeated the maxim, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," he adds, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance." He exclaims: "If we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him; if we deny Him, He also will deny us; if we believe not, He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself." Of these words, which clearly form part of an early hymn used, there can be little doubt, in the early worship of the Christian Church, St. Paul says it is a faithful saying. And there are other sayings, particularly in these epistles to Timothy and Titus—some of them apparently proverbs circulating in the church—some of them fragments of hymns in use among the first Christians. At one season he cites the pagan poet, Epimenides, for the character of the Cretans. "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, and slow belies." And then he adds, "This witness is true." In all these cases he takes a piece of existing language—takes it out of the connection in which he finds it—pledges himself for its truth, its value—stamps it with his authority—gilds it with his inspiration, just as the practised eye of the lapidary might detect a precious stone in a heap of rubbish, and then rescue, and polish, and set it, it may be, to take its place in the diadem of a monarch. Of the many powers which are implied in what we call the gift of inspiration, that of wise selection from existing materials is certainly not the least important. So much for the Apostle's general practice.

But why did St. Paul detect and proclaim in this particular maxim such titles to our confidence—such claims to universal acceptance as he asserts? Why should the words "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" be a "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance"?

Now, the first reason is that the saying is clearly made up out of the words of our Lord himself. On two different occasions our Lord referred to the purpose of His coming into the world, and that in terms which completely bear out the words of this saying. When the Pharisees asked His disciples why their Master ate and drank with publicans and sinners, He

simply says: "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." When the men around murmured at the welcome He gave the publican, Zaccheus, He exclaimed: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." In fact, He had come into the world "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." Thus the Christian maxim only put Christ's blessed words into another and more compendious shape; and this was, no doubt, St. Paul's first reason for pressing it so strongly on Timothy's attention.

Remark, brethren, the high authority which belongs to this saying, now that we see whose it really is. Man, in his short-sightedness, can only have guessed at the purposes of the Eternal when entering into time—of the Illimitable when submitting to bonds; and these guesses would have partaken of all that liability to error which is inseparable from the judgment of fallible man. Man could only have guessed: our Lord and Saviour knew. From all eternity He was privy to the counsels of the Father, and, if He spake to men with created lips, He spake also out of the depths of the uncreated intelligence. "No man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." And, therefore, when He tells us what was His great purpose in coming among us, He leaves no room for doubt in any soul which really, fully trusts Him.

Men have asked the question whether He would have come among us if man had never sinned. To that question we can only say, "We do not know." What we do know is that "when He took upon Him to deliver man, he did not abhor the Virgin's womb." What we confess with heart and mouth is that, being "God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, of one substance with the Father," He, "for us, men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven." This language of our creed is only an expansion of the saying commended to us by the apostle, and both are based upon the words of Christ himself that He came into the world to save sinners.

And a second reason for the importance of the saying lies in the light which it throws on the character of God. The temptation to cherish hard thoughts of God is very old. If antiquity could make such a temptation respectable, it would be very, very respectable indeed. And it is also very modern. It appears and re-appears in some of the most recent speculations of our troubled age. "I knew thee, that thou art an austere man"—this is the language which millions of hearts have secretly held in converse with the infinitely loving Creator. Nature and life seem at first sight—seem under certain circumstances—to justify this. Nature is wasteful; she seems to

create only to destroy ; she seems to produce millions of living beings who have no chance of existence, and who, being produced, must perish. And Nature is not merely wasteful : she is cruel. Pain—that weird mystery which haunts the higher forms of being—pain reigns in nature with almost undisputed sway. Pain is an antecedent of life itself. The pain of one creature is a needful condition of nourishment to another. There is a hierarchy of suffering, corresponding to the hierarchy of animated beings. The strong prey on the defenceless and the weak. The last agonies of the lamb blend with the appetite and strength of the lion. And, in watching the vicissitudes of many a human life—the unrequited kindness, the unrecognized merit, the sympathy wasted upon the air and the rocks, when it might have done so much for others, the gifts bestowed upon those who cannot or will not use them, the triumph of so much that deserves to fail, the failure of so much that should command success—men are tempted to ask, “Where is the holy and all-wise ruler of the world?”

Now, Christianity has its own way of explaining the evils of society and life ; and there are, I need hardly say, numberless laws and provisions of nature itself which point to a benevolent and moral author and ruler. But still, in spite of this, these features of nature and society do sometimes take possession of the minds of men as if there were not another side to the question—as if the face of God was really hidden by the clouds and thick darkness which gather around His works. Against all these the saying of the text, when it is once received by faith, is a faithful exponent of the truth about God, and worthy of all acceptance by human beings—“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” Physical evil is the child of moral evil, and in all ways less serious than moral evil. God saw moral evil on the face of His works. He determined that His own arm must bring the cure. No created being—no saint nor angel—could supply the remedy. The everlasting Son bent from His throne, dismissed His angels, and put on Him a creature’s form, that in it He might obey, suffer, die. “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.” To those who believe in the words of Christ there is no real doubt as to the divine character after this. The frowns of nature and the ills of life go for little against the tenderness, the unspeakable tenderness, of redeeming grace. “Clouds and darkness” may, for a while, appear to be “round about Him,” but “righteousness and justice” are known to be “the habitation of His seat.” It is because the saying about this purpose of Christ’s coming throws such light upon the character of God that it is so faithful and worthy of acceptance by men.

A third reason for the importance of the saying is, that it

reminds us of the greatness of the work of Christ. My brethren, it is of real importance to take a just view of the relative magnitude of the evils of life, as well as of the relative magnitude of our blessings. One man thinks narrow means the worst of all evils; another, the absence or the ingratitude of friends; a third, bad health; a fourth, the removal by death of those whom we love, and who make life bright to us. But, in fact, none of these evils is the greatest that can happen to us. They may be blessings: they may detach us from outward things—turn the eye of our soul inward—turn it towards our supreme, our only good. Of each of these we may have occasion to say in the eternal hereafter, "It is good for me that I have been troubled, that I might learn Thy statutes." But there is one evil of which this never can be said. Never can a moral being say, under any circumstances, "It is good for me that I have sinned." Physical evil, pain, want, disease, may be made to lead to moral good—moral evil or sin, never. It is the antagonist of moral good. So far as it exists, it makes moral good impossible. Of physical evil an apostle cries, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." Of moral evil a prophet asserts, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

What is it—this essential evil which can never be good—never help forward good? It is nothing originally resident in nature. It is a rebellion against the author of nature, in that one corner of nature where alone such rebellion is possible. It is the perversion of free will. The planet cannot but move in its orbit; the plant cannot but grow, and bloom, and die; the insect and the elephant must each obey the law of its kind. For these there is no discretion to be exercised as to whether they will or will not do that which their Maker meant. But man has this discretion. It is at once his dignity and his peril. God willed, in creating, to be served, not merely by beings which cannot but serve Him, but also by beings of a higher rank—by men and by angels, who render a service which it is in their power to refuse; and the refusal of such a service is sin; and sin is, therefore, in the moral world, what a planet getting out of its orbit would be in the world of nature. It is a contradiction of the rights of God, and of the best interests of men, and thus it has a range of destructive effect which touches man's inmost being, and which, unless it is arrested here, lasts on into another state of existence.

"The soul that sinneth it shall die"—that is the law written in the eternal mind—written in the nature of things; for God is the source of life, and the self-determining being who abandons God turns its back upon the source of life, and, since there is no intermediate or neutral sphere or state, chooses death. This choice is made here in this world. What takes place in eternity is only a prolongation, or effect, of what happens here.

That this is no dry or abstract speculation, but the most intimate, the most practical, of our experiences, all of us, my brethren, know—all of us who know anything truly about ourselves. St. Paul speaks of death working in a moral being, and the process may be watched by many of us as it goes on in ourselves. This subtle presence, which dulls the faculties within—which brings weakness and shame and disquiet in its train, as surely as it presents itself—what is it? This wasting fever—this plague, as Scripture calls it—of the heart—this bitterness which the heart, the central chamber of our being, only knows—that stain which lies far out of sight, never referred to, only half recognized by the man's self, yet never obliterated, always ready to trace its outline on reviving memory—these ill-suppressed memories of the half benumbed conscience which, now and then, in the dark hours of the night, will break out and sound through the recesses of the soul in a long wail of agony—what are they? This is the voice, the stain, the presence of the one real evil—the evil which being, so long as it lasts, inveterate, irreformable, can never be turned to account by good; this is the sense of discord with the true law of our being—of rebellion against the author and end of our being: this is sin.

Now, if our Lord Jesus Christ had left this master-evil untouched, He would not have saved men, in the proper sense of that expression, whatever else He might have done for them. The salvation of man is a different thing from an improved condition of society. Christ has effected this beyond any other influence that ever has been felt by man during the whole course of his history. But had he done no more than this, He would not have saved us. Social improvement is quite compatible with the irretrievable loss of multitudes of souls. The salvation of man is not another word for his mental improvement, though we sometimes speak as if we thought that it was. The highest enlightenment may consist with entire spiritual ruin. The light of the sun may play upon a corpse without reviving it. The salvation of man is not another term for improved outward conduct. Such improvement is, doubtless, its inevitable consequence, but such improvement may be, within limits, secured without it, from reasons of temporal expediency, of disgust with the past, of mere natural self-respect. Conduct may be improved on the surface of being, while the centre of being remains unchanged; and Christ did not come from heaven to make respectable that which He could not cure. Nor is the salvation of man even a new state of feeling. It includes this, but it is something more: it is something deeper. Feeling—religious feeling—may be superficial. We all know that the ready command of tears is by no means a sign of the tenderest heart. Feeling may be partly,

largely physical—a mere effect of natural constitution and temperament; and, under all circumstances, feeling is too much mixed up with the nerves and fibres of our bodily frames to be a safe index of our spiritual condition. No, salvation consists in a renewed will—in a will renewed by its adhesion to the perfect moral being, Jesus Christ. This begins in time: it continues into eternity. The will is the governing faculty in man. The will is the rudder which the ship of the soul obeys in its passage across the sea of time. The will means—it is—the real nature—the better nature turning upwards towards God, or the old nature turning away from God, as the case may be. Everything else in us follows the lead of the will. The will controls, sooner or later, conduct, feeling, and, though men do not think it, even thought and outward things besides. The will is the imperial faculty by which all else is guided—on which all else in us depends. And when the will has made a complete act of adhesion to Jesus Christ, the perfect moral being—that act which the Bible calls “faith”—then the rest follows, and man is saved.

Our Lord came to save men, by doing three things for the human will. He gave it freedom; He gave it a new and true direction; He gave it strength.

He began His work by setting it free. It was enslaved to sense, enslaved to passion, enslaved to perverted wills around. It was, as He found it, clogged and weighted by its association with a darkened conscience—with the memories, the inheritance of sin. He removed this weight by taking it on Himself. It was, if I may reverently say so, natural that He should do this, since He, by the terms of His nature, was the representative or pattern man, and as such, could put Himself in the place of each member of the race, and upon occasion act for each, and transfer from each to Himself, who represented all, what each, but for Him, must have borne alone. And thus He “bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, might live unto righteousness.” He lifted from the conscience, and so from the will of man—lifted from all human wills that desired this divine emancipation—the burden of the ages, the burden of each separate life, and the human will was free.

And next, He gave to the will a new direction. Since Adam's fall, the wills of men had had a fatal warp towards what was wrong. Like machinery that has got out of gear in consequence of some violent shock, the will still worked, but it worked awry. It could not be depended on. It was right sometimes, but then, on occasions, it broke away from control; it plunged into mischief at a critical moment when steadiness in one trueline of action was before all things needed. And, if I may say so, He reset it. He put it back on its old, true,

original orbit, moving round the one centre of the moral life—moving round the everlasting Being. “Ye were,” says St. Peter, addressing his flock, “ye were as sheep gone astray: ye are now returned to the shepherd and bishop of your souls.”

And, thirdly, He gave to the will strength to act, and to persevere in acting freely in its new direction. He did this through grace—that is to say, not merely through an exertion on His part of resultless favor, but through an invigorative power or influence streaming, by the agency of His Spirit, forth from Himself. Without this, the old mischief might soon have returned. Without this, the will again might soon have been enslaved to nature, to passion, to the created and perverted wills around it. He braced its relaxed sinews by His heavenly grace; and one of the earliest possessors of His gifts exclaimed: “I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.”

And thus Christ has saved sinners—believing sinners. First, He has pardoned them. He has made their sins His own; they are free. Next, He has put them by His grace on the true road which man should follow. He has given them strength to follow it. He completed this work by His death upon the cross; but all the institutions of His Church are intended to give effect to it in detail. Her message to the world, preached from the very first days until now, is the forgiveness of sins, the salvation of sinners through Christ. This is why we proclaim our faith in “one baptism for the remission of sins.” This is why He “hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins.” This is the reason for our praying in the communion service that all who receive His body and blood may also receive forgiveness of their sins, and all other benefits of His passion. Indeed, as many of you, I trust, will remember this precious saying, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” is one of the four selected passages of Scripture, which in our sacred service guard, if I may so say, the approach to the altar. It reminds us at the most solemn moments of the Christian life of the true purpose of our Redeemer’s coming among us. Then, when nothing that is trivial—nothing that is irrelevant—should occupy our thoughts, we are guided to this faithful saying, so worthy of our acceptance, so intimately bound up with the deepest, the most vital interests of our immortal souls.

And a fourth and last reason, which may convince us of the importance of this saying, is its interest for every individual man. My brethren, we differ in all besides; we differ in age, in temperament, in means, in accomplishments, in abilities, in moral and mental characteristics. Each age of men has its

peculiarities—each country its peculiar temper and type of civilization. Each class has its good and weak points, its elevating convictions, its unworthy prejudices. No two human characters, as no two human faces, are exactly alike. But one thing there is that unites us all. One consciousness there is in which we all, of all ages and all countries, of all classes and tempers, sooner or later, must agree, and that is, that we are sinners. It is now as it was in the ages of old. David's saying is always true. "There is none righteous, no, not one." St. Paul's saying is always true: "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." If sin is not on the surface of life, depend upon it, it is not far from the centre. If it is not prominent in the outward shape and form of action, it is the more surely to be detected somewhere near the springs of motive. If it does not inflict upon us open shame and social confusion, it may yet make us bend in secret humiliation, to which language cannot do justice, before the awful holiness of God. It is not only that the heathen and the unconverted are sinners; it is not that sin is monopolized by great criminals, by the victims of great penal calamities, by the men whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices, by the men on whom the tower of Siloam fell. No; "if we," the redeemed of Christ, "say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Do not let us imagine that a renewed life makes—can make—a bad action good. On the contrary, a bad action destroys, for the time being at any rate, the renewal of the life. Only by constantly recognizing sin, and begging for pardon from our merciful Redeemer, can we be safe. It is not the Pagans; it is not the Jews; it is the generations of Christendom who should take up the language of the prophet, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

St. Paul quotes this saying: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and then he adds, "of whom I am chief." The last thing that occurs to him is to except himself. He is not of course speaking—he could not speak—of the absolute fact. Of that, even he, apostle though he was, could not be informed. Only the eternal Judge would know who, in all the generations of mankind, would be, in His own unerring sight, literally the first of sinners. But in St. Paul's own estimate of sinners, he himself came first. There was—this was his firm belief—no other such sinner as he. He had done worse, at any rate, than any other man that he knew all about. He had had more light, more grace, than any other that he knew. From his own point of view, this primacy among sinners which he claimed as his own was no half sincere, no rhetorical hyperbole; it was the proclamation of seri-

ous, fixed conviction. He stated it as a simple truth which humbled him to the dust, just as when he said that he was not meet to be called an apostle—just as when he said that he was less than the least of them.

This estimate of self is common at all times to men who live near God, and who can see moths and flaws of character, in the rays of the divine light which fall around them, which escape duller and earth-bound eyes. Each of these says, age after age, with perfect sincerity, "Christ Jesus came from heaven to save sinners; of these I am the chief."

Brethren, the world is old enough to have accumulated a vast number of wise sayings. They float about in books, in conversation; they are handed on, handed down from man to man, from father to son. We learn them; we load our memories with them; we stock our conversation with them; we scarcely know when or how. There they are; maxims of prudence, maxims of honor, maxims for good behavior in society, maxims for taking a just view of men and events. Each of these claims to embody some measure of wisdom. Many of them, it is true, are worthless enough—good only for repartee, only for sharp conversation, only for much which does not really help us towards the real end of our existence. We should not care to remember them if we thought that we were dying; and it would be better for us if we could forget many of them altogether and at once. But it is not so with this saying in the text. It tells us the truth, and we do well to trust it. It brings us an offer of God's grace and love. We do well to accept it. At all times should this precious saying be pressed close to the memory, close to the heart, that it might, by God's grace, move, guide, invigorate the will; but especially, as I have said, in Advent time, for now we are standing between Christ's two comings—His first in mercy, His second in judgment—the first in the manger of Bethlehem, the second in the clouds of heaven. Who shall abide the day of His second coming—and who shall stand when He appeareth? He, and he only, who has made the most of the first advent; who has borne well in heart and mind the truth that He came down from heaven in His unspeakable love to save from sin, and so to make His second coming not merely tolerable, but welcome. "We believe that He will come to be our Judge." But on this very account, we do well to pray Him to help His servants, sinners as they are, whom He has redeemed with His most precious blood.

Sing Unto the Lord a New Song !*

A SERMON

By **Rudolf Kögel, D. D.**, COURT-PREACHER OF BERLIN, GERMANY. PREACHED
ON CANTATE SUNDAY.

O sing unto the Lord a new song ; for He hath done marvelous things.—Ps. xcvi : 1.

CANTATE—O sing ! Thus are we invited by the name of this Sunday, thus by the psalm which we have just read. “Sing unto the Lord a new song ; for He hath done marvelous things”—marvelous things through the songs which praise His holy name ; which, though sung for ages, still retain their renewing power, even as the marvelous things of God, which are the firm foundation of His church, ever move to new praise, to new song.

That God, who with the old songs of our church is producing new marvels, with the old marvels of our church is producing new songs—this in a month when all nature is singing—the month between Easter and Whitsuntide—in which from of old the communion of Jesus has been wont to rejoice and break forth in jubilee—opens to us a fourfold glance :

1st. At the foundation of the church.

2d. At the extension of the church.

3d. At the course of the church year ; and

4th. At the building up of the church in the congregation, heart, and home.

What God has joined together in deeds and songs of deliverance, let no man in his lukewarmness and unthankfulness put asunder.

To Thee, O Lord, I bring my songs ;
Grant me Thy Spirit's power thereto. Amen.

1. The church of Christ, militant as well as triumphant, is a church of song. Close on the end of time—thus was it revealed to John the Seer—the hosts of those who have obtained the victory shall stand upon the sea of glass mingled with fire, the sea of that other world, and strike their harps and sing : “Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints !”

Redeemed from all evil, the glorified ones shall unite the song of Moses—the servant of God—and the song of the Lamb into one new hymn of praise.

The song of Moses ! Who does not know it ? When Israel escaped out of Egypt, followed by the drawn and quivering sword of Pharaoh ; when the waters drew back, and the people of God passed between them ; when the oppressor, with his

* Translated by Charles P. Krauth.

hosts of riders and steeds, was swallowed up, then rang out across the desert through which the saved ones were to take their wondrous pilgrimage toward Canaan—then rang out, amidst the triumphant roar of the sea, the song of Moses: "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord? Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation. The Lord shall reign forever and ever."

Although the Old Testament rests only upon a foundation of suggestive shadows and images, of expectations and prophecies, how vital was the holy song in Israel; how well did this people know how to bring ever new songs on the ever new marvels of God. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Through Israel's prophetic mouth God speaks to the nations; through Israel's priestly mouth the nations spake to their God. My friends, the Psalter alone, what a book of songs and marvels! As if striving to unite into one single voice the voices which have sounded in its single psalms, as if it would convert the universe into one great organ, it closes with the hallelujah, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord!"

Under the new covenant a new song, the song of the Lamb, the song of the marvels of the humiliation and exaltation of Jesus Christ. With a song the Holy of holies of the New Testament opens itself. The Word was made flesh, and Mary, the handmaiden of the Lord, responds to the greeting of Elizabeth with the *Magnificat*, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away." Sing unto the Lord a new song: the very angels respond to the invitation, and above the plains of Bethlehem, after the first Christmas sermon, they join in the song, "Glory be to God on high." And when the act of Golgotha is about to be consummated, before the parting words and prayer of our High Priest, the Lord with His disciples at the last supper, sings the psalm of redemption (Ps. 113-118)—a psalm which in His mouth acquires a new consecration, in vision of the cross assumes a higher significance. In that night, as we are reminded in the gospel of to-day, He promised to those that should be His witnesses, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. "He," says our Lord, "shall glorify Me," not through the preaching alone, but through the song also, which no less preaches; not alone through the prayer that is spoken, but also through the prayer that is sung. Augustine says boldly, "Who sings, prays twice." It is not ye, O singers, who prophesy and speak with tongues—every good and perfect gift cometh from above; it is the spirit of your

Father which speaks through you, and proclaims the glorifying of His beloved Son.

2. The church of God pursues her mission with song. Her songs become wings upon which she lifts herself above the lands; with prayer and testimony they become the weapons with which she wrests the victory from the world; they become powers of reformation by which she restores herself to herself.

You all remember well how Paul and Silas, scarcely landed in Europe, found themselves confronted with shame and blows and chains at Philippi. And how vividly has it often come before you, and how humbling for us is their joyfulness, when, at midnight in their dungeon, they neither sigh over their wounds, nor complain of the trials of their mission, nor are solicitous about the future; but they transform the prison into a church, and, impelled and comforted by the Holy Ghost, unite in their hymns of praise. And who hears them? Not alone their fellow-prisoners; the Lord of heaven, also, and He, the great centre of worship, responds with the mighty amen of an earthquake, and the still more mighty amen of the conversion of the keeper of the prison. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!" This is the new song which goes abroad into the heathen world, arousing and awakening. Hear what Augustine, referring to the time of his conversion, says in his confessions in regard to the power of the church song at Milan: "How I wept," he says, "over Thy praises and songs, O God! The voice of Thy tuneful congregation flowed into my ears and Thy truth into my heart. The sense of worship fired me, and as my tears streamed I was filled with peace."

And in the succeeding centuries, as the gospel was almost entombed, the cooling waters of heartfelt song gushed from the rock in the desert. The fervor of the songs of Bernard of Clairveaux made him a true evangelist for the middle ages.

Sing unto the Lord a new song. The Levitical veil, which so slowly and surely had been woven together by the artful and deceitful hand of man, was now about to be rent asunder. The day of the Reformation began to dawn; redemption by grace entered the field. The universal priesthood came again. The chains were loosed from the Bible, and the song of the church, as well as her preaching, sounded forth in our mother tongue. It seems as though the Gospel were to have been sung into the heart of our dear German nation. Like these ninety-five theses, which in a few weeks had found their way as far as Asia, as though the angels of God themselves had been the messengers, so the first songs of the Reformation, printed on single slips, with marvelous quickness were sounding in every heart and mouth in the streets and markets, in the fields and

in churches, in villages and cities. They put a stop to false preaching and contradiction; they silenced antagonists, and won them to the cause. As Luther wrote to Spalatin: "Song became efficacious in retaining the Word of God among the people." "I am not of the opinion," he says, "that art will be trampled down and destroyed by the gospel, as many superstitiously assert it will: but I would that all arts, particularly music, should be active in the service of Him who has created and given them to us. Next to theology, I give to music the highest place—the highest honor." To a person afflicted with melancholy, he gives the advice: "When you are sad, and melancholy threatens to overcome you, say to yourself, Arise; I will sing unto the Lord Jesus a song; and grasp boldly into the strings, and sing aloud as David did, until the dark thoughts pass away." Need I remind you of the marvels and songs of those days? Inseparable from the Reformation is the cry which arose from chamber and cell and confessional, "O God of Heaven, look therein!" Inseparable the mailed battle-song, "A mighty fortress is our God;" the joyous confession, "To us salvation now is come, of grace and perfect goodness;" the petition, "Lord keep us steadfast by Thy word."

God's praise and song has not indeed been sounded so clearly since those incomparable days when the flood-gates of heaven opened to an outpouring of new signs and new tongues. But still, thanks be to God, the song has not entirely died out. In the very midst of the thirty years' war, and in spite of its terrors, Paul Gerhard, the singer of our own city, took down his harp from the willows; and again, when our nineteenth century returned to the faith of our fathers, a Philip Spitta and Albert Knapp sowed in the furrows turned by the ploughshares of the war for freedom the golden seed of their sacred songs, and called to us, "Sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvelous things."

3. Just as the foundation and history of the church, so is the course of the church year marked by the choice of our hymns. From childhood we learn to recognize the church festivals by our hymns. With the hymn, "Lord, how shall I receive Thee?" Advent strews its palms before the entering King. "This is the day that God hath made," expresses at Christmas Eve our joy at the Christmas bounty of our heavenly Father. "Deck thyself, O soul, with gladness," invites us on Holy Thursday to the table of the Lord. On Good Friday, "O sacred head, now wounded," to the greeting of the cross. On the morning of Easter Sunday we have the glad cry, "Jesus Christ, my sure defence and my Saviour, ever liveth;" and on Whit-Sunday, "O holy Spirit, enter in." In the second half of the church year the festival of harvest consecrates our daily bread with, "Now thank ye all our God;" and, with

trumpet tones, as at the end of all things, amidst the autumnal storms which rush past the church-tower and along the graveyard, sound the words, "Awake! the voice is calling."

But while I am speaking of the church year, is there not in thine own life a peculiar church year, with its multiplicity of songs, earnest and lovely? At the very threshold of thy life came the words, "I am baptized into Thy name, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Thy birth-day charges thee, "Praise the Lord, the mighty King of glory." Each morning strives to place thee under the protection of the petition, "Jesus, go Thou before, upon my path of life," and each evening strives to lay thee to rest in the peace and guardian care of the prayer, "Spread out Thy wings, O Jesus, my rejoicing." Think how the day of thy confirmation lifted up thy hands with "Stay with us, with Thy grace;" how thy wedding-day wrote upon the gable of thy house, "Blessed the house where Jesus Christ alone is all in all." Think how often thy cares and sorrows have been put to shame by the comfort of the hymn, "Commend me to Thy ways." And how, when thy feet wended in mournful step to the grave of a beloved one; and thine eyes fell not alone upon the depth into which the dark clods were rolling, no! amid its tears it raised itself in consolation, at once resigned, as the choral began, "What God hath done is well done." And when thou hadst returned from the graveyard to thy home, where all seemed so dreary, and thy heart was breaking; when grief and longings almost overpowered thee; then thou lookedst through the window toward the sinking sun, where the golden clouds of evening towered into mighty fortresses and beamed upon thee, and lo! thy homesick heart found utterance in the words, "Jerusalem, thou city fair and high, would God I were in thee."

Riches bring with them responsibilities. O that the rich would take this to heart! Why all the instances which we have just cited? Why else, than to remind us of the responsibilities which our riches of song lay upon us?

The first lesson of Cantate Sunday is this: hold fast to the good hymns which you still have, and win back what you no longer have. I do not wish to disturb any one in the edification which he gets from his weaker and poorer hymn-book—"To him who hath shall be given," and he who comes to our hymn-book for comfort will not go away empty. But better is better, and for the congregation of Jesus Christ only the best is good enough. There was a time when they indeed sang new songs, but let fall the old marvels; when the old songs, which had become the joy and comfort of our people, were made irreognizable and crippled, or even rejected; when, in contrast with Cana, they turned, in ungodlike changing, wine into water, bread into stone. Our hymn-book also bears traces

of that time, and it is a proper wish of our congregations that the day may soon come when it may spread more richly the table and fill more plentifully the cup. Sing unto the Lord with new delight the old songs; not only in the church, but in the home also. This is the second teaching of Cantate Sunday.

There is no law to prescribe how long the daily family worship shall be, but that it shall be for man and wife, for child and household, there is a law of love and of Christian family truth. On this account the Bible is given to the bridal pair at the altar, and in this wedding Bible the apostolic exhortation is written, "Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Who then says: "How can I have family worship? I have no one to show me how." What! would not any minister gladly stretch out a helping hand? And is it then so difficult to read a chapter in the Bible, and, after the Lord's prayer, to sing a verse with your family? And is it a matter of such indifference whether the songs of the church shall take possession of a heart? Song certainly possesses the mysterious power, through rhyme and movement and melody, of fixing itself more quickly in the memory than any word without those bonds. Hence the greater danger in those bad and impure songs in books and on the stage, which, with their profanity and sneering, so quickly poison the minds of children and adults; playing and ever recurring, dragging with horrible power their victims with them, they pursue us into the hour of prayer, they torment us on the bed of sickness and of death. On the other hand, a pure song is in no less degree a guardian power. There is some one singing the song of the mighty fortress: he, who but a moment ago was exasperated that he should be supposed to still be so unenlightened as to believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, has just joined in with the verse, "But for us fights the valiant One, whom God Himself elected." Ask ye, Who is this? Jesus Christ it is, of Sabaoth Lord. Do not imagine that I value too highly such an unconscious going along with Christianity; but where a supply of pure grains of gold is hid in the memory, the Holy Ghost may, in due time, impress the image of Christ; and where this sacred memory is within, He can, with a word, show to this starving and lost son his Father's house and a Father's love so vividly that he revolts against his slavery amidst swine and husks, and with firm penitence says, "I will arise and will go to my Father."

And this is the third and last lesson of Cantate Sunday, "Sing and play unto the Lord a new song *in your hearts*." Not that each of us is to become a sacred poet. It is enough for

us in this respect to pray to the Lord of the harvest for more laborers; and for us it is necessary that the experiences from which those songs arose should become our experiences, their cross our cross, their joy our joy. This it is toward which we must steer. The offerings of the lips have only value before the Lord when the heart is not far from Him. The ear, too, can only then hear rightly when the heart hears with it. In our day, it seems to me, there are many among Christians in bonds, many "sorrowing souls with melancholy tried." The evil spirits in Saul fled before the harp of David, and Luther says of music that it prevents many murders, much avarice, impurity, hate, dissension.

Up, then; the dark spirit of melancholy and the impure spirit of levity, which strive against us to-day, shall be driven out when the Holy Ghost shall sound upon His chimes and His organ the harmonies of forgiveness and peace in God, causing the disharmony of the old man to die out, and saying to the redeemed souls: "Sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvelous things." Amen.

Mercy and Power Combined.

A SERMON

By **Archibald G. Brown**,* PREACHED IN THE EAST LONDON TABERNACLE, ENGLAND, ON SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12TH, 1876.

I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy.—Psalm lix., 16.

“WHAT God hath joined together let no man put asunder,” are words which are not to be limited in their application to those who have plighted their hearts’ love, joined their hands, and had their affection sealed by the marriage vow. These words embody a principle which has a far-reaching application—that all things that God has been pleased to join together are not by man, under any circumstances whatsoever, to be separated. But, just as, in the case of marriage, it is not necessary to have a legal divorce in order to violate the principle contained in these words, so it is not necessary for us in other things actually to repudiate the divine connection, but, by simply ignoring the link which God has established, to virtually sever those things which God has conjoined.

Now, it has pleased God in His matchless condescension to reveal Himself to us for our better understanding as possessing different attributes. I think, however, we are all too much inclined to separate these attributes the one from the other, and therefore obtain a perverted view of God, and form a mistaken judgment of His excellence. Too frequently we deal with the attributes of God as a child does with the solar ray. He takes his little triangular piece of glass—his prism—and divides that ray of light into different colors. He separates its component parts. And it may be that the child, in his folly, will say, “Light is orange color,” or “Light is violet,” or “Light is red.” Nay, light is the combination of all these and other colors together. By thy prism, child, thou hast, after all, only misguided thyself as to the true nature of colorless light. It is neither this nor that nor the other, but it is all these blended into one. Now, God, to meet my limited understanding, has spoken of Himself as possessing power and love and wisdom and truth and mercy; but too frequently we take one of the attributes of God and meditate on that, at the expense, if not to the exclusion, of all the others. And what is the consequence? We have a wrong view of God. Having a wrong view of God, our trust in Him must necessarily be affected, and then our souls’ happiness goes with our mistake. Some seem to dwell almost entirely upon the gentle ray of His mercy. Their prisms always bring that color most to view. Conse-

* This clergyman is, next to Spurgeon, the most popular preacher in London.

quently, they drift into a belief of the universal fatherhood of a weak-minded Being who is too kind, as they say, to be just; and thus God is brought down to the low level of an "indulgent" father, as we sometimes hear Him termed, as if an indulgent father were not, of all fathers, the most unkind. Another person, perhaps owing to his natural constitution of thought, looks more at the red line of divine justice, and he dwells on that so exclusively that God to him soon becomes a stern being, almost a relentless law, and he makes as great a mistake as the one who went to the other extreme. What we have to do, beloved, is this: we have to put our little prisms on one side, and, as far as it is possible, take God as a glorious whole—to let His justice and His power and His mercy and His truth all blend into one, and no longer to be looking at any particular tint, but at the glory of Jehovah in all His combined attributes.

Now you see that this is the way in which the psalmist loved to think of his God and to praise Him. In our text you have it: "I will sing of Thy *power*, and I will sing of Thy *mercy*." Here are two attributes combined to form the subject of song; and in the 62d psalm, and the 11th and 12th verses, you will find that the psalmist introduces another of the attributes, and weaves all three together, for he says: "God has spoken once; twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God. Also unto Thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for Thou renderest to every man according to his work." That is justice. To our limited vision it is difficult to see how David arrives at this conclusion. "Unto Thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, *for* Thou renderest to every man according to his work." It looks to us almost antagonistic to mercy, but to the clearer vision of the psalmist there was apparent this fact—that, after all, the justice of God is the mercy of God. He is just in being merciful; He is merciful in His justice; and in both justice and mercy there is the manifestation of His power.

Now, leaving on one side all other topics, I want this morning to concentrate my own thoughts, and yours too, on the combination of mercy and power which you have in our text. Our subject, then, is the combined subjects of David's song. "I will sing of Thy power, and I will sing of Thy mercy." And our desire is to show you that you cannot sing of the one without singing of the other—that if you separate these two, there is nothing worthy of a song in either.

Let us, then, very carefully to our work, and I must ask your close and prayerful attention.

Note, first, that it is necessary that these two attributes should be united in our thoughts and our meditation, for the reason that in neither one separated from the other is there aught to sing about.

Take, first of all, *power without mercy*. Can we greet with song a power unallied with mercy? Impossible! Rather let a power that has no mercy linked with it be greeted with a wail of despair. Even Dante, in his "Inferno," with all his fertility for conjuring up imaginative horrors, could never conceive anything more horrible than a merciless power—power that has no limit, no frontier to its might—a power that is almighty, and yet a power that is not governed by mercy. Subtract divine mercy from divine might, and you have left something which is enough to appal any human heart—to annihilate any world, and to carry horror and confusion through all the heavens. Merciless power! Who can sing of that? You might just as well try to sing to the praise of the avalanche that thunders down the mountain-side, tearing up by the roots the pine trees, smashing the cedars and hurling the shepherds' huts into an abyss of ruin beneath. Sing to merciless power! You may as well imagine one of the men of old, in the city of Pompeii, singing to the praise of the river of burning lava and boiling mud coming down Vesuvius's flanks, whilst all around him fall the cinders thick and hot. As well might a man sing to the praise of boiling lava as sing to the praise of an almighty power disjoined from equal mercy. Sing to merciless power! Let the traveller in the wilderness, then, sing to the praise of the hurricane that whirls by him, and carries him on its blast like a withered leaf. No, my soul can stand appalled, horror-stricken and frightened before power, pure and simple, but can never chant its praises. Merciless power! It would be an awful curse. I speak it with reverence, but I think you will see that I am correct when I say that, were this world governed simply by unlimited power and no mercy, then the jurisdiction of the universe would be in the hands of an almighty devil. Let any heart present conceive, if it can, the horror of a ruthless power that knows no limit, and has no mercy to direct its operations. Thus you will see it will not do to take the one attribute without the other. Power is no subject for song if it be not allied with mercy.

But take the other attribute. Can you sing about mercy that is not allied with power? Whilst powerless mercy has nothing horrid in it like merciless power, yet, at the same time, there is no subject for song in it. A mercy that has no ability to carry out its kind intentions—what is it? It is only a solemn mockery. Whilst the former would place a power for evil and hatred on the throne, the latter only substitutes, in its place, a kind but weak being who has no ability to carry out the merciful intentions of his heart. Mercy, without power to give it effect—what is it? It is a poor dribbling stream, not deep enough to float a child's boat, or supply the smallest village with water, or turn the wheel of the mill. If mercy is to

be something which I can rest on, and something which I can sing about, it must stand side by side with a power capable of giving it effect. Thus, I think, you will see our first point, that it is necessary that they should be united, because either one of the attributes apart from the other can give us no subject for song.

Our next point is that when you find *the two united, then each gives infinite value to the other*. You will see that the psalmist evidently had this in his mind in the latter clause of the verse. He says, "I will sing of Thy power, and I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning." Why? "For Thou hast been my defence and refuge." Now, any child of God here can see how necessary it is for the two to be together, if there is to be a defence and a refuge. There must, first of all, be a mercy that is willing to provide me with the defence; but of what good is the mercy that is willing to defend me, if there be no power to serve as the defence? Or, on the other hand, of what avail is that power which is able to be my refuge, if there is not the mercy that is willing that that power should be so exercised? But when I have mercy and power together, then, with the psalmist, I can say, "Lord, Thou art my defence." There is the power that *can* preserve me: there is the mercy that *will*. When these two are brought together, there is a refuge for my soul. Thou *canst* be a refuge, for Thou hast the might: Thou *wilst* be a refuge, for Thou hast the mercy. None of you present would wish to limit a power which is governed by mercy. Only let me know that the power of any one is subservient to the mercy of that person's heart, and I will say, "Give him as much power as ever you like." The more power the person has, if that power be allied with mercy, the better. We can revel in the thought of Jehovah's power, for He is "mighty to save." Who, then, would diminish His mightiness? Who shall feel appalled at His power, when the very greatness of His strength is put forth to show mercy to His people? The two combined give infinite value to each. I have no fear of stepping into the chariot of divine purpose, although it be drawn by the steed of irresistible power, when mercy sits on the box and holds the reins. There is all the difference in the world between the electricity which shows itself in the glaring flash of lightning which blasts the tree, and that electricity which only flashes along the wires, carrying a loving message from a father to a son. Ah, and when God's power like electricity flashes along the wires of His mercy, I have no wish that there should be less power in that force. Beloved, the two are blended together, and thou mayest say with the psalmist, "I will sing of Thy power and of Thy mercy." I could not sing of power that only showed itself by setting the world in conflagration, but I can sing to that power which, instead of setting the

world in a blaze, only burns in the hearth of love, guarded by the bars of infinite mercy. It does not burn the world up, but it warms all those that come within its range. O beauteous power of God that comes to me without wrath, without devastating might—comes to me through the medium of mercy! And O lovely mercy, which not only flits along, light as a seraph, but comes with all the resources of power at her command!

So, also, with mercy. You will see that, when power has mercy with it, you cannot have too much; or, when mercy has power with it, who shall find fault with her? Mercy becomes of infinite value when you remember that God has equal ability to bless as He has willingness to show kindness. I pictured mercy without power just now, as a dribbling stream that was of no avail for aught; but divine mercy linked with divine power is a full flowing river—deep enough to carry a nation's fleet on its bosom—full enough to provide drink for a thousand cities that may be built upon its banks—a river that flows for aye. Child of God, do you sometimes think you have made such demands on the mercy of God that you have well-nigh drained His exchequer? Do you sometimes feel almost afraid to ask for more? Do you think you have come so often that there must be a limit even to God's mercy? There would be were it a powerless attribute; but you may say this morning, with the psalmist, "I will sing of Thy power, and I will sing aloud of Thy mercy—a note for each, because Thy power is merciful power, and Thy mercy is powerful mercy."

Thus I have tried to show you, first, that it is necessary that power and mercy should be united, and that, secondly, when they are united there is an infinite value in each. Our third point is that *in God they are thus united*, and therefore let us sing.

I have been taking only an imaginary case up to the present, and saying that, *if* you can find this boundless power and this boundless mercy together, they are of infinite value. Now I have the joyous work of showing you that, in the Being we adore, both these attributes unite. I hardly like to distinguish between the two. I would rather say that Mercy is the Christian name of Power, and that Power is the surname of Mercy. They are not separate: they are undivided and indivisible. Can you not see how, in the work of *creation*, the two are blended together? Let me try and make it clear to you. I can imagine Power saying, "I reared the mountains. I piled the crags until their bald foreheads pierced far above the snow-line. I did this." "Yes," says Mercy, "but I fitted those crags together, so that they should make a nest for the eagle. I made the mountains full of those rocky holes that the conies might hide away in times

of danger. Power, if thou didst rear the mountains, I, Mercy, made them the home of the fountain that flows down to the valley and gives drink to them that are thirsty." Power perhaps may say, "I lit the sun, and sent it blazing through the universe. I did that." But Mercy may reply, "Yes, but I belted the earth with an atmosphere so moist that the blaze of the sun shall not blacken and burn, but only comfort." "I," says Power, "planted the trees of Lebanon. I gave them their giant roots and their grand far-spreading arms." "Yes," says Mercy, "but I made them a covert for the birds." If, at your leisure, you look at the 16th verse of the 104th Psalm, you will see how beautifully the psalmist recognizes this. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted." There is the manifestation of power. But look at the next verse—"Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house." There is mercy. The high hills are the production of infinite power. But I read, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies." There is mercy. Power points to the lion, and says, "I made that monarch of the forest. I gave him that awful roar. I clothed his voice with thunder. I gave him those thews and sinews." And Mercy says, "Yes, and I gave him the instinct to go into his den and sleep during the day-time, when man goes forth to his labor." Look where you may all over creation, and you will see that there, side by side, are manifestations of equal power and mercy.

To go a step farther. You will find both of these combined in an incarnate God. The other Thursday, as you will remember, we led your thoughts for a short time in this direction. We were able only to skim the surface. There is most precious ore to be found by digging. Let us see how in the person of an incarnate God—in that man of Nazareth—power and mercy always went together. There was a power in His person over *all nature*. He had but to touch the wheels of the universe, and they stopped. How did He exercise this power? Did He put it forth in lashing the lake of Galilee into a storm? Nay, but He exercised it by saying, "Peace: be still;" and there was a great calm. Look at the weary man standing at the stern of the vessel; and, as you hear Him speak, you say, "There is power;" but, as you see the storm sob itself to sleep, you say, "but there is power sweetly subservient to mercy." That weary wanderer, you remember, had power over *life and death*. The keys of both swung at his girdle. He only had to speak one word, and the rabble crew roundabout Him would be blasted into destruction. How did Christ exercise His unlimited power over life and death? I will tell you in a sentence. By giving back to a weeping sister a loving brother named Lazarus, and by putting once more at his mother's side the boy who

had breathed his last. This is how the Lord Jesus Christ, the incarnate God, was pleased to display His power. Whether I stand at the open grave of Lazarus, or just outside the city of Nain, or by the bedside of Jairus's daughter, I see equally manifested, in one and the same act, a power infinite, and a mercy matchless. That incarnate God also had unlimited power both *to bless and to curse*. He had but to speak a word of cursing, and it would have been enough to wither the world. What did He do? He only uttered a curse once, and then it was to wither a solitary fig-tree which belonged to no one, and which grew at the roadside—a fig-tree, too, that had nothing but leaves upon it. That is the only manifestation of the Son of Man's power to destroy. But how many people did He bless! Oh, mark Him as He walks hither and thither, like a sunbeam of light, among the fallen and the wretched and the miserable, and you will see in Him equal mercy combined with power.

And, once more, remember that Christ had unlimited power *to save Himself*. When Peter drew the sword in the garden, Christ said, "I have but to pray the Father, and He shall send twelve legions of angels." He could have delivered Himself easily. "I have power," he says, "to"—what? "I have power to lay down My life and to take it again." "But I will show My power by laying down My life that sinners may live, and in raising Myself again that sinners may be justified." "He saved others: Himself He could not save." The former clause explains the latter. Because He had power to save others, His mercy would not allow Him to save Himself. In an incarnate God, then, you find combined mercy and power.

Only for three minutes, in conclusion, let me say that *every saint will in the course of his life realize this*. He will learn by experience how, in God, power and mercy always go together. Take the moment of conversion. I should imagine that, in all probability, there is a greater power put forth by God when He converts a soul, than when He makes a world. Now see that little child who is the subject of that power. What, can such an awful might be put forth on that child without destroying it? Go and ask the little thing. It is true it has the tear in its eye. It has also a broken heart. O mighty power to give that! but mercy was so combined with power that the little heart was broken without the breast being crushed, and the tear is that of joy, not agony. Many a child of God can say that the sweetest moment spent on earth was when God made him willing in the day of His power. Mercy and power go hand in hand together in the moment of the sinner's conviction and conversion.

Then, in after days, our God has often to *chasten*. If you say there is no power in His blow, you have never experienced it, for, when God with rebukes doth smite man, he makes him

beauty to consume away like a moth. There is awful power in the arm that wields the rod, and oh! if mercy were not blended with the power, who of us would not have been laid low in death long before this? But in wrath He remembers mercy, and there is affection in every twig of the rod which He holds.

So in his *daily leadings*. I am so glad that God does not help us as some people attempt to help. They try to help you by dragging you along. God never drags. He says, "I took Ephraim by the arms and taught him to walk." Here is a picture of how God leads. Here is power, but it is the power of the nurse who puts her hand under the arms of the little one, and holds him up until he begins to feel his feet. This is how God deals with His people. Underneath are the everlasting arms. Ah, Lord, if those everlasting arms were above to strike, there would be no hope, but they are underneath. "Thy gentleness," says the psalmist, "has made me great."

Then shall we not sing to the praise of these combined attributes? Behold, power steps forth to you this morning; but how is it dressed? Lo, it comes draped in the robes of mercy; and mercy walks her paths pointing to all the resources of power, and says, "These are mine." Then, for a power that is always merciful, and for a mercy that is always powerful, let the thanks of our hearts be given. Let us take the harp from David's hand, and say "Singer of Israel, thou shalt not be alone in this sweet anthem, for I also will sing of Thy power: I too will sing aloud of Thy mercy, and bless Thee that, when I see the one, I always see the other also." God add His blessing, for His name sake.

Easter Address.*

By Morgan Dix, D. D., IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

MOURNING hearts know well what it is to awaken out of sleep after a great sorrow. The clouds gather; the storm rolls forward; the bolt strikes; and the spirit is crushed. But hours pass on; and the night brings unconsciousness, and peace, and dreams. What is lost comes back, and is with us again; the form and the feature yet live in vision as before. But the morning and the awakening renew the grief. Consciousness brings back the dull, stunned feeling of yesterday, and the dreadful scenes must be traveled through afresh in all their anguish. Well may they who have gone through it dread the uprising that comes after great affliction.

So must it have been on the first morning of the week with those who loved our Lord. The Friday's work was done; the Sabbath was passed; the Disciples were somewhere hidden away through fear of the enemy. St. John had no doubt taken to his own home, with the reverent care of a son, the Holy Mother of Sorrows. Scarce dared any of the little company appear abroad. Some two or three women only had yet to finish the hurried and incomplete burial rites; and these went forth very early in the morning, and came to the sepulchre. Many of you can understand with what feeling they came to the spot where their dead lay buried. You have felt like them the load on the heart, the weariness of life, the longing for that land where shall be no partings, neither sorrow nor tears. Indeed, they are like types and examples of us mortals, to most of whom the awakening day by day is an awakening to care and pain; and for whom morning telleth unto morning some message dashed with sad memories and glistening with the dew of tears.

Take man in general, and lies there not a cloud upon each opening day? Where are they to whom the awakening and uprising do not bring some thought of care, of danger, of peril? The joy and elasticity of youth full early go out of the life, the eye sees in front what forbids the heart to feel at ease. Most of us awaken to toil; multitudes to want; not a few to weariness and unavailing regret; and every day some come back with a shudder to the recollection of deep and terrible grief, hardly forgotten even in uneasy slumbers.

How many there be who are seen, like the Marys, coming very early in the morning to the sepulchre! They open their eyes, and the first thing they see is the tomb in the midst of the garden—the place where some have buried youth with its

* This address was delivered on Easter Morning, 1877, and is here given *verbatim*.

hopes; and others conscience and honor; and others self-respect and ambition; and others fortune and prospects, and what was dearer than the life itself. The world is full of such as these; and such should we all have been—nor in all the scenes of human life should other figures have been traceable—had it not been for the mercy of Him who willed to bring His mourning daughters in that sad fashion to the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. For them, though they knew it not, the night and the darkness were passed away. It was more than dawn; it was already full, broad light. Angels were in the garden keeping watch till it should be the hour to speak to the children of men. The times were full with one great message, then and there to be delivered. Life and immortality were then first revealed in the light of that first day of the week, and things were about to be made known for which the whole creation had been longing through the night of the ages of the former world. But for all this, our days would yet be days of cloud, and our nights as the shades of death.

“And so, very early in the morning, they came to the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.” “Those latter words are words of fire.” With the rising of that sun of Easter came the announcement, heard in heaven, in earth, and under the earth: “Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that sleep.” It was heard in heaven, when angels were sent to roll away the stone from the empty cave, and scatter before their face the foes of Christ. It was heard on earth, when women first, and then men, were told: “He is not here; He is risen.” It was heard under the earth, in the place where the spirits of the departed are awaiting their perfect consummation and bliss. Nay, through tombs and graves, through monuments and catacombs, and down to the depths of the sea, wherever there be dead that must by and by be given up. And heard once, it was heard perpetually—that day, all days—a life-word, never to fail. The sound went forth from the quiet garden into the city near at hand, and thence throughout Judea and Gallilee, and thence through all the coast of Asia Minor; and from side to side of the Levant, and along the shores of the Midland Sea, and so from the Pillars of Hercules to far-off Britain and Thule, dim and legendary in its mists and fogs; and so from continent to continent, and round the globe wherever can be found beings who have concern in these tidings. And as for all places, so for all time, till even now, this very morning, and here, and to us who are assembled in this place, young men and maidens, old men and children, comes the same life-word, ringing forth in sweet, clear tones, ever the same precious news that Christ is risen from the dead, and that for us, and for all, He hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

So, then, that first morning of the week was the turning-point in man's history; it was the hinge on which move the mighty gates of life and light—it is the dividing of time. All is obscurity before that day; and afterward all remains obscure till the sunshine of that morning reaches it. If, before Christ came, any man anywhere had hope that after death he might live again, such hope was put into his soul and kept there by the Power that foresaw what was to occur on Easter-day. And if, since Christ came, any man anywhere has hope of immortality, let him bless the Lord only, for that hope is a thing that, but for the Lord, it were folly to cherish. We owe it to Easter-day and its glorious events that we can see beyond the grave; that we can meet death with a reasonable, religious and holy hope, that we know that our Redeemer liveth, and that we shall live with Him.

Let us not forget, amidst our rejoicing and festal mirth this day, the grand lessons which come to us more amply and splendidly attested than any facts yet known to man. We are told in the majestic Gospels of Easter-tide:

- (a.) Of the Power and Glory of the Lord.
- (b.) Of the enduring and indestructible personality of man.
- (c.) Of reunion with the loved and lost.

The Church speaks to her children with that clear voice in which is no sound of doubt or hesitation:

- (a.) Of strength from above.
- (b.) Of survival after death.
- (c.) Of the perfecting of everything that deserves to be perfected.

And, first, the Gospel is all ablaze with power and glory. We saw the Lord last Friday hanging on His cross, dying the death of the lowest of men, made humbler than the humblest, the scorn of the mob, and the outcast of the people. But that was finished at the ninth hour when He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. From that instant the triumph began. The body on which the rabble had heaped their rudest insults was to find no common grave. Rich men and honorable councilors came forward and begged it of the Roman Governor, deeming themselves honored by its care, and it was laid in a new sepulchre, profaned as yet by no bones of dead men, but sweet, fresh and pure, and there did it lie in state, guarded by angels, and seeing no corruption. The human soul of Christ—a Royal Spirit—went down to Hades, where it preached to the spirits in prison, no doubt, announcing to them the victory by which, after long waiting, they were to be at last set free. And the place of the departed must have trembled at the entrance of Him who holds its keys and deals with all its ghostly inmates according to His will. And if the time between the death and the resurrection is, for Christ, a time of triumph, much more is

it so from the middle watch of that deep night, or toward the dawn, when rising from sleep, and laying off the garments of the grave, He passed forth and went His way—immortal, incorruptible, changed to the likeness of the everlasting life. It is on the risen Saviour that the hope of man rests as on a rock that can never be shaken. The crucified Christ would have been nothing to us but for the risen Christ. Vain were the life, the example, the sermons and teachings, the precepts, the promises, the mighty acts, if the grave could have kept Him, and death could have held Him in its dark embrace. He died for our sins; He rose for our justification. There never would have been a saint, or a holy one, or a heart perfectly at rest, or a mind clear as day with lovely light of divine wisdom, if Christ had continued to lie in the sepulchre. If He be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your hope is also vain, and they that are fallen asleep in Christ have, without doubt, perished everlastingly.

And, secondly, this Gospel tells us of survival after death, and of the enduring and indestructible quality of that spiritual being which we have received from the Lord. As the fact that Christ did truly rise from death—truly, not metaphorically, not virtually, but most truly, literally and absolutely, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, as really as if one of those men buried in this churchyard were this moment to come out of his grave and enter and appear among us—as the fact that Christ did then truly rise from death is the key-stone and corner-stone, the all in all of Christianity, on its doctrinal side; so, as regards the work of Christ towards us, the sum and substance, the beginning and end of it, is this: that we ourselves, in our own proper persons, and in truth of our own very personality, are to live again. “He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” It is with us as with the Lord; all the religion we have centers in that sublime faith, and if it did not confirm that faith in us, it would be no religion. We also shall rise again; we also shall live. He is the first-fruits, and His children are the general harvests. The Church requires of all assent to the article of the faith, “I believe in the resurrection of the body.” She does not explain how it is to be effected, that crowning miracle; she does not tie us down to any physical or material theory; she does not force upon us any narrow view of man’s invention; she simply says that Christ is the Resurrection and the Life; that because He lives we shall live also; that the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall live in the body and soul complete once more. This is to tell us that God has willed that we men should be made, through the mighty power of Christ, each an indestructible personality: that nothing can kill us; that a grand future opens before us; that this little life is but the

morning hour—or let me rather say the twilight hour—of a great on-coming day.

And, thirdly, the Easter Gospel announces the perfecting of everything that deserves to be perfected. As Christ rose again, so Christ's people are never to die. When Christ rose, the old form of weakness had vanished, and in its place had come the new body of immortality, very wonderful, very glorious, and not as the first. So with us; when we, *His* dead men (as the prophet beautifully calls us), shall live, the infirmities, the sicknesses, the faults of this poor earthly estate shall all have vanished, and we also shall be perfect in the beauty of a new life; for the old body was sown in weakness, but it shall rise in power; it was sown in dishonor, but it shall be raised in glory; it was sown a natural body, it shall be raised a spiritual body. And so be sure that everything in our life which deserves to last, shall last; that everything that deserves to be perfected, shall be perfected. The wood, the hay, the stubble, shall be burned up; the dross shall be flung away; what was of the infirmity of the flesh shall be lost in the abyss of the past. But whatever deserved to live shall live; whatever in us was good, pure, true, that is also to be perfected in immortal beauty. And so, finally, this brings us to one of the sweetest and most precious of all Easter teachings; for true love, and holy friendship, and all relationships which had on them the Father's benediction, shall and must abide. And, therefore, they who were one in Christ here, and now are parted for a little while, shall meet again, and be one in Christ forever. Holy Christian love is one of those forces which no power above or below can dissolve. And if we know that we shall meet the Lord hereafter, so we know that we shall meet again those whom we believe to be with Him now. And there also shall every true and right desire and longing of the heart be more than satisfied; and chiefly those which in this world God thought it best to deny. And all the powers which some envious fate or unpropitious destiny kept in abeyance here shall there find the development to which they are sure, sooner or later, to come. All that deserves to be perfected shall be perfect for the sake of Him who was made perfect through suffering.

Great above all others is this day—in its record, in its messages, in its meaning. Rightly do we honor it above all others in the calendar. Christmas, its all but equal, is the birthday of the great years of the Incarnation, the first of the Kingdom of Christ upon earth, but Easter is like the opening morning of eternity. The Christ who is born must die, but the Christ who is risen dieth no more. Death hath no more dominion over Him; for in that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God forever and forever more.

The Atonement.

A LECTURE

BY THE Rev. Joseph Cook, IN TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MAY 7, 1877.

[We have been so urgently requested, by a large number of our subscribers, to print in this number one of the remarkable lectures Mr. Cook is now delivering in Boston, that we have crowded out a sermon advertised for this issue. As is Mr. Cook's custom, the lecture proper, which in this instance is but brief, is preceded by a long talk on what he styles "current events." The talk is as interesting and instructive as the lecture proper, and we give both entire. We are indebted to the publishers of the *Boston Advertiser* for this revised report.—*Note to publication in The Complete Preacher.*

THE river Ilissus in Athens is a delicious crystalline stream, full of white and brown pebbles, which no doubt the feet of Phocion, and Socrates, and Demosthenes, and Plato, and Aristotle have touched. Its ripples, therefore, are more musical than Apollo's lute; and you will not blame me for stating that I brought home from Athens a broad, fair pebble out of that stream, and from that portion of its bed which, scholars say, was once crossed by the gardens and walks and marble colonades of Aristotle's Lyceum. I keep this white stone now as a paper-weight on a heap of excerpts and newspaper cuttings, intended to represent current misconceptions of Christian truth. Quite a number of slips have been accumulating in that heap of late, some of them from Music Hall; and, since I am as proud of the specimens I gather into my cabinet as ever a collector of crystals was of his captured gems, I wish to make you sharers of my bliss, according to Shakespeare's maxim—

"When thou haply seest
Some rare, noteworthy object in thy travel,
Make me partaker of thy happiness."

(*Two Gent. of Verona*, I., 1.)

I. From this cabinet of misconception—notice, I do not say of misrepresentation—I must choose at least one specimen concerning the measureless theme of free, final permanence of character, or the natural wages of habitual evil choice. I hold in my hand a book written by a man whom we all honor for his candor and learning, and whose vigorous honesty in the political affairs of this commonwealth has more than once been a pillar of fire in a dark place. I mean Mr. Clarke, who lately has presented an almost semi-official answer to the question "What is a Christian?" I read in this volume, which is also almost semi-official, and, in my opinion, the best book ever printed in Boston by unevangelical Christianity, the following very amazing words: "The Orthodox doctrine of future punishment is exceedingly simple. . . . The purest and best of men, who does not believe the precise Orthodox theory concerning the Trinity, sits in hell side by side with Zingis

Khan, who murdered in cold blood hundreds of thousands of men, women and children, marking his bloody route by pyramids of skulls." (Clarke, "Orthodoxy," p. 357).

Gentlemen, that is a very interesting specimen in this cabinet. It is almost flawless. I hardly know how it can be better. That misconception is fundamental, colossal, ghastly, inexcusable.

2. But take another flaming, favorite gem of mine from the same cabinet, and broken off the same ledge of crystalline Boston rock :

"The unbaptized child, who goes to hell because of the original sin derived from Adam, is exposed to God's wrath no less than Pope Alexander VI., who outraged every law of God and man, and who, says Machiavelli, 'was followed to the tomb by his three dear companions—Luxury, Simony and Cruelty.' This is the doctrine which every denomination and sect in Christendom, except the Unitarians and Universalists, maintain as essential to Orthodoxy" (pp. 357, 358).

Gentlemen, is that a correct statement? [Voices in all parts of the hall, "No," "No."] This serious assertion is just about as correct as it would be to say that Charles River flows into the Mississippi. It is quite as correct as to affirm that Massachusetts is a province of China.

3. You will allow me, therefore, to say that I was not greatly surprised when, a few weeks ago, I obtained a third specimen of this same fruitful ledge of crystals, the assertion that my view of the Trinity, or the view of the New England theology as understood by this lectureship, is "one which any Unitarian can accept." That statement was made, however, before a full discussion had been presented here, although warning had been given not to judge the house while the scaffolding was up; and I believe the statement is not reiterated at present.

4. In an account of semi-official discussions at Music Hall, I read that Mr. Cook has given up the doctrine of substitution. The language of the report is that Mr. Cook comes forward, belonging to the same school of thought with a certain evangelist, and tells us "that we must accept the Orthodox doctrine on this subject, and he says that no Orthodox man of any sense or any knowledge believes to-day in substitution." (Report of Mr. Clarke's sermon.) Another authority says that Mr. Cook "defends the doctrine of substitution by giving it up." (Unitarian Tract, by Mr. Kimball.)

Now, what are these facts? New England theology makes a distinction between chastisement and punishment. Even the Universalist theology draws a distinction between suffering and punishment. I know careless phrases have been used by Orthodox scholars; but when I open a series of articles written in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, by writers of all denominations,

within the last fifteen years, and constituting the best statement of the New Orthodoxy that New England has yet published—fifteen or eighteen articles written by Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists of the first rank in scholarship—I find such a representative writer, for instance, as the revered Dr. Whedon, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, a man not probably given to Calvinism, saying this:

“The imputation of the sin of man or his punishment to Christ, is but a popular conception, justifiable if understood as only conceptual; just as we might say that the crime of Pythias was imputed to Damon in order that we also might be able to say that Damon was *punished* instead of Pythias. In strictness of language and thought, neither crime, guilt, nor punishment is personally transferable.” (Whedon, Rev., D.D., *Bib. Sac.*, Apr. 1862, pp. 260, 261).

Why, it is amazing to me that gentlemen will quote phrases from Mr. Spurgeon, saying that our Lord was punished, and then come forward in Boston and affirm that orthodoxy holds that our Lord was not innocent, and meet us with the charge of self-contradiction when we exhibit the truths of the atonement in detail. Ask Mr. Spurgeon, or any other man who uses that word “punished,” whether our Lord was a murderer, a perjurer, a leper, or a thief. Ask whether he does not believe, as the church has always believed, whatever its language may have been, that our Lord was innocent. Now we are more careful in our phraseology than we used to be, but the church has always had the idea of Christ’s innocence, and never has asserted that he was punished, in the sense of suffering pain for personal blameworthiness, for he never had any personal blameworthiness. Let us distinguish ideas from vocabularies. I admit that the latter have been careless; and it is one part of the joy of my life to contribute a little toward more caution in the expression of truths which we cannot touch properly unless in that spirit which Uzzah did *not* have when he touched the ark, and for lack of reverence was struck dead.

Andrew Fuller, the Baptist scholar, who has been called the Benjamin Franklin of theology, was very careful of his language on this supreme point, and as long ago as 1800 drew in substance the distinction between chastisement and punishment. “Real and proper punishment,” he wrote, “is not only the infliction of natural evil for the commission of moral evil, but the infliction of the one upon the person who committed the other and in displeasure against him; it not only supposes criminality, but that the party punished was literally the criminal.” (Fuller, Andrew, Works, chap. 10, p. 34. Quoted with approval by Professor Park, *Bib. Sac.*, January, 1865, p. 174).

Modern theological science is substantially a unit on this

topic, not in its vocabularies, but in its ideas. I dislike to take time on a point which needs to be elaborated nowhere out of Boston, but if you will allow me to cite a school on which you may probably have looked with considerable arrogance—the East Windsor Theological Institution, where the Old School in New England theology is represented—you will find Professor Lawrence there, in his official article in the “*Bibliotheca Sacra*,” saying of that school of theology: “The Old School theology speaks freely of Christ as ‘suffering the penalty of the law,’ and as ‘paying our debts.’ *But it never implies that he was a sinner suffering demerits.* ‘Our guilt and punishment being, *as it were*, transferred to him,’ says Calvin. Edwards says, ‘He suffered *as though* guilty.’” (Lawrence, Rev. Prof. of East Windsor Theol. Inst., on the Old School in N. E. Theol., *Bib. Sac.*, April, 1863, p. 333. See also pp. 338. 339.)

The distinction between chastisement and punishment is very familiar in the instruction given at Andover in religious science.

If now, for using phraseology which recognizes this distinction between chastisement and punishment, I may be accused of giving up the doctrine of substitution, then all New England theology is to be thus accused; then all schools, old and new, are to be supposed to have changed their ideas, because they have become more cautious in their language. The doctrine of the Atonement is such to me that, without it, philosophy would lead by self-evident truth only to the conclusion that we of all men are most miserable, since we have sinned and do not know a way of escape. There is to me such clearness in the demonstration of our need of an atonement, that if you say no atonement ever has been made, philosophy to me is not glad tidings, for it is clear tidings of a necessity not met. Therefore, to philosophy itself the denial of the doctrine of substitution makes a desert of life.

5. But it is said that I have put forward Dean Stanley as a representative of Orthodoxy, and that he is a Unitarian.

Not many months ago Lady Augusta Stanley lay in her coffin in Westminster Abbey, and there at her side sat Thomas Carlyle. Who had been her chaplain? The American evangelist who has but just left this city. On whose invitation? On her own. By whose consent? By her husband's. Who told you that? The American evangelist himself. What did he do? He conducted devotional exercises in Lady Stanley's sick-chamber. You talk about the breadth of Dean Stanley's Broad Church views! You must look at the upper part of the breadth as well as the lower. By the way, speaking of Carlyle, let me say that Mr. Ruskin has lately affirmed that Carlyle's opinion of Darwin, which I stated to you some months since, “will probably be remembered as long as anything else that

Carlyle ever said." That is reported, I beg you notice, I say, as coming from Ruskin, and I have every reason to believe that Ruskin trusts that extract as Carlyle's own. Professor Tholuck, of Halle in Germany, told me that once he was invited to spend the winter in the south of Italy with Thomas Carlyle, and doubted at first whether he had better accept the invitation for fear there would be social dissonance on account of divergences of view. "I sought information," said Professor Tholuck, "and from England, on the highest authority, I was told there would be no dissonance, for Carlyle is a good Christian man." Have I not read what Carlyle says about the Thirty-nine Articles? Yes; and rejoice in it. Have I not read what he says about threshing mere straw in formulas of belief without soul behind them? Yes; and thank God for every syllable the prophet of Chelsea has ever written on that theme. I have heard also from the lips of your own Emerson that Carlyle likes to quote his own father's expressions at family worship in old Scotland. I do not forget what Carlyle thought of Sterling, or what he said of the death of Edward Irving. There is even more between than in the lines of hundreds of pages that he has given to the world. I remember that essay on *Voltaire*, in which he writes explicitly:

"We understand ourselves to be risking no new assertion, but simply reporting what is already the conviction of the greatest in our age, when we say, that cheerfully recognizing, gratefully appropriating whatever *Voltaire* has proved, or any other man has proved, or shall prove, the Christian religion once here cannot again pass away; that in one or the other form it will endure through all time; that as in Scripture, so also in the heart of man, is written, 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Were the memory of this faith never so obscured, as, indeed, in all times, the coarse passions and perceptions of the world do all but obliterate it in the hearts of most, yet in every pure soul, in every poet and wise man, it finds a new missionary, a new martyr, till the great volume of universal history is finally closed, and man's destinies are fulfilled in this earth. 'It is a height to which the human species were fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, they can never retrograde.'"

Distinguish between ideas and vocabularies, and you will find that Carlyle deserved what he received the other day from Dean Stanley, a certificate that "he never disdained the traditions of the Scottish church and nation." When I put in his lips the Litany, I took what all are obliged to subscribe who are in the renowned English church. The prayer-book, as well as the articles, is subscribed, is it not? Of course I had a right to quote the flower as well as the root; out of the latter grows the former. I wish to indicate what popular theology is; and

it was evidently necessary for me to take that which is most before the people—the hallelujahs and the praises, the indication of the popular mind in worship. I took the most overt public part of the Church of England service to indicate what the popular theology is. Some scribblers have objected, because I put the words of the Litany into the mouth of Carlyle and Stanley, and have thought the words of the Thirty-nine Articles could not have been put there with the same effect. The words I cited from your Boston critic would have sounded weak and wicked had I quoted them alone in Westminster Abbey in presence only of God!

But now as to Dean Stanley, three things are to be noticed.

First, we must make a distinction between his breadth as an ecclesiastical politician and his breadth as a theologian. He is a representative of a national church, such as we know nothing of in America. Any gentleman here directly or indirectly connected with that church will allow me to say that the High Church and Low Church and Broad Church are quite as sharper antagonistic to each other as any of our Protestant denominations outside of the English establishment. Dean Stanley is the representative of this national church, which must hold all kinds of culture together, and his great principle is a political one. He wishes to keep these warring elements from seceding until their real merits can be distinguished by time. His supreme principle is one of comprehension and trial. Let these conflicting ideas be kept inside the church, says Dean Stanley; allow every man to hold any fairly reasonable opinion; let every such opinion have a place until its value is tested by time.

This is a breadth of ecclesiastical policy rather than of theology. Dean Stanley as a theologian is far less broad than Dean Stanley as an ecclesiastical politician. I am not discussing whether or not he is to be justified in taking that attitude as to a national church. Many of Dean Stanley's best friends declare that he ought to be more severe in excluding from the English church some sections of sentiment, perhaps so broad that they hardly come within the range even of general tolerant Christianity. They say he ought to think more of the Christian church than of the national church, and that he does not. But into that question I need not enter.

In the next place, it is to be remembered that Dean Stanley is by no means careless in his statements as to the doctrines of the Trinity and of the Atonement. He holds such views as Charles Kingsley did, and what Kingsley's views of the Trinity were I showed to you in detail the other morning. No doubt Charles Kingsley held erratic views on one or two points, but he was substantially sound on what the Church of England regards as the essentials of Christian truth, and so surely Stanley is, or he would not be where he is. Dean Stanley said not

long ago in the chapel at Rugby—I have his language before me—“Thomas Arnold’s words constantly come back to me as expressing better than anything else my hopes and fears for this life and for the life to come.” Everybody knows Stanley is the biographer of Thomas Arnold, and that Thomas Arnold was a man of a large, generous, illumined nature, and of great symmetry of character, but by no means what one would call a loose dreamer as to the highest of all truths. No doubt he was in the best sense of the word a liberal believer, but that word “liberal” I use as infrequently as possible. Toward the bottom of the elastic scale of liberalism you may often find those who are ready to answer, if you ask what is a Christian? “He is a man who is always learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth;” and that comes pretty near to being the definition given in Music Hall the other evening. And if you ask what does a Christian believe? “Why, anything that means nothing in particular,” and that comes so fearfully near to being the definition given in Music Hall, that I do not dare talk about the lower ranges of liberalism lest I seem to slander the upper.

Now, Thomas Arnold believed something in particular, and Dean Stanley is a pupil, and professes himself to be theologically an enlarged copy of Thomas Arnold. He is to be ranked with Kingsley, and Robertson and Millman as a follower of Hooker, and an opponent of the influences of Laud. It is perfectly amazing to find the Broad Church party spoken of as carrying England over to that style of unscientific liberalism which I have just ridiculed. Why, only yesterday I opened a periodical not given to theological discussion, and found the statement that when Emerson came first to England, many years ago, and Carlyle sounded his glories to such an extent that almost every circle in the country was anxious to obtain a glimpse of the Boston poet and philosopher, the current feeling was one of sorrow that so brilliant a man as Emerson, so lovable and so talented, should nevertheless be afflicted with a repugnant something, spoken of in whispers, like the small-pox or the practice of cannibalism. This was his Unitarianism, transcendentalism, Theodore Parkerism. “But then he can’t be altogether sane,” was the frequent comment. It is true that many English people of position are Unitarians. There is a brilliant man who is on the point of making an effort to get a seat in Parliament now, who has long been a disciple of Theodore Parker. “I feel bound to add,” my English authority says, “that all with whom I have conversed say that his religious sentiments are the only drawbacks to his success; but the repugnance toward them felt by the majority of voters will prevent his getting the seat.” The objection most offered in

England to such views is the demoralizing effect they are considered to have on the average mass of society.

Much of the sentiment here described I abhor. If I were in England I should like to vote for that man. But when it is assumed that all England is turning over to Parker's views, it is important to notice straws like this which show which way the wind blows.

But, in the third place, Dean Stanley is regarded in England and by scholars generally as a church historian rather than a theologian. He is the Macaulay of church historians. But as to his ability as a theologian or philosopher, the London *Times* hints well a general opinion in its criticism on Dean Stanley's recent address at St. Andrew's University. It finds reason in that address for saying that if Dean Stanley's hopes are fulfilled, Christendom will have unity by and by—"the unity of a landscape covered with mist." (London *Times*, March 17). The growing power of the scientific method does not prophesy for that style of unity a victorious future. But the London *Times* has usually failed, as many other authorities have done, to distinguish between Stanley's breadth as a church politician and his breadth as a theologian.

6. There is one more glittering specimen in my cabinet of misconception to be noticed, and then I must hasten to the conclusion of this exhibition of curiosities, many of them fossils, I hope. A man of letters, a philanthropist, a citizen whom we all honor for his own deeds and for those of his fathers, said last night in Music Hall: "They tell you that God the Father entered into council with God the Son and God the Holy Spirit, and that in their infinite wisdom they devised a plan by which God the Son might meet the justice of God the Father, and that by this means the race of men should be saved, not from their sins, but from the punishment which their sins have justly deserved. Mr. Cook says, I must not say that this is the substitution of an innocent Christ for guilty men. Mr. Boyd says I must, and Dr. Chalmers says I must." [Whatever his language, Dr. Chalmers does not mean that our Lord was personally blameworthy.] "But I do not care for the words. I never use any of them unless I am forced to, and that isn't often. *The point I would impress on you is, that all this middle-age theology turns on the assumption that Jesus Christ saves men from their punishment simply.* But all the simpler theologies, all liberal theology, turn on the truth that God, because he is God, chooses to save his people from all sins."

So speaks Mr. Hale. But what definition of salvation has been given from time immemorial in idea, and what definition has been given here especially? "Salvation is permanent deliverance from both the love and the guilt of sin." Without deliverance from both these, peace with our whole environment

is a natural impossibility. To assume that what is called evangelical theology is not careful to deliver men from sin as well as from the guilt of it, is as accurate as to say that the Plymouth Rock will float, or that Bunker Hill monument is the North Pole. If these are the clear heights of the landscape which contains the population opposed to evangelical truth, what are the lower portions? If these are the sun-lit peaks, what are the marshes? I have heard of a miraculous London fog so dense that you could not see a street lamp when standing under it, though I never saw such a fog. I have seen one, however, in which you could not see one street lamp from another; and I have heard of one which could be cut into slices with any delicate edge of steel. But I need all these styles of fogs to give me a perfect symbol for that style of vapor which must brood over the lower lands, if these amazing statements are the vapor brooding over the sun-lit peaks. To be perfectly frank and to speak kindly, evangelical scholars do regard these representations as astounding; and we think, if people believe them, which we hope they do not, those people who do believe them are a heavily-befogged population.

7. But, my friends, all the peaks in this landscape, in which I have been showing you a few heights, are not thus wreathed in vapor. Go to Harvard University, which has had reason to think on this subject as no other university in the land has done. I turn to the words of the present preacher to the university, and I find him saying that he "remembers in his boyhood a type of Calvinism as cold as it was bitter, in which spirit was wholly congealed into dogma." I should not admit quite that Jonathan Edwards, who spoke of "the soul of a true Christian as such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrance, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink the light of the sun"—I should hardly concede that this Edwards, who might have been the first poet of his nation if he had not chosen to be its first theologian, and who, if a man ever was a saint, was one, had wholly congealed his religion into a dogma. There is a law of development somewhere in religious history—so we heard yesterday from Professor Peirce himself. If there is a better orthodoxy, it has been developed out of something behind it. It was the old-school orthodoxy that took Charles I. by the throat and broke his neck. It was the old-school orthodoxy that fled from England in times of the icy breath of persecution, and that planted the common-school system in the rocky soil of New England. We had

stern work to do, and it is perhaps natural that some stern things were said in stern days. But this very preacher of the renowned university yonder goes on to say—and here we rise out of the vapor—here, thank God, is a sun-lit peak:

“What now terms itself Calvinism is a free, generous, earnest, philanthropic development of the religious life, with which I, for one, feel the most hearty and loving sympathy. Nor do I believe that under its auspices New England Congregationalism would have been rent in twain, as it was early in the present century.”

Remember that these are not my words, but those of the Plummer professor of morals and preacher to Harvard University:

“Lowest of all in the scale, yet the very thing we need most to shun, is the dogmatism of mere negations. As a Trinitarian, I should, as I desire to do now, worship the Father, love the Son, and pray for the Holy Spirit. But mere anti-Trinitarianism cannot by any possibility make me reverent or devout, and a ministry of negations, even though the negatives be all justifiable, is utterly fruitless; nay, worse—harmful, demoralizing, contemptible. A church which lays intense emphasis on what it does not believe, and whose members know not how to express any article of faith without a negative particle, is a nursery of skepticism and infidelity, and nothing better. At the same time there is no intolerance so bitter and scornful as that of the so-called churches whose faith consists in not believing.”

So bravely spoke symmetry, strength, and devoutness of soul in Professor Peabody, and so bravely were these words published. (*Unitarian Review*, January 1877, pp. 72-74.)

8. Not far from Bunker Hill there is another sun-lit peak; and now, that I am on this theme, I must point out how noticeable that summit yonder is crowned with light. “Professor Park,” writes the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, in his “Half-Century of Unitarian Controversy,” “tried the whole resources of his amazingly acute and skillful mind upon these problems.” “We trust all our readers have perused that Convention Discourse of the Andover Professor, to which we have more than once referred. We regard it on the score of what it boldly affirms, and of what it so significantly implies, when taken in connection with its wonderful beauty of style and its marvelous subtlety of analysis, as the most noteworthy contribution which orthodoxy has made to the literature of New England for the last half-century. That single discourse would win fame for any preacher” (pp. 385-386).

“It may be that something will be offered to us as orthodoxy which we shall pronounce to be better far than Unitarianism—something which we can receive with the same sym-

pathy of soul and cordiality of heart with which we read the writings of those who are constructing the new Theology from the ruins of the old."

"We look with sincere and unprejudiced interest to the speculative and scholarly labors of the advanced minds in orthodox communions. May God's blessing be on their labors, to keep them loyal to Him, to Christ, and to the everlasting Gospel of grace and redemption. If the new Theology shall prove to be so much truer and better than 'Unitarianism' as to obliterate the sect, whose visible increase it does withstand, we are ready to welcome it" (pp. 391, 402).

Gentlemen, that is sunlight, and these fogs lie far below this sky-kissed peak.

9. Open history as it stands recorded in the latest book written on the first century of our republic, a set of essays by such men as Presidents Woolsey and Barnard, Francis A. Walker, Professor T. Sterry Hunt, Professor Sumner, E. P. Whipple, and others, and turn to Mr. Whipple's essay on American Literature, and you will read—this is not written for a partisan purpose—"The theological protest against Unitarianism was made by some of the most powerful minds and learned scholars in the country—by Stuart, Park, Edwards, Barnes, Robinson, Lyman Beecher, and the Alexanders, not to mention fifty others. The thought of these men still controls the theological opinion of the country, and their works are much more extensively circulated and exert a greater practical influence than the writings of such men as Channing, Norton, Dewey, Emerson, and Parker." (The First Century of the Republic, p. 372).

What is the summary of all this?

1. That there is manhood left, and clear thought on both sides, and that when the great peaks are seen they do not scold each other, or the azure above them; but are reverently looking into each other's faces, asking how brotherhood under one sky can be brought about in consistency with clearness of thought.

2. That the vapors of misconception, the dense fogs which have made so many of us shy of each other, are unworthy of scholarship of the first rank.

3. That if such presentations of religious truth as are now regarded, and as in substance always have been regarded, as evangelical, had been in explicit as well as implicit use fifty or eighty years ago, God's house would not have been divided in Eastern Massachusetts.

4. That if there was no reason for the division of the house, on the ground of such presentations as are now called evangelical, there is no longer any ground, in view of such presentations, for the house continuing to be divided against itself.

[The Right Reverend Bishop Foster of the Methodist

Church offered prayer, two stanzas of "Hallelujah 'tis done" were sung, and Mr. Cook then spoke as follows:]

It is a famous story concerning the Greek general Brasidas, that he looked out one morning upon the host that was attacking the city he was set to defend, and said: "Victory is ours, for I see that the spears in the files of the enemy are not in line. The ranks yonder are so illy trained that their weapons will become sources of suicide before the sun shall set." Fasten your attention, gentlemen, on the quivering spears of the host who attack self-evident truth in its relations to that central Christian doctrine which we call the Atonement. My purpose is not controversial, but practical. I speak in the name of axioms, only, and I have labored up to our present point of view over the ascent of several lectures, and now I hope that in brief space I can convince you that the converging admissions of all who are good ethical scholars prove the necessity of a great arrangement, not made by man, to secure his harmonization with his entire environment.

It was an occasion on which history will look back with interest in this city when James Freeman Clarke stood on the platform of Theodore Parker, in the absence of the latter in Italy, and criticised the system of Parker, as Dorner, the great German theologian, does, for underrating the significance of the fact of sin. James Freeman Clarke took up his position on the ground of self-evident truth. He planted himself upon axioms. Like a scholar, he made his first appeal to self-evident propositions. Now, I am this morning to put under the lenses of ethical science a few of the admissions of Mr. Clarke, which are not very unlike the propositions I have been defending here in the name of axioms, and show you just whither these self-evident propositions lead. In order that I may not be accused of misrepresenting Mr. Clarke, you will allow me to read an extract here of the length of half a page:

"We think that if we analyze the feeling which the conscience gives us concerning the consequence of wrong-doing, it is this: First, conscience demands reparation to the injured party; second, it demands punishment as a satisfaction to be made to the law of right, and this suffering to be accepted as just by the guilty party; and, thirdly, it declares that guilt should produce an alienation or separation between the guilty party and those who are not guilty. A man hitherto respected and trusted by society commits some great breach of trust and robs the community. Conscience requires that he should make atonement to those he has injured by restitution; to the law of right, which he has offended, by suffering some punishment; and to honorable men by keeping out of their way.

"This, which the conscience teaches of an injury done to man, it also teaches of an injury done to God. The offence

against man is *a crime*; the offence against God is *a sin*. For a crime, the conscience requires restitution, punishment with confession, and alienation from the good, which is shame. For a sin, the conscience requires, in like manner, restitution, punishment, and alienation. It merely transfers to God's justice the ideas of atonement which human justice has given to it. * *

"There is, however, a difficulty in *believing* that we can be forgiven. This difficulty is in the conscience; and,

"(a.) To say *there is no difficulty* will not remove it.

"(b.) To say that *repentance and good works are enough* will not remove it.

"(c.) To say that *God is merciful* will not remove it; for the *difficulty lies in the conscience*, which declares that every sin is—

"1. An injury done to God.

"2. An injury to the moral universe, inasmuch as it is an example of evil and a defiance of right.

"3. An injury to ourselves, by putting us away from God, the source of life, and alienating us from Him.

"The *inward voice of conscience is always saying that God ought not to forgive us without some reparation made for the injury done to Himself, to the universe, and to ourselves.*" (Clarke, "Orthodoxy," pp. 246-248.)

This is not an evangelical author. This is a straightforward standing up thus far, to the plain inferences from the great natural operations of conscience. Up to this point there is no parting company in linked scholarship all through the world, and Mr. Clarke knows there is not.

"Conscience is always saying that God ought not to forgive us." God always does what he ought to do. Conscience does not tell Munchausen tales. These laws by which we know how to harmonize ourselves with our environment, so far forth as that environment is merely human, are one and the same with the moral laws which sweep through the universe and reveal to us, therefore, how we are to obtain harmonization with that wider environment.

But now, having gone thus far, how does Mr. Clarke escape from the conclusion which follows very naturally from these propositions of ethical science? Why, by denying the unity of the moral law! This is his language: "God's justice is not like man's." Now there is a sense in which that is true, but when you go to conscience and find it always proclaiming that something ought to be, that is an exhibition not of man's justice, but of God's justice. I put this to any scholar—to Mr. Clarke himself,—whether Archbishop Butler, the best student of conscience in modern times, would justify him in saying that what the inward voice of conscience "always" says has not in it a revelation of God. Why, it is one of Mr. Clarke's

teachings, that conscience has in it a something, in us, but not of us—something really divine. It is held by the acutest scholarship that the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world is one with the Holy Ghost, shed forth from our ascended Lord. Go to your Dorner and Martensen and Rothe, and all the best students of religious science from the side of ethics and evangelical truth, and you will find them rejoicing to illustrate in all detail, and with all the radiance of philosophy as well as of evangelical learning, the truth that the Holy Spirit is the present Christ; and they identify it with the innermost holiest of conscience.

Now I affirm that the moral law is a part of the natural law; and that law is a unit throughout the universe; and that, therefore, we cannot escape from the consequences of such an admission as this, that the inward voice of conscience always says that God "ought not" to forgive us, except on a three-fold condition, by simply saying, "God's justice is not like man's." The ideas of the atonement drawn from our human experience, Mr. Clarke says, "are essentially false" (p. 247). Why, if the ideas that come to us from the moral law are essentially false, how is it that we do not fall into skepticism about the physical laws? We know that law is an unit; and that, therefore, this earth, although an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in the revelation of truth. We believe in the unity of law. The law of gravitation is the same here, and in Orion, and the Seven Stars. Tell me what the moral law is here, and I will tell you what it is in the Unseen Holy. It is disloyalty of the most extreme sort to the scientific method to endeavor to escape from any proposition by denying the unity of the moral law, for the unity and universality of law are among the most haughty and irrefutable teachings of all science.

It is admitted, then, by Mr. Clarke—

1. That conscience demands reparation to the injured party.
2. That it demands punishment as a satisfaction to the law of right.
3. That this suffering is to be accepted as just by the guilty party.
4. That guilt should produce a separation between the guilty and those who are not guilty.
5. That what the conscience teaches of an injury done to man, it also teaches of an injury done to God.
6. That the offence against man is a crime, and that against God is a sin.
7. That conscience transfers to God's justice the ideas of atonement which human justice has given to it.
8. That without other light than that of conscience there is a difficulty in believing that we can be forgiven.
9. That to say there is no difficulty will not remove it.

10. That to say repentance and good works are enough will not remove it.

11. That to say that God is merciful will not remove it.

12. That the difficulty is in the conscience, and that the inward voice is *always* saying that God *ought* not to forgive us without some reparation made for the injury done to Himself, to the universe, and to ourselves.

14. Theodore Parker admitted this supreme fact as to the natural operations of conscience. (Theism, last discourse.)

15. All established ethical science asserts this fact as an inevitable inference from intuition, instinctive belief, and the experience of man age after age.

With the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, a scholar, whom I suppose to be the best representative of the learning of unevangelical Christianity in this country, a professor who lives not a hundred miles from here, said to me in the Boston Athenæum lately, without any cross-questioning from me: "There is a difficulty in conscience as to our peace when we once have sinned; and that difficulty in the structure of human nature has sustained the doctrine of the vicarious atonement, before the attacks of philosophy, century after century." He seemed to think that he was pointing to a proof-text of not much consequence; but to me this human nature, the serious volume he thus put aside in order to read some more authoritative proof-text out of the Scriptures, was itself the oldest Scripture; was that Scripture in harmony with which all other Scripture must be interpreted; was, in short, the supreme revelation of God, by being a revelation of the unity of the moral law, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

16. All these admissions point to the necessity of an atonement.

17. But Clarke and Parker, and the schools of thought they represent, deny this necessity.

18. They do this, and they can do this only by denying explicitly or implicitly the universality of law.

19. *The affirmation is made that the ideas we draw from what conscience is saying constantly are essentially false.*

20. We must give all the intuitions supreme authority in our religious science. The intuitions of conscience which prove the philosophical accuracy of distinctively Biblical evangelical ideas must have no authority in our religious science!

Here is the supreme self-contradiction in Theodore Parker's system, and in every similar scheme of thought. Such systems evade the challenge which Julius Muller and Dorner accept, to follow up this inner voice of conscience and receive the testimony of all intuition, instinctive belief, and experiment, whithersoever they lead. It is admitted that conscience affirms that God ought not to harmonize us with our entire environment

without a great arrangement which exhibits at once His love and His justice! What ought to be, will be. By and by it will be seen that we ought not to deny the unity of the moral law, and so we shall not! The philosophy is coming that will be true to all self-evident truth, north, south, east, and west; and will be liberal enough to look into the thirty-two points of the azure before it decides on any proposition, great or small. When that day comes, this inner voice will be left to its proper authority, and the necessity of the atonement will be an inference from exact ethical science. Mr. Clarke says implicitly that the ideas we draw from what conscience is always saying to us ought to be are essentially false. I affirm that this denial of the authority of conscience in its innermost voice is unscientific on Mr. Clarke's part, and on the part of all that school of theology which will not harmonize itself with the supreme fact of the atonement.

I maintain that to say that the ideas we draw from the inmost holiest of conscience here mislead us in religious research is to deny the unity and the universality of law, and to shut the eyes to a part of the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and so is at once unscientific and irreligious. Here orthodoxy and the Scripture part company with loose thought, and keep company with conscience and science.

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Regeneration the Aim of the Gospel.

A SERMON*

PREACHED BY R. S. Storrs, D.D., IN THE MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?—John iii : 12.

THIS question of the Lord follows, you observe, the questions which Nicodemus had asked, when the doctrine of the new birth was plainly and emphatically declared to him by the Master, and when he said in reply, "How can these things be?" The Lord has stated to him the necessity of this new birth, in order that one may see, or enter, the kingdom of God. He has affirmed the nature of it—a new life begun by the power of the Holy Spirit. He has given an image by which his hearer may be helped to understand the mode of operation of the Holy Spirit—an image caught from the wind, from the gentle and not the stormy wind, of which we feel the presence and force, which we hear in its rustle through the trees, which we see in its effect, curling the wave into crests of foam, but whose unseen source we cannot trace. Under this image the Saviour sets before the mind of Nicodemus the power and effect of the Holy Spirit in producing this newbirth in the human soul. The eminent Hebrew has evidently been surprised by the reception which he meets from the Lord. He has naturally felt that, coming as a ruler, probably a ruler distinguished for wealth, for a high character, possibly venerable by reason of age, he should receive a welcome from this young teacher in Israel that would correspond in its warmth of manifestation, in its fervent energy of cordiality, with his own distinguished rank and place among the people; and when he is confronted with this sharp, definite, repeated declaration, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, no man can see, no man can enter, the kingdom of God except he be born again,' there is a natural sur-

* Reported Phonographically by Geo. E. Miles

prise excited in his mind. Nor only that; there is a wholly new sphere of thought opened before him, which he has not before contemplated. He becomes aware of the alleged existence of experiences and powers with which his mind is utterly unfamiliar; and so he bursts into this exclamation or question—partly sincere, wholly incredulous—"How can these things be?"

It is as if you were to see the paper rolling out in its clearness, its whiteness, its firm texture, and to be told that it is composed of those filthy and fragmentary rags which you have just seen put behind the mechanism. 'How can it be'? It is as when you are shown the rough, earthy bulbs, and afterward the brilliant bed of tulips, and are told that all that color, all that symmetry and grace of figure and form have come from these unsightly bulbs. 'How can it be'? It is as when you are shown the magnificent lily of the Amazon, with its immense leaves, its fragrant white or rose-colored flowers, and are told that that prodigious and lovely growth has come from the small farinaceous seed which was first exhibited before you. 'How can these things be'? By what subtle mechanism, almost intelligent and prescient of results, is this white sheet unfolded from the rags? By what secret chemistry in air and earth, in sunshine and in shower, is the bed of tulips developed out of the bulb, or the magnificent Victoria lily out of the seed? 'How can these things be'? Explain the forces which are involved; show me the ingenious contrivances which are implied and necessary; open to me the secrets which lie behind the phenomena, that I may be better able to enter into, recognize, and feel the force of this amazing fact which you affirm.

So Nicodemus said: 'You speak of the new birth, the new birth by the power of the Holy Spirit, the new birth of the man when he is advanced in years. How can these things be? Open to me the secrets of this strange scheme. This is the result, you say. Show me how it is possible, with all the forces confederated in the Divine plan and will, for this amazing effect to be accomplished!' Partly a question; partly an exclamation; but plainly involving this appeal to the Master for a clearer discovery of the energies and engineering by which the result is brought to pass. And it is in answer to this that the Saviour says: "If I have told you of earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" 'I have told you of that which transpires in the world, here present; of that which is transacted in the experience of men, like yourself. I have given you an image of the power by which this effect is accomplished, caught from the wind that breathes at morning and at evening, at mid-day and at midnight, through the streets of Jerusalem, and over all the hills of Palestine. I have not told you of earthly things

like wealth, or like pleasure, like commerce, or like war. I have told you of these things which are spiritual in their nature and in their glory, but which still have their development on earth; and ye believe not. How can I explain to you, then, the secret and mighty forces above, belonging to the heavens, out of which come these transcendent effects? If you don't even believe the fact that the paper is unrolled from the rag, that the tulip is unfolded from the bulb, that the lily is developed out of the seed, how can I explain to you the forces by which this result is brought to pass?'

For observe how much there was involved in this question of Nicodemus—how much more than he himself could possibly have understood at the time.

It involved, at the outset, a discovery to him of that Divine holiness, which was something altogether different from what the Jew imagined it to be. He thought of it as a solemn vindictive justice toward the enemies of Israel; a favor toward the chosen people. It was something which set God apart, and separated Him from all mankind. That which was holy was that which was separated, by its very nature. It was austere, severe, judicial, forensic—this holiness of God—in *his* conception.

And, on the other hand, the true conception of that holiness recognized it as centered in perfect love, vitalized by an immortal, an unsearchable, tenderness of affection. It was a holiness that desired, with passionate and eternal longing, to communicate itself to others; a holiness only fully to be manifested to mankind in the humiliation, and suffering, and death of Him who came to reveal to the world not the mind only, or the power, but the inmost heart of the eternal Builder and Governor of all things. It was a holiness, therefore, which, by reason of the love which was in it, was the joy of heaven and the inspiration of its praise; was the hope and gladness of the spiritual universe, wherever it was recognized. And this holiness, out of which came the power and gift of the Holy Spirit, and into sympathy with which—into the reproduction of which within the human heart—it was the province of the Holy Spirit to lift the personal defiled soul of man, must be expounded to Nicodemus, before he could understand the mystery of the new birth.

So must the atonement of Christ, which was necessary as the condition of this gift of the Divine power, working this transcendent, celestial, and immortal effect. The Son of Man must be lifted up, that whosoever looketh on Him with faith may live eternally. It was indispensable that God's justice be declared; that His wisdom be revealed; that His justice and His wisdom be shown in the self-sacrifice of His Son, in order that men might be brought out of defilement and condemnation into the freedom of God's sons and daughters—into the liberty and glory of this perfect love, producing perfect holiness within.

Not merely the atonement, but the pre-existence, the dignity, the glory, the divinity of the Son of God—only in consequence of which did it become possible for Him to make that atonement, to which no man was competent, which no angel could accomplish, which only God Himself, humbling Himself unto the earth, and taking human nature upon Him, could accomplish:—that must be manifested to Nicodemus before he could be answered in his question, *How is it that these things can be?*

So must the power of the Holy Spirit, and the personality of the Holy Spirit, be declared to him; for it is only by a moral and personal force that the moral and personal soul in man—in you and in me—can be affected permanently, essentially, for its immortal welfare. The wind, it is an image of the operation of this personal force of the Spirit of God, but it cannot take its place. The wind may shake the structures that we build, with its stormy and tempestuous energy, until they reel as the ship reels in the sea, and we are compelled to feel what terrific forces there are chained up in the air, which now and then may be let loose of God; but, however these may make our structures rock, and our souls rock, in timid harmony with the elemental confusion, they cannot work in us a new generosity, or patience, or love, or hope, or vision of Divine things. The earthquake, which shakes and shatters the solid globe beneath our feet, and makes us dizzy with the apprehension that the universe itself is being dissolved around us, it may make the soul stagger within; but it cannot, with all its terrific forces, inspire a new devoutness, a new charity toward one's fellow-men, a new understanding of the mysteries of the Divine word, a new and more tender love toward God. No force, however great, can do that, except it be a moral, personal force, quickening and appealing to the moral and personal spirit in us. So the personality of the Holy Ghost is necessary to be disclosed to Nicodemus, and explained to his mind, before the Lord can tell him how it is that the new birth is made possible in the Divine plan.

All that plan, in its eternal history, in its commencement in the mind of God before the worlds were, in its inspiration from His perfect love, in its modulation by His perfect wisdom, must be declared to the mind of this incredulous seeker after truth, if his question is to be fully answered. Yea, the celestial state above for which this change within is to prepare one—with its songs and its society, with its perfect circumstances, and its immortal and blessed experience,—must be unfolded to him; and the millennial glory of the world, when the reign of Christ shall have been perfected in it, and when every soul shall have experienced the new birth; when all shall dwell in perfect sympathy and perfect love toward each other and toward God, their work a worship, their joy a thanksgiving, and their ser-

vice, however difficult, a song—that must be declared as well to the mind of this man, in the darkness physical, and in the darkness moral, before his question can be answered.

Therefore you see why it is that the Lord replies as He does: ‘If I have told you of the earthly things—the change in men’s minds and spirits here, the wind by which the power working this change is illustrated to your thought—and ye believe not, even here where you can, as it were, touch the things I speak of, can see them, and feel them on every hand, how shall ye believe if I open to you these heavenly mysteries; these celestial plans; these divine energies; these transcendent ultimate effects, on the earth and in the heaven? How can ye believe if I tell you of these heavenly things?’ It was a natural, it was a divine, it was an inevitable answer; and it suggests to us certain trains of thought which we may ponder for a little.

The first is, that Regeneration is the key-word to the Gospel. Men sometimes speak of the Gospel as if it were intended simply to bring to us the discovery of God, a clearer and higher manifestation of Him than had been made in nature. That is its office in part; and yet the thought of God has been in the human soul from the beginning of history, from the beginning of personal experience on the earth; and he who has felt the powers of nature working around, and seen the great arch of stars above him in the night, has had a sense—vague, perhaps, yet powerful—of an unseen personal force, pervading, governing, energizing all; an apprehension of God, that has come out in the time of his peril, that has come out most clearly as the hour of death drew near. The stubbornest infidel, on the deck of the ship about to sink, bends his reluctant knee, and breaks into prayer to this Supreme Power which is overhead. The Gospel, therefore, does not make manifest to man the reality of God, although it throws a new, more beautiful and surpassing light upon His character, His wisdom, and His purposes of grace.

It does not come to declare to men their own sinfulness. Christ came not into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. Consciousness of sin has been in the human heart as long as any human heart has existed on the earth, this side the gates of Paradise; and out of this has come the offering even of human sacrifice that God might be propitiated. Out of this has come blighting despair, bitter remorse, when there has been no way found, by the most anxious spirit in its most anxious quest, in which it could be harmonized again with the God from whom it had departed. You do not need to go to the Scripture to learn of sin. You see it in all pages of human history; traced in lines solurid that no light from the Divine Word can surpass it. You hear it in the moan which arises from human society, all whose voices in the upper air—whatever the sounds of gayety or

of enterprise may be beneath—commingle on the minor key. There is a sound of wailing in history, and in society, which represents the presence, and the recognition of the presence, of this element of sin. Every human heart feels it in itself. When it contemplates eternity, under the light thereof this hidden writing comes flashing into exhibition; and the man knows himself weak, knows himself in all his weakness a rebel and a sinner against the Most High.

No: what the Gospel comes to do is neither so much to teach us concerning God, though it illustrates His character, nor concerning sin, though it illustrates the character of it, the evil effect of it, the condemnation of it; but what it comes to do is to show how the sinner may be harmonized again, sympathetically harmonized, in the spirit of his mind and heart, with the eternal God, against whom he has offended. The new birth is therefore the burden, and the lesson, and the promise of the Gospel. Not education. Education of the intellectual forces is important in its place, important in its relations; but it is subordinate to this—the regeneration, by the inward energy of the Holy Spirit. Not ethical teaching, so that a right exterior life may be fashioned by the power of the Gospel. That, as well, is important in its place; but the Gospel contemplates a man's becoming right before doing right, contemplates his being holy in heart before he can be holy in conduct.

More radical is the aim of the Gospel in its operation upon man: to bring him into harmony through the new birth with the spirit of the Most High. Not even civilization is the word which unlocks to us the meaning of the Scripture; although wherever the Gospel goes, thither civilization goes in its train. It scatters the emoluments, the industries, and the arts of civilization around its path as the prince may scatter the diamonds and pearls from his royal robe. These inventions which multiply power, which multiply wealth, which span the spaces of earth and contract them, which curb and conquer the seas, which make the winds and the lightnings the messengers of man—they are a fruit of the Gospel, but they are not the end of the Gospel. The Hindoo says: "Your wire speaks in the air, while ours is silent; your black stones burn, and ours had no such virtue in them until you taught us; your iron swims, while ours sinks; therefore, the Gospel is the Book of God." There is a subordinate and incidental argument for the divinity of the Gospel in its effect upon civilization; but that is not the purpose, prime, paramount, supreme, for which it comes into the world. Nor does it come for the advancement of social order or civil liberty, important as these are in their places. Nor does it come to give men salvation, independently of this new birth of the soul. There is no such detestable antinomianism in the Gospel. It does not offer a man eternal life on the condition that he

will do certain outward acts, or entertain certain intellectual convictions, that he will form his life according to the law of certain practices and rituals. It offers him salvation, as the outgrowth of regeneration; as the development, into the perfect fruit and flower, of that germ which is implanted of spiritual and Divine life when the new birth takes place within him. But there is no salvation possible, according to the Gospel, to any man in whom this radical, spiritual change, by the power of the Holy Ghost, has not been accomplished. If you were to crowd such a man through the gates of pearl, the crystal pavement would be darkened by the shadow of his selfishness. Heaven itself would blast him into blindness with its celestial splendors encircling and surrounding him. There is no salvation for any man, except as the new birth precedes it, and is the germ of it; and so that new birth—regeneration by the Holy Spirit—is the key-word of this book of truth and life.

It is thus transcendent in its aim. Where is there a philosophy which contemplates an ideal like this? Where has there been any most elaborate system of ethics, or of ritual, except where they have been formed by the Gospel, that has contemplated so amazing a change for man? Take the child and train him; take the community and equip it, arm its hand and enlighten its eyes, by telescope and microscope; give it new faculty for transmitting thought; give it new power over the energies of nature—that is the aim of civilization, the aim of statesmanship, the aim of philosophy. But the Gospel proposes this radical, spiritual, immortal change within the man, whereby not only his sins are forgiven for the past, but he is started anew, to begin his moral life again, with his past experiences for his warning, with God's promise of the future for his inspiration. This new birth, by which the soul is harmonized with God, and man in his feebleness and the fewness of his years upon the earth is made sympathetic with Him who has the eternal years, and before whose creative will the universe has risen as a temple in the spaces—this is the aim of the Gospel.

Transcendent, therefore, it is in its purpose and idea; and, of course, unique in its energies it must be, to accomplish an end like this. It must surpass all human expectation, if human expectation is governed by any lower end than that toward which the Gospel points. It must surpass, in miracle and wonder, in mystery of power and mystery of wisdom, all that poet has sung, all that philosophy has conceived, if it is to accomplish a result which poetry, unilluminated by it, has never anticipated, and which philosophy has never conceived. Regeneration, alone, is the key-word of the Gospel, opening its aims to us, interpreting the mighty compact of its wonders!

Then observe, further, what follows of course, that he who most distinctly apprehends and understands this new birth—

having not merely discerned it intellectually, having experienced it spiritually—will best understand and interpret the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not intellectual equipment, or intellectual practice, that can prepare him for such a comprehensive intuition of the Gospel. It is not conference with other minds, training his to proper views, giving him freshness of faculty, a fine stimulation of each power. It is not travel in distant lands, with the observation of geographical or social phenomena which exist there to-day as they did aforetime, which is to qualify a man to be an interpreter of the Gospel, to apprehend its mysteries, and to speak them to others. What he needs for this is a spirit born of the Holy Spirit, into harmony with God. Then the mystery becomes, not intelligible, since the human faculty cannot comprehend the Divine thought, but it becomes probable beforehand, and is easily accepted by the renewed, illuminated mind. As St. Bernard says, nobly and sweetly: "The same things which are within us by the subtlety of their spiritual nature, are also above us, by the sublimity of their essence and their being"; and he who has these things within him here, upon the earth, will understand those things above him, filling the heavens, as no one else possibly can. He will know what sin is, more than the moralist or the historian, because he has felt within himself how powerless he was against its forces and vicious tendencies, until the energy of the Holy Ghost came, stimulating him, and coöperating with his effort to overcome the evil power. He has seen what God is, in His affectionate holiness, His loving justice, His perfect immortal splendor of purity. He has seen the interior life of God, as no scientist can who observes merely the works of nature.

What can you tell of the character of the engineer whose ingenuity has driven the drill through mountain-rock, until he has hollowed there a passage, for the trains of travel and of commerce to sweep through, from land to land? You know his foresight of difficulty, his superb skill; you know the energy with which he arranges mechanisms to master difficulty. Do you know whether he is generous, or not? chaste, or not? truthful, or not? humane, or not? devout, or not? What can you tell of the man who has fashioned for you the watch, in respect to that which is essential and supreme in every man, his spiritual character, his moral relation to God, the Most High? What can you tell of the temper of the architect, from his constructions? What can you tell, even, of the heroism of the historian from the narrative which he gives of great events, and the characters he portrays? How much can you tell of the spirit of God from these physical structures round about us? I can find His wisdom in the balancing of the stars. I find His constructive skill in the arrangement and interlocking of ter-

restrial forces. I can find His love of beauty declared, not merely in the vase of the lily, in the lining of the shell, in the sunset-fires, but in the mosses and lichens, in the grain of the wood hidden in the centre of the trunk of the tree. I can find here His love of beauty; but I do not find His holiness manifested, in its tenderness, in its eternal and spotless glory of perfect righteousness. This is never radiantly declared, on every side, until there is in me something sympathetic with it, wrought by the Holy Spirit.

Then I know God, and am no more an orphan in the universe. I am allied filially to Him; and the universe is illuminated and glorified. It becomes to me what the body of Christ became to the disciples on the Mount, in the darkness of the night—luminous with the radiance flashing from itself, the very travel-worn robes, the mud-stained garments, so brilliant with celestial light that they scattered the dark before them. The universe becomes luminous with the light of God's character when once the new birth has interpreted that character.

One understands then why Christ came; not to be a teacher merely, though a teacher grandly; nor mainly as an example. Indeed, how is Christ an example to us? In this sense He is: He represents to us the perfect ideal toward which we are to stagger and to struggle, forward and upward. But He does not show the staggering step by which we are to reach it. He does not show the stiff and stubborn striving against nature by which you and I are to climb to those heights, to dwell on which to Him was native.

We speak loosely of Christ as our example, and in this sense He is: He reveals to us the utmost spiritual attainment of a Divine nature, coming into the humiliation of an alliance with human nature. But he does not show us, as Paul did, how we ought to work to overcome the taints that are in us as they were in Paul. He does not show us, as Peter did, what the virtue of repentance is, when bitter tears burst from the eyes by reason of it. He does not show us, as John did, what a man like ourselves may become, when, after his impassioned and impetuous youth, the passion becomes merged in a perfect love toward Christ, and the impetuosity aspires into the flight of the eagle toward the heavens! He did not come, solely or principally, to be our teacher, or our example; and in His death He was no example for us. He died voluntarily, and we have no right to. He died in an agony unspeakable; and it is the Christian's privilege to die in a joyful hope, and a triumphant expectation. He was not our example, except in this sense of revealing to us the ideal holiness, in His life and in His death! But he came to be more than teacher, more than example—the Mediator between us and God—communicating this Divine life to our hearts; the Head of a regenerated people in the world; the King and Lord of a

regenerate race. And he who has felt in his own heart the power of this regeneration knows what Christ came for, knows who Christ is.

He knows the power of the Holy Spirit. He knows the nature of repentance: which is not merely regretting the past and determining to do better in future, but an inward recoil of the soul against that which it has preferred, in its new allegiance to Him who is the Holiest of the holy. He knows the nature of faith: which is not an intellectual assent to certain propositions; which is the cleaving of the heart, in all the fullness of its love, in all the grandeur of its self-consecration, unto Him who is Lord and King in heaven and in earth. He who has experienced the new birth has all these facts and wonders interpreted to his soul; and so he stands at the centre, from which all the lines diverge. He stands at the point from which the landscape opens; and sometimes the converted ruffian becomes thus, naturally, the most effective teacher, as well as the 'most discerning scholar, of the Gospel. The Magdalen knows more than the Pharisee. The devout soul is wiser than the wisest of skeptical philosophers.

And so you observe, still further, where is the cause and where the cure of skepticism in the world. The cause is in the misapprehension of the purpose, and therefore of the nature and method, of the Gospel of Christ. It is regarded as intended to educate men, to civilize them, to set them forward in civil liberty and social enjoyment, and in public order, as if this were its principal, governing, paramount purpose. It therefore seems too great, its miracles too wonderful. Men say it is fantastic, incredible, because they are looking at it with reference only to these lower ends. All skepticism, which is honest, has its foundation in such a misconception of the Gospel. It interprets that Gospel, and criticises it, as one would criticise the cathedral as not being fitted to the purposes of a barrack; or as one would criticise a steamship as not being suitable for the uses of a gallery of art. No! The purpose of the cathedral is to be a temple, an incorporate and majestic music in the air. The purpose of the steamship is to conquer the seas, and bring distant lands into neighborhood. Interpret either with reference to its design, and you may properly criticise it if there is opportunity for it. Interpret the Gospel according to its design. See how all its forces bear upon this regeneration of the heart, this imparting of a new, Divine, spiritual life to the sinful and doomed soul of man, and then its harmonies appear, its construction explicates itself. It is its own triumphant vindication. That skepticism which simply rejects the Gospel as a spiritual system, and puts in place of it a hierarchy and physical sacraments—sacraments communicating a Divine grace—has its foundation, also, in an incorrect and false idea of the nature of regeneration. All skepticism, so far as it is intelli-

gent and honest, not merely willful and malignant, bases itself upon a misconception of this Divine life in the human soul. When that has been dispelled by experience, then, suddenly, the skepticism disappears.

Men say sometimes: "It is absurd to suppose that that man's convictions will continue. He has been an infidel all his life. No man can be so suddenly changed in his mind as he has been, and the change prove a permanent one." Why not? You wander up the hill-side, through the forests, up by the side of streams and under the shadow of trees, and see nothing on either hand, until at last, with one step, you are upon the summit, and the landscape opens on either side. Church-spire and village, homestead and farm, the broad meadow, the mighty trees, the river winding through, and the distant hills—the whole landscape is before you at a flash. Many a man has been toiling on in ways of sin, darkness, and unbelief, until he at last came to the experience—he himself knowing not how—of the new birth, by the power of the Holy Spirit; and all the great plans of God, all the vast charm of the Gospel, were opened to his mind in a flash, as the landscape opens before your eye. And all the more certain is it, on account of its suddenness, to continue. Skepticism disappears, because he understands what the Gospel came to do for him, what the Son of God and the Spirit have come to accomplish.

Then he understands what the heavenly blessedness is. It is this spirit allied to God's, harmonized with His, surrounded by such setting and circumstances as He in His omnipotence can give. You do not wear your precious diamond in a ring of wood. You do not set your most prized ornament, which came from ancestors now passed into the heavens, in a casket of pebbles or of pine. But you set your diamond in gold; you set your lovely and prized heirloom in velvet and in oak. And God sets His beloved ones in circumstances that are responsive to His love, that are illustrative of that love: and that is Heaven. You show me God's work in the human heart, bringing it to this new birth, and these new and blessed relations to Himself, and then you may blot out every promise! I do not want them. I know that the gold and the crystal cannot equal the splendor of that Divine abode. I know that around that throne are the gold, the ruby, the jasper, the chrysolite, and the amethyst. Yes, if John had never seen them, I should know that they were there, in the City of God, where He gathers up His jewels, and His elect are with Himself!

Thus, my friends, all skepticism disappears with the experience of this new birth, interpreting the Gospel; and thus you see the perfection of the knowledge which will be ours by and by, if we have experienced this. Expansion of power—undoubtedly that shall have something to do with our perfect knowledge. There are powers in each of us greater than we know, our-

selves. Put a man in an emergency—how inventive he is. Put a woman in sudden peril—how she stands unperturbed, full of courage, and full of expedient. There are powers in us that may break by and by into the richness of rhythm, when we go up yonder; into the splendor of philosophic intuition, when we stand on high; powers suddenly to be unfolded, in new circumstances, as we pass into the presence of God, under the smile of His Son, under the infinite penetration of the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost.

But, after all, lay that aside, and think that there the soul shall be perfected in this new life, which began in its new birth; and, being in sympathy with God, shall share His intuition of the Universe! There is perfect knowledge. Not that there shall not be mysteries, still, beyond those which now we think of—mysteries still to unfold this power of faith in us; for that is to be an element of immortal progress with each of us. There shall be mysteries, on which our faith must be fastened. But these things that now seem mysterious shall be perfectly opened to our exalted and illumined minds; and we shall see face to face, no more as through a glass darkly, when the soul is perfect in God's holiness.

Now, my friends, you look upon the acorn, and wonder at the final oak. You look upon the tiny egg, so fragile and small, and wonder, by and by, at the eagle soaring above the clouds, breasting the tempest, riding over the hurricane, seeking the sun! You look into this spirit of man, in which is the new birth, in which is the infant soul just converted into Christ, and it seems a slight thing; but all the vision and the ecstasy of heaven, all the immortal experience, all the unsearchable glory, are folded in that tiny experience of love. And if we have known this earthly thing—this birth by the power of the Holy Ghost—then we shall know, by and by—for Christ Himself will teach them to us as He could not to Nicodemus—all the wonder and the mystery of those heavenly things which are here prophesied, and there fulfilled. God bring us to it, in His great grace, in His own time; and unto Him be all the praise!

The Gospel for all Nations.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, LONDON, ENGLAND, APRIL 30, 1877, BEFORE THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, BY THE RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Lord of all power and might, who art the Author and Giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of Thy Name, increase in us true religion. Let Thy continual pity cleanse and defend Thy Church. Preserve it evermore in the true faith. Be merciful to it, and bless it, and cause Thy face to shine upon it, that so it may hold forth the Word of life to all nations, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.—Ezekiel xlvii: 12.

FROM the fall onward through nearly 4,000 years was the Almighty graciously pleased to reveal, from time to time, to His faithful servants glimpses of that tender love toward mankind which had been proposed in the counsels of the Triune Jehovah before the foundation of the world. And often in the darkest periods of His Church's history, when it seemed on the verge of perishing through the assaults of external foes, or through its own lukewarmness or unfaithfulness, did God vouchsafe, by the mouth of His holy prophets, the brightest and most cheering revelations of future grace and glory, in order that He might confirm the faith and renew the strength of those who, amidst previous discouragement and difficulty, waited upon the Lord. Of this character is the scene presented before the eyes of Ezekiel by the Holy Spirit, of which my text forms the conclusion, and which is well described in the heading of the chapter as the "Vision of the holy waters and the virtue of them."

The prophet, although a captive in a heathen land, is brought in the visions of God to the land of Israel, and beholds, issuing from the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High in Jerusalem, a little rill of water, narrow and shallow. But as, by direction of his heavenly guide, he follows the course of this stream, and passes time after time through its waters, he finds after a thousand cubits that the waters are to the ankles; and after another thousand cubits, the waters reach to the knees; and again, a little space, and the waters were to the loins; and at the last measurement the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over. Now, while commentators have varied in their interpretation of some of the minor details of the vision, none, I believe, have disputed that this gradual increase of the stream

issuing from the sanctuary, from the Holy of Holies, is a vivid representation of the progress of the waters of eternal life, which, deriving their source from the hidden counsels of mercy and wisdom of the Triune Jehovah, at first presented, as they gushed forth from the cross of the despised Galilean, an appearance so humble as to be most distasteful to the pride and foolishness of man, but yet did rapidly and irresistibly overspread nation after nation, and shall continue to flow on with increasing might, until the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

Nor are the inestimable benefits which the Gospel conveys to a ruined world less forcibly portrayed. "These waters," says the prophet, "go down into the desert, and go into the sea." "Everything shall live whither the river cometh." It traverses the desert, and its barren sands are overspread with verdant and fruitful trees. It flows onward to the sea whose bitter waters had destroyed all life, and the poisonous waters are at once healed, and teem with a great multitude of fish. The influence also of these typical waters is as permanent and extensive as it is beneficial; for it is written: "By the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." Such, too, have ever been the blessed results of the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God. Whenever the waters have indeed issued from the sanctuary, whenever the pure Word of God has been preached, the Holy Ghost has accompanied that Word with His soul-regenerating power. The poisonous and dead sea of the world has been healed of its destructive influence. Its inhabitants, with no spiritual life in them, but dead in trespasses and sins, have been quickened by divine grace. The barren desert of this earthly existence, which sin has made desolate by its withering blasts of sickness, and disappointment, and separation, and death, is gladdened through the Gospel of life and immortality with resignation, patience, peace, hope, joy in believing, and all the varied fruits of the Spirit. Nor are these life-giving blessings of the Gospel exhausted or diminished by the lapse of time. They are trees whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: but as months, and years, and ages pass, they shall still continue to yield new fruit. The Gospel of Christ is like Him who brought it down from heaven to man; the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. The revolutions of nations have only manifested that the kingdom of Christ is one that cannot be shaken. The lapse of ages has

only accumulated fresh evidence that the waters of life are inexhaustible. The discovery of new lands and people has added fresh trophies to the power of the cross, and proves that wherever human beings are found, however differing from ourselves in habits and knowledge, the Gospel is needed, is adapted, is intended for those human beings. The tree of life still continues to flourish and expand. No efforts of godless men or evil spirits have been able to uproot it. No devices of subtle enemies or false friends have succeeded in poisoning its fruits or contracting its shade. Still does it stand forth, the tree of God's own planting, in the midst of a suffering, perishing world ; offering health to the sick, and food to the hungry, and shelter to the weary. To the end of time the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.

Let me remind you a little more in detail of some of the important truths implied in my text.

First, it sets forth the Gospel of Christ as the one only remedy for man's spiritual diseases. "The leaf thereof for medicine," or, as we find it translated in the margin of our Bibles, "for bruises and sores." The prevalence of disease throughout the world, the various forms in which it presents itself, the countless train of sufferings which attend it, and the death to which it finally and irresistibly pursues its victims, all present so true and lively a picture of the extent and consequences of sin, that the illustration is often employed in Scripture to represent the perilous condition of man as a sinner in God's sight. Sin is the soul's loathsome malady. It may manifest itself differently in different individuals. It may be moderated in its external symptoms by a variety in disposition, or education, or opportunities. But still it is universal in its influence. It has formed part of our moral nature from the first moment of our existence, for, as by one man sin entered into the world, so hath the corruption of Adam's nature been transmitted to all his posterity. And this leprous birth-spot has grown with our growth, and tainted thought, word and deed. And whither can we flee for aid? The sinner cannot find it in his own efforts and fancied merits. It costs more to redeem a soul, or to heal a wounded spirit. Men, indeed, have in every age since the Gospel was revealed, and not least in these days of advanced science and philosophy, falsely so called, endeavored to deny the extent and even the existence of the disease, or to invent some remedy less humiliating to the pride of the human heart. But the anxious inquirer finds all these to be but profane and vain babblings. They fail to bring relief to the sin-smitten sufferer. For such there is but one physician, but one medicine—Christ Jesus the Lord; who giveth His own blood to be the healing balm, and who applieth His perfect righteousness and all-prevailing in-

tercession as the never-failing remedy for every form of the soul's disease, though its virulent plague-spots be red like crimson, and the sufferer be on the very verge of death. "For if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." And, thanks to God, you, my Reverend brethren, in many and many an instance have found the promise to be true. You have witnessed again and again how the hungering, perishing soul has fed on the leaf of the tree of life and found it to be for medicine. You have gone to the bedside of the dying child of God. He may have been one whose earthly lot has been that of destitution, sorrow and pain. He will, he *must* be one, if truly quickened by the Holy Spirit, who has learned much of the exceeding breadth and spirituality of God's law, and who is conscious that his own sins are grievous, their burden intolerable. Yet, as you have listened to his utterances, full of peace and joy in believing, your own faith in the power of the Gospel has been strengthened, and you have been encouraged to go on, determined to know nothing, to teach nothing among your people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, as you have heard him in response to your instructions say: "Yes, my sins are more in number than the hairs of my head; none can tell how oft I have offended; how often I have broken that perfect law given me for my rule; how often I have lightly esteemed that precious blood whereby I was redeemed; how often I have grieved that Holy Spirit who has striven with me; how often I have preferred this corruptible body and transitory world to my soul's salvation and an eternal inheritance of glory! Yet, though my sins be countless as the sands, my soul can magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoice in God my Saviour. My spiritual leprosy, however loathsome and deadly, has met with a remedy all-sufficient. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. It is *God* that justifieth. It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again. This tree of life healeth all my diseases: and in every doubt of unbelief and assault of Satan I flee to it for shelter, and find its leaf to be for medicine." And does this blood-bought remedy lose its virtue when carried from our favored country to distant lands? Oh, no! the leaves of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations. Its blessed effects are everywhere the same, because the disease is everywhere the same; and wherever sin abounds, grace doth much more abound. The unhappy heathen mother, whose heart was once torn by the conflict between parental affection and anxiety for her own salvation, and who had been taught that her only escape from endless misery was to sacrifice the fruit of her body for the sin of her soul, now can clasp to her bosom the babe she fondly

loves, for she has learnt that Jesus Christ is the one propitiation for sin, and has presented to Him the sacrifice of a contrite, grateful heart. The miserable Indian faquir who has spent years in self-torture, with the vain hope of atoning for his sins, and yet never could get rid of the harrassing fear that he had not done enough to deserve heaven, now listens with overflowing heart to the Gospel of free grace, and rejoices in the liberty wherewith Christ has set him free. The degraded African whose only idea of the Deity had been that of an *Evil Spirit*, and who hated whilst he feared the god whom he worshipped, now has heard the welcome tidings that God is love, and no longer shudders at the prospect of entering into God's presence, since, through the light of the Gospel, his terror is exchanged for hope. Surely, brethren, by the power which the doctrine of Christ crucified has of supplying all the spiritual necessities of the whole human race, and by all the blessed results which have attended its partial propagation, should we deem it our plain duty and most honorable privilege to endeavor to plant in the most distant portions of a suffering, dying world, that tree of life whose leaf shall be for medicine.

But, further, my text states that the fruit shall be for meat. Christ, as the bread of life, is the food which nourishes and strengthens the soul, and enables it to grow in holiness. And hence evangelical doctrine is the one adequate motive to enable man to contend successfully against the world, the flesh, and the devil. This is not the popular opinion of the day, which would decry all dogmatic teaching as old-fashioned and unsuited to this age of development, and which expects that it can regenerate corrupt human nature by disquisitions on morality and the duties of social life. Most vain hope! most idle dream! which thinks to rear the superstructure when it is undermining the foundation; which imagines it shall reap the ripened fruit, when its unwise efforts have been directed to uprooting the tree. We question not, indeed, that much may be effected in the improvement of mankind by inferior agents and motives. Many evil habits may be renounced from motives of self-interest. Many good resolutions may be persevered in through the energy of the natural character. But it is the cross of Christ alone which can prevail upon men not merely to crucify one fleshly passion, but the flesh itself, with all its vile affections and lusts. It is the doctrine of the Gospel, when engrafted in the heart by the Holy Spirit, which enables the sinner not only to amend his life in one or two points, but to abound in all the fruits of righteousness to the glory and praise of God. And hence it is that we find the Apostles, in their preaching and writings, holding forth dogmatic truth, or, in other words, the simple Gospel, the old, old story, as the power of God unto salvation—the one lever mighty enough to

raise man's earth-bound heart and life into an atmosphere of purity and holiness. And what is true of individuals is true also of nations. The tree of Divine truth is the only tree where fruit can be for meat to satisfy the craving after a higher moral condition, which still can be traced in fallen man, despite his universal degradation. True it is, we allow, that many national blessings may be enjoyed independently of Christianity. A love of liberty, a spirit of patriotism, a high tone of civilization and of intellectual refinement—all these fruits may grow on the tree of unsanctified human energy. But we have only to turn to the history of heathen Greece or Rome in ancient times, or to that of heathen China or India in modern days, to learn how sensuality and selfishness and cruelty reign undisturbed in every nation, however civilized, when the true God is not present; while our increasing information respecting the manners and practices of heathen peoples gives an unvarying contradiction to the often-repeated and as often-refuted objection to missionary effort, viz., that it is better to leave the heathen undisturbed to their ancient creeds, which are more suitable to their national character, and which inculcate all such duties as are needful for them to know. Nor has the time passed away when such assertions are still made and credited, although they have been disproved by fact upon fact; and public documents and the researches of individual travelers have alike testified that language can scarcely be too strong when it is used in describing the excess of impurity, treachery, and violation of every social and domestic duty which receives sanction from the traditionary lives of the false gods whom the heathen worship. But when Christianity has gained admittance, the change has been as great as beneficial. The cannibal tribes of the South Sea Islands, with whom it had been the chief occupation and interest of life to make war on each other, and avenge, in the blood of their enemies, the wrong done to their ancestors, are now united in the bonds of Christian brotherhood, and seek to emulate each other in acts of forgiveness and charity. The wild aborigines of America, whom civilization, after having cruelly expelled them from their homes, shamelessly proclaimed as beyond the reach of improvement, and maintained that the red man must pine and perish before the white man, have now been won by the preaching of the Gospel to lay aside their wandering and dissolute habits, and in Christian villages to acquire habits of industry, and a taste for the comforts of domestic life. The wretched negro, whom the cupidity and lust of his fellow-man had degraded to the lowest stage of humanity, now, under the influence of Christianity, has been freed from the shackles which enchained mind and body, and proves himself the equal of the European in intelligence and energy. And far more than all this, inasmuch

as its results shall endure when time shall be no more, these tribes and people are walking in the paths of faith and holiness. The Gospel, which has improved their earthly prospects, has revealed to them the assurance of life eternal; and if this tree of life has been to them a shadow from the heat of temporal distresses, much more to their souls the fruit thereof hath been for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.

Again, we learn from the text and its context that the law of the kingdom of grace, like that of nature, is one of constant progress and increase. The little rill deepens and widens into the mighty river; the grain of mustard seed becomes a great tree; the leaven, so small as to be hidden in the surrounding mass, yet leavens the whole lump. True it is that it is not for human foresight to fix the time and manner and measure of this increase. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. The conversion of nations, as of individuals, is the prerogative of God the Holy Ghost, and His ways are not as our ways; He works according to His good pleasure, as the wind bloweth where it listeth. Hence in the context it is not the prophet, but the heaven-sent messenger who comes to instruct the inspired penman, who, with the line in his hand, marks out the various stages of the on-flow of the waters of the sanctuary. To human judgment the means may appear inadequate, the signs obscure, which indicate the progress of Christ's kingdom; and the believer is sometimes tempted to cry out with the unbeliever, "Where is the promise of His coming?" But each year, each age, each Church is accomplishing the task assigned to it in the secret counsels of Him with whom a thousand years are as one day, and who, at the set time, can make the feeblest instruments the irresistible agents in bringing to pass His purpose of mercy. Some commentators have thought that, in this prophecy of Ezekiel, in the flowing of the holy waters toward the East, and the healing of the bitter waters of the Dead Sea, was set forth the future conversion of the Jews, that through them the whole world may be evangelized; so that to the seer was vouchsafed dimly in a vision a glimpse of that glorious prospect which the Apostle foretells in unambiguous language, when the re-engrafting of Israel into the Church of Christ will be as life from the dead to the Gentile world; and that when God remembers His holy promise and Abraham His servant, Zion shall lift up her voice with strength to proclaim to the uttermost parts of the earth, with unparalleled success, the glad tidings of salvation. But whether this interpretation of some expressions in the context be correct or no, the general meaning of the passage is unquestioned, as predicting that of the increase of Christ's kingdom and government there shall be no end. "Living waters," writes the prophet Zechariah (xiv. 8), re-echoing

the teaching of my text, and of so many other like prophecies, "Living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; in summer and winter shall it be: and the Lord shall be king over all the earth." In every direction, in every clime, shall the waters of life spread; the summer's drought shall not exhaust their abundance, the winter's frost shall not check their progress, until the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea (Hab. ii. 14). And if God's gracious purpose be so distinctly revealed, then man's duty is as plainly taught. For, inasmuch as it is the rule of the Divine government to work His ways upon earth by human instrumentality, and every promise of blessing from on high implies that man shall be the channel through whom that blessing shall be conveyed, it necessarily follows that the moment we are assured that it is God's will that the heathen should be His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth His possession, we must receive it as a command which may not be forgotten, which must not be neglected, to tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King, to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

There is but one objection of any weight which can be urged to justify a want of interest in the missionary cause. It is that the spiritual destitution nearer home is so vast, the claims of our own ignorant and degraded countrymen for Gospel privileges so urgent, as to absorb all that we can offer of money or effort. When we read a statement made this year on good authority (*Home Mission Field* for January, 1877), that the population of England is increasing annually at the rate of considerably more than a quarter of a million, and that there are now some five millions of souls without the means of grace, even when every allowance has been made for the labors of those who are not of our communion, the painful question naturally presents itself, Is it right to seek out the distant desert of heathendom, when the moral wilderness at home of ignorance, vice, superstition, infidelity, is so extensive, so parched? When the most self-denying efforts can hardly grapple with the practical heathenism close at our doors, is it wise, is it just, to send forth the most devoted of our laborers to sow the seed and reap the harvest at the Antipodes? The answer to this question is obvious to every humble student of the Scriptures. God's command is distinct, and in hearty believing obedience to that command may we most expect His blessing to rest on our church and country. And thus earnest, self-denying efforts for the propagation of the Gospel abroad become a most effectual means of spreading true religion at home. For it is the arm of Jehovah alone

which can stem the torrent of ungodliness in our land which now makes the heart of the righteous sad; it is the Spirit of God lifting up the standard Who alone can resist the enemy when he is coming in like a flood. (Isa. lix. 19). We can build churches and schools, and find preachers and scripture-readers, but the attentive ear, and the understanding heart, and the new life is the gift of the Holy Ghost. And can we expect that He will bless our efforts at home if we neglect our duty abroad? Can we reasonably ask that He will largely increase His compassion *toward us*, if we selfishly contract ours toward our fellow-creatures. It may seem, at first sight, the dictate of sound reason to plead, "First evangelize more entirely your own country, and then extend your charity toward distant lands." But it will be found more in accordance with Scripture and apostolical practice and heaven-taught wisdom to say, "Seek to evangelize the world, and in so doing you will evangelize your own country." It seems an unwise proceeding to an ignorant person, unacquainted with commercial transactions, that so many articles of value should be exported hence to other countries. Such a one would argue, "Keep all your wealth at home; you need it for yourselves; wait till all your neighbors have enough before you waste your riches upon strangers." But the merchant well knows the fallacy of such reasoning; he knows that every enlargement of his commerce abroad creates an increase of substance at home, and that England herself grows rich by spreading her riches throughout the world. Even so is it with the riches of the everlasting gospel. Keep them to ourselves, and they will waste away and be lost; scatter them far and wide, and they will be repaid a hundredfold into our bosoms. God has, in His unsearchable counsels, given to this country an influence and authority throughout the globe never enjoyed by any nation before; and except this gift be employed for His glory and in extending His kingdom, it will be to us as a cankering rust to weaken and destroy our national prosperity. There is a very solemn warning in the verse immediately preceding my text: "But the miry places thereof and the marshes thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt." Where the healing waters reach, but do not flow on, and remain stagnant, producing nothing but noisome vapors and rank, marshy weeds, there shall then be barrenness forever. The very retaining of the waters, instead of speeding them onward, renders the spot more accursed than if the waters had never reached it. And if England's Church fail of being a missionary church, and keep to herself the gospel prepared for all creatures under heaven, it will sap the very foundations of its usefulness at home. If England's favored sons fail of holding forth to them that sit in darkness that

Saviour who is the light of the world, then their candlestick of gospel privileges must be removed, and they themselves immersed in that spiritual darkness from which they refuse to deliver others.

Again, if the words of my text indicate the diffusive character of the gospel, the figure made use of is well calculated to check our entertaining too sanguine and mistaken conceptions as to the easy and immediate conversion of the heathen. The river, as it advances toward the ocean, must meet with many interruptions. Its broad surface will often be agitated by storms; its waves will dash against many a rock; and even at times the stream itself will seem to be diverted from its course and driven back by the obstacles it encounters. Yet to one who watches from some lofty eminence the windings of the river, does it clearly appear that, in spite of the various interruptions, the waters continue to advance. And have we any just reason for expecting that it shall be otherwise with regard to the holy waters of the sanctuary? One, indeed, there is who, from the height of His mediatorial throne, ever watches over the welfare and increase of that Church which He has purchased with His blood, and as He watches, "sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied" (Isa. liii. 11). But we, as we endeavor to speed on these healing, fertilizing waters, must be prepared to meet with many an obstacle, many a check. Nay, are not these hindrances and disappointments the very ground upon which the unbeliever and worldling base their plea that the picture of my text is but an illusion, and its prediction but an idle dream? "Nearly 2500 years," say they, "have elapsed since the prophet saw this cheering vision; more than 1800 years have passed since the little rill burst forth from the cross of Calvary, and where are the evidences of the healing influence of its holy waters? More than one-half of the known world is still immersed in heathen darkness, and a large portion of the professing Catholic Church is overspread with error and superstition." There is, we must own, but too much truth in this painful charge. And one chief and most obvious cause of this slow progress of Christianity is that the Church of Christ, from age to age, has allowed its conscience to be so deadened by worldliness and lukewarmness, that it has never realized, as it ought, its high calling as the herald of the glad tidings of salvation to the whole world; while it also could, I believe, be easily shown from the record of missionary labors, in any period of the Church's history, and preëminently during the present century, that whenever the pure seed of God's Word has been faithfully scattered, the Lord has poured down showers of blessings far in excess of the inadequate efforts of the laborer. But if the success of missionary endeavor has

been far greater than we have had any right to expect, considering the fewness of the preachers, and the little interest and self-denial manifested in their behalf by the Church at large, it would be still a most mistaken interpretation of the prophet's vision, and of the many promises in Holy Writ of the increase of the Messiah's kingdom, if we imagined that it is inconsistent with these bright and certain anticipations, that sin and error and superstition should maintain a mighty and even increasing hold upon a large portion of the human race. Is not the Church of Christ, so long as it continues on earth, to be a Church militant? Is Satan yet bound? Is the natural heart less hostile to the reception of the truth? Is the Church of Christ so pure and holy that it no longer needs the fiery trial of opposition and seeming want of success to purge the gold from the dross; requires no winnowing, through false teachers, of the wheat from the chaff? Nay, does not the Word of God expressly teach us that the tares are to grow with the wheat until the great harvest-day; that the conflict between light and darkness, truth and error, will be as fierce as ever until the end of this dispensation; and that, as the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, the war will wax fiercer, iniquity shall abound, the love of many wax cold, and Satan be revealed as having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time (Rev. xii: 12)?

Already may we discern many a sign of this final dying struggle of the prince of this world. We should indeed be blind and ungrateful if we did not, as we contemplate the condition of the Church of England at home and abroad, acknowledge a remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in the increased and increasing zeal and faith and love of many of its members; but we should also be blind and self-deceived if we failed to discern the old enemies of the truth, unbelief and superstition, close at hand, invested with more than former power, making their assault on the very citadel of our Zion, so that those who would earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints must prepare themselves for a warfare more trying and severe than any which the Church has been called previously to endure. And if our national Church, together with the whole Church of Christ, has never been threatened before by foes so many and so strong, her faithful handmaid, the Church Missionary Society, cannot expect to escape from her share in the conflict. Hitherto her course has been like the holy waters of the text. The little rill which burst forth at the commencement of this century, and which seemed at first, to the critical eye of a worldly generation, so small and insignificant, has marvellously widened and deepened and overspread many a spiritual desert with those trees of grace whose fruit is for meat, and the leaf thereof for medi-

cine. These blessed results have not indeed been without many a conflict, many a disappointment, but through wisdom and grace abundantly vouchsafed to the managers, they have been guided successfully through these dangers, so that in the present day many of those holding the highest official positions, and consequently capable of forming an independent judgment, bear their disinterested testimony to the reality and usefulness of the work of this Society. And now, when so many favorable circumstances seemed to promise a future free from hindrances, and bright with success, a new and most perplexing form of opposition has manifested itself, to teach us, we doubt not, to beware of being tempted to rely on an arm of flesh, and to be satisfied with human favor and popularity, which so often prove a snare.

As the natural consequences of the Sacerdotalism which is so rapidly spreading, and so seriously endangering the spiritual life and truth of the Church at home, a deliberate attack has been made on the principles and practice of the Church Missionary Society, which, if successful, would be fatal not merely to its progress, but to its very existence, and which is the more insidious and dangerous because it proceeds from those who are sincere advocates for missionary effort. They assert that "the conversion of the world has been entrusted to the Church as a corporate body" (Bishop of Columbo; see *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, November, 1876). And in one sense we should all agree to this statement. "Ye," writes St. Paul, to the laity as much as to the presbyters of the Corinthian Church, "Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular" (1 Cor. xii. 27). And his view of what constitutes that corporate body he sets forth at the commencement of his letter, when he describes the Church of God as consisting of all that in every place call upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours (1 Cor. i. 2). Each of you, brethren, if "sanctified in Christ Jesus," whether you be a layman or a clergyman, are members of this spiritual body, and as such have each of you your sphere of work, your official duty, in aiding to save those souls for whom the Lord and Head of the whole body shed His precious blood. "Ye," said that Lord Himself, to every one of His followers, before the apostles or the seventy were chosen and sent forth, "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. v. 14). So that every member of the holy Catholic Church is called by the Lord himself to bear his share in carrying out the apostolic injunction to all believers, to shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life (Phil. ii. 15, 16). But it is not in this comprehensive and scriptural sense of the term "Church" that some demand that the Church should have the sole direction of the whole field of missionary labor. There is no more common source of fallacy than the

use in different senses of a word which has different meanings; and under the ambiguity of this word "Church" many a sophism has lurked, which it is not always easy to detect and expose, so that some are perplexed and staggered by the high-sounding claim that it is the Church, and not a voluntary society, which should alone send forth and direct the preachers of the Gospel. It is obvious, of course, that a church so numerous and extended as the national Church of England can never itself, in its aggregate capacity, undertake the task of regulating and superintending the countless practical details connected with the work of missions, but must entrust its responsibilities to a limited number of its members, authorized to act in its behalf. Hence the important question arises, What shall be the safest depository, who the most faithful representatives, of the will of the Church to make God's ways known upon earth?

Some would at once answer that in an Episcopal Church the Bishop, as the acknowledged head, should have absolute control over every detail and every person connected with the mission, from the aged missionary with forty years' experience, to the humble native catechist just entering on his work. Where to teach, whom to teach, what to teach, should be left entirely to the will of the Bishop, whose directions are to be obeyed without remonstrance, without hesitation, inasmuch as in spiritual matters, as it has been asserted, "the Bishop's word is law" (see *Ch. Miss. Intell.*, Nov., 1876). It is thus, it is maintained, and thus only, that unity in doctrine and discipline can be preserved. Yes, unity might thus be secured, but it might be the unity of error, not of truth; the oneness of form and ceremony, but the destruction of all spiritual life. Absolute despotism, as has often been argued, would be the best form of government in Church or State, if there were any security that the ruler would be perfect. But since this never can be the case in this fallen world—and despotic power ever gives evidence of its inherent faultiness by acts of wrong and oppression—it has been the wisdom of our nation, alike in Church and State, to limit by strict laws the extent of power entrusted to those in authority, and carefully to define what the superior may demand, and what the inferior must obey. Hence it is not absolute, but canonical obedience, which our Church claims in behalf of those to whom the chief government of the Church is committed; nor, so long as her counsels are regulated by a wisdom gained by long experience, will she be disposed to entrust to any foreign bishop, in countries where the wholesome check of public opinion does not operate to the same beneficial extent as in our own, an authority which is not confined within the same wise and just limits which curtail, but at the same time protect, the exercise of rightful prerogative by the bishops at home.

Others, again, who allow the folly and danger of giving absolute command over a mission to the individual bishop at its head, advocate the appointment of a Board of Missions, nominated by the whole Episcopate, or by the Houses of Convocation, and that to this Board all doubtful questions should be referred, and its decisions be accepted as final, inasmuch as they might be considered as conveying the judgment of the whole Church. But here again we discern the primary fallacy of sacerdotalism, which would represent the Church as consisting wholly of the clergy, and would ignore altogether the right of the laity to have any voice in spiritual matters. And even if on this Board of Missions there were admitted a just proportion of laymen, would it carry with it the confidence of Christian people, composed as it must be of such discordant elements, in the present divided and distracted condition of the Church? Or would the Evangelical section of the Church, that Church's most faithful members, those who in past days have done most for missions, find themselves adequately represented on such a Board? Rather would not the other schools of theology act as they have ever done, and combine to exclude them altogether, or to reduce their representatives to so insignificant a minority as to secure that they should have no share in the management? Assuredly if the large and influential Evangelical section of our Church is to bear its part in the missionary field, inasmuch as it can only aid in propagating that form of doctrine which is in harmony with its own views of what is *essential* truth, it must ever accomplish its important task by the instrumentality of a voluntary society. But is its voice, therefore, which has been raised so long, so faithfully, so successfully, not the voice of the Church? We confidently affirm that it is; and as the Evangelical body in the Church of England is the most faithful exponent of her Articles and Liturgy, neither tempted, on the one hand, to obscure their teaching by overlaying it with rubbish borrowed from the corrupt Church of Rome, nor seduced, on the other hand, to sacrifice dogmatic truth to the popular idol of the human intellect; so may we boldly maintain that the Church Missionary Society, as a voluntary society of Evangelical laity and clergy, more truly represents the will of the Reformed Protestant Church of England, and more distinctly speaks with the voice and authority of that Church, than would any single bishop, or Board of Bishops, or Diocesan Synod, or Provincial Convocation.

Once more, let us never forget, in connection with all missionary work, the most essential condition of all success set forth in the words of the text, "because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary." The message which the missionary has to deliver, and the spirit in which he has to

proclaim it, must be alike learned at the throne of grace. Hence, at the origin of the Church Missionary Society, an appeal was made in its earliest regulations that every member should "pray to Almighty God for a blessing upon its designs." And it has been in this spirit of prayer that the work has ever since been conducted. The Committee have been men of prayer; they have constantly gone to the sanctuary for wisdom and guidance. Its supporters have realized the power of prayer; in the family and in the closet, from hundreds and thousands of lips and hearts, has the earnest cry ascended to the sanctuary that the dew of God's heavenly blessing might richly descend on the workmen and their work. And if, in answer to these constant intercessions, there had been vouchsafed to the Society marked and increasing success, I know not that the favorable result of these many prayers has been evidenced in any way more remarkably than in the manner in which the missionaries have been kept, by God's grace, sound in their faith and holy in their lives. The petition has ascended to the sanctuary that the Lord of the Harvest would send forth the laborers, and those who have gone forth have proved by word and deed, in life and death, that they have been *His* laborers, sent forth by Him. They have varied in abilities; they have differed as to apparent success. Some have gone forth only to exhibit in an early death the power of that Gospel which they had longed to preach; others have been spared through many a year to invite, and not in vain, a heathen multitude to avail themselves of the healing efficacy and cleansing power of the tree of life. But it is well worthy of remark, and claims our heartfelt gratitude to the Hearer of prayer, that very seldom has any anxiety been caused to the Society by the unfaithfulness or misconduct of any of its missionaries. They have gone forth in the strength of the Lord, and for His Name's sake, to preach to the Gentiles, and the arm of His love and power has upheld them from falling. Unharméd by those captivating snares of unbelief and superstition which have caused so many in our own land to stumble, they have continued loyal to their Lord and to His Church, earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, and proving themselves, like the early missionary Barnabas, good men, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. We have had a most gratifying, though melancholy, evidence of the Christian consistency and self-denying fidelity of our missionaries in the recent troubles which have befallen the Church in the Diocese of Colombo. They have been exposed to a trial of their wisdom and faith of no ordinary severity. Isolated in their position, with no opportunity of consulting the Committee at home as to the course which they should

adopt, with strong pressure put upon them by those in authority—a pressure so strong that he who used it hesitates not to describe it by the unusual term of “coercion,” with the threat before them, after years of hard and faithful service, of having a stigma cast on their fair fame by the withdrawal of their licenses (a punishment ordinarily reserved for the case of those guilty of some serious moral offence), they yet wavered not as to the path of duty, for they saw clearly that the preservation of the simplicity of the Gospel was at stake, and that the faith of their converts would be imperiled by the introduction of ceremonies and ornaments too much resembling the idolatrous rites which these converts had so recently renounced. Oh, how galling to the natural heart! how calculated to excite bitterness of spirit, that in return for all the discouragements which they had endured, and the difficulties which they had surmounted in missionary work, they should secure from him who was set over them, himself a novice in the missionary field, nothing but censure and the severest form of penalty. Yet the Bishop himself honorably bears witness to the gentleness of spirit manifested by these sorely-tried ministers of Christ; more than once personally thanks them for the attention and deference shown to himself; and in writing to the Secretary of the Society on this painful subject says: “Let me bear my testimony to the piety, zeal, and ability of the missionaries, and to the charity, moderation, and respect for myself, which they have displayed, even while repudiating my authority on essential points.” All honor to these brave, humble men of heart, who were content to bear reproach and injury rather than compromise the simplicity of that Gospel which they had received of the Lord Jesus! All praise to the Giver of all good, who granted to His faithful ministers to exhibit the meekness of wisdom and charity while they quitted themselves like men in standing “fast for the faith” (1 Cor. xvi. 14), and who chose rather to endure the bitter pang of being separated from their beloved flocks, and debarred from all ministerial work, than by a submission to unjust and illegal demands to sanction the introduction into the native Church of practices which they rightly deemed to be symbols of vital error. May He, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, and who has hitherto so wonderfully and graciously directed the counsels of the Society, and upheld the steps of its missionaries, still vouchsafe to be their Ruler and Guide; so that with unwavering zeal and faithfulness, undeterred by the misrepresentations of opponents, or staggered by the compromising suggestions of half-hearted friends, they may continue to plant in the most distant and dreariest deserts of heathendom that tree of life “whose fruit shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.”

Harps on the Willows.

PREACHED AT THE BRICK CHURCH, NEW YORK, BY THE Rev. Llewelyn D. Bevan, LL.B.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.—Psalm cxxxvii: 2.

THIS is a beautiful and pathetic picture of the captive Jews and their sorrows in the land of Babylon. Scattered throughout that country, the prisoners of Zion were fain oftentimes to wander by the sides of its numerous water-courses, and pensively meditate upon their forlorn condition. The murmur of the waters, as they ran softly beneath the willows, seemed in sweet and melancholy harmony with their own saddened hearts.

The musical instruments, upon which in former days they had loved to exercise their national proficiency, lay silent, useless in their hands. At length they sat down by the river, and hanging their harps upon the branches of the trees, they gave themselves up to the indulgence of their sorrow.

They thought of Zion and her scenes of joy. The busy streets were now silent and deserted. The temple was in ruins. The land was everywhere a waste, inhabited only by a few scattered strangers, and the wild beasts which had intruded into the abodes of former activity and life. They themselves were far away from home, strangers, exiles, captives in Babylon. What could they do, but bitterly and silently drop their tears into the waves that played at their feet, and with harps hanging on the willows, weep when they remembered Zion!

And is not that a picture of many conditions of our human life? We are away from home, and homesick. Sorrow has invaded our lives, and wrung our hearts into a sad and despairing mood. We have no spirit for any occupation. The brightest and the merriest circumstances awake no response within our souls.

Forth we wander by the side of some Babylonian stream. We sit down upon its bank. We hang our harp upon the willow that bends above it, and, like the exiled Jews, we weep when we remember the happier moments that have fled.

There are three things that we would learn from this picture of sorrow. Every man has a harp. Sometimes he must hang his harp upon the willows. He has no reason, however, to throw his harp away.

I. Every man has a harp.

The harp was the well-known instrument for the accompaniment of song. Its music was sweet and delightful. By its strains the melancholy of Israel's king was dispersed. When calamity fell upon the nation, their harps were silenced, broken, and cast away.

And thus it is with all our lives. We have the elements of

joy in them, the powers of song and gladness ; and there is no man who has not the capacity and the occasion for delightful mirth.

Just think of the constitution of our nature, wherein a place is secured for joy.

The body is attuned to pleasure and happiness. God might have made us with organizations fitted for life, for recreation, for intelligence and activity, and yet altogether without the capacity of experiencing pleasure. Take, for example, the sense of sight. The fine adjustments of the visual organs might have been as perfect as they are now. The laws of light might have been precisely in accordance with the powers of vision. We may have seen and appreciated shape and relations of space, and even color, and yet there may have been no pleasure in sight, and the eye would not have delighted itself with seeing. But now behold what joy there is in light and color ! There is something more than mere information in the aspect of things visible. The bloom upon the cheek of childhood, the light that gleams within the eye of beauty, the forms of strength and activity, the colors of the rainbow, the tints of the flowers, the azure of the sky, the sapphire of the sea, the emerald of the grass—these now are delights ; and a peculiar sense of pleasure is experienced as the eye looks out upon the beauty which God has lavished everywhere. Or, again, consider the sense of hearing. Sounds might have been so indistinct that to hear would have required the constant exercise of attention, the strain of effort painful and wearying ; or they might have been so powerful that a whisper would be shocking, whilst the natural speech of our friends would be like the explosion of cannon close to the ear. And yet, how exquisitely has God harmonized the sound and the sense ! They agree so accurately, they respond so truly, that hearing is musical ; and perhaps the most perfect of all the sensations is that which results from the delicate blending of the harmonious and consonant, now heard in the sweet, low voice of the cultured woman, now ravishingly produced by the concerted music of choral antiphonies.

What a harp man possesses in physical nature if he would only let its music be heard ! Every sight and sound, every scene and action, the birds in the air, the cattle on a thousand hills, the activities of the cities, the quiet beauties of rural life—all things fair and good, bright and godly, are but fingers of Nature's skilful hand which will touch the strings of the harps of our being and wake their perfect tones of rapture.

Play upon me, I beseech you, ye physical powers, and dis-course the pleasant cadences of the lower world !

But if we ascend the scale of human being, we shall still find that man has the harp for pleasant accompaniment of

happy song in the region of the immaterial and the intellectual. We often attach the thought of pleasure to the physical alone, and indeed there is danger lest we should degrade and corrupt the word itself until it has reference only to the material. "A man of pleasure," we say, when we mean a man whose delights are almost wholly animal and sensuous. We forget that pleasure belongs to the mind as well as to the body.

What delights there are in intellectual operations! The joy of learning—when it is indeed learning worthy of the name; the discovery of the unknown; the pursuit of the law which underlies obscure phenomena; the search for causes; the enumeration of effects—all these and others, the noble energies of the human intellect, afford keen and lasting delight.

What an unutterable moment was that in the life of the patient explorer into Nature's recesses when a substance hitherto unknown, unsuspected, came up in the experimental vessel, and presented itself before his eyes! As he gazed down into the fluid, he felt a strange, unaccountable thrill pass through his heart. His throat seemed to be choked. His whole frame shook with suppressed emotion. There was a tremor in the solution; it seemed to stir with a feeling sympathetic with his own; and then, as a wave or two passed over its surface and there leaped up into the light a bright metallic globule that shone for an instant and disappeared, the experimenter was fain to grasp at the table before him, lest he should fall with the intensity of the delight that filled his spirit.

Was it not the hand of the Creator reaching down to the harp of his mental being, and striking a chord on it responsive to that which the stars of the morning chanted when they saw Creation's work?

But these delights, the music of our being, cannot be compared to the pleasure which belongs to the still higher sphere which we are privileged to enter. I forbear to pursue the delights of our soul in its affections—the raptures of home, the loves of children, friends,—the sweet sympathies of husband, wife, family, country, kind. Let me now only remind you of that sacred melody which is attuned when the joys of the spirit are experienced.

The sinner seeks his Saviour, and finds the pardon of Father and of Friend. If the shepherd has joy when he carries home the sheep, what think you must be the delight of the poor wanderer to feel beneath him the strong shoulders of the pastor, or rest in his tender arms. Whose joy should be the deepest, the parent's whose son has come home again, or the prodigal's, who has met with the welcome of forgiveness and love? You remember the hour of forgiveness, my brother. Heaven's clouds were cleared, the storm was hushed, the dread was dissipated, and a Father's love received you through the mighty merits of

a Saviour's death. It is no wonder that the Church's sweetest hymns tell of this delightful peace and blessedness; and yet the best music of all the Christian poets falls far short of the rapture which dwells within the forgiven heart.

And with what language shall we tell of the occasions for harping that have occurred so often since the first forgiveness. Have there not been Bethels of a Divine covenanting, Horebs of refreshment, and Red Sea passages of deliverance and triumph? With Miriam we have clashed the cymbals, and almost forgotten the solemn dignity of our kingship as we danced with David before the ark of God. Prayer has had its blessed answers, and meditation its holy raptures. Nothing but song could express our heightened feeling; and we felt as if angel hands were sweeping the chords of our harp of life, and making the glad accompaniment to our joyous mode. The only words that could express our feelings were those of the prophet: "The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head." Truly, indeed, every man has a harp.

Remember, brethren, this harp must be tuned and practised on. There was never yet a musician of skill who had not gained his skilfulness by constant and incessant industry. The musical art must be served with ceaseless devotion. Practice alone can make the master here.

And so with the instrument. It must be tuned and played on. It would seem as if the fibres of the material took to themselves the music, and underwent some strange transformation beneath the influence of the sweet sounds. Hence we say, the musician *draws out* the melody as though it had been hidden by his former art within the boards of the instrument. And the harp of our nature must thus be tuned and made melodious by constant use. Do not be afraid, then, of playing upon these pleasurable chords of being. They will gain sweetness and tune only thus by practising. And yet it is the last thing some Christians think of—tuning their harp. They let down the strings into a flaccid looseness until no sound can be gotten out of them but the subdued hum that seems only struggling into melody; or they tighten up the chords until nothing but most high-pitched shrillness is given forth, and sometimes with a touch the strings crack and break. Give way to your pleasurable. Do not check it. Enjoy this life, the nature that is so good. Use your minds with gladness. Above all, as Christians, be glad. God is the "happy God," and His people have the birthright of happiness too. Let Zion re-echo with your songs. Be good gladly. Press on to heaven with delight, as a schoolboy on his homeward journey the first day of the vacation, as an exile voyaging to the shores of his native land.

2. But sometimes *the harp has to be hung upon the willows.*

In the land of Babylon the Israelites had no heart to sing, and the accompaniment, therefore, was useless. Tears were the only outpourings of which they were capable, and in the intervals of the flowing tears they could only mourn their melancholic state.

And so is it with the harps of life. We have to lay them aside or hang them upon willows that droop over rivers of sadness, by whose banks we sit and wail.

There is no music in the harp of physical nature. We are weary or worn, it may be, wasted by disease, or in that strange, indefinable condition when, knowing not what ails us, we only know that a misery dark and doleful presses down our spirit.

Some people are affected thus by outward physical circumstances. The day is dark and dreary, the damp of the atmosphere seems to strike chill even upon our souls. The song birds have ceased their carol, and a like responsive silence falls upon our depressed natures. The most beautiful objects fail to arouse our interest; we take delight in nothing, and we cannot sing. Some may overcome the feeling, and by a strong effort of will rouse themselves to action, and even to cheer; but others are completely mastered by the external condition, and can only in patience await a change.

It is thus when disease invades our bodies or sorrow smites the soul. Songs are not suitable to funerals, and harpings in the house of mourning are out of place and impertinent. As we stand and watch the sufferings of those we love; as, perhaps, we almost reckon by the minute-hand of the watch the failing pulse of a dying friend; as we stand by the still, cold body which is all that remains of what once we loved, then, indeed, it is vain to bid us sweep the chords of our harp and sing even a song of Zion.

There are some silences still more profound that fall upon the music of our life. There are no songs for those who, by sacred ties of affection, come very near to those who plunge into some awful sinfulness and persevere in a course of certain ruin. The father whose eldest son forswears his father's faith, and throws away his father's virtues, and wins only a name that will be a dishonor among men—such a father has little heart for harpings, and is, indeed, in a silent land of bitter exile. The only child of some loving mother, who knows no law but waywardness, and makes love a license for wrongdoing, is no glad subject for the pleasant strains of melody.

And then how useless is the harp when we ourselves are in the hours of spiritual distress! God is absent, and we know no gladness till He shows His face again. While the Bridegroom was with them, there was no need for the disciples to fast; but the days would come when the Bridegroom should be taken

away, and then they would fast in those days. They sang a hymn when the Master was among them, even though when they rose from the Supper it was to pass to Gethsemane, and Pilate's Bar, and Calvary. But their hearts had no desire for singing in the suspense and numb agony of the hour when the Christ lay dead. And so is it with the Christian still. When it seems as if the Lord had died, when we fail even to find the dead body of the Master, everything lost, then there are no harpings for us. Doubt, despondency, despair, fear, and faithlessness, perhaps our own want of vigilance and zeal—only these felt—then the spirit is cast down and we have no heart to sing withal. These times of Babylonian exile, shame and sorrow, come to all of us, and we sit down by the rivers and hang our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

3. But observe, though there is no heart or place for song, and the harp must be laid aside, *it needs not to be cast away.*

They had been foolish and wicked men of Israel if they had flung their harps beneath the running river, and thus deprived themselves altogether of the means of melody when the days of joy came back again. Truly, it was seventy years—long years of waiting—before the exile was over, and the Babylonian woe had ceased. Still, the ages wore away at last, and multitudes went back to the Holy Land, and set up Jerusalem again, and built the Temple, and sang the Lord's song—not in the land of strangers, but in their own loved home. It was a wondrous scene, told by the scribe in one of the most beautiful passages of gladness and delight (Ezra iii: 9-13): "Then stood Jeshua with his sons and his brethren, Kadmiel and his sons, the sons of Judah, together, to set forward the workmen in the house of God: the sons of Henadad, with their sons of their brethren the Levites. And when the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David king of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy: so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off."

So, brethren, cast not away your harp. The weather will clear and the soul will awake to gladness when the sunshine comes.

The storm is over, and the birds that cowered frightened and half dead have plumed their ruffled feathers and are upon the topmost boughs, and into the light that follows the darkness they pour their merry song from well-nigh bursting throats. It is not always winter, and summer, golden, bright and glad, will appear. If March has her cold winds, May will have her flowers, and there will be need for gladness yet.

And the sickness will depart and the strengthened frame shall recover its wonted sense of health and vigor. Not always the darkened room, the footstep on tiptoe, the hush that dwells through all the house. Listen! there!—the song, the music; the invalid is at the harp and strikes forth a merry melody.

Yea, and there shall be some hours of gladness even for the wailing, weary heart that sickens over the sinfulness of child and friend. It was a sad home when the prodigal was far away. But one day the father saw the returning son, ragged, worn and disgraced, and that night there was music and dancing in the long silent homestead. Keep your harp, my friend; and, if it be possible, keep it in tune. Prayer shall be answered, covenant shall yet be kept.

And thou! too, depressed and cast down Christian, throw not away thy harp. There shall be peace and joy and fullness of blessing yet for thee. God shall show Himself, and Christ will yet return. On the road to Emmaus their hearts burned within them. A song then would have been welcomed, and though they knew Him not, their Lord was at their side.

The time when the harp shall be needed, may not come until the moment of death. A life of sorrow, doubt or conflict may not have one hour of leisure or delight, and only swan-like can be the song; and yet, then the harp will be needed, though only one chord may be struck from it upon earth—its strains sounding amid the music of heaven. Then, for all a harp will be gained, for all shall sing the new song of Moses and the Lamb.

As I thus closed my meditation, a thought, or perhaps rather a fancy, passed through my mind. Are the harps of heaven ever silenced? Is there to-day any harp hanging upon the branches of the trees which are by the river of the water of life? If so, they are waiting only for the joy—the highest heaven knows—the return of some sinner upon earth to his Father and his God. Brethren, is it your impenitence which silences the songs of heaven? Now, then, yield to the proffer of the mercy that is in Christ, so that there may be the joyful strains swept from the harps above to accompany the songs which tell of some of you converted, saved to-day!

"The Old Faith or the New Faith?"

A SERMON

By Rudolf Kögel, D.D.

(Translated by Rev. Ernst H. Lübkert, A.M.)

I Kings xviii : 17-40.

"THE OLD FAITH OR THE NEW FAITH," this was the title of a book which appeared some time ago. Its author, in the meanwhile, has been summoned away, but its significance and effect have by no means become extinct. "The old faith or the new faith," this is the battle cry which, openly or covertly, now in this form and again in another, agitates families and society, the press, the ruling classes and those that are ruled. Our text also bears this superscription, "The old faith or the new faith."

Elijah, the prophet, represents the old faith; King Ahab and his Phœnician wife, Jezebel, together with a double train of four hundred prophets of Baal, represent the new or modern faith. Not all that is *old* deserves praise, for there are also old errors. Not all that is *new* deserves censure and rejection, for every discovery in the kingdom of God is new. Since the "*Eternal*" is *old* and the "*Old*" is *eternal*, it can be only temporarily obstructed and obscured by delusive innovations. In truth, Christianity is the mild, primeval wine of the primitive gospel, which flowed from the gates of Paradise. Evil, with its unbelief and heathenism, have permeated it. But it is a power condemned already beforehand. There is an apparent victory, but there is also a final and disgraceful defeat. The Gospel for this day tells us to "Beware of false prophets." It propounds to you this serious question: *The old faith or the new faith? What will be your decision?*

1. An answer to this question is *unavoidable*: therefore, *decide!*

2. An uncertain answer is *untenable*: therefore, *abstain from giving it!*

3. The answer of the living God is *unequivocal*: therefore, *remain decided!*

1. Far off glitters the Mediterranean beneath a cloudless sky. Mount Carmel towers solemnly above it and greets the lucid, snowy peaks and the green cedar clusters of distant Lebanon. Here, near an old, long since ruined altar, God's judgment is to be held. Here a sacred process is to be brought to a final issue. Israel, God's chosen people, but inveigled into idolatry by its rulers, is here to be forced to a decision!

"Twelve stones are taken, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, and with the stones is built an

altar in the name of the Lord." It represents the covenanted people of Israel in its unity, and it is here to come to a consciousness of this fact, that it is now not a question about private opinions or private matters, but about the weal or the woe of the entire nation, about the basis of its existence and about the future of its mission.

An irreconcilable contrast is here presented to us when we hear Elijah asking: Is the Lord God the living God, who has made the earth and the sea, and created man in His image; who has chosen Israel for His servant and constituted prophets, and who has given the law and inclined His ear to our prayers, and saves His people again and again by a holy and merciful Providence? Is He God? This is the old faith!

Or is Baal God? the newly imported idol from Phenice, a caricature of Moloch, with his voluptuous ritual and child murder, that Baal of whom it was mockingly said: "Cry aloud; for he is a god: either he is talking or he is pursuing; or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened." This is the new faith, spread among us by stratagem, or forced upon us by violence.

Year after year such an irreconcilable contrast in religious opinions and hopes increases and takes hold of whole classes of people to a greater or less extent. I do not allude now to those so-called confessional disputes in theology, their merits or demerits. The contrast to which I refer is this: Is the Lord God "who spake and it was done: who commanded and it stood fast"; that Lord whom Abraham knew and Moses recognized by name: whom Elijah called upon and Jesus addressed as His Father? Is He God? Then believe Him capable also to judge the world, to answer prayer, to fulfill those prophetic declarations which He inspired His prophets to utter and to breathe upon the dry bones that they may be reunited in new strength and glory through Him who is light and life! Or, perchance, is that new faith right? Is God *no living, personal Being*? Is Nature the basis and origin of all things? Nature, assuming the name of Mother, but so often acting very step-motherly? Is there only a Universe acting as a father, but, with ears deaf and a heart unfeeling, performing the part of a very unnatural father? Are force and matter, fate and accident, materialism and Pantheism, the gods and idols which are now here and now there, now ebbing and now at full tide, now foaming and now dreaming—are they God? If this be so, then close your Bibles, lock your churches, remove from the graves the symbols of your faith, send those who pray, the sooner the better, into the mad-houses, and banish from your language the absurd difference between good and evil. Do not blame him who possesses nothing for coming into conflict with him who possesses much. Instead of fidelity between husband

and wife ; in the place of reverence on the part of children toward their parents ; instead of all ties that bind society, let selfishness and passion rule, and upon the world's history, because it is no more than simply nature's history, imprint the mark of the beast !

If the Holy Scriptures are God's word, then submit to it, body and soul. Upon this rock you must build your houses as against storms and tempests ; upon this rock you must build your churches as against the gates of hell. If, however, it be nothing more than a book full of superstition and chimerical fancies, or fantastical delusions or antiquated notions, then prohibit its entrance into your houses and schools. Aye, do as that pope did who forbade the Bible, and endeavored to brand the Bible Society as a pestiferous calamity.

If man is placed on the dividing line between two worlds, and bears God's image and feels His breath in his breast ; if he has a longing for the Father's eternal mansions which cannot be eradicated ; if he possesses such a religious feeling, as priceless as a royal crown, then attune your harps and sing those hopeful songs, that they may resound in the chambers of death and penetrate the very graves : " Jesus lives, and I in Him."

But if man be only a more highly developed animal ; if will and heart and conscience be nothing more than physical expressions ; if our existence here be nothing else but that of an ephemeral insect, which for one day either hangs mournfully upon a leaf during the rain, or plays and dances in the glittering sunlight, then begin to-day to learn, instead of these venerable chorals of ours, the melody to this song : " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die !" If Jesus is the Mediator, full of grace and truth, having the word of pardon, ever ready with His miraculous assistance, justifying us by His cross and His glorious resurrection and the sacred influences of the Holy Spirit—if He is God's only begotten Son, then, my brethren, give Him your hands and your hearts, and follow after Him as your Lord, your Shepherd and your Saviour.

But if Jesus be only the carpenter's son, full of all kinds of frenzy and self-glorification, making dismal assertions and blasphemous pretensions, and, as His final fate, well deserving to be crucified, then turn your backs upon Him, the sooner the better, and regret nothing so much as that you abided with Him so long. " The old faith or the new faith ?" Decide for yourselves ! Elijah, Jesus Himself, the legions of angels, God, the Holy Judge, they are present, they listen, they wait for your decision !

II. An *uncertain* answer is *untenable*. It is, " For or against God." As soon as a decision is made, there is a resolution also to leave neutral ground. By degrees only do the people of Israel receive clearer conceptions. There is at first no answer

at all. But when the question is raised as to their vacillation, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" they can no longer refuse to give a more decided answer. They receive with approbation the proposal that each party should call down fire upon their sacrifice, and thus submit their worship to an ordeal. And when at length the grand issue is presented to their view, they break forth into a storm of applause and jubilation: "The Lord, He is the God! The Lord, He is the God!"

Now, is this universal cry of approbation to be relied upon? After sad experiences of the past, will it prevail?—experiences which demonstrate the fact that so many arguments on the part of God had been unavailing, and so many vows on the people's part had been broken? We may be permitted also to ask, Did God deserve such treatment that He should be made inferior to Baal, that His altars should go to ruin, that by the indifference of thousands, bloodthirsty Jezebel might be encouraged in her delight of persecution? Upon whom rested the blame, if not upon those who remained neutral, and who comforted themselves in the thought that they did not go quite as far as the more decided opponents of truth? They were responsible for the victorious progress of the enemies, for it is always so that those who call themselves merely neutral will eventually become the victims of those that are more decided. Jezebel desires nothing but evil. Elijah wishes nothing but *good*. Whose fault is it that no rain descends from Heaven, and no vegetation springs forth from the ground? Whose fault is it that Elijah is forced to hide himself by the brook Cherith and become a fugitive? Is it the fault of Baal's prophets only? No; it is the fault of that unreliable, indifferent, idle throng, with no affection for the God of their fathers, with no word of encouragement for the prophet, and with no real hatred of falsehood, whether it appear in the disgraced diadem of royalty or the assumed garb of prophecy. Through his indecision Ahab fell. His heathen wife had no sooner brought him into the presence of Baal's prophets and their false altars, than he manifested a preference for spiritual darkness. If he ever remembered the piety of former years, the threads of this remembrance were very slender and easily broken, and he became too weak for resistance. When the famine comes upon the land, he feels, perhaps, the rod of correction in it, but not himself does he accuse, but Elijah, the man of God: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" 'Tis the old story: "Not sin is the perdition of the people, but those who remonstrate against it." Thus in Philippi the accusation was made against the Apostles, "These men do exceedingly trouble our city," which was changed in Thessalonica into the outcry, "Those that have turned the world upside down have

come hither also." With such people the real disturber of the peace is not the devil, but He that shall bruise the serpent's head.

Now think you, Christian friends, can the service of God and that of Baal be reconciled? Is it possible that Christianity and Materialism can be brought into harmony? Is there no difference between "yes and no"? Are the old faith and the new faith the same? Is it possible to erect a church with an ambiguous creed: that the false prophets should be placed side by side with the true ones: that ravenous wolves should be put into the same fold with the lambs? Is it possible to swim *with* and at the same time *against* the stream? Are the grain of wheat and weeds to be treated alike? No: a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit; neither do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles."

Liberty in Christ and the kingdom of heaven are not gained by false neutrality. They only gain it who are serious and earnest. Let Elijah speak, with his true manliness, with the two-edged sword of the Divine Word, "piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow." "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Joshua—grey-haired Joshua—full of gracious experiences, demands the same decision in this matter: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Our Lord Jesus Himself, when demonstrating the utter impossibility of harmonizing idolatry and the service of God, declares: "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." And again, addressing His disciples, after many had gone and left him, He invites their decision by the simple question, "Will ye also go away?" calling forth that noble confession of Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." Paul most decidedly asserts, "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and of the table of devils." And mournfully doth the angel proclaim unto the Church of Laodicea, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Are not all these declarations and warnings sufficient to teach us that heavenly wisdom which warns us that it is impossible to serve God with a divided heart, but that duty requires to throw away all our idols and give praise and glory only to God? Different, indeed, is the old order of things from the new. The Old Testament economy differs

from that of the New, and we do not stand in need now of Elijah's sword against Baal's prophets. For the Spirit teaches us whose children we are, and the mercy of the New Covenant will avail us in the Day of Judgment. But as regards this service of God, it is necessary to be decided.

III. *How does the Lord Himself decide?* His answer is *unequivocal*, and bids you adhere to your decision: "And the God that answereth by fire, let him be God." Behold how the prophets of Baal toil from morning till noon, and hear how they shout themselves hoarse around their altars, irritated by the bitter taunts, "Cry aloud!" Behold them as they endeavor to move silent Baal to give a merciful answer. Behold them as they "cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets," dancing around their altars in the vain hope of arousing a spirit of prophecy. Behold them to the number of four hundred against that single Elijah, hoping for victory. But "there is neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded." From the lips of Elijah, however, ascends far above the altars this hearty prayer: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their hearts back again." And behold, "the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench." That was the same glorious fire which appeared once at Aaron's first sacrifice; the same fire which came down from heaven and filled the temple of Solomon, just dedicated, with "the glory of the Lord." And this fiery token calls upon the people to return to their God, as it is a sign of Divine approbation to Elijah, and an undeniable vindication of the living God.

Beloved in the Lord, there is a fire from God, whether it comes in the thunder clouds of heaven, or comes forth from the earthquake in the dismal depths, or whether it is a flame hurled from war's murderous hands; whether a fire that justice brings as an answer to avarice, and violence, and impurity, and deception, and scorn, and hypocrisy, or whether a fire that reflects in a threatening manner within the recesses of a guilty conscience; there is such a fire of Almighty God which gives an answer, directly by means of His justice, or indirectly through man's agency. Such an answer by fire has judged mankind at many times and in many ways. At a time when the seventh commandment is so fearfully disregarded, in localities where there are not wanting such who almost glorify adultery, in the midst of such who flatly deny God's eternal justice, the pulpit dare not be silent, but rather declare God's perfect abil-

ity to respond by fire. Sodom's crimes received an answer by fire, in the horrors of the Dead Sea which God sends. God answers by fire to the people of Jerusalem that crucify their Messiah, for on the smoking ruins of their temple are displayed the Roman standards. France expels its Protestant citizens and beheads its king, but behold the answer by fire, first in the Revolution, afterward in Communism, demonstrating that "offences must come, but woe unto him by whom they come." And unless we too reform and amend, we must likewise perish.

But, dear friends, God forbid that I should confine the vital power of such a Divine answer to those only who do wrong. God's favor and blessing rest upon this atoning sacrifice on Mount Carmel. There is upon another mount—Calvary—displayed the sacrifice above all other sacrifices, the all-sufficient one of the Son. God responded with fire when on Easter-morn He dispelled all fear and fulfilled the anxious expectation of those that waited for the promised Comforter on the day of Pentecost. He answers yet by fire. Behold that youthful pair of inquirers seeking the Lord in the midst of doubts and misgivings, seeking Him by historical researches, or in the torments of an awakened conscience, or in Nature's temple, or in the sacred Scriptures. And while now in solitude, and again unitedly, they lift up their hearts in prayer, the Lord suddenly answers by fire. He kindles within them, in a mysterious manner, but not to be denied, a conviction of faith which cannot be eradicated. He causes their hearts to "burn within them," because they are near their risen Lord, who accepts their service for life as a pleasing sacrifice. Take another illustration of the manner in which God answers by fire. Behold yon family. There is no peace, there is no love, there is no confession of blame; there is mutual crimination in secret, there is a reciprocal charge of egotism. Like vines that cannot wind themselves around a tree or on a wall, so are their children, because they can find no one upon whom to lean for a support. Does it advantage them that they pass each other with gloomy mien and sad countenances? Is it of any benefit to them that they pursue the same path of life but never walk in friendly unison together? Who is it that creates a heart, purified and cleansed from all selfishness, if not that new influence of the spirit of love which can change a stone and melt the metal? That they may be taught to bring their petitions before God, He mercifully sends the fire of His Divine love. There is untold suffering in the world. True, there are some who, in their stoical apathy think that there is no other way of carrying this load of sorrow than that of gloomy resignation. But they know not that there is a hope, which maketh not ashamed; that the comforting power of the Holy Spirit is felt in the night of tribulation; that Christians can even rejoice in

tribulation because there is *one* hand which shall, as they fondly anticipate, wipe away all tears from their eyes. Who is it that teaches us affectionately to take hold of this Father's hand, to have a childlike trust and submission? Who, if not the Lord, answering by fire and changing the stony hearts? No spiritual quickening can be obtained by mere physical effort; no revival of the Church can proceed from simple excitement. As Elijah was surrounded by those "seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal," so God gathers unto Himself a host of praying ones, inasmuch as He alone is able to do it—He who answers prayer and gives fire and rain, each in due time.

Beholding thus Elijah, the man of God, upon Mount Carmel, we, too, may ask God that He would give us, like him, a holy zeal in the midst of the idolatry pursued in our times by a blind multitude, that we may not bend our knees to idols, but stand fast and remain firm as God's witnesses.

Triunity and Tritheism.

A LECTURE

BY THE REV. Joseph Cook.

[The remarkable course of lectures, just ended, by Joseph Cook, in Tremont Temple, Boston, has awakened a world-wide interest. The aim has been to meet from the standpoint of philosophy the philosophical objections to Christianity—a task frequently attempted by very able speakers and writers before, but never by one who, all in all, combined such wonderful gifts of oratory with so thorough a knowledge of the natural sciences, especially as developed during the last decade, and of the doctrines of Christianity as held by the Orthodox Church. The following is one of the ablest of this course of lectures. Although previously published in the *Boston Advertiser*, and copied from its columns into other papers, we reprint it here, believing that our subscribers will deem it abundantly worthy of a place in our bound volume.—*Note to publication in The Complete Preacher.*]

THERE is a dim twilight of religious experience in which the soul easily mistakes Ossa and Parnassus for Sinai and Calvary. My feeling is that orthodoxy itself lives much of the time in this undispersed twilight; and that the unscientific and lawless liberalism of many half-educated people who have lost the Master's whip of small cords, believe in æsthetic but not in moral law, and proclaim that in the last analysis there is in this universe nothing to be feared—Dr. Bartol says so—and, therefore, we must add, nothing to be loved! It is always in an earlier and deeper shadow of that misleading haze. The gray, brindled dawn is better than night; but the risen sun is better than the gray, brindled dawn. We must startle mere æsthetics and literary religiosity out of its dream that it is religion by exhibiting before it the difference between the admiration and the adoration of the attributes of the Holy Person the moral law reveals. If any who are orthodox in their thoughts worship in their imagination three different beings, they, too, must be startled from this remnant of paganism by a stern use of the scientific method.

As Carlyle says of America, so I of this hushed, reverent discussion: Do not judge of the structure while the scaffolding is up. A glimpse only of the opening of the unfathomable theme which the distinction between the Triunity of the Divine Nature and Tritheism suggests can be given here and now; and more than this will be expected by no scholar. Reserving qualifications for later occasions, I purposely present to-day only an outline, unobscured by detail. I know what I venture in definition and illustration; but I am asking no one to take my opinions. Nevertheless, in order yet further to save time, I am to cast myself abruptly into the heart of this topic, and to give you personal conviction. After all, that is what serious men want from each other, and the utterance of it is not egotism in you or in me. It is the shortest

way of coming at men's hearts, and it is sometimes the shortest way in which to come at men's heads, to tell what you, willing to take the leap into the Unseen, personally are depending upon.

What is the definition of the Trinity?

1. The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost are one God.
2. Each has a peculiarity incommunicable to the others.
3. Neither is God without the others.
4. Each, with the others, is God.

That I suppose to be the standard definition; and if you will examine it, you will find it describing neither three separate individualities nor yet three mere modes of manifestation; that is, neither tritheism nor modalism. In God are *not* three wills, three consciences, three intellects, three sets of affections. The first of all the religious truths of exact research is that the Lord our God is one God. It is the immemorial doctrine of the Christian ages that there are not three gods, but only one God—(Athanasian Creed). He is one substance; and in that one substance are three subsistences. But the subsistences are not individualities. All the great symbols teach decisively that we must not unify the subsistences; but, with equal decisiveness, they affirm that we must not divide the substance. In our present low estate as human, we find, by the experience of centuries, that we do well to heed both these injunctions and to look on the Divine nature on all the sides on which it has revealed itself, if we would not fall into the narrowness of materialism on the one hand, or into the vague ways of tritheism or pantheism on the other.

How shall we make clear in our intellectual and emotional experiences the truth of the Trinity, and at the same time keep ourselves in the attitude of those who worship one God, and who, therefore, do not break or wish to break with science, and yet in the position of those who in the one substance worship three subsistences, and therefore do not break or wish to break with the very significant record of the most fruitful portion of the Church through 1,800 years? For one, accepting the definition of the Trinity which I have now given, as neither trithestic nor modalistic—if the learned men here will allow me for once to use technical terms—I, personally, find no difficulty in this doctrine in the shape of self-contradiction in either thought or terms; and I find infinite advantages in it when I wish to conjoin biblical and scientific truth as a transfiguration for life.

It is sometimes despairingly said that the doctrine of the Trinity cannot be illustrated. And this is true. It is the proverb of philosophy that no comparison walks on four feet; and what I am about to say, you will take as intended by me to exhibit only the parallelisms which I point out. I am re-

sponsible for no unmentioned point in a comparison. No doubt you can find as many places where the illustration I am to use will not agree with the definition as I can places where it does agree. Nevertheless, after dwelling on perhaps a hundred other illustrations, my own thoughts oftenest and with most of reverence come back to this.

Take the mysterious, palpitating radiance which at this instant streams through the solar windows of this Temple, and may we not say, for the sake of illustration, that it is one substance? Can you not affirm, however, that there are in it three subsistences? It would be possible for me by a prism here, to produce the seven colors on a screen yonder. I should have color there, and heat here, and there would be luminousness everywhere. But in color is a property incommunicable to mere luminousness or to heat. In luminousness is a property incommunicable to mere heat or to color. In heat is a property incommunicable to mere color or to luminousness. These three—luminousness, color, heat—are, however, one solar radiance. Heat subsists in the solar radiance; and color subsists in the solar radiance; and light subsists in the solar radiance. The three are one; but they are not one in the same sense in which they are three.

It is one of the inexcusable mistakes of a silly kind of skepticism, which no one here holds, that there are in the Trinity three persons, in the literal or colloquial sense of that word. Sometimes with tears and sometimes with laughter, one pauses over this astounding passage, printed in his manhood by Thomas Paine, in his "Age of Reason"; and yet what he heard read was, I presume, an atrociously careless orthodox discussion:

"I well remember, when about seven or eight years of age, hearing a sermon read by a relation of mine, who was a great devotee of the church, upon the subject of what is called *redemption by the death of the Son of God*. After the sermon was ended I went into the garden, and as I was going down the garden steps (for I perfectly recollect the spot) I revolted at the recollection of what I had heard, and thought to myself that it was making God Almighty act like a passionate man that killed his son when he could not revenge himself any other way; and, as I was sure a man would be hanged that did such a thing, I could not see for what purpose they preached such sermons. This was not one of those kind of thoughts that had anything in it of childish levity; it was to me a serious reflection, arising from the idea I had that God was too good to do such an action, and also too almighty to be under any necessity of doing it. I believe in the same manner at this moment. . . . The Christian mythology has five deities: there is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the God Providence, and the Goddess Nature. But the Christian story of God the Father putting his Son to death, or employing people to do it (for that is the plain language of the story), cannot be told by a parent to

a child ; and to tell him that it was done to make mankind happier and better is making the story still worse, as if mankind could be improved by the example of murder.”—*Age of Reason*, Part I.

There is nothing in Paine’s “Age of Reason” worth glancing at now except this curious paragraph in which he details the circumstances of the life-long, unconscious obtuseness and ignorance out of which arose his opposition to Christianity. Possibly, if he had understood the distinction between the Trinity in God’s nature and tritheism, this sharp and crackling pamphleteer for freedom, in spite of his narrow brow and coarse fibre, would not have fallen into this amazing error, which, according to his own account, underlay all his subsequent career as an infidel. Three separate beings, he thought, Christianity teaches us to believe exist in one God ; and one enraged person of these three had murdered another person.

But scholars, as a mass, following St. Augustine, centuries before poor Paine’s day, copiously affirmed that the word “person” in the discussion of the Trinity does not mean what it does in colloquial speech. The word in its technical use is 1,500 years old, and it means in that use now what it meant at first.

How commonplace is St. Augustine’s remark, repeated by Calvin, that this term was adopted because of the poverty of the Latin tongue ! Everybody of authority tells us, if you care for scholarly statement, that three *persons* never meant, in the standard discussions of this truth, three *personalities*, for these would be three gods. This Latin term *persons* is incalculably misleading in popular use on this theme. For one, I never employ it, although willing to use it if it is understood as it was by those who invented the term. Let us use Archbishop Whateley’s word “subsistence,” for that is the equivalent of the carefully-chosen, sharply-cut Greek term “hypostasis.”—(Note to Whateley’s “Treatise on Logic.”) We had better say there are in one substance three subsistences, and not mislead our generation, with its heads in newspapers and ledgers, by using a phrase that was meant to be current only among scholars. All these scholars will tell you that it is no evasion of the difficulties of this theme for me to throw out of this discussion at once the word “persons,” as misleading ; for that word had originally no such meaning in the Latin tongue as the word *person* has in our own. Cicero says : “*Ego unus, sustinco tres personas* : I, being one, sustain three characters—my own, that of my client, and that of the judge.” Our English language at this point is, as the Latin was not, rich enough to match the old Greek. With Liddon’s “Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of our Lord”—the best English book on this theme, though not exhaustive of it—let us say “One substance and three subsistences,” and thus go back to the Greek phrase and be clear.

Can the four propositions of the definition I have given be paralleled by an illustration?

1. Sunlight, the rainbow, and the heat of sunlight are one solar radiance.

2. Each has a peculiarity incommunicable to the others.

3. Neither is full solar radiance without the others.

4. Each with the others is such solar radiance.

Sunlight, rainbow, heat—one solar radiance. Father, Son, Holy Ghost—one God.

1. As the rainbow shows what light is when unfolded, so Christ reveals the nature of God.

2. As all of the rainbow is sunlight, so all of Christ's divine soul is God.

3. As the rainbow was when the light was, or from eternity, so Christ was when the Father was, or from eternity.

4. As the bow may be on the earth and the sun in the sky, and yet the solar radiance remain undivided, so God may remain in heaven and appear on earth as Christ, and his oneness not be divided.

5. As the perishable raindrop is used in the revelation of the rainbow, so was Christ's body in the revelation to men of God in Christ.

6. As at the same instant the sunlight is itself and also the rainbow and heat, so at the same moment Christ is both Himself and the Father, and both the Father and the Holy Ghost.

7. As solar heat has a property incommunicable to solar color, and solar color a property incommunicable to solar light, and solar light a property incommunicable to either solar color or solar heat, so each of the three, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, has a property incommunicable to either of the others.

8. But as solar light, heat, and color are one solar radiance, so the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are one God.

9. As neither solar heat, light, nor color is itself without the aid of the others, so neither Father, Son, nor Holy Ghost is God without the others.

10. As solar heat, light and color are each solar radiance, so the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are each God.

11. As the solar rainbow fades from sight and its light continues to exist, so Christ ceases to be manifest and yet is present.

12. As the rainbow issues from sunlight and returns to the general bosom of the radiance of the sky, so Christ comes from the Father, appears for a while and returns, and yet is not absent from the earth.

13. As the influence of the heat is that of the light of the sun, so are the operations of the Holy Spirit Christ's continued life.

14. As is the relation of all vegetable growths to solar light and heat, so is the relation of all religious growths in general history, in the church and in the individual, to the Holy Spirit a present Christ.

It was my fortune once, on an October Sabbath evening, to stand alone at the grave of Wordsworth, in green Grassmere, in the English lake district, and read there the "Ode on Immortality," which your Emerson calls the highest water-mark of modern poetry and philosophy. While my eyes were fastened on the page, the sun was setting behind the gnarled, inaccessible English cliffs, not far away to the west, and a colossal rainbow was spread over the azure of the sky and the glowing purple and brown of the heathered hills in the east. A light rain fell on me, and, with my own tears, wet the pages of the poet. What now, if some one, as I worshiped there, had come to me, in a holy of holies in my life, and had said roughly, in Thomas Paine's way: "You believe in five Gods. You are not scientific"? Or what if some one had said, in Parker's way: "The perfection of God has never been accepted by any sect in the Christian world. In the ecclesiastic conception of deity there is a fourth person, the devil, as much a part of deity as either Son or Holy Ghost"?—*Weiss's Life of Parker*, Vol. II, p. 470.

"Vicarious atonement teaches salvation without morality only by belief in absurd teaching."—*Ibid*, p. 497.

"According to the popular theology, there are three acknowledged persons in the Godhead. God the Father is made to appear remarkable for three things—great power, great selfishness and great destructiveness. The Father is the grimest object in the universe."—"Sermons on Theism," p. 101.) "He, the Draco of the universe—more cruel than Odin or Baal—the author of sin, but its unforgiving avenger. Men rush from the Father; they flee to the Son." "The popular theology makes Jesus a God, and does not tell us of God now near at hand. Science must lay his kingly head in the dust; Reason veil her majestic countenance; Conscience bow him to the earth; Affection keep silence, when the priest uplifts the Bible."—*Discourses on Religion*, pp. 425-427.)

How would all that speech of the Parkers and the Paines have jarred upon my soul if, standing there alone in a strange land and at the grave of Wordsworth, I had heard the profane collision of their accusations with the holy sentences of this seer, fed from the cradle to the tomb upon Christian truth! What, if at Wordsworth's grave, disturbed by such ghoulish attack, I had needed a spell to disperse the accusations—what better *Procul, procul, este profani* could I have chosen than these words, once uttered in this city by a renowned teacher of this accused theology—a man of whom it might be said, as he once said of Jonathan Edwards that he might have been the first poet of his nation if he had not chosen to be its first theologian?

A majestic discourse delivered at the installation of the revered pastor of the Old South Church yonder says: "Other men may be alone; but the Christian, wherever he moves, is near to his Master. Every effect is the result of some free will. But many effects within and without us are not produced by a created will. Therefore, they are produced by an uncreated. On the deep sea, under the venerable oak, in the pure air of the mountain-top, the Christian communes with the Father of Spirits, who is the Saviour of men. All ethical axioms, are His revelation of Himself to His children. Their innocent joys are His words of good cheer. Their deserved sorrows are His loud rebukes."

In these words of Professor Park, a benighted believer in three Gods, as you say, is God afar off? Are there three Gods here? Does Science bow her head, Affection grow dumb, Reason muffle her face, as this priest lifts up the Bible?

As the rainbow shows the inner structure of the light, so the character of our Lord shows the inner moral nature of God, so far as that can be known to man. A rainbow is unraveled light; is it not? It was assuredly better for me at Wordsworth's grave to look on the bow I saw in the east, than to gaze on the white radiance that fell on the poet's page when I wished to behold the fullest glory of the light. So assuredly it is better for us to gaze on God's character as revealed in Christ than on God's character as revealed in his works merely, if we would understand God's nature. As the rainbow is unraveled light, so Christ is unraveled God. At Wordsworth's grave I heard these hoarse voices from the Paines and the Parkers, and these softer and I think more penetratingly human ones from the Wordsworths and the Parks, and, in the name of the scientific method, it was impossible not to assert in my soul that the God who was revealed in Christ was and is, and is to come; for there is but one God, and He was and is, and is to come. Therefore, when the bow faded from the east, I did not think that it had ceased to be. It had not been annihilated; it had been revealed for awhile; and, disappearing, it was received back into the bosom of the general radiance, and yet continued to fall upon the earth. In every beam of white light there is potentially all the color which we find unraveled in the rainbow; and so in all the pulsations in the will of God the Father in his works exist the pulsations of the heart of Him who wept over Jerusalem, and on whose bosom once the beloved disciple leaned; for there is but one God, who was, and is, and is to come; and on that same bosom we bow our heads whenever we bow our foreheads upon that Sinai within us which we call the moral law. The Holy Spirit to me is Christ's continued life.

But you say, my friends, that this may be philosophical; but that it is not biblical truth. You affirm that I teach my-

self this by science, rather than by Scripture. Gentlemen, under the noon of New England philosophical and biblical culture, and in presence I know not of how many who dissent, I ask you to decide for yourselves what the Scriptures really teach as to the unity of the three subsistences in that Divine Nature which was, and is, and is to come. Assuredly, you will be ready, in the name of literary science, to cast at least one searching glance upon this whole theme from the point of view of exclusively biblical statement.

"It is expedient for you that I go away. I have yet many things to say unto you. I will not leave you orphans. I am coming to you. A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father." They who heard these sentences said: "A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, and because I go to the Father? What is this that he saith? We cannot tell what he saith." But there came a later day, when he who had made that promise breathed upon them, and said: "Receive ye the gift of the Holy Ghost." We shall not be here. All of us will be mute, and most of us forgotten, when in a better age the meaning of that symbolic act of the Author of Christianity is fathomed.

Next there came a day when there was a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind, and this filled all the house where they who had witnessed that act were sitting. This is but the experience of many nations since then—the rushing sound of a new influence in human history, quickening human consciences, transforming bad lives into good; but until that time never felt in the world in deluges, although it had appeared in streams. When that influence came, what was the interpretation put upon it by the scriptural writers? Peter, standing up, said: "We heard from Him, whom we know that God has raised from the dead, the promise of the Holy Ghost. He hath shed forth this; therefore, let Jerusalem know assuredly that God hath made him Lord." I call that Peter's colossal "therefore." It is the strongest word in the first oration delivered in the defense of Christianity. The Holy Spirit was promised; it has been poured out; therefore, let those who receive it know that the power behind natural law—our Lord, who was, and is, and is to come—is now breathing upon the centuries as he breathed upon us symbolically. He hath shed forth this; therefore, let all men know assuredly that God hath made him Lord. When they who were assembled in Jerusalem at that time heard this "*therefore*," they were pricked in the heart.

I affirm that it is incontrovertible that the New Testament writers everywhere, with Stephen, gaze steadfastly into Heaven and behold our Lord—not in Galilee, not on the Mount of

Olives, but at the right hand of the Father. Our imagination always looks eastward through England, as through the east window of a cathedral; and so we look out through vapor sometimes, through literalness, or through materialistic haze, thicker than vapor occasionally, and we have not strength of imagination or fervor of spirit enough to understand this literature of the East, on the face of which the world has gazed 1800 years, and seen its face to be like that of Stephen, as the face of an angel, and from the same cause. The whole New Testament, being full of the Holy Ghost, gazes, not as England and America do, into Gethsemane, or upon any sacred mount, but into Heaven, and beholds our Lord at the right hand of the Father. I have bowed down upon the Mount of Olives; I have had unreportable experiences in the Garden of Gethsemane, and on the banks of Jordan, and on the white, sounding shore of Galilee, and on Lebanon, and on Carmel, and on Tabor, and God forbid that I should underrate at all a religion that reverences sacred places; but of these sacred places, the New Testament proclaims, "He is not here. He has arisen and is ascended." It nowhere exhibits our narrowness of outlook.

What, if under the dome of St. Peter's there were but four windows? What if children were brought up to look out yonder upon the Apennines, and here upon the Mediterranean, and there upon the Coliseum, and here upon St. Onofrio's oak, under which Tasso sung. If children were brought up before these windows, and did not pass from one to the other, they might possibly think the outlook from each one was Italy. And so it is; but it is only a part of Italy. We are poor children, brought up, some of us, before the window of science, some of us before the window of art, some of us before the window of politics, some of us before the window of Biblical inculcation, and we say in petulant tones to each other, each at his accustomed outlook: "This is Italy." What is Italy? Sweep off the dome and answer: "There is but one sky." And that and all beneath it is Italy!

As a fact in literature, it must be affirmed that this is the central thought of the New Testament Scriptures.

We find that when one called Saul of Tarsus journeyed to Damascus (this is trite, because 1,800 years have heard it, and the trite is the important thing in history), he heard from a light above the brightness of this noon the words, "I am Jesus!" And so, later on, Paul wrote, that "we, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." "The Spirit is the Lord" was St. Augustine's reading of Paul's words.

So, in the last pages of Revelation I find that he who was the beloved disciple was in the spirit on the Lord's Day, and

that he beheld one whose voice was like unto the sound of many waters, and whose countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. "When I saw Him," says this great poet and prophet and apostle, "I, who have been called a Son of Thunder; I, who, when Cerinthus was in the same bath with me, cried out, Away, thou heretic! I, who have been ready at any time to suffer martyrdom—I fell at his feet as dead. He laid His right hand on me, saying unto me: 'Fear not. I am the first and the last. I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death.'"

It is significant beyond comment that our Lord was often called "The Spirit," and "The Spirit of God," by the earlier Christian writers. "The Son is the Holy Spirit" is a common expression. Ignatius said: "Christ is the Immaculate Spirit."—(*Ad Smyrn. init.*) Tertullian wrote: "The Spirit of God and the Reason of God—Word of Reason and Reason and Spirit of Word—Jesus Christ our Lord, who is both the one and the other."—(*De. Orat. init.*) Cyprian and Irenæus said: "He is the Holy Spirit."—(See Delitzsch's *System of Bib. Psychology*.)

Neander, in paraphrase of Peter's oration, says, in summarizing the New Testament literature: "From the extraordinary appearances which have filled you with astonishment you perceive that in His glorified state He is now operating with divine energy among those who believe in Him. The Heavenly Father has promised that the Messiah shall fill all who believe on Him with the power of the Divine Spirit, and this promise is now being fulfilled. Learn, then, from these events, in which you behold the prophecies of the Old Testament fulfilled, the nothingness of all that you have attempted against Him; and know that God has exalted Him whom you crucified to be Messiah, the ruler of God's kingdom, and that, through divine power, He will overawe all his enemies."—(Neander, *Planting of Christianity*, Bohn's ed., i, 19. Summary of Peter's speech in Acts ii.)

So Alford writes: "Christ is the Spirit, is identical with the Holy Spirit; not personally nor essentially, but (as is shown by the Spirit of the Lord following) in this department of His divine working. Christ, here, is the Spirit of Christ."—("Remarks on 2 Cor. iii, 17.")

Lange, writing on the same passage of this literature, adds: "We find here such an identification of Christ and the Holy Spirit that the Lord to whom the heart turns is in no practical respect different from the Holy Spirit received in conversion. Christ is virtually the Spirit. The Holy Spirit is His Spirit."—(Lange, 2 Cor. iii, 17, 18.)

What if Peter, at Antioch, had beheld the earliest triumphs of Christianity under persecution, and had heard the story of

the martyrdoms which became the seed of the Church, and caused Christians to be called by that name, and that shot through with hope the unspeakable despair of Roman paganism, as by the first rays of the dawn—could he not, looking on Lebanon and Tabor, on Jerusalem and Galilee, have said: “He hath shed forth this advance of Christianity in human affairs. God has a plan, and he thus reveals it. God is giving triumph to Christianity; therefore, let Lebanon and Tabor, let Jerusalem and Galilee, know assuredly that God hath made our Lord the Lord of the Roman earth, indeed, and that the influence of the Holy Ghost is Christ’s continued life.”

What, if later, when Christianity had ascended to the throne of the Cæsars, Peter had stood on the Tiber, and had beheld philosophy, little by little, permeated by Christianity? What if he had looked back on the persecutions and martyrdoms which gave purity and power to early Christianity, and which make her record, even to your infidel Gibbon, venerable beyond comment? Could not Peter, there on the Tiber, have said, looking on the Apennines, and Vesuvius, and the Mediterranean, and on Egypt: “Let Rome and the Tiber, let Alexandria and the Nile, know assuredly, since our Lord who was and is and is to come, hath shed forth this, that He is Lord.”

What if, later, Peter, standing on the Bosphorus, when Rome had lost her footing on the Tiber, had beheld the rushing in of the Turks to pulverize the sunrise foot of old Rome; what if he had remembered the day when, standing on two feet, Rome, planting herself on both the Tiber and the Bosphorus, folded her arms and looked at the North star, and proclaimed herself likely to be as eternal as that stellar light; what if, remembering all that had come and all that had gone, he had beheld that colossus topple toward the west, smite itself into pieces on the Alps, and fall in fragments on the Rhine, on the Elbe, on the Oder, some pieces scattered across the howling North Sea to the Thames, and to the sites of Oxford and Cambridge—these fragments of old Rome built up in these places into universities which caused at last the illumination which brought the Reformation; what if Peter, beholding thus the Greeks driven toward the sunset, and old Rome becoming seed for the Reformation, had stood on the Seine, on the Elbe, on the Oder, and had witnessed the varied progress of the ideas of Him who affirmed once that he had many things yet to say, might not Peter there, side by side with Luther, have said once more: “He hath shed forth this: therefore, let the Alps and the Rhine and the Seine and the Elbe, the Thames and the German Sea, know assuredly that this gulf-current in human history, now 2,000 years old, is not an accident—that it means all it expresses, for what God does He from the first intends to do. He who has thus watched over the cause of Christian truth,

and has been breathing the Holy Ghost upon the nations, hath shed forth this; and therefore, let Berlin and Paris and London and Oxford and Cambridge know assuredly that God hath made him Lord."

What if, later, when the tempest of persecution, rising out of the sunrise, smote upon those universities and blew the "Mayflower" across the sea, Peter had taken position in that vessel, as its billowing, belying, bellowing sails fled across the great deep in the icy breath of that time; and what if he had seen on the deck of that "Mayflower" a few rushlights taking their gleam from those universities, themselves illuminated by the fire that fell at Pentecost? What if Peter, afterward, standing on Plymouth Rock, had seen these rushlights kindling others, and a line of rushlights, representing the same illumination of the Holy Spirit, go out into our wilderness, until they glass themselves in the Connecticut, and in the Hudson, and in the eyes of the wild beasts of the murmuring pines and hemlocks, and in the eternal roar of Niagara, and in the Great Lakes, and in the Mississippi, and in the springs of the Sierras, and at last in the soft, hissing foam of the Pacific seas. What if, beholding these rushlights, thus carried across a continent by Divine guidance, Peter had stood here, would not the force of his word "therefore" have had new emphasis, as he should have said: "He hath shed forth this; therefore let Boston, let New York, let Chicago, let San Francisco, let the surf of the Bay of Fundy, let the waterfalls of the Yosemite know assuredly that God hath made Him Lord."

But what if, when a tempest sprung out of the south, and these rushlights were, I will not say extinguished, but all bent to the earth and painfully tried, some of them blown out, he had beheld the lights, little by little, after the tempest had gone down, begin to be carried southward, and at last glass themselves in the streaming bayous and the gulf; what if, although some had been extinguished forever, he had seen them shining on the breaking of the fetters of 3,000,000 slaves; what if the churches, when the tempest ceased, grow brighter in their assertion of the value of their light, and are filling the land with its influence, and, if God continues to illumine them, will make the rushlights glass themselves yet in all the streams, in all the springs, and in all the sprays on all the shores of all the land, could not he, looking on such results, in a territory greater than Rome ever ruled over, have said: "He hath shed forth this; therefore, let America know assuredly that God hath made Him Lord."

But what if, lastly, Peter had beheld a rushlight taken across the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands, and one to Japan, and one to China, and one to India, and had seen the soft-rolling globe enswathed in all its zones by rushlights, bearing the very flames

which fell at Pentecost ; and beaten on, indeed, by persecution here and there, but not likely to be beaten on ever again as fiercely as they have been already; not likely to be blown out everywhere, even if they are in some places ; and thus ensphering the globe, so that it is not probable at all, under the law of the survival of the fittest, that they will be put out ; could not Peter, then, looking on what God had done, and what He, therefore, intended to do, looking on the incontrovertible fact that the islands of the sea and the continents have been coming to prefer Christian thought, and seem likely to remain under its influence ; could not he, while standing on scientific and biblical ground, at once have affirmed, in the name both of science and of Scripture, the transfiguring truth : " He hath shed forth this ; therefore, let Asia on the Himalaya tops, let Europe in the Parthenon and Coliseum, let London's mystic roar, let the New World in her youthful vigor, let all the islands of the sea know assuredly that the fittest has survived, and that the fittest will survive, and that God hath made him Lord who is fittest to be so." All the seas, in all their waves, on all their shores would answer to such an assertion : Hallelujah ! So be it ! The influences of the Holy Spirit are Christ's continued life.

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Pilate's Pregnant Question Considered.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE WESLEY (METHODIST) CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GA., BY **Alexander Means, D.D. LL.D.**

What is Truth?—John xviii: 38.

THE circumstances under which the world's Redeemer was arraigned were enough to have intimidated and confounded an impostor. He was treacherously and remorselessly seized by bloodthirsty myrmidons amid the darkness of night and in the quiet retirement of His favorite garden, beyond the brook Kedron. But His time had come, and He was ready. The hour for the awful consummation of the great evangelical *Truth* for which He left heaven was at hand, and He might not withdraw from the fearful ordeal without sacrificing the Divine veracity and sealing the world's fate.

Jesus Christ was the mighty embodiment of *eternal Truth*, and the recognized exponent of the power and purity of the Godhead upon earth; and this occasion must not pass without a conspicuous vindication of His claims.

The sacrilegious multitude rush impetuously on, headed by hell's willing representative—the prince of traitors—with a hypocritical smile upon his perjured lips, the price of his Saviour's blood yet clinking in his purse, and the excoriating curse of the damning deed even now blistering his conscience.

But still they push on—intruding upon the hallowed spot of His devotional solitude, until arrested by the sudden presence of Divinity. Thunderstruck and confounded, they halt. *Jesus speaks.* “Whom seek ye?” “Jesus of Nazareth,” the trembling miscreants stammeringly reply.

Nearly eighteen and a half centuries have passed away since that eventful night. And yet I think I see the light of the Godhead beam in His eye, and hear His immortal, unprevaricating answer, “I AM HE,” as it passed with the tremors of an earthquake through their guilty ranks, until, staggering and unstrung, they fall backward to the earth like supple and defenceless reeds before the hurricane's breath. The astonished wretches are at length allowed to recover, and Christ meekly consents to meet the doom which he had chosen 4,000 years before. He stands before Caiaphas, and fearlessly and openly proclaims the *Truth*. Then, before Pilate's bar, in the Judg-

ment Hall, while the horrors of crucifixion overhang Him, and His fiendish persecutors are thirsting for His blood, He declares, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the *Truth*." "What is truth?" was then the skeptical inquiry of the half-convinced Roman Governor, as he turned upon his heel and left the room, to report to the Jews the faultless character of their victim. He waited not for an answer. Perhaps his quaking conscience cowered in the presence of personified *Truth*, and he dreaded the reply which would condemn his servile connivance at flagrant, unparalleled murder. Nor was the answer vouchsafed to him, nor to his godless accomplices in guilt. The world's history was to furnish the reply—not in one distinct, categorical response, but in public, providential and powerful vindication of the Divine economy, continued through successive centuries, pouring in from all quarters and in a thousand different forms, and gathering new force and volume as ages rolled away. The solemn exposition of *the Truth* was to begin within a few hours after the impious arraignment of the Son of God, in the darkening heavens, the trembling earth and the bursting graves. One-third of a century afterward, in accordance with Christ's prediction, a terrible testimony came up from the doomed city of God, burthened with such carnage and destruction as the world never saw, when sword, fire, famine and pestilence did their rapid work, and one million one hundred thousand wretched Jews had their fearful imprecation answered—"His blood be upon us and our children." Nor was this all. The retributive anathema, rolling on down the vista of ages, was to send back its reverberations from a thousand fields, like deafening echoes from a whispering gallery, reiterating the same destiny of blood and ruin to that devoted race, whose living representatives dreaded and rejected the Truth. But the answer is gaining a world-wide circulation, and even now commands the faith of all civilized nations. It comes home to family circles and personal history; it is heard in the sigh of the mourner and the shout of the saint—seen in its powerful restraints upon public morals, and felt in its sanctifying peace upon individual hearts. Nor shall impressive responses to that significant question, "What is Truth?" cease to be furnished until the seventh angel sounds, and great voices from heaven proclaim, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

Different opinions have been entertained and inculcated in regard to the true import of the brief and hasty question which Pilate propounded to the immaculate prisoner at his bar. 1st. Some have paraphrased it thus: "What is Truth, that you should risk your life in maintaining it, when Menander, Plato,

Proclus and the Stoics, with other ancient philosophers, taught that a lie was preferable to the truth, when it could be told to advantage?" 2d. Others have understood him to inquire, "What is that *particular* truth which you inculcate and would have us believe?" 3d. Some, again, suppose this question was put to the court and those surrounding Pilate, as though he had said, "What is the true state of facts—the true nature of the charge against the culprit at the bar?" 4th. Begging leave respectfully to differ from all these expositions, we suppose his inquiry, therefore, to authorize the following paraphrase: "You have just said, 'To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth.'" Aye, "*the Truth.*" But what is Truth?—that is the question. It has been long agitated in the schools, and yet remains an unsettled problem. Pythagoras and Plato, Aristides and Aristotle, and a host of others, have all professed to teach it. But who has ever authenticated his claims? Tully has spoken from Italy—Solon from Greece—Confucius from China—Anacharsis from Scythia, and Zeno from Cyprus—and yet the great problem remains unsolved. If these profound philosophers have failed, will an ignorant Galilean—the reputed son of a carpenter, and the companion of fishermen and tax-gatherers—be likely to succeed and settle the mooted question? This taunting interrogatory was at best probably suggested as a bribe to his own tortured and remonstrating conscience, and a plea for his hasty retreat.

Pilate's question, however, has lost nothing of its force and significance by the lapse of years, but is propounded *now* to the intelligent mind of the nineteenth century, enlightened and enlarged as it is by Bible illumination and the ample experience of eighteen hundred years.

Let us, then, consider its claims.

Truth has been the subject of search for centuries by philosophers and chemists, geologists and mineralogists, mathematicians and astronomers, anatomists and physiologists, teachers and divines, by thinkers, writers and experimentalists, within their several spheres of study and of action. Wisdom has, therefore, been waging war with ignorance, prejudice and error, to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and establish the claims of Truth to universal empire. For the measureless realms of Nature are hers. She is the essence and exponent of the Eternal Father, and her prerogatives are acknowledged both in heaven and on earth. The universe bears testimony to her presence, and moves in unbroken harmony in accordance with her laws. She smiles in every flower and refreshes in every breeze, rides on every wave and rolls in every river, glances in every sunbeam and shines in every star. Her rule is as implicitly obeyed in the hum of the drowsy beetle as in

the roar of the rampant lion ; in the shimmering splendor of the dewdrop as in the glowing corruscations of the Aurora ; in the gentle patter of the summer shower as in the crashing plunge of the avalanche. Of celestial descent—the heart of God was her birthplace, and angels bend in homage to her heavenly authority, and find their bliss in conforming to her behests.

Truth is capable of three distinctive divisions, viz. :

1. NATURAL TRUTH.
2. MORAL TRUTH.
3. EVANGELICAL OR RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

1. *Natural or Physical Truth* is but the harmonious utterances of Nature, announced through the action of her established laws. Indeed, the whole natural universe is but one grand museum of physical truth, in millionary forms; never false, but ever inflexibly and unvaryingly the same. There is no lie in all the realms of Nature, although there may be paradoxical phenomena not easily reconcilable by a finite understanding. Nor does she ever act by erratic or new-born impulses. Her legislation is as old as creation, and, in her sub-lunary dominions, at least, since God first breathed into Adam "the breath of life," no new clause has ever been introduced into her code. There are no *accidents* in the record of her reign. The thunderous fall of the Alpine avalanche, the uproar of the tempest, the rock of the earthquake, and the blasting breath of the volcano are as much regular sequences, within the range of her settled economy, as the rising sun, the waning moon, or the returning seasons. The faithful, periodical return to our skies of the eccentric comet, that

"takes his ample round
Through depths of ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds
Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years,"

as strikingly illustrates her faithful reign as the consecutive phases of the morning and evening star.

But physical Truth must be "sought out" by the power of human intellect, and exemplified by the results of human labor. And the very search is destined to elevate, invigorate and refine the human mind, foster its love of Truth, enlarge its scope of moral vision, and give it more exalted ideas of the Great Creator.

It is by a constant reliance upon the unvarying truths of Nature that science, from age to age, has prosecuted her discoveries. Some of those truths are self-evident, as, *e. g.*, those upon which pure as well as mixed mathematics are founded. Thus, "All parts of the circumference of a circle are equidistant

from the center." "When two straight lines cross each other at right angles, all the contained angles are right angles." "Two things, each of which is equal to a third, are equal to one another." "The whole is equal to all its parts," etc.

Such truths are axiomatic, and require no reasoning.

From these and other recognized and established principles, Science therefore prosecutes her daring researches into the arcana of Nature, and discloses in her progress other correlative and dependent truths—extends the boundaries of thought, advances civilization, and throughout the physical universe reveals the glory of the God of Truth. And when, from the imperfect or limited power of human reason, the paucity of recorded facts, or the misapprehension of reliable postulates, the adventurous physicist rambles into error and fails to reach truthful results, it only requires that time should elapse, and more cautious and better informed successors should enter the field, conform more rigidly to Nature's veritable and unchanging laws, and the blunders and hallucinations of predecessors will be superseded by salutary and authentic results. It is by a correct apprehension, then, of the truths of somatology that progress is made in mechanics, agriculture, sculpture, painting, music, commerce, navigation, and every other practical and ornamental department of human knowledge; while the adoption and propagation of physical *falsehoods* retard progress, entail evils, and embarrass and confuse the mind, and leave it to flounder amid the mazy labyrinths of illusory conjecture.

2. *Moral Truth.* We define this to be a conformity of words and actions to thoughts and sentiments, or an exact representation of things that have been, are, or will be, and is indispensable to the existence and maintenance of all social order, security, and prosperity in a country.

Like the magnificent palace of the Incas of Cuzco, the ancient imperial city of Peru, whose ponderous stones were united by seams of melted gold, the whole social fabric is cemented by this pure and durable element, and without which the noble structure would soon totter to its fall. Falsehood makes war with God's grandest attribute, as manifested in heaven and earth, and which must ultimately triumph to vindicate the glory of His reign.

"Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers:
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid his worshippers."

In the economy of Revelation "Mercy and Truth have met together." Mercy, most lovely of the Divine attributes, hitherto restrained by the claims of unsatisfied Justice from bestowing upon the soul of man her eleemosynary gifts, pregnant with the wealth of heaven, has at length met with Truth, revealed

upon the crimson heights of Calvary; has witnessed the glorious fulfillment of God's immutable promises, which have survived the mutations of more than fifty-eight centuries, and has received her celestial commission to open the treasures of eternal life to the dying nations.

"Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." Righteousness, whose just but rigorous exactions required more than earth could meet; and Peace, whose boundless blessings, designed for the world, and gathered from the cross of Christ, has recognized and satisfied these sublime demands, and now dwells in everlasting harmony with her pure and spotless sister. Still, in Oriental strains, sings the sweet Psalmist of Israel: "Truth shall spring out of the earth"; shall vouchsafe her appearance in this polluted world in the person of the immaculate Messiah. And "Righteousness shall look down from heaven" approvingly upon the triumphs of Truth through succeeding centuries amid the warring systems of heathen Polytheism, philosophical Naturalism, and mystic Pantheism.

But to return from these reflections. A *liar* is a curse to society, and generally the injury which he inflicts is in proportion to the position which he occupies and the extent of confidence which he may temporarily command. He foully profanes the corporeal temple, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and infamously dares to make its consecrated paraphernalia subservient to the infernal work of unsettling the foundations of all social confidence, disrupting the harmony and destroying the peace of the moral world, and at the same time clouding the lustre and retarding the progress of the Redeemer's benevolent reign. Truth looks down upon him from the glowing stars, and rings her claims upon his ear from the obedient winds upon their circuits, and speaks through the voiceless flowers at his feet; and yet his degraded soul is unmoved amid this guileless antiphony and emblazonry of Truth. His condition is a perilous and unenviable one. Like the fakirs of India or the jugglers of China, he may make the credulous populace wonder and stare for an hour, but they soon learn that there is trickery and fraud at the bottom, and his selfish and malevolent secrets will one day be disclosed upon the house-tops under the inextinguishable blaze of *Truth*.

Then, to the noble sons and daughters of my country, allow me to address a few words of kind counsel, suggested and enforced by the experience of age, the affection of a father, and the authority of revelation. Scourged and torn as we have been by the relentless demon of war—our fields laid waste, our granaries plundered, our homes committed to the flames and turned to ashes, our time-honored institutions torn up by the roots, and our fathers and husbands, and brothers and sons wrapped in bloody winding-sheets and buried upon a hundred

battle-fields, while widowhood and orphanage weep through the land, still we have had two imperishable treasures left us—our HONOR and our BIBLE. And thank heaven, they are still ours, shielded by the invulnerable ægis of TRUTH, and environed by encamping angels. A voluntary surrender alone can deprive us of these invaluable treasures. As well may the Atlantic be expected to submerge the proud peak of the Teneriffe, whose rocky rampart has for past centuries daily baffled and dispersed the angry waves at its base, as the surrounding misfortunes and ills of life ever succeed utterly to overwhelm the man or the nation whose mountain stands strong upon these enduring foundations. Would you, then, be useful, honorable and distinguished, and win the laurels of a virtuous immortality, which flourish as unfading evergreens as well upon the unepitaphed tomb of poverty as upon the sculptured mausoleum of wealth, never attempt to worm your way to eminence by the tortuous and slimy track of falsehood and duplicity—a hazardous route at best, and always intercepted by sloughs or pit-falls, or strewn with concealed torpedoes. Make an open, bold, and manly attempt, where conscience shall ever approve, honor never desert, and Truth unflinchingly defend. At a time when dissimulation and treachery in diplomacy is the tolerated policy and considered as the creditable evidence of an acute mind, as in the days of the renowned Secretary of the Florentine Republic, a few unscrupulous adventurers may find their way to temporary power. But, like Macchiavelli, they may expect, if not peltings and a prison, at least a posthumous infamy, as the unenviable meed of posterity. But it must not be forgotten that at this period of our Christian civilization there is much to stimulate your laudable ambition, and spring into activity your utmost energies. Science and the arts are rapidly bringing under control the hitherto refractory elements of Nature. *Mind* has been launched upon the high seas on a voyage of discovery under the triple pressure of canvas, steam and electricity, and is now strained from mast-head to keel in cleaving the waves of the untried deep before it. All these subordinate agencies Christianity legitimately claims as auxiliary to the accomplishment of her sublime system of progression. The learning and science of the age, and the mental activity which controls the leading enterprises of the day, demand a corresponding increase of knowledge and of energy, under the sanction of the “Truth as it is in Jesus,” to defend the faith from sacrilegious intrusions and keep her altars pure. I know the country is in a state of unrest. Political animosities, financial troubles, and corruption in high places have served to keep up for a season an irritable condition of the popular mind. As the broad bosom of the great deep, which has been lashed into fury by the thong of the cyclone, still heaves and frets for

days together after the wild winds have hushed and the scourge has been withdrawn, so our national agitation has been too widely spread and tempestuous to subside within an hour after the hurricane has passed. But no storm can endure forever; its violence must be spent, and we may therefore anticipate an auspicious time, probably not far distant, when fraternal harmony, national peace and unexampled prosperity may reign over our fertile plains, so recently desolated by an excited and marauding soldiery. Evidences confirmatory of these expectations surround us to-day. Nor does the detection of gold and whiskey rings, the malignant flings of irate politicians, the criminality of defaulting officials, nor the smoke and confusion of the Presidential contest, destroy our confidence or obscure our vision. After Homer's mythological gods had fought, with sturdy oaks as their missiles, torn from his sides and summit, Mt. Atlas stood as firm and unmoved as when the struggle commenced. The conflict then is ended, and our great Republic still stands. Human passions are subsiding. International harmony is cultivated, and all the appliances and facilities for a higher Christian civilization lie out invitingly before us. We live, then, in an eventful age, and at a critical epoch of our country's history.

New and noble destinies are to be wrought out for yourselves and your posterity. Some who hear me to-day will soon succeed to the onerous duties and responsibilities of their seniors and their sires. Let them beware, scrupulously beware, of indirection or misrepresentation, and never depreciate the value of *Truth*, nor consent to compromise her claims, even in jest.

National corruption has superinduced the downfall of a hundred kingdoms; and when an open disregard to *Truth* and the claims of Heaven pervades the higher classes and characterizes the public functionaries of the land, the disastrous result is rapidly hastened. Who shall say, then, that "spiritual wickedness in high places" did not, even in this enlightened age, provoke the application of the Catalinean torch to the most magnificent pile dedicated to human liberty which the world ever saw—threatening to leave its dismembered and smouldering fragments as fearful "landmarks upon the coast of time," to warn coming generations that "sin is a reproach to any people"? And yet, there were more than 300 of the faithful and pure who had never bowed the knee to Baal, nor worshipped at the shrine of Ashtoreth; and who can tell whether their sympathizing tears and earnest prayers may not have moved the Mercy of the skies, and induced compassionate Heaven to stop the clash of steel and flow of blood, which had already sacrificed whole hecatombs of noble victims to the insatiate Moloch of war, and that the same Divine intervention may not yet enable a high-minded, patriotic and enterprising

people—chastened, sobered and softened by the bitter experiences of fraternal strife—when political tricksters, selfish demagogues and soulless vampires, who have battered upon the life blood of their struggling country, have been unmasked and exposed to popular scorn—to rear a still more stately and imposing governmental structure, under whose ample dome purer morals may characterize our statesmen, and a loftier type of Christianity adorn our institutions and exalt our common country in the eyes of the world? Then, crowned with the Divine approval, “the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.” And then may it be engraven upon the entablature of every temple, “Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance.”

3. *Evangelical or Religious Truth.* We now enter upon the consideration of the third and most important division of our theme, and in comparison with which all the other forms of *Truth* must be held inferior and subordinate, but neither antagonistic nor incompatible—rather corroborative and sustaining. For however glowing and boundless the exhibition of *physical Truth* in the surrounding universe, and however declarative of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, yet the *soul of man*, whose independent and spiritual essence claims an “imperium in imperio,” may live in the midst of it all, in bitter solitude and gloomy silence, without the hallowing influence and imperial reign of a richer, nobler form of *Truth*, which shall pervade its whole nature, be commensurate with all its powers, and extend its transporting consummation beyond the visible splendors of earth and sky, and into that blissful Heaven which the immortal longings of our spiritual nature so significantly foreshadow. Nor can the universal prevalence of *social Truth* and probity meet all its demands. The intelligence, refinement, and concord of virtuous society, it is true, throw many charms around domestic life, but still the consciousness of innate impurity, the pains of sickness, the agony of grief, the blight of misfortune, and fearful apprehensions in contemplating the unavoidable passage through the dark “valley of the shadow of death,” all pathetically and loudly plead for some celestial, transcendent realization for the soul—*truthful*, present and powerful as God Himself—to complete and eternize its safety and bliss.

What, then, is *Truth*, in this superlative and exalted sense? Let the uncreated Son of God furnish the reply in the thrilling language whose reverberations must have been still ringing through the temple, the court, and the cottage—among the stern judges of the Sanhedrim and the intolerant priests of the synagogue, even when the conscience-stung and vacillating

Procurator surrendered his immaculate prisoner to the clamor of the crowd and the curse of the cross; so long, so publicly and so impressively had He reiterated His doctrines and the purport of His mission upon the ears of astonished multitudes. Language, too, which comes down to us laden with a momentous disclosure from that eventful hour, unheeded or evaded, as it was then by time-serving rulers and a versatile populace, but unadulterated and unchanged by the mutation of ages, and solemn as the bar of God.

Hear Him: "*I am the TRUTH.*" "He that believeth in Me," (*i e.*, the *Truth*), "though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die." "If ye continue in My word" (for I tell you the *Truth*), "then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the *Truth*" (for you will know *Me*), "and the *Truth*" (*God is Truth*, and *I am God incarnate*) "shall make you free." "If the Son therefore" (who is the First Begotten of the Father and 'the Prince of Peace') "shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." JESUS CHRIST, then, the "WORD," who "was in the beginning with God," and "the word was God," and who "was made flesh and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father), full of grace and *Truth*"—and who was "crucified, dead and buried," and arose from the dead, ascended to Heaven, and was reglorified at the right hand of the Father, for the salvation of the world, is, *par excellence*, THE TRUTH—the soul absorbing, *Evangelical Truth*, which eclipses and throws into shadow all minor Truths. Indeed, this may be regarded as the great solar center, around which all other recognized Truths in the physical and moral worlds brilliantly and beautifully revolve, on whose gravitative force they depend, and from which they receive their orbits and derive their lustre. When human *reason* faltered and failed to accomplish the more than Herculean task of supplying the immortal wants of man from creation's limited resources, *revelation*, laden with the wealth of heaven, gratuitously opened her stores, and welcomed the nations to the boundless mercies of God.

Evangelical or Religious Truth, then, is more absolute and inabrogable than what are regarded as the fixed mathematical and chemical verities of Nature herself, because based upon God's immutable *attributes* and His irrevocable *promises*. Nay, it gives force and dignity to moral Truth itself by its solemn sanctions and awful penalties. Unconscious, inanimate nature may, by miraculous interposition, suspend its functions and fail to obey its accustomed laws. The wild winds are hushed, and the insurgent billows sleep, when Jesus speaks to the storm-tossed lake of Galilee. The laws of gravitation are arrested at His will, and the liquid floods lie like adamant under His tread. And even the devitalized components of the animal body, disbanded

by death, and busy amid the darkness of the sepulchre in forming new aggroupments and combinations for the inorganic world, suddenly pause in their mutinous revel at the authoritative mandate of the Lord of the tomb, instantly hasten to their deserted posts, and blend once more their living harmonies in the reanimated form of the rising Lazarus.

But all the "dicta" of *Evangelical Truth*, like its great author, are modified to meet no emergencies, are subject to no varying phases, and know no change from age to age, but are the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

"The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay;
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away.
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thine own Messiah reigns."

So pure and godlike is this *Truth* that it has been made the exponent of the Holy Spirit, who is called the "Spirit of Truth." And in the beautiful intercessory prayer of the merciful Redeemer, He identifies himself with it, and would have us regard it as the agent of sanctification to an unregenerate world. Hence, "Sanctify them through Thy Truth. Thy *word* is *Truth*," supplicates the Divine Mediator. The two terms may therefore be regarded as theologically synonymous. But Christ the Son, and God the Father, are both identified with the Holy Ghost in this great work.

For Jesus proclaims, "I am the *Truth*"; and the Apostle John, under the Divine afflatus, calls Him the "*Word*" when he declares, as already quoted—John i: 14—"The *Word* was made *flesh* (and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father), full of grace and *Truth*." But again, by the same inspired authority, the identity is traced further in this demonstrative climax, which, in this connection, we beg leave to repeat—John i: 1—"In the beginning was the *Word*, and the *Word* was *with God*, and the *WORD WAS GOD*." Thus we reach the glorious syllogistic conclusion that *Jesus Christ is GOD*! a fundamental doctrine of orthodox Christendom unequivocally avowed by St. Paul in his letter to the Romans—Rom. ix: 5—"Of whom, as concerning the *flesh*, *Christ* came, who is over all, *God blessed forever*, Amen." Therefore *Truth* is the analogue of God Himself. With what august majesty and boundless dominion is *Truth* thus invested! Surely her claims are universal and her reign sempiternal! Why should we wonder, then, that the great, mysterious, and spiritual work of regeneration should be confided to its almightiness?

No man can, then, be sanctified and saved but "through the belief of the *Truth*," nor until his heart has submitted to its control. For the *heart*—the *invisible heart*, not the palpitating, material, contractile *muscle* described by anatomists—

is the seat of our emotional nature and our moral sensibilities, and must be *truthful* in its conformities to Divine impressions, as no *false* heart can ever experience the sanctifying grace of God. "For what concord hath Christ with Belial?"

But Truth, in the more general acceptance of the term, may be held "in unrighteousness." The authenticity of the Bible may be admitted, its theology adopted, its morals admired, and its sacraments and ceremonials observed, while the *heart* has rebelled against the interior reign of a scriptural godliness, closed its doors, and reared its ramparts against the spiritual appeals of *Truth*, and has never, like the happy home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus, welcomed and cherished the soul-saving visits of the benevolent Redeemer, nor tendered its all to the promotion of His honor and glory. Men of this world have often "the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof."

An intellectual recognition, then, of the truth of Biblical doctrines may be found in the *head*, shine from the pulpit and illuminate the platform, or flow from the *hands* in orthodox pages or munificent charities, while the *heart*, the consecrated temple of man's noblest sensibilities, is left in palpable darkness, without one cordial aspiration for the spirit of Truth, or one expiatory sacrifice upon her altars propitiatory of the Divine favor.

Christianity is the perfectional embodiment of moral and religious *Truth*, from the hands of a triune God, and must therefore represent the distinctive attributes of each personality in the hypostatic union, and the relationship which they severally sustain to a world of sinners. Like her perfect and illimitable Founder, to compass the full range of her redeeming power over our entire manhood, all her resources must be made available, and she must demand a triune service. *Head* and *hands* and *heart*, or *intellect*, *conduct* and *affections*, must all be consecrated at her shrine, and the lame and reluctant sacrifices which may be substituted by either for the unblemished and the voluntary which Heaven requires will be spurned from her altars, and the offense visited with a corresponding malediction.

Indeed, this Divine triplicity seems admirably symbolized in the graphic language of the great apostle to the Gentiles. After a review of the glowing constellation of the Christian virtues, he says: "And now abideth *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*, these *three*, but the greatest of these is *Charity*." The latter grace is worthy of this contra-distinguishing superiority, because it is the lustrous outshining of the love of God in the human heart—the great exemplifier of a spiritual religion, and a minister of mercy to a suffering world. To that *faith* then which is "anchored within the vail," that *hope*, whose rainbow spans

the darkest skies, and that *love* which is an emanation from Heaven, and embraces within its benevolent reach all the nations of the earth, our souls pay reverential homage, for all of dignity, virtue and loveliness that our finite natures can display, within and without, in Heaven and earth, are there.

But, in conclusion, Truth alone can bear the disclosures of rolling ages, the various tests of advancing mind, and meet without quailing the inquisitorial glance of the Almighty Judge. She alone can transform the awful paraphernalia of the coming throne, the blazing heavens, the fusing earth, and the rising dead, into an empyreal temple, sparkling with the glory of God, resonant with the songs of angels, and redolent with the incense of universal praise.

Pilate's question, "What is *Truth*?" has been propounded with fearful emphasis by outraged conscience, in the dying hour, to thousands of hypocritical pretenders, profane traducers, sacrilegious skeptics and godless blasphemers—overshadowing the death-room with Egyptian gloom, portentous of the deeper darkness of the bottomless pit—and been reverberated in thunder tones by the insulted Law of Sinai and the trampled blood of Calvary.

Volney and Voltaire, D'Alembert and Condorcet, Paine and Altamont, heard in the hidden depths of their souls the fearful appeal, and shuddered, from the ominous premonitions that rolled up from a looming eternity and a yawning tomb.

But those who move on heavenward, with their "loins girt about with *Truth*, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness," honoring God and keeping His commandments, will soon reach the elevated goal of a blissful destiny. And when our holy religion shall have enlightened and molded the heart of the nations; when falsehood, confounded and ashamed, shall have been driven from her last stronghold, and have fled to her native hell; when the legions of the skies and the millions of the earth shall have rallied to the trumpet's sound and encircled in shining ranks the descending throne, then shall an unclouded universe of intelligences await in hallowed rapture the Godhead's last and loftiest demonstration of *eternal love* in redemption's wondrous plan. Creation round, as if summoned to witness the grand denouement of the Divine economy, reaching through decades of by-gone ages, stands attent, and from her depths profound and her heights sublime, from her burning stars and their planetary orbs—those luminous and faithful exponents of *physical Truth*—in adoring but expressive silence, display their pantomimic wonders in feeble testimony to the wisdom, power and goodness of their Creator. *Moral Truth*, like the full-orbed moon among the stars of night, sheds its mild radiance throughout the broad empyrean, shines in every eye of the countless host, and blends in boundless

harmony the charms of every virtue. And now the crisis has come. Eternity consumes her offspring, and *time is no more*.

The SON OF GOD, rehabilitated with His Father's glory, moves to the centre of the glowing scene, to reveal the mysteries of redemption to a ruined world, and vindicate before an assembled universe *religious Truth* as it shone upon our apostate race. "His eyes" are "as a flame of fire, and on His head" are "many crowns." A rainbow encircles His brow, and on its prismatic arch is seen, "*I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.*" The hierarchy of the skies and the redeemed of all nations hang over the gorgeous pageant in admiring suspense, longing to hear the final solution of Pilate's question, "What is Truth?" when lo, the answer comes! The *mighty Truth*, the TRUTH OF TRUTHS—the soul and center of all sublunary themes—a Truth dimly known before amid the shadows of earth, but *now* gloriously illustrated by the crowned Messiah in opened heaven, and surrounded by the happy millions of the spiritual world. Let earth and sky reiterate it. It is: GOD IN CHRIST JESUS RECONCILING THE WORLD TO HIMSELF! Rejoicing creation shouts "AMEN!" The heavenly harpers seize the response and turn it into song. The one hundred and forty-four thousand of the redeemed alone can swell the loud refrain to the listening skies. But all is Heaven—transcendent Heaven. Doubt and mystery die amid the light that breaks from "the throne of God and of the Lamb," and the final anthem, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and *true* Thy ways, Thou King of Saints," closes the inauguration of the reign of Truth.

Social Inequalities and Social Wrongs.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY J. H. Rylance, D.D., IN ST. MARK'S [EPISCOPAL] CHURCH,
NEW YORK.

There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus.—
Luke xvi: 19, 20.

EXPOSITORS dispute whether this account of the rich man and Lazarus is a parabolic fiction merely, or a historical fact. But the question is unimportant. Nothing of vital value in the story depends upon the decision of the dispute. For granting that the incidents as recorded here never actually took place; that the account is only a moral fiction, a parable; yet the truths it teaches or illustrates are not the less true for that. The parable merely gathers into one group detached incidents and experiences in moral life, presenting them to our thoughts in an artistic order, or stringing them together in a continuous narrative in such a way as to render them vivid and impressive to the hearer or the reader. The parable is thus a sort of moral mosaic composed of elements gathered hither and thither, it may be, and arranged for final effect in harmonious and picturesque relations. Say, then, that there never lived this particular "rich man" or this same "beggar"; that you could nowhere find in history the characters and incidents of this story grouped as they are here; that no such drama was ever enacted; that the account, in a word, is only a parable. Yet you cannot dismiss the truths which the story articulates by saying that. The account, in all its essential elements, is none the less true to the fact of experience. Though the narrative, *as a whole*, may have no historical counterpart, each essential *part* or *particular* has. You have, for instance, both in history and in life, your rich men using their wealth in self-indulgence and luxury, while utterly ignoring the claims of God and the hard necessities of their fellow men. And you have your poor men, paupers, beggars, bruised and broken in body or mind, victims of misfortune or of sin, who are neglected or spurned by your gay and festive worldling, while a future state of retribution or reward awaits both classes, where Almighty God will deal with all "according to the deeds done in the body." And these, you will observe, are the only essential truths taught in this bold and startling parable of Dives and Lazarus, as we are accustomed to style it. All else is merely tributary incident or ornament, the drapery of the doctrine, the composition and color that render the picture life-like and telling. There is a great deal in the teaching of Christ and his apostles of this moral ornamentation, which weak or one-sided minds often pervert or misapply. But we are to discriminate

between the vehicle of the truth and the truth itself, or we shall be guilty of foolish imputations upon the character and government of God. In the parable before us we have a cluster of images, all admitting of such abuse: "Abraham's bosom," the two states of the dead divided by a visible "gulf," a material "flame" of fire, with a dialogue between the father of the faithful and a lost soul. Now, all this is startling to some minds. But to men of discernment there is no difficulty in such modes of teaching. They are not only expedient, but necessary, especially to the popular understanding; for if Christ is to tell us of things that are heavenly, how are we to comprehend the doctrine unless He clothe it in images that are earthly and familiar? But we are to look through the metaphors to the truths which they illustrate; we are to lay aside the mere ornaments and accidents, and to seize the doctrines which they typify and symbolize. It is simply childish to take the types and symbols and to rest in them as if they were Divine realities; to take the "bosom" and the "flame," and the "gulf," and the "water" of this parable, for instance, as if such things actually existed in the hidden world. They are nothing but sensible images of spiritual realities; human types of Divine facts; figures for the time now present, whereby we may the better comprehend the things that are unseen and eternal.

But all this merely by the way. The subject I propose to handle in this homily is of a weightier order. It is indicated in the opening words of the parable, which I have therefore read as a text; a subject which "comes home" to our daily experience, and which some of the gravest difficulties and controversies of the times compel us to ponder: "There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus." From which words I propose to speak to you of *Social Inequalities and Social Wrongs*.

The inequalities we cannot question. They lie open before us in every community in bold and startling contrasts. Wealth, in its sensuous or refined indulgence, with its "purple and fine linen"; with its homes filled with costly elegance, and its banquets fit for the entertainment of the gods; with its wines and music, and pictures and flowers, shut in from all sights and sounds that could disturb the dreamy bliss; the favorites of such fortune being anxious only how to stimulate the taste by some novel enchantment, or to gratify the senses by some rarer and richer delight; while in the next street, perhaps, or within the sweep of a limited radius, you have poverty in its filth and rags and wretchedness. However we may account for them, or however we may deal with them, these contrasts exist. No form of government precludes them; Christianity

has but lightly relieved them ; civilization has even intensified them, or placed them in bolder and darker relief. For equality is an attribute of savage life more completely than of any civilized society.

These social inequalities have engaged the attention and called out the exertions of thinkers and philanthropists, to mitigate, at least, the evils which spring from them : sometimes by direct measures, in relieving the needy and providing for the helpless ; sometimes by measures indirect, in educating and Christianizing men, seeking thereby to cut off the suffering that comes from ignorance and vice. And these humane exertions have accomplished, no doubt, unspeakable good ; it might almost be said that they have served to keep modern society from going to utter destruction. For there seems to be an inherent and an alarming tendency in human nature to go back, when left to itself, to a lawless and savage condition ; yet with all the good that has been wrought by Christian philanthropy, the present condition of vast masses of our race, even in so-called Christian nations, is appalling and perilous. Take our own population in evidence, and though the forces which aim to elevate men have here had large opportunity and the fairest conditions, the results are enough to fill one with despondency. The highest attainments of civilization are found in cities ; yet here, side by side with the benefits, are the darkest and most degrading evils, against which Christianity itself seems almost utterly impotent. Nor can we reasonably look for a better condition of things till social science, penetrated by a Christian spirit, shall create a healthier atmosphere and more wholesome surroundings for the masses, who are all but helpless to secure such advantages for themselves. As long as the dwelling-places of the poor are suffered to remain in the shameful and demoralizing condition in which whole sections of our own city, for instance, are found to-day ; as long as parents and children are compelled to huddle together in indecent familiarity ; in quarters that are inferior to the pens of a wealthy man's cattle, baser than the very kennel that he builds for his dogs ; as long as the streets in certain neighborhoods are found in a filthy and pestiferous state, and every form of temptation is allowed to run riot at its will, we need not look for angels to emerge out of such vile and degrading conditions ; while it were folly to expect that a religious tract, or a Bible, or the occasional call of a missionary can work a miracle in a population blinded and hardened by circumstances like these. Nor need we wonder if, amid such classes, we find sentiments prevalent upon which "the good" and the well-to-do look with such a devout horror : infidelity, which esteems your priests and preachers as impostors often, or as employed to flatter the rich, and to soothe the poor only to keep them

quiet ; labor, in a state of almost constant unrest and struggle against capital, from a distorted conviction that somehow capital is necessarily at enmity with labor, and so conspiring against it, in defiance of the teachings of a sound political economy ; with more or less sympathy with "communism," which proposes to dissolve, by force if need be, the existing order of society, and to reconstruct it upon the basis of equality ; to create a commonwealth in which there shall be neither surplus wealth nor oppressive poverty.

These sentiments and aims have gained, as yet, no such general hold of the industrious classes in this country as that which obtains in the large cities of Europe. For one reason, because the hereditary wrongs and antagonisms do not exist here against which communism is a wild sort of protest : and for another reason, because of the more general dissemination of intelligence and material comfort here, as compared with the condition of the masses of the people in the "Old World." No large proportion of our "working" men (using the designation in the accepted sense) are capable of being deluded, I believe, by the dreams of socialism. Wherever such schemes have been tried, they have not only proved abortive, but they have made manifest the fact that they are absurd in conception ; for they ignore and trample upon the ordinations of Providence (or of nature, if we prefer so to speak) in seeking to reduce all men to one common level. There are radical, constitutional disparities in men, and these disparities will surely work themselves out into tangible results in the strife and competition of life. Some men are naturally more skillful, industrious and prudent, or they are more virtuous than others ; and these will excel where the vicious and indolent and incompetent will fail. Not only would it be unjust, therefore, to share results equally between these two classes, but society would be a grievous loser, since such an administration would prove a discouragement to ambition and energy, and confer a preëminence upon indolence and incompetency. There is a doctrine of equality which is just and rational which asserts that there shall be no privileged classes in the community, which denies all partiality on account of creed or pedigree ; but the theory which would abolish all meritorious distinctions among men, and distribute the gains of industry or of genius to all alike, is not only unjust, but absurd, and in practical operation must needs prove a failure, since it is an organized contradiction of the will and ordinations of God. Place all men on one common level of social standing and privilege to-morrow, and before nightfall inequalities will be seen to emerge from the social monotony. Divide the wealth of Christendom equally among all its citizens to-day, and ere a week shall have passed some will have squandered what they had, while others will have

gained. There can be no social equality in wealth, or in the advantages it brings, so long as men differ so essentially in their constitutional endowments, and in the capabilities and habits which decide their condition. Socialism, therefore, in the sense I have indicated, is either a folly or an imposture.

But these inequalities, though of Divine ordination, as we hold, and though they contribute, when wisely adjusted, to the happiness and progress of society, are a frequent and fertile occasion of wrong between individuals and classes of men.

The wealthy, on the one hand, are tempted by their seclusion and material contentment to be unmindful of the necessities and sufferings of the poor; while the poor are apt to be suspicious and resentful toward the rich. Such alienations are seldom as marked or as bitter in our own country as they are in less favored sections of Christendom, but, under special provocations, they assert themselves here.

Now, of such wrongs, we have a typical example in the parable before us. Nothing is told us in the story to indicate that the "rich man" was in any way actively cruel or unjust toward the "beggar" who lay at his gate. It was probably a customary sight to him, while the same thing obtained all around him no doubt. His sin was simply the sin of indifference or neglect, which is a light sin in the estimation of men, but heavy and black, it would seem, in the estimation of God. "But has not a man a right to do what he will with his own? If he has acquired his wealth by industry or received it through the law of a righteous inheritance, may he not spend it, if he will, upon himself, or upon his family, in any pursuit or indulgence not positively vicious?" That would seem to be allowable at least; and yet a moment's reflection reveals not only the iniquity, but the folly of the plea. For the man is a member of a community which has obligations and burdens to bear, and if one man may ignore such responsibilities, another man, and all men, may; and then what would be the worth of the wealth which the man called his own? For such selfishness would soon work the ruin of society. It is not the demand of religion alone that "the strong" shall bear the infirmities of "the weak." The State makes the same demand for the maintenance of institutions without which men would rapidly degenerate to barbarism. There is a school of social economists who are preaching very vigorously just now the gospel of "natural selection"; who tell us that in "the struggle for existence" the helpless ought to be allowed to "go to the wall," or that the strong may rightfully "trample out the weak." Mr. Darwin, for instance, upbraids our Christian civilization with placing impediments in the way of the law, which would allow the survival of none but "the fittest," complaining that, while "with savages the weak in body or mind

are soon eliminated, we civilized men do our utmost to check the process of elimination" by building "asylums for the imbecile, the maimed and the sick," his reproaches culminating in the charge that, by these and other blindly human measures, we allow our "worst animals to breed." But our best "animals would be found very poor specimens of men if life were thus emptied of the sweet humanities." The race would lose infinitely more of greatness, of energy, of variety, of activity, of mental and moral stimulus of every kind, by the rigid application of the animal law of natural selection to human affairs and purposes, than it could possibly gain in purity of breed. In fact, there would be no room at all left for the highest dispositions, if the "catch-who-can" principle of natural selection were to govern the conscience and to inform the motives of men. In pushing the competitive principle beyond its legitimate point, and making it supreme over the life of a being capable of self-sacrifice, we should only degrade man to a level next beneath him, "and cut off at a blow the last upward step of his progress." The plan of God seems to be to ennoble the higher part of His universe, not so much by eliminating imperfection as by multiplying graces and virtues. He balances the new evils peculiar to human life by infinitely greater weights in the scale of good, which is also peculiar to human life. 'Natural selection' has its place and its function, doubtless, even among us. But over it, and high above it, is growing up a principle of supernatural selection, by our free participation in which we can alone become brethren of Christ and children of God. Christ tells us *not* to help to extinguish poor and maimed and blighted forms of life lest they spoil the breed; but to have faith that every act of wise self-sacrifice, every transfer of blessings from the strong, happy or wealthy who can spare them to the weak, miserable or poor, who might otherwise dwindle and perish, is a vindication of that higher law of supernatural selection by virtue of which the 'weak things of the world confound the mighty, and the things which are not bring to naught the things which are.' "

But we cannot be blind to wrongs which are sometimes done at the opposite end of the social scale. The rich may be often selfish, indifferent, cruel; but the poor are not all saints. A bitter and an indiscriminate jealousy is cherished by many, while conspiracies are formed, when occasions tempt, against the necessary powers and privileges of capital. Demagogues impose upon the ignorance and prejudices of the masses, charging the wealth of the well-to-do is wrung from the blood of the poor man's veins, while the charity which is doled out to the needy is often conferred in such a supercilious spirit, it is alleged, with such patronizing airs, or with such keen, caustic moralizings, as offend the self-respect of every one who has a spark of

manhood remaining in him. Nor can it be denied that there is just occasion sometimes for such angry resentments of poverty. Yet such imputations are basely unjust as applied to multitudes who, in our churches, or at large in society, are the very "salt of the earth." We very justly rely upon education to do much toward reconciling the alienated affections and interests; but much more depends, I believe, upon the prevalence of the great social virtues which Christianity inculcates, upon the virtues of justice, generosity and charity, without which all other means are feeble and ineffectual. It is the office of religion to contribute most effectively toward social concord and coöperation—not so much by teaching, as some would have us believe, the science of a Christian socialism, but by leavening society with Christian spirit; by bringing all men to see and acknowledge that they are the children of the Father in heaven, and that, though occupying diverse conditions, they are to serve each other as brethren. For, spite of the intervals that separate us, we are "members one of another," and if one member or class suffer, damage inevitably ensues to the whole fraternity. Sometimes Providence reminds us of this in a rude and an alarming way—as when the pestilence, engendered, perhaps, in the hovels of indigence and vice, sweeps through a city or empire, scattering desolation in its course, in cottage and palace alike. History tells us, too, of the misery and ruin which sometimes come to peoples from neglect of the duties which belong to social fellowship, from the undue separation of class from class, and the conflict of alienated interests; when a community is no longer held together by intelligence and sympathy, and the sense of mutual dependencies and obligations. Hence the conspiracies and convulsions in States where such evils have had unmitigated sway—as in France, under the old *régime*—till the neglected and oppressed rose up in multitudes, stung by a sense of injustice endured by their class for centuries, and hurled the corrupt institutions of society into a hideous ruin.

In this country, thanks be to God, the occasions of such disasters have at most but a limited influence. But we are far from having attained the ideal of a Christian commonwealth; and we are further from it to day, it would seem, than at certain past periods of our history. Evils which were once thought to be the consequences of institutions which we had discarded, or of abuses from which we thought ourselves forever free, have reappeared here, and are spreading with an ominous rapidity, spite of the equal privileges and magnificent opportunities we have enjoyed; spite of the "simpler manners" and "purer laws" of which we once made our boast. Even our religion, instead of cementing the social structure, is too often a disorganizing element, the churches having come very generally to recognize and to pander to caste distinctions, making costly provision for the wealthy and refined, while to the outcast multitudes

we fling the mere scraps and crumbs from our ecclesiastical tables, thus alienating the hearts of the common people, while some we have filled with a bitter scorn. And this alienation will go on and increase, I fear, till the church reasserts her power as the impartial friend and defender of all, "by taking the lead, with her concerted strength, in all beneficently social movements, in all philanthropic enterprises; by her concern for the down-trodden and oppressed, lifting them up in their redeemed humanity; by her advocacy of the righteous rights of man; by her not winking at the complacent notions of wealth and power, that the Dives and Lazarus of the parable are the normal conditions of social Christendom; * * * by her not leaving plans for the melioration of the humbler classes wholly to the State, as if no business of hers; by doing justice to her Christ; by giving men to behold Him as the Supreme Philanthropist; the Christ, not of her theologues and scribes, but the Christ of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, full of human pity and love; the Liberator from the slavery of a selfish power, from the grinding of Mammon; the Almighty Redeemer and Judge, with whom 'there is no respect of persons.'*

If our Christianity is to become a prevalent power for good in modern society, it must have an ear and a heart open for such matters. The urgency is daily increasing for our "priests" and preachers to remit their interest in ecclesiastical ornamentation and the theologies of the schools, and to bend their endeavors to the furtherance of practical godliness. It may be a pleasant thing to look on our sleek orthodoxy as it fans itself and simpers in our fashionable churches; but how few of us think of the thousand immured in dens into which no ray of spiritual light ever enters! Yet we call these our brethren; they, too, are the children of God, many of whom were taught in their infancy perhaps to say, "Our Father." Some of them are very degraded and ugly specimens of humanity, no doubt; but, before we denounce, were it not well to inquire how they came into such a miserable plight? Some of them were born into it, and our civilization and our Christianity have done but little as yet to deliver them out of it. Meanwhile we can surely do something better than heap damnation on our outcasts and sinners. The gospel which Jesus preached comprised very little of that sort of material. He talked of mercy; He stooped down to the most degraded; He sent His disciples after lost sheep; He taught us that men are much better than beasts. If we call ourselves His followers, let us manifest His spirit, and thus compel even the doubting and the disbelieving to acknowledge the beauty and power of true religion; of the only religion which affirms the brotherhood of men as springing out of the common Fatherhood of God, and "the redemption that is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Amen.

* Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg.

Agnosticism.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON, ENGLAND. BY **Joseph Parker, D.D.**

By what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not. . . . We know not from whence He is. . . . Why, herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes.—John IX: 21, 29, 30.

AGNOSTICISM means Not-Know-ism, or Know-nothing-ism, and it describes the state of mind of persons who say about God, and the Bible, and the Spiritual world and the future, that they do not know anything. Let us clearly understand their case. They do not *deny* the existence of God, they say they do not *know* it; they do not *deny* that there is a spiritual power, they simply say they do not *know* it. They wish, therefore, to say nothing about God or the Spiritual world; they are not profane atheists; they are not vulgar infidels; they are not pronounced antagonists; they occupy a negative position; they do not know; they are not certain; they do not deny, they simply do not know. This is a position occupied by very distinguished men. Against those men personally I have not one word to say. On the contrary, we are very much indebted to some of them. We are proud of their ability and their learning, and we justly glory in their illustrious fame. But if they are right, some of us are fatally wrong. We ought, therefore, to look into the case, and to find out what foothold we have, and what degree of certainty we can claim for the doctrines which we preach with so much boldness and persistency. The men in question say, "We do not know;" Christian teachers say, "We *do* know." What, then, are we to make of two statements which are simple contradictions of one another?

Let us get a clear notion of the first position, which is, that there is a book which professes to tell us about God, and the spiritual world, and the future. The men, therefore, who say that they do not know these things, do, as a matter of fact, ignore the testimony of that book. I am not now saying whether they are right or wrong in doing so. I am merely pointing out the very significant and important fact, that in taking up their know-nothing position they simply set aside the Bible, saying about it as they say about other things, that they do not know who wrote it, or by whose authority it was written. In an argument like this I should be guilty of begging the question if I pointed to the Bible as my authority for knowing something about God and the Invisible. I am well

aware of that, therefore I do nothing of the kind. But I do insist upon pointing out the fact that in my opinion a serious responsibility is incurred by those persons who simply ignore the authority of such a book as the Bible. I do not say of any book, but of a particular book, specially and emphatically of such a book as the Bible ; and in saying *such* a book, I do not refer to its poetry, its prophecy, its history, but to its distinctively *moral* tone.

And I would point out, further, that if we are at liberty to ignore such evidence as is tendered without giving our reason for ignoring it, there is no ground for believing anything in the history of mankind. I do not know that what is called the science of geology has made any progress. But there are the books which prove it; but I ignore them; I cannot receive them as authoritative; those very books may themselves be corrected in future editions; besides, I have no personal acquaintance with the men who wrote them; they may have been unequal to the task; they may have gone to the rocks *with* a theory and not *for* one; they may have worked under imperfect conditions of climate; they may have mistaken a part for the whole. If you tell me that the men do not claim infallibility for their theories, I answer that fallibility constitutes in itself no particular claim to my regard and confidence. We are not bound to fall in love with a theory simply because it is *not* infallible. We are not called upon to admire a speculation because of its fallibility! It seems to be supposed that we have only to pronounce a theory to be distinctly incomplete and fallible in order to gain for it the universal admiration and trust of mankind. Suppose I say that I cannot be troubled with the examination of a hundred incomplete and fallible theories; that I will wait until some theory is authoritatively and finally established, and that then I will accept it once for all; then that very theory would bring upon itself the identical charge that is brought against the Bible, viz., That it staggers the faith of mankind by the supremacy and finality of its claim. If we are at liberty to set aside the standard books of any religion—simply to set them aside—whether the religion be pagan or Christian, or anything else—we can very much simplify the difficulties of civilization. If my answer to the Koran is the fire, I can make short work of Mohammedanism. But by what process have I arrived at the infallibility which enables me to pronounce upon the fallibility of every one who opposes me? To say that I do not know them may be to argue myself unknown! To shut my ears against their arguments may preserve my personal equanimity, but it settles nothing. On all these grounds I am anxious not only to show that to ignore the Bible is to incur a grave responsibility, but to expose the monstrousness of the supposi-

tion that mere fallibility constitutes in itself any claim to the special acceptance or adoration of mankind,—to point out the absolute puerility of the notion that if the Bible had claimed less, it would have been worth more; that if it had spoken uncertainly, it would have secured our confidence; and that if it had told us nothing, we should have been more disposed to believe it!

Now, as a matter of fact, the Bible is as positive and distinct in its statements as it is possible for human language to be. Its formula is, "Thus saith the Lord." This fact increases the responsibility of those who ignore the Book. I will not in this connection say that the claim of the Bible settles its authority—that suggestion opens an independent argument; but I point it out as the most distinct, clear, positive, unequivocal and absolute claim that any book can make, and therefore the responsibility of ignoring it is the more serious. Let it be acknowledged, if you please, that the mere claim, as a claim, settles nothing; it must also be admitted that, on the other side, nothing is settled by simply ignoring the claim.

Now, my object will be to ascertain with all the positiveness of the most positive science what we do actually and unquestionably *know* about the Bible. I will make no appeal to imagination; not a single speculative faculty will I disturb; I will confine myself to facts as simple, as stern, and as indubitable as the fact of your existence at this very moment; and if those facts can be established, I shall feel myself entitled to say to all agnostics, Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence it is, and yet it hath opened mine eyes. I will occupy the practical ground of David: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." So, then, this argument will not be started from the metaphysical, but from the practical side; if the effect is good, I shall feel emboldened to teach that the cause must be good; if the effect is divine, I shall not shrink from the audacity of teaching that the cause which produces it is also divine.

Now what are the facts connected with Christian revelation about which there can be no serious dispute?

1. *It is a fact that bad men dislike it, avoid it, and are afraid of it.* As a practical argument this amounts to a great deal. No unrighteousness can be vindicated by Christian revelation; not only so, no unholy *thought*, no dishonorable *motive* is tolerated by that revelation; it searches the thoughts and tries the reins of the children of men; it says that unholy anger is murder, and that unlawful desire is sin. For these reasons bad men do not

consult it, guilty men flee from its judgments, mean men shrink from its standards. This revelation is not to be found in the hands of the gambler, in the dens of the unclean, in the haunts of the vicious; there it is derided, and shunned, and denounced. This is one of the things that we *know*. This is as distinct a *fact* as can be found in the whole circle of positive science, and as a fact it is to be accounted for and explained. If the ruler is a terror to them that do evil, the presumption is that he represents the spirit of justice and honor and goodness. If the Christian revelation is avoided by bad men, the presumption is that the moral tone of that revelation is intolerable to their injured and reproachful conscience.

2. *It is a fact that where the Christian revelation is received and thoroughly acted upon, the result is a purified morality.* You will find the proof of this alike in the humblest and in the loftiest social circles. The city missionary will prove it to the letter. When men stand up in the court of the world, give their histories, their names, and their addresses, you are bound either to receive or to disapprove their evidence. It is trifling with a great question simply to ignore it. It is not scientific to treat a fact as a fiction. Now, what is the kind of evidence which can be substantiated in every jot and tittle, which is given as respects the Christian revelation? It is this: "The Christian revelation has made me see human life in a new light; it has probed me, and humbled me, and shown me to myself; it has made me attend to the improvement of my physical and social condition; it has made me send my children to school, pay my debts, refund ill-gotten gain, apologize to my inferiors, forgive my enemies, and recognize my stewardship; it has given a new tone to my life, a new outlook to my hope, a new object to my desires; I feel it, my neighbors see it, my family rejoice in it." The man is not a fiction; he is standing there; he is identified by his father and mother and neighbors, and we are bound either to receive his testimony or to disprove it: it will not do for us to say that we know not whence this revelation is, unless we are prepared for the retort, Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not whence it is, and yet it hath opened my eyes. This change is either a fact or not a fact. And if it be scientific and grand to mark the progress of a horse's development, it cannot be despicable to trace the changes and advances of a human mind.

3. *It is a fact that the Christian revelation compels those who really and truly believe it to exert themselves in every possible way for the good of mankind.* It does not leave such an exertion an open question; nor does it allow its believers to await the occurrence of opportunities. It says, You must search out the cause that you know not; be eyes to the blind and be a tongue to the dumb; plead the cause of the fatherless and the widow;

go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. It allows no ignoble ease. It smites every self-indulgent excuse. It approves all labor, sacrifice, and devotion for the good of others. If a man falls below this standard he brings upon himself condemnation and judgment the most unsparing. If you remind me that many who profess the Book are not what they ought to be, I answer, That is true, and nowhere are they so severely condemned as in the Book itself. It is not their Christianity that makes them bad, but their want of it. Wherever the Christian revelation has free course, it stirs the purest impulses and rouses the noblest ambition of men. Jesus Christ went about doing good, and Jesus Christ insisted that His example should be the law of His followers.

4. *It is a fact that in those countries which are specially noted for allowing the free use of the Bible, liberty, education, and science are held in the highest honor.* This is not a matter of speculation; it is a matter that can be tested and proved with absolute completeness. It is proved in England, in Germany, and in America. If you remind me that in those countries there is much infidelity and much immorality, I do not deny it, simply because where there is much light, there is likely to be much shadow; and where there is much liberty, there is likely to be some license.

If in view of all these considerations, and the facts of which they are but a sample, you remind me that it has never been denied that there are good things in the Bible, I am bound to answer that the compliment is more cruel than the indifference. Christian revelation is not a string of miscellaneous and unrelated proverbs; it is a unity; it is an organism; and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. And if it comes to a question of authority, we are entitled to ask, Who gave you authority to pick and choose? Who gave you authority to say to people you may take this and leave that? If you refer to your sense, we are further entitled to ask, Who gave you authority to pit your sense against the sense of other people, or to measure the universe by the small and uneven globe of your own head? Those high moral elements referred to, and those high moral results, are so inwrought with the very tissue and substance of the Bible that they cannot be removed without violence and injury. They are not cold laws, or arbitrary injunctions; they come out of a life unseen but omnipresent, and descend into the arena of time with all the solemnity and grandeur of eternity.

We are further entitled to inquire, What it is to *know*? Do we *know* nothing more than we can touch with our finger, add up on a slate, or pierce with an iron weapon? Does all that we *know* come to us through our five senses, and through our five senses alone? Do we know nothing by consciousness, by in-

sight, by sympathy, by the witness of our own spirit? Is there not a realizing or verifying faculty higher than that which is usually known as sense? The knowledge that is ascertainable by sense does not touch the soul in its highest moods, its angriest vexations, its most tragical distresses; it does not touch pain of mind, the grief of bereavement, the agony of helplessness, the compunction of sin, the intolerableness of remorse. Is nothing to be done for man under such circumstances? Is he curtailed within a little space, precise, measurable and inexpansive, to learn everything within the narrow enclosure? Has he no dreams, no longings, strivings, pantings after the invisible? Who has due authority to tell him to restrain these and to shut himself up within his visible cell? Who is armed with authority to beat down the prayer that springs unbidden to his lips? Who signed the letters of authority by which the Sauls of the day come to the Damascus of the soul to hale the rising hopes, the sacred passions, the vehement desires, that go out after the Mystery of things, and to bind these throbs and pulses in the iron of exact and inexorable propositions? This demand for authority must not be confined to the Christian revelation alone; it must be pressed impartially, and be applied as rigorously in the school as in the church.

What we know of the Bible is enough to make us hold on our course of profession, exposition and confidence. Still, the house is blessed that gives it loving welcome; still, the sick bed is irradiated beside which it is lovingly read; still, it sheds its abundant promises on the good man's grave; still, it lures little children as by a mighty spell; still, it tells the prodigal that in his Father's house there is bread enough and to spare; and still, it comes into the soul with warning and hope when other teachers can only stand afar off and mutter their feeble incantations.

Christ Absent and Yet Present.

SERMON

By Dean Stanley, PREACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON, ENGLAND.

For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.—
Hebrews ix: 24.

THE first Sunday after Trinity brings before us an aspect of the Christian religion which it is good for us from time to time to contemplate. The great festivals of the Church are over; the chief events of our Lord's life on earth have been celebrated; the whole result of them, in the great doctrine of the Holy Trinity, was commemorated last Sunday. Henceforth, there is nothing in the Church services but one unbroken tenor of ordinary Sundays onward till Advent, we might almost say till Christmas; but, in this very fact, is brought out a doctrine which we often hear discussed, and which is well put before us in the text we have just heard in this evening's service from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is the doctrine of Christ's real presence—that is to say, the doctrine which teaches us in what sense He is absent, and in what sense He is present. And there is this further reason for endeavoring to have a clear view of this doctrine, that (as it is well known by many) a controversy, one of the hundreds which have been provoked upon this subject in various times, has arisen concerning it, which has been the subject of a legal decision by the Supreme Court of Appeal in the Church of England. It is well, therefore, that we should have a distinct view of the doctrine as it is set before us in the Bible, the essential doctrine, which no special controversy can affect, and which no legal question is likely to disturb.

First, then, IN WHAT SENSE IS CHRIST ABSENT? In His outward, bodily manifestation He is gone from among us. The historical, earthly manifestation of Jesus Christ our Lord closed on the hill at Bethany. Whatever else may chance, yet to one thing we must make up our minds: that gracious countenance will no more be seen by mortal eye, in crowded city or on lonely mountain; that thrilling voice will be no more heard in the courts of the temple, or on the shores of Gennesaret. If here and there, in after ages, there may seem to have been a touch of that vanished hand, a whisper of that Divine speech, it will have been only in ecstatic trance, not in actual form and shape. Such an appearance came to Paul, amid a blaze of light and horror of great darkness, on his road to Damascus; and to John, amid the seven stars of the seven golden candlesticks, on the solitary rocks of Patmos. And even, in later times, stories have been told, of more or less authenticity, how the mystic Italian saint

believed that on the heights of the Apennines he had gazed on the form of the Crucified ; or, again, how the famous artist, Benvenuto Cellini, as he lay in his dungeon meditating suicide, saw in the visions of the night the figure of the Redeemer, reviving hope within him—in a form so vivid that he carved its likeness in ivory, as may still be seen in the Church of the Escurial ; or, again, how the Scottish Presbyterian soldier, Colonel Gardiner, was raised from a life of sin by a like midnight vision, and by the gracious words, “ I have done so much for thee, and wilt thou do nothing for Me ? ” But all these appearances are, as I have said, inward rather than outward experiences ; and even if they were outward experiences, yet we must regard them as rare, transitory exceptions. From the world and from the Church at large the Lord is gone. We see not His face, we hear not His words. “ Henceforth,” as the Apostle says, “ we know Him no more after the flesh.” He has entered into no holy places made with hands ; He dwells not in any altar, in any chalice or bread ; even the great old Roman Church, which has done more than any other to localize and materialize His presence in these external things, has, in fact, in the very form of expressing this doctrine, protested against it. It would be easy to show, were this the time and place, how, amid the entanglement of imaginary physics and false metaphysics, it nevertheless has this merit, that it indicated, at any rate at the time of its first invention, a dim, confused sense of the great truth expressed in the text, namely, that whatever presence of Christ is set forth in the Holy Eucharist, it is not, and cannot be, outward and material ; it must be something invisible, and therefore spiritual. Doubtless, that has often been lost sight of both in the Roman and in other Churches. Doubtless, from the wish either to exalt the sacrament, or from a desire to bring this presence down to the level of our senses, all sorts of fancies and fables have been imagined ; but the truth still remains, and is universally acknowledged, that a cloud has raised Him out of our sight—a great gulf is fixed between this world and the next : “ He is not here, He is risen.” “ Doth this offend you ? What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before ? ” “ The flesh profiteth nothing.”

But this leads me to the best mode of dealing with all such questions, and, having thus shown in what sense Christ is absent, to show in what senses He may be said to be present.

There are, then, three senses in which the Bible tells us that He is present with us still, although withdrawn from our actual sight. First, while He is gone in the flesh, He remains in the Spirit. The dispensation of the Son is over, the dispensation of the Spirit has begun. “ The flesh profiteth nothing ; it is the Spirit that quickeneth.” It is not without significance that

the festival of Whitsunday, the festival of the Holy Spirit, follows immediately on the festival of the Ascension, and that the even tenor of our common duties as Christians follows after the festival of Whitsunday in a long succession of "Sundays after Trinity." If one may so say, the departure of the Saviour was an indispensable condition for this presence of the Spirit. He Himself has told us, "It is expedient that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you." It must surely have been so in the very nature of things. Had Christ remained on earth, the actual, visible, local ruler and centre of a visible, local society in Palestine, it is, humanly speaking, impossible that the Church could have become universal. It must have been controlled and swayed, even against its will, even against the will of its Divine Founder, by the Syrian, Eastern conditions of the capital of its empire. It is this necessity which made the destruction of the city of Jerusalem so important for the future freedom and growth of Christianity. It is this which has always rendered the attempt to rule the Church or the world from any single local centre either an impossibility or an evil. Again, it was only by His withdrawal that the attention of men could be diverted from the outward form of His appearance, and fixed on His inward, essential character. Even as it is, enough and too much of superstition has gathered round the external footsteps and relics of His earthly presence. How much would this have been intensified had these footsteps and these relics been indefinitely multiplied; and, on the other hand, how much deeper and fuller has been the impression, the knowledge, the reverence for His character and nature since He left us than when He was with us. Often, in earthly saints and heroes, have we seen that the work of good men has been felt and understood only after they have been removed; and that the dead which they slew in their deaths were more than the dead which they slew in their lives.

Again and again has this happened, that the words of a father, a friend, a teacher, have acquired double force from the fact that we can now hear them no more; they are gone, and the utmost that we can do to show our regard for them is to reproduce their likeness in ourselves and others, to recognize and honor their likeness wherever we see it, to do always as we know that they would wish if they were present and could see us. So, in the highest degree, is the feeling which the world ought to entertain toward its departed Redeemer. Even as regards human history He is, as has been well said, a thousand times more alive, a thousand times more loved, than in the thirty years of His transit upon earth. The more deeply we revere, the more profoundly we adore, so much the more ought we to bear in mind that the best way

in which we can bring Him close to us, in which we can show our sense of what He was and what He is, is to carry on His spirit, to endeavor to understand His words, to make them our law of life, our guide of action. The chief mode in which He has Himself declared that He is present with us is this, in His words He still lives. The words, the commandments, that He has spoken to us, they are spirit, and they are life. This, then, is the first of the three senses of His presence of which I spoke. By the departure of the actual, outward, historical physical Christ, we learn the value of the moral, spiritual, inward, invisible Christ, who can never die from among us so long as we retain a single fragment of His discourses, a single spark of His spirit, a single scent of the savor of the sanctifying, civilizing, purifying atmosphere which He breathed into the world. Even were He to be actually present in bodily form on the altars of our churches, the bodily form would profit us nothing except as an indication of His spirit. Even were the substance, or even the accidents, of the bread changed into the substance or the accidents of His body; even were the substance, or even the accidents, of the wine changed into the substance or the accidents of His blood, still the body and the blood themselves would be but figures to represent something deeper. When He Himself said, "Except a man eat my flesh, and drink my blood," He assuredly did not mean His outward, visible flesh, and His outward, visible blood; He meant the inward spirit, the spiritual life, of which His outward natural presence was but the vehicle and the symbol. Even in human beings, whether living or dead, it is not the outward frame, dear as that is to us, it is not that which we regard as *themselves*; it is the spirit within, that and that only is the man; and so much more is it with the Son of man, who is the Son of God. "The Lord is the Spirit," as the Apostle says. This is what is intended in our service when we are told that we spiritually eat the flesh and drink the blood; when we pray that we may so eat the flesh and so drink the blood of Christ that our sinful bodies may be made clean by His body, and our souls washed through His most precious blood, and that we may evermore dwell in Him, and He in us. Neither the outward body nor the outward blood, any more than the outward bread and the outward wine, can make clean or wash clean the sins of either body or soul. It is the Spirit only that can do this. Not that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out of a man, this it is which alone has power either of cleansing or defiling the mind and the heart. There are legends in the Roman Catholic Church of visions which have been seen of a child seated on the altar, bearing the Eucharistic service, as this is represented in a carving in this church as having ap-

peared to the founder of this abbey. There is a like story of a poor idiot boy of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who, after long entreaties, having persuaded the minister to give him his father's bread in the sacrament, exclaimed, "I have seen the pretty man," and was found dead in his bed that night from excess of rapture. These stories express well the devotion of the age and of the individual, but we know, whether true or false, they can but represent to us the spiritual thought or inward vision. If such visions had the effect which we hope on those who saw them, we may be perfectly sure it was the effect upon the heart, and not on the outward senses.

There is, however, a second special sense in which the Bible speaks of the presence of Christ. It is with a profound meaning that the ascension is recorded at the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles, that the withdrawal of Christ is thus represented as the beginning of the history of the Christian Church. He is gone; whom has He left to take His place? He is gone; who is there that can continue to be His witnesses, to hand on His light, to be the vehicles of His spirit? His words no doubt, as I have said, are much, and these are recorded for us in the four Gospels; but books are not enough, even the most sacred books are insufficient of themselves to keep alive spiritual life. Are there no more direct and more living representatives of Christ our Lord? Yes, there are, and the answer is very simple. It is you yourselves, it is we ourselves, every Christian man, woman and child, every man, woman, and child that has any chance or opportunity of showing forth the Christian gifts and graces which were shown forth in Him; they are His witnesses, they are the signs of His presence. Just as when a friend or father leaves the world we feel that his family, his sons, are his likenesses, his legacies to those who survive; so the good, the innocent, the brave, the pure, wherever found, are the monuments, the memorials of Christ our Redeemer. By admiring them we admire Him; by loving them we love Him; by serving and helping them we are serving and helping Him. This is what He means when He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done this to the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me"; or when He says, "He that receiveth them receiveth me"; or when He says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." This it is which is meant when St. Paul says that the Church, that is, the Christian society or community, the whole mass of Christian believers, is His body, that is, we may almost say, is Christ Himself. The Christian philosopher, Coleridge, said, in a saying which I believe I have quoted more than once, that there were two main evidences of Christianity, namely, Christianity and Christendom: Christian-

ity, that is, the internal evidence of the Divine wisdom and goodness, or the words and work of Christ: Christendom, that is, the external evidence of the good effects left in the world by the good lives, the good laws, the noble arts, the glorious poetry, the splendid architecture, the increasing science, the domestic purity, the widespread beneficence, the humble truthfulness, the strict justice, the simple unselfishness, wherever we find it, in Christian nations, in Christian churches, Christian families and Christian individuals. Had Christ been merely withdrawn, and left no followers behind Him, humanly speaking, we may say, Christianity itself would have expired. His removal, His ascension, which is in one sense the end, is in another and higher sense the beginning of His course, because, as He has told us, we are to carry on the work. As ancient legislators used to leave the state which they had founded, in order to throw it upon its own resources, to make it feel that it could thrive and grow only by manly, independent growth, by appropriating and assimilating to itself the spirit and the mind of its benefactor, so Christ left the world and the Church in order that it might grow, by the spirit with which it was instinct, unto the fulness of the stature of Himself. This, then, is the second sense of Christ's presence on earth. He is gone that we may take His place. We love and serve God, whom we do not see, by loving and serving our brethren, whom we do see. I have spoken before of those legends which represent the visible appearance of Christ in the Eucharist, and which, so far as they have had any Christian meaning, represented that He was present in the spirit to the spirit of His followers. There is another class of old legends, one of which was recently quoted by an eloquent bishop in this place, the legends of poor suffering creatures coming for relief, the beggar to St. Martin, the leper to St. Elizabeth, who were afterward—as is expressed in a beautiful poem some of us may know of, "The Stranger and His Friend"—believed to be the Saviour in disguise. These are the outward figures of the truth of which I am now speaking. The poor, the ignorant, the suffering among our fellow-men, the good, the holy and the just, in whatever condition of life, these are the monuments of the real presence of Christ on earth. This, also, is the meaning of the prayer in the Communion Service, which tells us that by partaking in the Eucharist with our fellow Christians we become partakers of the mystical body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people; and this is the meaning of the Apostle when he spoke of those who partook unworthily, because they did not discern the Lord's body. The Lord's body was, according to him, the body, as we have seen, of the Christian society. The bread or loaf, with its

many crumbs and particles, represented to him the one body of whom all were members. To discern the bond, the unity, the community, the solidarity of good men one with another, was to discern the body of Christ: to enter into their feelings, rights, privileges, hopes and fears was to partake and have a general fellowship in the one body. In the long ages which have passed in the world, both before Christ came and since He came, the question may well have been asked, "Lord, when saw we Thee?" We all know the answer; we know how it was that to those who never saw His outward face, even to those who had never heard His outward name, it would be said, "Ye gave me meat, ye gave me drink, ye took me in, ye visited me, ye came unto me." This, surely, is a true communion with Christ; this, surely, is a real presence of Christ upon earth.

There is yet one further sense in which we may speak of Christ's presence among us. He has passed, says the text, into the heavens; He sits, as the Creed says, at the right hand of God the Father; that is to say, He has passed beyond the limits of time and place to dwell in the presence of the Eternal. When we hold communion with Him, we hold communion with the most high God. When we speak of His presence with us, we speak of it in the same sense as we say that God is present with us; the whole universe is filled with the presence of God; and so in proportion as we believe in the Divine nature, in the Divine perfection of our Redeemer, in that proportion do we believe Him to be present everywhere, without respect of persons, without respect of places, without respect of times or seasons, without the intervention of any outward form or ordinance whatsoever. But, inasmuch as the Bible bears witness with our own hearts and consciences in telling us that there are particular moments when we are more specially conscious of the presence of God, so also it tells us there are special moments when we may be more specially conscious of the presence of Christ. The prophet Isaiah tells us that if the heaven is God's throne and the earth His footstool, yet He looks especially on the man that is poor and humble and of a contrite spirit; and St. Paul tells us that in any congregation of Christian worshipers where a direct appeal is made successfully to the secrets of the heart and of the conscience, that God is there among us of a truth, that there is a real presence of God. And so our Lord Himself has said that wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, that is to say, in devotion to all those high and holy purposes which His great name represents, there also is He in the midst of them. Therefore, whenever by thankful remembrance of His mercies, by sincere determination to do His will, by raising our thoughts above the cares and turmoils of earth

to a better and brighter world, we are brought near in spirit to Him, then and there He is specially present with us, wherever it is. And if we find this elevation of spirit, this thankful remembrance of the past, this earnest hope for the future, to be especially enkindled within us by the ordinances of the holy farewell supper which He left to His disciples, then at such moments there is the real presence in our hearts of Him who, as the Apostle says, is formed within us, "the hope of glory." In the holy ordinance, in the sacrament of life, in the joyous thanksgiving, in the pledge of past forgiveness and of future hope, many feelings of all kinds are mingled and will mingle always. There has been, perhaps there will be always, those who wish on such occasions to figure to themselves the presence of their Redeemer in a more local, material sense. It is vain to disturb them; such notions are for the most part the confusion of metaphor and logic, which it is hopeless to disentangle, and the result of efforts to express in words what belongs more properly to the imagination and the feelings. But whether we approve or whether we disapprove of such expressions, the main thing for us all to remember, and which we all can remember without any divergence of opinion, is that the highest, the most spiritual, the most real presence of Christ is that which the Bible has described to us—namely, in the heart, and not in the hands; in the spirit, and not in the flesh; in the service of others, and not in the saving of ourselves; in the heaven of heavens, and not in the forms, or words, or elements of earthly places or of earthly things. In proportion as the sacrament brings down our thoughts from heaven to earth, and fixes them on the earthly emblems of heavenly truth, in that proportion the presence of Christ is rendered faint and dim. In proportion as the sacrament lifts up our thoughts from earth to heaven, from the seen to the unseen, from the temporal to the eternal, from the human and the worldly, the ecclesiastical, to the Divine, the spiritual, and the universal, in that proportion the presence of Christ becomes real, living and quickening. Of this presence nothing on earth can deprive us, except our own sin or folly; and in the world to come it is the same presence which we shall behold in righteousness, and when we wake up after His likeness we shall be satisfied with it.

The Story of Enoch.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE Rev. J. W. Atkinson, IN THE LATIMER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LONDON, ENGLAND.

And Enoch walked with God : and he was not ; for God took him.—Gen. v : 24.

WE are summoned to-night to gaze upon a bright particular star in the firmament of the Church—the world's morning star, and one which has proved to so many in all ages a guiding star of assurance and hope, pointing most unmistakably to a future of security and rest. At the same time, but little is known of Enoch, the notices of him to be found in the sacred volume being compressed into scantiest space. We could have wished, indeed, that the whole story of his life had been written for the world's instruction, as also the story of many another patriarch's life, so that the heroes of the world's grey dawn might have been remembered in something more than the letters that spelled out their names. This, however, in His providence, God has not permitted ; and we must await the fuller revelations of the future, in which that which was done in secret will be proclaimed upon the housetops. And although, in Enoch's case, only a few broken sentences are all that remain to perpetuate the tragic story of his life, for the book that bears his name is evidently apocryphal, yet sufficient is told us to reveal the true character of the *man*, and to cause him to stand out an illustrious example of devotion to all the after generations of mankind. Brethren, but few words are needed to describe the salient features of the majority of human lives. It is not needful to write a volume, after all, to tell whether a man has spent a noble or a wasted life. One stroke of the pen, one solitary word, may be enough. O for grace so to live that when we come to die, although for us there be no carven shrine in Fame's great temple, or wide space reserved in " storied page," our very name, like Enoch's, being fraught with a fragrant charm, may be the passport to the world's affection, and our unseen influence continue to distil upon the hearts of those that follow us, like unto the benediction that follows upon prayer !

I. Here is a life suddenly and prematurely cut short (at any rate, so far as this world is concerned) ; for, although Enoch lived for three hundred and sixty-five years, it was not half the usual age of the *men* of his *day*. God had reasons, no doubt, for the early translation of the patriarch. At the same time, in our ignorance, we are ready to exclaim, " Why not remove

the useless man, and leave Enoch still to bear his noble testimony?" Aye, the Church and the world have often said the same. Why should John the Baptist suffer execution while the voluptuous Tetrarch is permitted to wallow in his sin? Why is Stephen stoned in the zenith of his usefulness, while his guilty murderers are suffered to profane the earth by their withering presence? Why is the assassination of President Lincoln permitted at the time in which he is so much needed to the land in whose cause he died? Why must Livingstone gasp out his life in the lone and far-off land, whose very dust to him was dear, just as the dream of his life was about to be fulfilled? Why was Prince Albert summoned from the home and from the land where his godly example and Christian influence had proved so helpful in the past? Why is many a brave worker—many a pious father or mother—many a devoted missionary or pastor—many a Sunday-school teacher—smitten down by the hand of death in the moment when their saintly influence, and teaching are needed most? Oh, brethren, we confess the enveloping mystery that hovers about the subject; and, but for the assurance that our brethren are not dead, but living still, and also that, though God buries His workman, He yet carries on His work, we should be almost ready at times to despair. Yes,

" We sadly watch the close of all,
Life balanced on a breath—
We saw upon their features fall
The awful shade of death.
All dark and desolate we were,
And Nature murmuring cried—
Ah, Lord ! if Thou hadst but been here
Our brethren had not died.

But when its glance the memory cast
On all that Grace had done ;
And thought of life-long warfare past,
And endless victory won ;
Then, Faith prevailing, wiped the tear,
And, looking upward, cried,
Ah, Lord ! Thou surely hast been here,
Our brethren have not died !"

Oh ! thank God, all the workers of the glorious past are living still. We have buried their bodies in peace, like brave men a comrade-warrior who has fallen in the honorable field, but their souls live for evermore, and the work they began shall progress to the end. Oh! by the ashes of the sainted dead let us renew our fealty and our consecration to-day; and, as one after another, they pass upward from our gaze, let us catch the mantle they fling to us, and, robing ourselves in the garments of the great departed, be it ours, like them, to do and die!

II. Enoch's was a life spent amid surrounding wickedness.

"God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Yet God did not leave himself without a witness. Nor has he ever done since the world began. Abel and Enoch in the Patriarchal age; Elijah and Elisha in the aftertime, when the Jewish nation had cast off the authority Divine; Wycliffe and Huss, and Zwingle and Luther, the heralds of the corrupted Church's Reformation; and in more modern times still Wesley and Whitefield, the God-ordained agents of a second Reformation, whose mighty waves of blessing are to-day breaking on the shores of all the nations: all these have been raised to bear solemn witness to the Truth amid the world's abounding wickedness and gloom. God never has left Himself without a witness, and He never will! In nearly every home-circle there is some choice spirit; in every Church some noted for preëminent consecration; in every neighborhood a few who are a terror to evil-doers; in every nation one or more at the helm of affairs, who act in the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is for us to ask ourselves whether we, in our measure, are fulfilling our destiny as the lights of the world. Ours must not be a feverish gleam, nor a meteor of the marsh, nor a revolving lantern, emitting an occasional or periodical radiance, but a light calm, uniform, steady, shining alike through calm and storm. Its emblem, it has well been said, should be the light on the cliff. The startled waves rush over it, the storm smites it, and heavily against it rolls the broad shoulders of the hurricane; but steadfast, serene, immutable, the same, year after year, through all, the silent light burns on. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

III. Enoch's was a life spent in fellowship with God. The Bible answers grandly the great cry of humanity: "Will God in every deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell among them." "And Enoch walked with God." But how can two walk together unless they be agreed? God and Enoch were as one. He was not, like Adam, afraid of His presence and His voice; rather, like Samuel, could He say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." He had found in God a Friend, one that promised to stick closer than a brother; a Father providing for all the wants of His child; a Saviour redeeming his life from destruction; a Guide leading him through all the perilous pathways of life; a Rest amid all weariness; a Light in every hour of darkness; a Well in every Baca-valley of the heart's wilderness; a Support in affliction and trial, and his exceeding great reward. And Enoch walked with God. What a privilege to be sure! you say. It would be a great thing to

be able to say that we had walked arm-in-arm with Alexander, or Napoleon, or Wellington. It would be greater still if we could say that we had walked with angels; if they had come to sit with us as they did with Abraham; if they had come to visit us as they did Manoh; if they had come to wait upon us as they did upon the Saviour when they hovered over Bethlehem, or the garden in which He suffered, or the cross on which He hung, or the tomb in which He lay; or when they waited over the top of Olivet that they might greet Him home to heaven. O! it would have been a great thing when Jesus was upon the earth to have walked with Him, to have been with Him in the corn-fields, or by the well of Samaria, or as He stooped by yon city gate to give eyesight to the blind, or as He stood by the grave-side and cried, "Lazarus, come forth." And yet, beloved, an equal privilege is ours, for, like Enoch, we may in very deed walk with God and talk with Him even as a man talketh with his friend.

The foundation of this friendship is a common humanity, so to speak. I doubt whether a man and an angel could commune with so entire a union. Then how is it that God and man are able? Is not God great and holy and Divine, and man little and sinful and human? Yes, but at His very creation God made man after His own likeness, with a soul that could reflect His image; nay, made him a child to dwell in His house forever. And He has pursued His wandering offspring with a Father's yearning. When angels fell they were consigned to destruction; when man sinned it was the rebellion of a son, and not the treason of a subject. The Father condemned and punished, but He could not destroy. He loved His own image still, and, in order to reclaim the prodigal, God became man, and in the person of Jesus Christ lived a human life and died a sacrificial death, and rose again, and in glorified humanity ascended to heaven as the pledge of our ultimate redemption. Here, brethren, is the common humanity of which I spoke—the glorious fact that makes it possible for Enoch and every believing man through all the ages of time to walk with God.

Critics tell us that this expression, "walked with God," has a very peculiar force. There is in it the idea of strong persistence and determination. Nor do we wonder at finding this element in Enoch's character. He was indeed, to use an old phrase, a decided character. There is a story told of an old villager saying to David Livingstone, when but a youth, "Now, my lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do not, temptation and other things will get the mastery over you." The advice was almost a prophecy, so completely did Livingstone throughout his career fulfill the aged villager's ideal. Brethren,

so must it be with us. There are too many, alas! who go by fits and starts: who lack the grand, absorbing, all-conquering determination of Enoch, by which, amid a world of ungodly men, he was able to walk serenely with his God. Ye young men, especially, let this be the language of your heart to-day: "God helping me, I will be a Christian. Others may be profane, the oath shall never pass my lips; others may be fraudulent, the wrong shall never be done by me; others may waste their time, I will redeem it because it is precious; others may trifle away their energies, I am born for something higher. I am traveling to the holy land. Company I love on earth; but oh! the company of the redeemed, of the blood-washed, of angels and of God is higher than these companionships of earth. Earthly honors are well, but I aspire to a mansion and a throne, and a crown of life that fadeth not away." Yea, amid all seduction and blandishment, cry, "This one thing I do—I press to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

And then, assuredly, walking with God implies progress. No standing still in the Divine life. Enoch must have become, year by year, a holier man. He who consorts with a loftier spirit than his own grows like his companion. In such society his faculties are kept at their full tension. The powerful intellect of the superior commands his imitation. He adopts his sentiments, insensibly copies his diction and dress, and catches inspiration from his spirit. The more we know of God, the more Godlike do we become. We are changed into the same image. And just as that bold lad who climbed higher than any of his fellows up the crag in Virginia, found that his only safety was to climb to the very top, because he could not descend without a deadly fall, so we rejoice to know that every upward step in the Christian life makes another step needful; nor may we rest until we scale the very summit of the hill of the Lord, and rest in His presence forever. And Enoch walked, progressed, had larger visions of God, drank ever deeper draughts, scaled ever loftier heights, reveled in ever-abounding joys, and experienced the rapture of a hope that grew brighter with the lapse of time—a hope blooming with immortality and eternal life, and which defied the ravages of time and every possibility of decay. "And Enoch walked with God."

Note, also, that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews supplies us with the secret of Enoch's thrilling history. It was by faith that he was translated, by faith that he pleased God, and by faith that he enjoyed the inward testimony and assurance of his acceptance. What a mercy that the same faith and the same assurance may be ours to-day. Oh, for grace to realize the fact, and then to stir up this gift of God

within us. God cannot, and will not, accept us unless we are willing, unreservedly, to commit ourselves to His keeping. It is a dishonor to doubt Him, as so many of us do, after all His gracious dealings with us, and after all the bright promises that shine for our comfort in the firmament of Revelation. Without faith it is impossible to please God, or secure the assurance of His favor. With faith nothing is impossible to Him, and no joys too rapturous for Him to bestow.

“There are in this loud-stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime.
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
And ply their daily task with busier feet,
Because their hearts some holy strain repeat.”

Brethren, have we the decision and the faith of the Patriarch Enoch? Remember that he lived amid abounding wickedness, a solitary beacon-light amid the densest gloom. And moreover, he lived, so to speak, in the world's grey dawn, before the fuller revelation of Divinity had been vouchsafed. And yet he dared to trust and walk with God. And these are the men that are needed for the world's uplifting to-day: men of calm resolve, and steadfast faith, and heroic life. “Give me,” said John Wesley, “a hundred men who hate nothing but sin, fear nothing but God, and are determined to preach Christ and Him crucified, and I will turn the world upside down.” It was finely said, long ago, that what the nation wanted was not more Bibles, but a thousand Henry Thorntons, who should be living, speaking Bibles in themselves. For, after all, a true life is a divine poem that sets men to music rather than discussion. The world will argue forever with its Butlers and its Paleys, but it cannot reason against those whose lives commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Oh for a race of men who, like Enoch, should become as the mystic pillar to the Israelites leading on the children of men through this wilderness world to the promised land of security and everlasting rest!

IV. Enoch's was a life of noble testimony. The Apostle Jude supplements this fragment of his history with the words, “And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints.” Just as we elsewhere read, “He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.” Enoch proclaimed, moreover, that He should come “to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly

sinner have spoken against Him." Here, my brethren, was a fearless testimony, and one which the world needs to-day as much as it did in the time of Enoch. How few men really believe in the judgment to come! I mean in such manner as practically to influence their every-day life. A judgment in which memory must, like an opened grave, give forth the ghastly monsters that have been slumbering so long! He was a brave and fearless man to speak the truth for the people's good like this. And no wonder if he so incurred their hot displeasure that to protect him from their vengeance God deemed it best to let down his chariot one day, telling Enoch to step in at once, and then, in an instant, conveying him, amid angel ministers, up, up above the stars to his eternal home. "And he was not, for God took him."

V. Enoch's was a life crowned by translation. "He was not, for God took him." Why, we are not told. Probably his life was threatened by the angry and ungodly sinners against whose doings he declaimed, and to protect him from their rage God may have let down His chariot from the sky and said, "Now, Enoch, step into it at once," so that when his would-be persecutors came to lay hands on him, lo! he was not, for God had taken him. Favored and honored man—not only in his departure, but in his life! Why, in that age of longevity, when men's lives extended over eight centuries, no doubt little Enoch, when a boy, had conversed with the first man—the then aged Adam. And oh, how he would, with childlike wonder, drink in the story of the original Eden from Adam's lips—its fragrant beauty, its perfect happiness, its bounding life. With what strange feelings, also, he would listen to the sad story of the fall, and to Adam's sorrow, and his turning away from Eden, and the cherubim that guarded the gate that man might never enter more. But specially would he listen as the first Adam spake to his young disciple of a *second* Adam, and of the promise which told how the seed of a woman should bruise the serpent's head. Favored man, both in his life and departure!

God may have translated Enoch for another reason. In an age when men lived for hundreds of years, and the opening of a grave was an unusual occurrence, heaven, or another state, might soon be forgotten. Even in our own day, in which the earth sounds hollow to our foot-tread, it is so full of graves, it is often difficult to impress men with the thought of their mortality and their future. When the fathers, therefore, of the ancient world missed Enoch from their companionship, and when the ungodly no longer gazed upon that beauteous life because God had translated His servant, they would naturally begin to reflect and inquire, and they would

feel that there was another state, above and beyond the present, into which all earth's departed ones had passed. True, not much light appears to have been shed upon this subject in the Old Testament dispensation. They had glimmerings and intimations; but their religious knowledge and privilege, as compared with ours, was only as the first streaks of morning compared with the splendor of noonday. Standing where we do, we have the lessons Enoch had—the lessons Moses had. We have listened to the thoughts that made David tune his harp; have had visions that fired the imagination of Ezekiel and Daniel; have had the teaching of Jesus when on earth; and oh! the angelic songs that have reached and filled our world with heavenly music! And amid the comparative uncertainty of the ancient dispensation, amid the blind gropings of human reason, and the uncertain flights of imagination, even at its best estate, with what joy do we read that Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel, and, with the Apostle Peter, how triumphant we can exclaim, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, of His abundant mercy, hath begotten us to a lively hope to an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away!"

In Enoch's translation is an intimation of the recompense of the reward. God hath declared, "Them that honor Me, I will honor." Enoch had his reward even on earth, for he had this testimony that he pleased God. And so, sooner or later, in life or in death, will every true child of God. "Yea, the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." And to crown all, his reward is consummated in the presence of his King. Brethren, be ye faithful unto death, and ye also shall wear the crown that Enoch wears. We don't say, "Be good merely to secure heaven"; no, but be good for the sake of goodness, and because it is right; but we do say for your encouragement, that to them who, by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and immortality, Christ will give eternal life.

What a rapturous change for Enoch, from earth to heaven—from earth with its sins and its sorrows, to heaven with its purity and gladness! Who can imagine the feelings of the Patriarch the first moment in which he suddenly finds himself surrounded by the angel choristers and the streaming glory. And yet, when Enoch entered heaven, no Saviour had gone down to redeem the world, and the noble army of prophets and apostles and martyrs were unknown. There were a few souls already there to greet him—Abel, Adam, and a few others—but these were enough to begin the new song. And we can imagine the angels gathering about this little band, and asking each other the meaning of the anthem, in which

they themselves were unable to join—"Unto Him that hath loved us!" Ah! brethren, but as one writer, whose words I quote, has justly said, Heaven will be very different now from what Enoch found it. Oh, to be translated now when the redeeming work is finished! When He that went forth traveling in the greatness of His strength has returned from Edom and from Bozrah with His garments dyed with the blood of his enemies, and His brow graced with the many crowns of His achievements! Enoch found heaven a field of expectation—we shall find it a scene of triumph. Enoch conversed with Christ on the deace He should accomplish. We shall congratulate Him on what He *has* accomplished. Enoch found but a few companions to enter with him into the immediate vision of Divine glory. We shall greet numbers without number, of every kindred, with Jesus at their head; a sight this which Enoch did not see for ages after his translation. Heaven was worth *living* for in Enoch's time. It is worth *dying* for now! And, although for us there be no translation like that of the glorious Patriarch—although for us there must be the journey through the shrouded valley, and across the dark, chill waters, yet, beloved, fear not to die, if by dying you may enter into immortal life. Nay, in prospect of such a life, we might almost, with Paul, long to depart and to be with Christ. For, although the last enemy may come with a rough accent and in harsh costume, he can but administer one message, "Child of God, I am sent by thy Parent to summon thee to His home." It may be but the sigh, or the agony and convulsion of a moment, and then all will be over—and the child of God has escaped from the family on earth to the family in heaven, to await the glorious manifestation of the sons of God, when the ransomed of the Lord shall return unto Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

The Lessons of the Life of St. Paul.**A BACCALAUREATE SERMON**

By **W. H. Campbell, D.D., LL.D.**, PRESIDENT OF RUTGERS COLLEGE, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more.—1 Cor. ix: 19.

ON these Baccalaureate occasions I have loved to speak to you of our Lord Jesus Christ—to tell you of the glory of His person and the worth of His work. Nor do I come to you to-night with any other theme; for my text leads me to speak to you of an educated man's work in the world, when Christ had taken possession of his heart.

Paul was indeed an educated man of no ordinary kind; for he was one of the three great master minds who, in the realm of thought, have ruled the world. These three are Aristotle, Paul and Francis Bacon. Nor do I hesitate to place Paul as the chief of these three greatest spirits of all time, whether regard be had to the lofty themes he taught or to the tenacity with which these themes have kept their hold on the minds of men, or to the native powers of this great teacher.

Paul was born at Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, in Lesser Asia, one of the most renowned seats of Grecian learning, and which Strabo placed above Athens and Alexandria in philosophical and literary culture. Here, from his earliest years, he had every facility for gaining that knowledge of the Greek language and literature which is shown everywhere in his speeches and epistles. It is clear, also, from internal evidence that Paul did not first write these letters in Hebrew and then translate them into Greek; but he taught in Greek, and spoke Greek rapidly and with a precision and accuracy of thought and language which we would have a right to expect from an educated Grecian. All this is clear from his speeches, recorded in the Book of Acts, and from his fourteen Epistles. His quotations also from Aratus, Cleanthes, Menander and Epimenides show the range of his reading and attainments.

The "Phenomena" of Aratus, quoted by Paul, Acts xvii: 28, though highly praised by Ovidius, was probably out of the range of reading of even Grecians; but when it is remembered that Aratus, like Paul, was a Cilician, we gain an additional fact, leading to the conclusion that Paul's early training was Grecian, and took in all the books which the learned at Tarsus read and talked about. Here, too, he learned the trade of a tent-maker, by which handicraft he nobly supported himself when he became.

an apostle, so that he might not be burdensome to the churches. But Paul, though born at Tarsus, himself tells us that he was "brought up" at Jerusalem. When a boy, then, he must have been taken thither to be taught "according to the perfect" manner of the law of the fathers. Somewhere then between the age of ten and fifteen, and most probably, as Neander thinks, about the age of thirteen, already speaking Greek fluently, familiar with Greek authors, and with the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Old Testament, and having learned a trade, he sat at the feet of Gamaliel, whom the Talmud calls "the glory of the Law," and who besides was the first Jewish teacher to whom title of "Rabban," our Master, was given. And if any one is disposed to dispute Paul's claims to such attainments at the age of thirteen, on the ground of its impossibility, I will add that examples of equal attainments are to be found in the History of Literature.

But Paul, as one of the master-minds of the world of thought, had other gifts, native and acquired, which are far more wonderful and rare than all these linguistic attainments. He was gifted beyond most men. With a quickness of perception, by which he saw at once the precise point of every question, and a promptness of thought which afforded at once, ready for use, whatever that question needed, either to answer objections, solve difficulties, or reach the desired conclusion, he had, too, a depth, breadth, quickness, force and prompt elaborateness of thought, arising from his habitual thoughtfulness, which form an intellectual combination most rare indeed. With such native gifts, under the teaching of Gamaliel, he mastered the whole Rabbinical system. This system included jurisprudence, theology, and interpretation of the Old Testament under the four modes common among learned Jews, namely—Allegory, Typology, Tradition and Accommodation.

He would seem at first to have despised Christianity as unworthy of his notice. And influenced, perhaps, by the mildness of Gamaliel, his fury against Christianity seems for a time not to have been excited. But when, by and by, he saw the inroads which Christianity was making on Judaism, the disciple, intellectually greater than his great Master, restrained no longer, burst out into fury as the persecutor of a religion the claims of which he despised as unworthy of examination. But now, miraculously convinced that Christ was the Messiah of the Law and the Prophets, his whole nature and character underwent an immediate and an entire change. As before, all he was was turned against Christ and Christians, now all he is is laid on the altar of Christ, and the followers of the Redeemer are henceforth his beloved and fondly cherished brethren. No one can tell what passed through Paul's

mind during these three days, when, in Damascus, he was without sight, and neither did eat nor drink. But what followed and what he became by the power of the Holy Ghost was in harmony with all his mental powers and habits. Hence he, who took in all subjects of thought in all their depth and breadth, and formed connections which remained steadfast, now became a Christian of such firm convictions that no words so well as his own can describe himself. He was steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for he knew it was not in vain in the Lord.

And now, in speaking further of his Christian course, I must confine myself to the points which the text suggests.

1. *Paul's expediency.* This is clearly taught us in the text and context. Paul became the servant of all, that he might gain the more unto their own highest good; and when that was gained Paul's happiness was complete. But how different was this from the expediency which men usually practice! This word has been the cloak under which selfishness, deceit, hypocrisy and cruelty of every form and degree have sought to conceal their odiousness, and to practice more fully and safely their accursed arts. But Paul's was as diverse from this as the light of midday is from the most intense darkness of the blackest night earth ever saw. Paul's expediency caused him to become all things to all men in the way of sacrifice, deprivation, suffering and endurance of toil, that he might bring all to the knowledge of Christ, and have that done for all others which had been done for him. Not indeed that any one could claim of Paul such devotion. The Apostle in the text disclaims such right on the part of any. He says: "For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all." That is, though I am bound by no claims, am obliged, neither as an Apostle nor a man, to do or suffer for men what I am now enduring, yet I make myself a slave to all to gain their good. His purpose was to subject himself to any loss or suffering for the spiritual welfare of men; and hence his expediency led him to work at his trade, lest he might be burdensome to the churches, and so turn away any from the Gospel.

2. *His patriotism.* His love for his own nation and his intense desire for its good. Patriotism is a term which has been as much misused as expediency. Indeed, it has been so basely employed that, when one talks much and loudly of his love of country, all fear that the self-proclaimed patriot has designs upon his country's honor and welfare. These men would make no sacrifices in the dark hour of the nation's adversity. They would prey upon it in prosperity, forsake it in adversity, and become its enemies under the least sense of

injustice and oppression. There are grounds to question the story of Coriolanus in Roman History. But it is truthlike, if it be not true. For under a sense of wrong, wholly imaginary, men have made common cause with the enemies of the country which gave them birth.

But such was not Paul's love of country and kin. None suffered from his countrymen more than he did when he became a Christian. They hated him with a most intense abhorrence, regarding him as a traitor to God and his land. At their hands he suffered stripes, imprisonment, and sufferings of many forms. Jews in Palestine and Jews in foreign lands made common cause in hounding Paul around the earth as a pestilent fellow, who did not deserve to live. But the Apostle loved his people not the less but the more for all their hatred. He was willing to give up all that earth could give, and life itself, if thereby salvation might come to Israel.

3. *Paul's charity.* By which I mean his love for mankind, and his purpose, prosecuted with unwearied zeal, to spend and be spent in order that he might win to Christ as many as he could. To be a Christian was everything with Paul. It included every duty and every privilege. It put a man in the way of becoming all he ought to be or was capable of becoming as to character and of enjoying as a rational immortal being. There was room then in such purpose for an intense love of others to exist, and also for its fullest exercise. It was the highest form of Godliness—*Godlikeness*—which human nature, redeemed and renewed, could feel and exhibit. And Paul was given to earth as an exemplification of what Christianity could do for fallen nature—to show us beyond all possibility of gain-saying, that, in a worldly, ambitious man like Paul, there could be wrought such a likeness to Christ, such a subserviency to His will, such an unselfish, pure devotion to doing good for Christ's sake, that with the master the servant could say, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

In what I have said to you about Paul I have been speaking of Christianity; for Paul was what Christ by the Gospel had made him, and from the day of his new birth he was one with Christ. And Christ and Christianity are so one that they can never be sundered. Is Christianity here? Then Christ is here. Is Christ here? Then Christianity is here. And hence, in harmony with the teaching of Bishop Butler in his "Analogy of Religion," I hold, that, while objections to arguments in defense of religion are valid, and objections to interpretations of Scripture are valid, for these are the arguments and interpretations of men; yet objections to Christianity are frivolous, because it is of God, it is divine.

And do you ask on what grounds is Christianity affirmed to

be of God? I answer—1. Because of the truths it teaches.
2. Because of the other additional proofs it gives.

1. And first as to the teachings of Christianity. It reaffirms the three great truths of Natural Religion in their original purity, cleansed from the pollutions with which Heathenism and Sensuality had defiled them. These truths are: 1. There is a God, the Creator and Upholder of the World. 2. God is the moral governor of men, and the law of His Government is Virtue, requiring us always and everywhere to be just, good and true. 3. In the future state after death God will render to men exact retributive justice according to their works done in this life.

Now, these three truths of Christianity are, first, the republication of the teaching of Natural Religion, which all men in all ages have received and held, though many corruptions have been added, which have blunted their force. But when Natural Religion has no more to say, Christianity goes on to declare: 4. That God has pardon for sinners and has not cast off His paternal heart, though men have lost the filial spirit. Here then is a blessed addition, to which also the silence of Natural Religion is no contradiction. Nay, the universal human heart needs and seeks after some door of hope outside of itself, leading it out from the prison of despair. So then this revelation of pardon has nothing anywhere to contradict it, but a cry from the universal heart of the race is a declaration from man's soul, that God in being ready to pardon is a true father and has not cast off His disobedient children.

2. And now, when Christianity has thus laid down its four fundamental truths, of which three have the universal assent of men, and the fourth as in answer to the universal cry of the human soul, it comes forth and gives its two proofs of the truth of all its teachings—namely two facts, Christ and the Christian.

And as to Christ, Christianity asks, How can the life and death of Christ be accounted for on any other supposition than that He was truly God and truly man, as Scripture asserts and Christ Himself claims? Here let pass in review before your mind Christ's spotless purity; His unselfishness; His forgiveness; His unwearied doing of good; His wonderful teaching, making new relations of our relations to God and the good angels, to Satan and fallen spirits, to our fallen men, kindred, neighbors, strangers, enemies; Christ's insight into men's hearts; knowledge of their secret thoughts; His answering of men's questions in a way far above all the moralities of life hitherto known or dreamt of, and yet all these an-

swers having at once to the universal conscience the aroma of a better land, the programme of heaven. Furthermore, that wonderful One, so pure, gentle, unselfish, kind, truthful, talks about heaven and the unseen world, of what they do there and how they feel, whence He Himself came, whither He was going, first by the cross, and then to the crown conveyed by attending angels. He is the meekest, gentlest being who ever trod the earth. Moses was a very meek man, but his meekness sometimes forsook him and he fell shamefully, aspiring to speak and act for God. But Christ's meekness never forgets itself. *He was meekness*, not clothed in it; and yet without any reserve and in plain, unmistakable language He claims ever for Himself a Divine relation to the heavenly Father, which must be true—for to sustain its truth He raised the dead, cleansed the leper, gave sight to the blind, and Himself came forth from Joseph's tomb alive again after He had been crucified and slain. Now, explain this on any other ground than that of the Divine, human Saviour, or except Christ and Christianity with Paul, the master mind of the world, and feel with the Christian that the fittest place for the highest intelligence, human or angelic, is at the feet of Jesus Christ, the Eternal Word, that light of earth who lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

And as to the Christian, the second fact of Christianity, it is asked, How on any other supposition than that of a Divine work brought upon his heart can the life of St. Paul be accounted for? Men speak much of the perversion of Christianity and the subsequent little good it has done in the world. But, with Bishop Butler, I affirm that no one but an atheist, who desires Natural Religion, has a right to make such an objection. For, if the perversion of Christianity could prove it false, then Natural Religion would be proved false also, since it has been perverted. But had the perversion of Christianity been ten thousand times worse than it has been, this could not prove the thing perverted to be bad, but rather the very opposite. But, on the other hand, one St. Paul, one consistent Christian, were there not another in the nineteen centuries, would give us the fact which unanswerably proves Christianity to be from God. Lord George Lyttleton, in 1747, published a book entitled "Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul." Of this book Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked that it was "a treatise on which infidelity had never been able to fabricate a specious answer." No, indeed. Infidelity cannot gainsay the testimony of that life. The life of Paul is a fact, and as such it is not of the earth, earthy; it neither breathes its spirit nor does its deeds. It is love, forgiveness, purity, self-sacrifice, and all out of gratitude to Christ,

who had done so much for Paul. And on the Apostle's soul this gratitude to Christ was a perennial fountain, whence ever flowed those streams which have brought everlasting life to millions and shall bring it for millions of millions more.



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Thy Kingdom Come.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., IN GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Thy Kingdom come.—Matt. vi: 10.

So we pray, if we pray at all, every night and morning of our lives. So men have been praying for all but twenty centuries, and if they are right who trace the substance of the Lord's Prayer to some ancient Jewish liturgy, then for some twenty or thirty centuries back of that.

And, on the whole, not altogether in vain. It is true that when we look at individuals we are often more or less doubtful. If our neighbor is virtuous we are apt to think that it is because he has never been greatly tempted, and, though he may think that the religion of Jesus Christ has done a great deal for him, we are apt to set down his most characteristic excellencies to his inherited temperament. He is able to control his anger because he has a sluggish circulation. He is liberal in his views because matters concerning which other people quarrel are matters concerning which he does not really care. If he does not sin with his tongue it is because he is naturally of a reticent disposition. Christianity may indeed have kindled in him new and loftier aspirations, but concerning this we have no means of knowing. So far as we can judge, people very often do not greatly differ whether they profess much, or little, or nothing. This, I imagine, is a very common sentiment, though it may not find common expression. But when we group individuals together, then, if we are equally candid, we are brought to quite a different conclusion. Looking at human society as a whole, and especially at so much of it as is included in the term Christendom, we cannot help acknowledging that some silent agency is at work in the world, the larger tendency of which is to lift men up. Life in our day is attuned to nobler issues than in the ages which have preceded it. It is indeed quite possible to find in heathendom solitary instances of a virtue as lofty as much that is the outcome of Christianity. But, on the whole, paganism moves upon an infinitely lower plane, and leaves its disciples

precisely where it found them. Christianity, on the contrary, though it is a tide with many an ebb, is obviously a rising tide, and that humanity which, like some richly freighted ship, it bears upon its bosom, is being steadily if slowly lifted into the region of a purer atmosphere and a more enduring sunshine.

And yet one cannot help the frequent thought, How slow this progress is! When we pray "Thy Kingdom come," if we mean what Christ meant when He taught His disciples so to pray, then our meaning is that it may come here and now. "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is done in heaven." Whatever we may choose to mean by heaven, and howsoever we may picture to ourselves a life outside these present conditions, this plainly is the will of God, that His kingdom is to find its realization on this earth of ours, and amid these scenes, or others not unlike them.

And this naturally starts the inquiry, When and by what means is it to come? "Obviously," I hear it answered, "when God wills, and by means of our praying for it." And in one way such an answer is true enough. But the moment we look at the evils in this world which must be gotten out of the way before the kingdom of God is to come, two things, which are in substance one, become quite plain to us. God has so ordered things here that progress never comes without the co-operation of those whom it is designed to benefit. He Himself has chosen to condition what he wills upon what we will. He will not indeed let the obstinacy of human nature wholly balk His high designs; but, on the whole, He has chosen that the consent and activity of human beings shall be in all His plans an essential factor. And, therefore, when He bids us pray "Thy Kingdom come," He bids us work for that for which we pray. Prayer, instead of being a substitute for effort or a mere supplement to it, is seen to be a kind of natural breath of effort. And the man whose natural energies are most simply aroused in pursuit of any object will be the man to pray most earnestly. Some of you will remember that during a pestilence in Great Britain some years ago, a petition was addressed to the crown, asking that a form of prayer be set forth in view of the special emergency. To this petition Lord Palmerston, who was then Prime Minister, responded that it would be time enough to issue new forms of prayer when the people of the great cities in which the pestilence was raging were seen to be enough in earnest in the matter of staying it to clean their streets and flush their sewers, and improve the condition of their tenement houses. There was a common outcry of indignation from all classes of religious people at an answer so profane. And yet, though somewhat open to criticism in form, the answer was right in

point of fact. It is an impertinence to besiege the gates of heaven for results, the means to accomplish which are largely in our own hands. There is a sense in which working is praying, just because working is the most genuine, the most eloquent, and the most expressive means of letting God know what that is for which our hearts are longing. Doubtless it is true that no sigh breathed by any solitary sufferer from the helplessness of a sick bed, and of which the burden is, "Thy Kingdom come," is ever breathed in vain. Doubtless it is true that when any discouraged soul, falling upon his knees at the end of a day through which he has been all but vainly struggling with the waywardness, the obstinacy and the depravity of human nature, cries aloud, "O God, accomplish Thine own work and so bring in Thy Kingdom"—doubtless it is true that God hears and answers such a prayer. But no less is it true, when God sees any one of us striving in any lowliest way to smooth the way for His coming and to make the world more meet for Him who is one day to rule in it and over it, that that is another way for praying "Thy Kingdom come"; perhaps more potent and persuasive with our Maker than the other.

But here at once the question arises, if working on our own part is such a considerable element in hastening the kingdom that is coming, what is it to be the nature of the work? What are the forces that are to be called into action, and how and by whom are they to be used?

There is no doubt that during the past two hundred years a great change has been wrought in the mind of Christendom on this point, so that the attitude of Christian sentiment in the nineteenth century may be said to be returning to that of the first century. And this itself is one of the most hopeful tokens of a brighter era. For some ten or twelve or even fifteen centuries it was held that the church, as an organized force was to be the instrument of answering the Saviour's prayer, and that the agency which it was to use was largely or mainly by the agency of force. We remember how when Vladimir, an Emperor or Czar of Russia, became a Christian, he sent out the priests of the new religion in company with his battalions, and offered to his subjects the single alternative of being baptized or being beheaded. "By this happy means," to use his own grim expression, he was able to report to the Patriarch of Constantinople that his whole people had become cordial converts to Christianity. And though Rome has sneered at her older and oriental sister, the Church of the West has even a less fragrant record in this particular than the Church of the East. St. Augustine did not scruple to call in the imperial arms to suppress a heresy. Gregory VII. claimed the monarchy of the world, and exercised the powers

of a monarchy in crushing those who obstructed the progress of the church. Pope Gregory XIII ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung at Rome on receiving the tidings of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and popes and cardinals, bishops and priests, laymen and laywomen hailed the cruelties of the Inquisition with equal eagerness and delight. Nay, we need not go back so far for illustrations of this position. English churchmen maimed and persecuted English Puritans; American Puritans imprisoned and exiled American Quakers and Baptists; and in our own land, even in our own century, statutes were still existing which fined people for neglecting public worship, and which, just so far, aimed to hasten the Master's better and brighter kingdom by force and coercion and penalty.

Let us thank God that if we have gotten no further, we have advanced far enough to see the folly of seeking to win the world to Christ by force. Let us thank God that though there still exists, as perhaps the most conspicuous feature in Christendom, that venerable and wonderful organization which has its centre at the Vatican—the world has forever outgrown and cast behind it that for which the Church of Rome stands. "The whole weight of facts, the whole weight of truth, is soberly but irresistibly against its claim. This is a point on which Christianity and civilization," as an observer of singular sagacity has remarked, "though looking suspiciously at each other at times, entirely join hands. They speak one language; they abjure with one mouth force as the property of the church, and force as applicable to religion at all. The earth must roll back on its axis before the moral sense of society recants on these questions; nay, the more the world advances, and the better civil government becomes, the more clear will be the distinction between the scope of civil government and the scope of the church. . . . Civil justice and the rights of conscience belong so much to the morality of society now, that they must falsify any moral creed opposed to them." And so, though I fear there are still some people who would like to make others religious by law, and who sigh for the good old days when witches were burned and infidels branded, we may at least rejoice that we have turned the last page in the bloody and brutal history of force as an instrument for hastening the coming of the kingdom of love and the reign of the Prince of Peace.

Are we any clearer than were those of old, however, as to the agencies by which such a result is to be accomplished? When we pray, whether here or elsewhere, "Thy Kingdom come," have we come to see what is wanted to hasten it? There are those who, in answering that question, will tell us that what is wanted is a deepening of the devotional life, a more constant habit of prayer and of meditation, and a greater

fervor and disengagedness in the spirit of our devotions. And in all this, from whatever quarter it may be urged, there is much that deserves our consideration. The soul must get the strength with which it grapples with the graver problems of life by kneeling down and asking for it at the foot of the Cross, or else, sooner or later, that strength will run thin and run out. If any one of us would undertake to make straight in the desert an highway for our God, he will need, like others who have toiled and striven in the desert, to have an angel come and strengthen him. A man who would really turn his prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," into such serviceable action as will help to make it come, may be able to say, as once his Master said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." His deepest life must be fed by fountains that are hid within the vail, and which take their rise hard by the throne of God.

But when this is said, there is another side to the matter which is too easily and too often overlooked. Thy Kingdom come we pray; but do we ever pause and ask ourselves precisely what we mean by it? If the Kingdom of the Master is to dawn at last, as most assuredly it will, amid this homely, common life of which your life and mine make up so integral a part, what can be plainer than that, in order to hasten it, it belongs to us to do anything, everything that will make that life clearer, nobler, freer and more loving. O, we are looking to find in some romantic call to distant climes, or to monastic renunciation, or to conspicuous self-sacrifice, the means for hastening the Master's Kingdom, when, in fact, those means are at our very doors in opportunities that invite us every day. In London, as I was lately told, some one has reared a building into which any travel-stained and begrimed wayfarer may turn at will, and at the same time cleanse himself and every garment that he has upon him. While he is finding his way back to decency and self-respect in a refreshing bath, his clothing, by means of some clever mechanism, is cleansed and purged of every stain and soil, and then straightway returned to him again. Have you ever realized, now, the degradation that there is in dirt, and can you not see how some thoughtfulness on the part of others such as this, may be the one link that keeps a man from desperation and the gutter? Some one there is he dimly sees, somewhere, that wants him to be better and decenter than he is; some one who not only shudders to think of his gradually brutalizing himself, but who has reared and flung wide open this practical succor in his sore strait. He may never have heard about God, but this kindness he can understand, and must needs feel the spell of that divine motive of pitying brotherhood that has inspired it. And so, to such a one, something nobler than himself, and yet something akin to himself, something above him, and yet something reaching

down to him, becomes, it may be for the first time, real and near to him.

Of course this is an extreme illustration, and it is for that very reason that I have chosen it. But if there is any force in it at all, think how many other agencies there are that lie within reach of all of us, which, if we will, we may set to work and thereby pray by deed as well as by word, "Thy Kingdom come." How many lives there are barren of hope, aye, and barren too almost of faith as well, because for them the world has been so barren of human sympathy. Theirs are solitary lives—lived apart from homes and from all that that blessed word implies. They are young men, alone in a great city; single women who are earning their own livelihood, and living meantime in lodgings. They are the aged, the infirm, the worn out, who are stranded by this eager rush of life high up on some dismal sand-bank of utter isolation. The advancing tide has thrown them off as so many useless incumbrances, and they are bleaching away the remainder of their days in cheerless solitude; and meantime our homes are bright and warm, and ring with the shouts of children or the rippling laughter of congenial intercourse. Did it ever occur to us that there might be such a thing as a more unselfish use of our homes, and that we might well strive to make them, oftener than we do, a haven of rest and change for those who are wholly without them, or that, if we cannot even do that, we might at least strive to carry something of their sunshine and sweetness to those darker corners and lowlier lives that are pining to-day in loneliness. Any one left utterly to himself cries out in despair, "No; it is all false. There is no God. They say Christ has been in the world, and that He is living still, but I do not believe it. If it were true that He was still here in the life and spirit of His followers, could I be left to lead this dreary life, without one hand outstretched to cheer me"? And then we hear of some dismal tragedy, and straightway throw up our hands in equal horror and dismay. And yet if we had made our Christian personality a more outgoing thing, how different it might have been; for who doubts that there are those to-day who saw in some kindly and generous ministry approaching in their hour of grief, or need, or loneliness, their first ray of hope, and learned from it their first lesson of aspiration? As such a one once said, "I do not know much about Christianity, but if this is what Christianity makes people do, then I believe in Christ and I mean to follow Him." And thus in lives redeemed from despair and sin, from sickness and penury, from shame and hopelessness, the kingdom that is coming wins its victories, and gains another forward step in its secure though slow advance.

A great many of us, it is to be feared, are nursing the hope

that sooner or later we shall get out of this world, and then be done with it forever. We regard its evils as incurable, its graver problems as utterly baffling solution. We read that it is one day to be burned up, and we refuse to see that that burning is to be a burning of refining and purification, and not a burning of destruction. And so our supreme concern comes to be, to finish our term here as decorously and comfortably as possible, and then flee out of this hopeless muddle into a brighter and happier realm beyond. But God has put us here to stay. We are not to run away, but to face the issue and to grapple with it. This is God's world, not the devil's; and one day the King shall come and claim His own. And therefore we are here, not to save ourselves, but to work for Him, and thus working, to hasten on the day of His return.

And so any woman ministering in a hospital or an alms house or an asylum, is praying in a language far more eloquent than any other, "Thy Kingdom come." Any man who is building a decenter house in some crowded city for the day laborer to inhabit, if he is doing it with a manly desire to better the condition of his fellows, is praying "Thy Kingdom come." Any young girl who goes to some home meaner and scantier than her own, and strives to brighten it with her hand and her smile, is praying "Thy Kingdom come." Any young man who is teaching little children, or helping to keep open a free reading-room, or looking after the lonely and the sick, is praying "Thy Kingdom come." Any capitalist who is making labor less a drudgery and service less a slavery, any employer who in dull times is keeping men at work and illustrating thus not only the spirit of charity but the nobler spirit of brotherhood, who is thus showing to others that he has learned the meaning of the Master's Golden Rule—he, too, is praying "Thy Kingdom come."

And so, with often feeble and trembling fingers, working, sometimes side by side with others and sometimes quite alone, working often in doubt and fear and self-distrust, but working always with unfaltering courage and immortal hope—these are they who are unbarring the doors which ages of ignorance and prejudice have reared, but through which one day, an age more golden and more glorious than poet ever sung or prophet ever dreamed, shall burst at last upon us. By toils and labors more expressive far than any words, they lift the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come"! "Even so, Lord Jesus come quickly."

Special Providences.

PREACHED BY C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D. EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK
"CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

Get to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain : whereas, ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life ? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.—James iv : 13--15.

THE early church encountered about the same difficulties that confront the church of this day. Men noticed the even on-going of things in nature, and said, "These things have continued in regular succession through countless ages. They will continue in the same way, and we do not see that the Lord has anything to do with this. We will arrange our plans and order our steps without any reference to the Infinite." But James comes down to the very core of their objection and difficulty, laying bare their stumbling and blunder, saying, "Ye know not what a day may bring forth. You leave out of account the main element, for know this assuredly, that the Divine will enters as an essential element or factor into the problem of every life. Instead of saying that you will do this or that, as may seem good to you, ye ought rather to say, 'If the Lord will, we will live and do this and that.' "

This brings us to the thought which I wish to present—the fact and order of an especial Providence concerning us and concerning our lives.

I will give you the practical enunciation of this argument concerning special providence, in which, as candidates for immortality, as men and women journeying through a world that is thickly beset with difficulties and pitfalls and snares, and where the very air is thick with hissing missiles, it is quite worth our attention and our thought, if we can, to find somewhere that the Infinite will condescend to take care of us, and watch over us, and see that we are alive and fed and taught and builded up into characters and brought to righteousness and prepared for the city of the saints, prepared for His right hand. It is quite a point of interest to us if we can secure such an alliance.

The first suitable thing to do in such a question as this is to collect the materials out of which we have to construct an opinion concerning Providence. They are abundant on every hand. I need hardly stop to tell you that we are in the midst of great forces that seem to stretch on through the ages, and that handle us apparently as if we were but bubbles on the

sea, that beat us about, carry us backward and forward, wash over us, wipe us out whenever they please; that we are in the midst of these great, far-reaching principles. The days follow each other, and the seasons come on with unquestionable certainty. Generation after generation comes and goes down into the grave only to make room for succeeding generations, and the years move surely on and on. The sun never forgets to shine; the great march of the stars never comes to a halt; nature does not so much as care for us in our living or our dying, so far as we can see. We must recognize this great fact to begin with—that we are handled by mighty laws that stretch throughout nature and run through the centuries.

Perhaps it is worth saying just at this point that this is about the best possible system, even in the field of our narrow vision, into which we could be cast. If there were no great, all-embracing laws, it would not be possible for any intelligence to administer a moral government, or any government, over intelligencies as such. If you did not have some known order to bring out the fact that the harvest was in the seed, you would not scatter the seed. If you were not in the midst of laws and of order, your forethought, your intelligence, your calculation, your plan, would be useless; and there could be no government over you.

Then there is another set of facts which we must take into this calculation. We stumble upon events that come to us as surprises. We never thought of their coming to us. Cofins glide into our homes on the brightest days of all the year, and shadow them forever. We did not know they were coming; we had no opportunity to barricade our doors against them; we had no knowledge by which we could detect their approach; and so we are in the midst of a great multitude of events that seem to be rained upon us helter-skelter. They come when they please, and without any perception or consent of ours.

Then this additional fact enters into this problem: Nature seems to treat us as if she had to watch us and yet was thoughtful concerning us. She allows us to know a great many things which we cannot help, and she puts the things that we might help out of our knowledge. I can calculate for you the position of the sun in a million ages from to-day. I can tell you every transit and the tick of the watch when it will appear. It is a simple matter of mathematics; but after you have found the fact you can do nothing about it; you cannot help yourself. A great multitude of events are occurring that are within the reach of our power, at whose approach, could we only be warned of them, we would step forth and take them by the throat and choke them out of existence; but they leap in upon us, and we are beneath their feet; we are trampled, con-

quered, before we are aware of their presence ; so that where our power may act, Nature sees to it that we have no knowledge. And thus we are treated in a sort of compound, complex system. Nature is looking upon us as if she cared for us, and yet is treating us as if she were afraid of us.

Now, all these varieties of circumstances sum up into what you may remember along the old lines and by an old classification that is as good as it is old. They reduce to four simple classes. I think they are brought out as clearly by McCosh as by anybody. I only follow his classification : First. This man sees in nature only mishaps and accidents and derangements and sorrow and disappointment and desertion and defeat, and he goes along the way of life mad ; he is angry at everything ; he sees no future ; he is certain only of the present, and often in great doubt about that. That man is an atheist. His view finds no God, no hope, no personality. Here is another man who finds God in everything—in the cloud, in the storm, in the flowers, in the mountain torrent—everywhere. He is back of everything, behind all causes, and under all forces, and in all power ; but he has no personality ; he does not come out into actual manifestation ; there is no individual volition ; there is no ordering by a direct purpose ; it is a sort of steady on-moving of a kind of animated principle. That man is a pantheist. Then here is another man who sees God in the lightning that kills the widow's cow and burns the poor man's barn, and he sees the Almighty in Vesuvius and in the breath of the pestilence and the roar of the tornado ; he sees the angry glance of the Infinite in the leaping lightning ; but he sees Him nowhere else. That man is a superstitious man. There is another man over yonder who sees the Almighty in everything—in the violet as well as in the mountain crag ; in the song of the meadow lark as well as in the roar of the tempest ; in the blessed dew that comes upon us with its baptisms of life as well as in the lightning flash that dazzles the eye ; in the health of the peoples as well as in the blast of the plague. He seems to be aware of the Divine presence in all things—moving steadily with reference to our interests, caring for us, training us, schooling us, handling us as if we were indeed going to another country, and were being qualified and fitted in this land for a future and far better abode. That man is a Christian.

Now, I think all the views are summed up in these that I have put forward. They are distinct, they are worth retaining. The atheist shuts up his eyes tight and says, There is no light, there is no sun. The pantheist opens his eyes just a little ; he catches a glimmer of light, and he says, There is light, but there is no sun. The superstitious man opens his eyes widely and shuts them tightly. He sees by fits and starts. The

Christian man opens his eyes widely and keeps them open all the time, and he sees the light and the sun. As another has said, the atheist walks out into nature as into a great wilderness, and he stumbles and staggers along, catching his feet among the interwoven vines, knocking them against the rocks, with no light for his path, and no hope for his heart, and no expectation for his future. The pantheist goes out into nature as into a great temple wonderfully wrought with strange carvings, illumined by the most magnificent chandeliers, carpeted with the most delicate and fanciful fabrics, decorated with the masterpieces of the greatest artists, yet saying in the midst of this design, "There is no architect, there is no builder, there is no owner, there is no occupant." The superstitious man goes out into nature as into a great fortress too vast for the forces of the commandant. The walls are broken down in remote places, the gates are torn away, and the enemy can come in at his own pleasure and occupy remote parts of this vast fort. Just about the citadel lives the king with his body-guard, and now and then he dashes out along the embankment on one side and drives out the enemy, and then along the other side and puts them to flight; but he is kept in the citadel as his only secure retreat, except when he rides forth to battle. The Christian man goes out into nature as into a great garden, every inch of which is tilled; into a great castle, the shining keys of which hang at the belt of the commandant; into a great home, where God and His children dwell.

Now, I take that to be a fair putting of the case. The distinctions are sufficiently clear, and yet, for practical use, they are reducible to the man who sees God nowhere and to the Christian who sees Him everywhere.

I do not want to talk very much about the laws of nature. I have positively seen young men strut about in their conceit, button themselves up in their sin, and talk about the laws of nature when, to save their immortal souls, they could not tell what they meant by a law of nature. Indeed, I have heard them talk about the laws of nature as reasons for not serving God even before they were able to grow a moustache, when they were in the softest sort of veal; yet they would assume a tremendous amount of knowledge, and descendant about the mighty laws of nature as if that ended everything.

I have no objection to you talking about the laws of nature, if you will only find out exactly what you mean. Then it is safe enough. And if you will give me about a minute on that line, I will tell you what I mean.

We find a certain succession of steps, a certain succession in the order of things; for instance, the sun rose yesterday morning, and the day before, and so on back to Adam, and, for aught I know, a million of ages before; and we say it is a law

of nature that the sun should rise. Now, that does not mean anything, or rather, if it does, it does not apply to your case. It is simply a name for a succession. The question of what may cause the succession is not touched. That is clear, is it not? That is a fair use of the term, only do not apply it where it will not apply. There is another use of it—and that is the best use, and perhaps the one that men use who think most along that line—that comes most nearly to a causal relation—that is, as it comes most nearly to causing things to come to pass. A combination of elements produces certain results. Take the simplest possible case. You put a given amount of oxygen and hydrogen together, and you have a resultant—water; that is, where you combine them chemically. Now, then, they say that this is a law of nature and it approaches productive power; but, mark you—and this is the simple, open, everlasting fallacy of all this argument—it is a combination of two elements. It is not one. You leave either element by itself and it will stay alone forever. It will be oxygen or it will be hydrogen forever and ever, and by no conceivable possibility of thought can it ever produce anything; but when you combine it with another element, then it has a producing power. But who is going to do this combining? That is the question. And so you come back, after all, to the great Combiner, and that is all we want. You see that in the simplest possible adjustment of what you may understand as the laws of nature, we come back, after all, to the great Law-Giver, the great Combiner. Men go back along this line, looking for the Supreme Law, and I rather like the process. I enjoy feeling that I am in the hands of the great laws of nature, and I like to stop in thought up in mid-heavens, and pull away at Gravity, and see that it holds on both sides. I should hate to find myself, even in thought, anywhere where I was outside of law. I know when I am in reach of law that I am in the government of the great Father, and I feel comforted by it; and there is a fascination to my thought in getting hold of a power or a law that applies to this little atom that floats in the air unperceived, as well as to yonder sun that blazes in the heavens. But when we go back to the department of one's heart, there is not much comfort in it. It is cold. It does not satisfy me. I starve on shadows. I am only mocked by echoes. There is no peace in it. That poor widow walks up and down the beach looking for the body of her husband, that went overboard yonder in the storm, and she wrings her hands and calls for help, and waits for the waves to wash up the helpless body at her feet. It is no comfort to her to tell her that it is a great law of nature that ships should go to pieces on the rocks, and that men should lose their lives when they stay under the water. There is no consolation in such a truism.

Now, my point is this: That as an argument it does not meet the case, for you have no more right to starve my heart than you have to starve my head. Logic that leaves me unfed only tramples, mocks, starves me; and I will stand before the common judgment of the race and hold up this my need, and impeach your theory; and if your theory be true, I will humbly yet bravely impeach the Ruler of the Universe, for I am full of wants, and my poor heart cries out to God, and He must hear me, He must feed me. To satisfy this heart of mine I must feel that back of this law is, in the first place, intelligence; that back of it is the hand of a great, infinite, loving Father; then I can look into the open coffin; then I can face the sorrow of the future, and know that in the day after to-morrow we will wipe out the darkness and find that the things that are seen—the disappointments, the trials—are temporal; but that above all and beyond all is the great Father, and that the things that are not seen are eternal.

Some men go back along this line of life, talking about what they can get out of Nature, and they seem to get a good deal out of her. They go back and find their pedigree. They go back to Noah and to Adam, and they go back to the apes, and back to polliwogs, and back to protoplasm, and then they are stuck. There they are perfectly helpless. They seem to get hold of something, but whence did it come? They stand there and watch these first forms wriggle themselves up into being—wriggle before they exist, for only by that process can they wriggle themselves into existence. Here we are on the border of this boundless gulf. I am here, and so are you, and I defy all the thought of the ages to help me over this gulf in any way except by the arm of the Almighty. There has been no approach to it; there has not been even the material collected out of which to construct a pontoon to throw over this chasm. James Martineau, who mingles a vast amount of good metaphysics with some very poor theology, says that these men hang along the borders here and fairly whine for some little start. They seem to say, "Grant us some tiniest granule of power so close upon zero that it is not worth begrudging, give it some infinitesimal tendency to increment, and then we will show you how this factor becomes the cosmos, the all of things." That is, the same atom is treated in one way as if it were nothing, when it is conceded, and then in another way as if it were the sum of all things. Then says Martineau: "Nevertheless, regardless of the countless ages that may be consumed, you require for the production of the universe a power no less than infinite and no lower than Divine"; and he adds, as a sort of left-hander, that strikes back at his antagonist, "It is a mean thing for a philosopher to crib causation with hairs'-breadths, put it out at compound interest through

all time, and then deny the debt"; for that is what it reduces to.

So I say, we come to the point where we are brought face to face with the only difficult problem in this whole question of God being our Father—that of the existence of a personal will in the universe; and grant that, and we have gotten all we want as regards Providence, and you are compelled to grant it.

It has some practical applications that are worthy of attention. One man says in reference to this will: "Why this idea that the Almighty is going to come down and look after me and care for me, when there is such a great multitude, is preposterous! Why you can run over 500 men in this city, and nobody will care much about it except their immediate friends. One man is such a trifle in the midst of these throngs, it is absurd to expect that the Almighty will look after him individually." I have this conviction, that if there is a Being who is infinite, and if He does sit on the throne of the Universe, He is by that very fact going to watch over and care for me.

There is a statesman that goes up from this great city of yours to the Congress of the United States, and he proposes a law which is of general application. It will apply to the interests of Maine and California, of South Carolina, of Louisiana and of Massachusetts, not to say anything about the great Empire State, that always takes what is left. Men say of him, "He is a great statesman. He has great wisdom." But another man arises at his side who ordains another law that is not only applicable to all these great States, with their marvelous resources and their multitudinous interests, but is also applicable to every county in every State; and more than that, it will go down to the wants of every family in every county; and more than that, it will meet the wants of every individual in every family, in every county, in every State; and here the two men stand. Which is the greater? You cannot fail instantly to give the right answer. Now, if the Lord be infinite, that is, if He measures all possible power, He must come down to my needs and look after me as a condition of His being infinite.

But there is a man up yonder in the gallery who says, "Do you suppose the Lord is going to help you or anybody else in particular? that he is going to interfere with the laws of nature because, forsooth, they conflict with your individual interests?" Why, there is a good man walking yonder, and over his path trembles an old dead tree almost in the act of falling. Says this skeptic, "Tell me, do you think the Lord will step forth, stretch out His hand, place it under that old tree, and hold it up because the good man happens to be strolling along on that dangerous road? What we want is

some movement of Providence which shall take care of that good man under those circumstances. First, remember that there are a great many good men in the world who have no definite lien on any future usefulness, and that, so far as their brethren can see, it would be a very great comfort to them and their friends if they were well in heaven. So we must assume that the man is still of value. Now, if he is still of value, and the Lord wants him here, He will take care of him in just that emergency. There he goes, and there the tree is falling. He knows nothing, sees nothing of the danger. He is thinking about some of those good old Psalms, bracing up his heart against the manifold evils of this world, when suddenly a tiny cricket right by his path chirps out, and it is such a strange, new sound interrupting his meditations, that he stops and looks a moment, then goes on. The tree falls, but he is not under it, and he is just as much saved by the providence of God as he would have been if the Lord had come out and rolled up His sleeve and held the tree up before the eyes of men.

I have a friend, a good class-leader in the church to which I belong, who was down at Petersburg during the war. He was several times promoted for courage on the field, and a braver man I think I never saw. He said to me: "One day I sat back of the intrenchments at some little distance with my back against a tree preparing to eat my lunch, when I was suddenly seized with an almost resistless desire to get down behind the breastworks; and without waiting a second, without stopping for a second thought, I leaped down, and 'zip!' went a bullet into the tree where I sat." Away up in a tree within the rebel works sat a sharpshooter, who had his eye on him, and God had His eye on the sharpshooter. He was saved just as much as if the Lord had come down and turned aside that gun.

Now, that is a part of my theory about the Lord's taking care of you.

A man said to me, "Why, you don't imagine that since they have attained the point where they can take care of the weather in 78 per cent. of the cases, so that they can tell exactly what kind of weather we are going to have and only miss it about twenty-two times in a hundred—you don't suppose it is worth while to pray about the weather on a 22 per cent. basis?" Now, I say it is of just as much account to pray about the weather as it was when Elijah prayed about it. Here is a storm beating up the coast likely to drive everything to pieces. The Lord touches somewhere else in the universe some other element, gives it a little turn, and the storm veers off. All we need is to get hold of the great Combiner. A

Baptist preacher by the name of Edwards, who had been an old sea-captain, when a tornado was coming straight down upon his house, knew that there was mischief in the cloud. He believed that God was at home in Wisconsin, and calling to his children said: "Do you see that cloud? That means harm. Let us go into the house and tell God about it"; and they went in and prayed to the Lord that He would take care of them if they were worth saving. They were saved, and the next day, and for months afterward, you could see the broad track of the tornado that cleaned up every blade of grass, every roof and hamlet, and tree and stick and stump in its path, bearing right down upon this clergyman's house until it came within a quarter of a mile of it, when it made an abrupt turn, went to one side till opposite his house, then it turned back into its old path, and went on. That man got hold of the great Combiner, and the Lord looked after him.

Down yonder is a little fishing port in Massachusetts—and it is a simple application of these truths and a foundation that gives us confidence—from which a ship had gone out on a whaling voyage. It had been gone three years. By and by the glasses discovered her in the offing trying to come in, and a poor woman, whose only son was on that craft, put on her poor best, and went down to meet her boy as he landed from his long voyage. As the twilight thickened a storm sprang up, and they saw just in the dusk of the day the vessel driven upon the rocks, and they all knew that she was being pounded to pieces. The mother went away to her little old cabin, and there all night long she walked up and down and prayed, now and then dropping down on her face in agony in a corner of the room. Just at daylight the door flew open and in leaped her boy, saying, "I knew, mother, that you would pray me ashore." She, too, got hold of the great Combiner. That is what I believe about Providence and about prayer, and the Bible is full of it, from one end to the other.

It is said of Fletcher that, when he was a young man, he secured a commission in the British Navy, a very difficult thing to obtain, and he was elated above measure; but on the morning the ship sailed a servant overturned some hot coffee into his lap, and instead of going to sea he went into the hands of a physician, and was wrathful almost beyond his control. The ship went to sea with another lieutenant, and never came back again; Fletcher was saved to the church and to mankind. God who is our Father, who counts the very hairs of our head, and who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice, looks patiently after us early and late; and I walk up and down the crowded thoroughfares of this hurrying life conscious that I am the son of a King, and that He has all power

in heaven and on earth, and that nothing shall by any means harm me.

John Brown said in a very dark day, "Don't cry about me; I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose"; and he had not only the strategic point for the future, but he had the inspiration of the consecrated prophet. So I say of the believer, he puts his hand up into the shadows over his head. He may be confident that in every hour of trial the Infinite will take hold upon him and lead him; and so long as he is worth more to save than he is to slay, he will be saved. You and I have seen this in the order of business about us in every-day life, and I may say that there are fifty men in this house this morning that have had the experience themselves. They have somehow or other lost their footing. The wheel of business has gone round, and they, by some miscalculation or other, or some evil word of some other men, have been loosened from their hold, and they have been left behind. They have taxed their resources, they have reduced their expenses, they have finally exhausted their possessions, and then they have pushed their credit to the very last point to obtain bread. They have gone from one friend to another beseeching them for work—work for themselves, work that shall save the babes, work for the wife, work at all hazards; and it has not come. Then they have stood in the darkness as if the universe itself was poised upon their hearts; but just at the last moment, somehow or other in the gloom, their hands have been guided to the right niche, and they seize hold of the wheel again and go up with it. That is repeated over and over and over again. That is what I believe about Providence. He may press us and load us and beat us and try us, but He will not desert us. I have not seen Him; I do not know where He lives otherwise than in our hearts. I could not tell you much about His features. I cannot give you the measure of His palace. I cannot even count the steps up to His throne. But this I know, that the great Being up above the sun and on beyond the stars—the Infinite One, who is behind all power and back of all causes, who sits alone on His throne—is somehow or other my Father, and when my earthly father and mother cast me off, then He will take me up. That is my comfort. I have His word.

That man over yonder says, "If you will just demonstrate to me that my children shall not want anything, I can go through this world and put my clenched hand into the face of every difficulty in perfect defiance. I am not afraid of man or beast. I can stand absolutely anything myself, but there are my little babes. I cannot think that they shall sleep in dry-goods boxes, or run around in the alley, or be compelled to steal. I cannot bear that."

Now hear me, brother. David, an old man, had gone around the entire circle of human experience—a shepherd, an adventurer, a courtier, a warrior, a king, a prophet. He understood all the turns of society. He had seen life from one end to the other, and from top to bottom, and he says: “I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken”—that covers your case, but the rest of it is better yet—“nor his seed begging bread.” That is our Father’s word. Let us hold on to it.

The Golden "A B C."

A SERMON

By Rev. Rudolph Kögel, D. D., COURT-PREACHER, BERLIN.

[Translated by Rev. Ernst H. Lübker, A.M.]

SELECTION FROM THE 119TH PSALM.

18. *Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.*
 19. *I am a stranger in the earth : hide not thy commandments from me.*
 24. *Thy testimonies also are my delight and my counsellors.*
 36. *Incline my heart unto thy testimonies and not to covetousness.*
 46. *I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.*
 52. *I remembered thy judgments of old, O Lord, and have comforted myself.*
 54. *Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.*
 59. *I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.*
 62. *At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee, because of thy righteous judgments.*
 67. *Before I was afflicted I went astray : but now have I kept thy word.*
 89. *Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.*
 92. *Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.*
 96. *I have seen an end of all perfection : but thy commandment is exceeding broad.*
 105. *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.*
 9. *Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way ? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.*

THE 1st, the 9th, and most all of the 119th Psalm treat of the excellency of the Divine Word. This last-named Psalm, from which the selection has just been read, praises in ever new periods, that of which it forms itself a precious part. Consisting of 176 verses, which in Hebrew are arranged alphabetically, it has on that account received in our German Bibles the superscription : "*The Christian's Golden A B C of the praise, love, power and profit of the Word of God.*"

The gospel for this Sunday sends forth the invitation : "Come, for all things are now ready." Again and again new messengers are sent out with the command : "Compel them to come in." Let us study, then, *The Golden A B C of the excellency of the Divine Word.*

We ask :

1. Who teaches it ?
2. Who learns it ?
3. What avails it ?

Lord, our God, blessed are they that hear thy word and keep it ! Amen.

1. "*I am a stranger in the earth ; hide not Thy commandments from me.*" I am a stranger in the earth ; Father, where is the way to the Fatherland, to the Fatherhouse ? Oh, hide not Thy

commandments from me! Master, where hast thou taken up thine abode? Suffer me not to stand without; take me beneath the shelter and protection of Thy Holy Word! To be a stranger in the world and to its lusts; to feel homesick for the blessed land of promise, this is the susceptible soil in which the Holy Scriptures were originally conceived and in which they must also be interpreted. The Holy Spirit who plants and nurtures these longing desires—*He* teaches the golden A B C of God's Word. Think of Abram's obedient faith when called by God, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." Behold him wandering from place to place until he arrives at his family vault; think of him waiting for a city, the builder and maker whereof is God; whilst confessing himself to be a stranger here below, he longs for the promised blessing and sees it far off in the distance. Looking upward to heaven, he says: "I am a stranger in the earth: hide not Thy commandments from me!" And God answers, as it were, "How can I hide from Abram that which I mean to do with him?" Think, again, of Moses, so highly favored and yet sorely troubled, a stranger in the earth, a wanderer from the Nile to Mount Nebo, but also one who received and communicated God's commandments. The Psalm composed by him (90th) asks for a double blessing: "Teach us to number our days"; and, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants." Think, once more, of David; how many of his troublous days are spent whilst fleeing before Saul, or before his people, or before his own son! Spite of sword and victory and crown he must exclaim: "Hold not thy peace at my tears; for I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner." The shepherd's staff and the royal sceptre must serve him as a pilgrim's staff, and his harp resounds with this double strain: "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth"; and, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him." And all the prophets, whether fugitives like Elijah or prisoners like Jeremias, or otherwise suffering from the opposition of a gainsaying and unbelieving people, stirred up and kept awake by the feeling of being only strangers in the earth, they become only the more thoroughly qualified to sing and to speak about the sufferings and glory of the future Messiah. "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secrets unto His servants the prophets." Yes, beloved, the whole people Israel is not a multitude of adventurers, but a people led and enlightened by God; a people of pilgrims, and as such a prophetic people. "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Says Pascal: "Israel is not a people which made the Bible; on the contrary, the Bible is a book by which Israel is made a people." Just so it

is with the men of the new Covenant: Evangelists and Apostles. They are messengers of a King whose kingdom is not of this world. But a twofold conviction cheers and supports them: "We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come"; and this: "The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." With such a consciousness they become "fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of faith."

Whence, then, are the Holy Scriptures derived? *Who teaches their Golden A B C?* Surely not here on earth is their origin to be found—not in a world of discord and doubt, of lust and passion, of sultry confusion or icy apathy. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The Holy Scriptures have indeed many individual writers, but really only *one* author. There are so many that testify and behold! How unanimous their testimony! In wonderful unity every link of the chain is put together. Priests and publicans, kings and shepherds, captains and fishermen though they be according to their social standing, they are yet all, according to their spiritual position, children and servants of God. And although St. John's Revelation is thousands of years apart from the first book of the Holy Scriptures, yet there is spread out over all these and the intervening writings *one heaven; one eternity* is looking on; *one kingdom of God* is being formed; *one Christ* appears!

Travelers are either more fickle than is their wont to be at home, because, unoccupied and uncontrolled, they hasten from one impression to another; or they are more collected than at home, because, undisturbed, they can live in their world of thoughts all to themselves. You who have entered our sanctuary to-day as strangers, look once at your traveling literature. Perhaps it contains many insipid books in which there is no strength nor sustenance; or even frivolous ones, which destroy both strength and sustenance. Believe me the Psalms and the Testament are the best literature for travel; they are books for level and mountainous countries; for land and sea; for sunny and for stormy days; for excursions made in solitude or in company. And wherever your home may be on earth, answer, are you inwardly so disposed that, "when it is evening and the day is far spent," like a star the Psalmist's word will lighten your pathway? "I am a stranger in the earth: hide not Thy commandments from me." Yes, one day testifies to another that our life is only a pilgrimage to eternity. Let our hearts become used to this thought that our true home is not here below! And whenever the earthly tabernacle of one of your brethren is dissolved, and you ride behind the coffin to the churchyard, answer, think

you then of that hour with earnest and believing confidence, when you yourselves shall be enclosed within those narrow boards? Do you then pray, in fear and trembling: "I am a pilgrim and a stranger, and have here no abiding place, but heaven is my fatherland"? Oh, hide not, thou God of the living, hide not Thy commandments, Thy life-giving promises, from me!

The man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Queen Candace, sitting in his chariot, was reading the 53d chapter of Esaias the prophet. Philip ran to him and asked, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" and the humble reader replied, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" Who teaches the golden A B C of the excellency of God's word? To *God* belongs the interpretation. He who has given it also interprets it—*He the Holy Spirit*, the spirit of Truth and Revelation!

II. WHO LEARNS THE GOLDEN A B C?

The *hearer*, who is also a *doer* of the word, and who offers up as a *prayer* this *petition*: "*Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.*" If you ask, How can I understand the Holy Scriptures? Come and see! Come and do not pass by!

What is *unknown* is also *unloved*. Ignorance always *hates*. As soon as a proper knowledge is received, *love* also grows in interest. Whether it be the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ speaking to Eli, "Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed," or whether it be Jesus Christ Himself who declares, "He that rejecteth Me and receiveth not My words hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day," suffice it to say, if the word proclaimed by angels on Sinai has once firmly taken root, and every one has received the reward of his iniquity, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation made known by the Lord Himself? Oh, come and comprehend with all saints what is the length and the breadth and the depth, and to know the "love of Christ which passeth knowledge," as revealed in the Divine Word: the beginning and glorious consummation of creation. Behold the tree of life and its parts: come and behold, people of God, God's Son in his state of humiliation and exaltation. Come and behold the *wages of sin* before the judgment of God's *justice*, and the *blessing of redemption* through *grace*. Contrast Israel and church, slavish fear and filial reverence; the tendency toward exclusiveness or that of missionary enterprise! Come, and in the description of the human race behold thyself; in Israel's providential guidance behold thine own, and in one of those balances which God holds in His hands, behold thy eternal destiny. "*I remembered thy judgments of old, O*

Lord, and have either comforted myself, or horror hath taken hold upon me because of the wicked that forsake thy law."

If you ask again, How can I learn to understand the Holy Scriptures? this will be the answer: GO AND DO! "What is written in the law, how readeest thou?" Thus begins the examination of Jesus, and concludes with the practical lesson, "Go and do thou likewise." For God's Word is not a mirror in which you may look on Sunday in order to forget on Monday how your countenance was shaped. No; it is a sword which is to cut off the hand and the foot, and every besetting sin which is an offence and threatens destruction. "*I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.*"

"I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." The Bible knows and speaks of much sinfulness, nevertheless it remains a Holy Book, inasmuch as it does not pretend to palliate evil, nor, like lascivious romances, become a means of seductive influences, but rather intends to warn and threaten and call to repentance. Those instances where men are described as having fallen or apostatized, as portrayed in Holy Writ, because they are persons of your flesh and blood, are not intended to be your ensnarers but your monitors. *Go and do*: this refers not only to *repentance*, but also to *faith*.

Let it be well understood! The Holy Scripture is not merely a *prescription*, but *medicine* itself. It is not a false or imaginary *comfort*, but such a one which enables you to analyze the spiritual condition of all saints; yea, which gives you power to penetrate the very heart of your Lord and God. It is a comfort produced by patience which worketh experience; it is the comfort coming of a hope which maketh not ashamed. It is a comfort which increases like the flame in a storm. "Let, I pray thee, *thy merciful kindness be for my comfort*, according to thy word unto thy servant. *Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction.*"

In short, any one who acts according to the will of Him who has sent Jesus and the prophets and apostles, will soon learn whether this is the word of God or man. He will learn to comprehend this, whether he be attentive or forgetful, actively or passively engaged, blessed himself or blessing others.

By its fruits we know the tree; so by its divine efficacy we recognize the divine work, as we know by the inward sanctification of man the sanctifying power of the sacred Scriptures. The authenticity of these sacred Scriptures, as a divine revelation, is again and again demonstrated by their effects, which are as indispensable as they are irretrievable, conveying as they do punishment, reproof, comfort and refreshing.

And if, once more, you ask, How can I learn to understand the Holy Scriptures? this will be the answer: "*Fall down and*

pray like the Psalmist, who, in the consciousness of standing on holy ground, and in the conviction that 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God,' exclaims, as if in prayer, '*Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.*'" By this word "*law*" is meant here the entire revelation, including the promises of the Gospel.

As the incarnate Son of God traversed this earth in the form of a servant, just so appear the Holy Scriptures in their human form; everything in them is so *divine* and at once so *human*!

As many on earth as have a heart to believe and to live, and a mouth to pray, so many shall receive an eye also to perceive the excellency of the Divine Word. It is not sufficient to merely turn the leaves of the Scriptures: they must be read; and not only must they be read simply, but read prayerfully. What glorious examples of such prayers, coming directly out of the Scriptures, has Augustus Hermann Franke given us in his preface to the Bible! How did Luther understand it, to take down from every bough of the tree of Holy Writ precious fruit for himself and others? Who among us would not sing and pray that Jesus might open our eyes that we could behold His glorious light?

III. IS IT NECESSARY YET TO ASK, "WHAT AVAILS THIS GOLDEN A B C ABOUT THE EXCELLENCY OF THE DIVINE WORD?"

It avails for *every stage of life*. Children and Bible stories—who would be so rude, so cruel, to separate what God hath joined together? "This book," says Goethe, "deserves to be esteemed as a universal popular library; and the more highly intelligence is developed in the course of centuries, the more certain it is that it will be made use of partly as the *foundation*, partly as the *means* of education—not, indeed, by *would-be wise*, but by *really wise* people!" Thus speaks the poet in whom many among you believe more fully than in a Paul or John. "*Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.*" Yes, by listening in time to that admonition: "My son, give me thine heart and let thine eyes observe my ways."

Nor will the aged man do less than make this confession: "*I have seen an end of all perfection*"; how states prosper and perish; how empires rise and disappear; how covenants are made and broken; how men come and go; "*but Thy commandment is exceeding broad*"; Thy gospel, ever young and rejuvenating, is and remains a seed of regenerating power to become the children of God; Thy commandment, with its truth and clearness, with its judicial earnestness and fatherly consideration, remains for ever and ever. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but Thy words, O King of Truth, shall not pass away!"

The A B C of God's Word avails for *every stage of educa-*

tion. It is often said, whosoever learns the A B C, to him is open the whole domain of literature; but many, alas! seem to have learned the A B C of all other works of literature except the study of the Holy Scriptures. Are you a *naturalist*? Stand still and wonder! Whatever layers and crusts and strata may lie one over the other, in the Holy Scriptures there is one soft covering upon which grows the germ of faith! What layers of God's faithfulness, what stars of God's consolation, what laws and forces of morality—surely not a whit less strong and inviolable than those natural laws so highly applauded by you! Are you a *philosopher*? What depths of heavenly wisdom are here opened about God's relation to man, and that of man to man! What testimonies, proofs and peaceful thoughts! What a knowledge of the human heart! Are you a *statesman*? Read what is here written for your imitation: "*Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors.*" The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but it is the end of folly. As *business men*, here you may learn the art of book-keeping and arithmetic. "*This I had because I kept Thy precepts. Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies and not to covetousness.*" Are you a *soldier*? So was David a military man. Are you a *mechanic*? So was Paul a tent-maker; and yet were both servants and also interpreters of the Divine Word! Ye rulers and governors, read the 107th Psalm; ye subjects and servants, read 1 Peter ii: 18; ye employers, lay to heart James v: 4; ye workingmen, heed well what is written in 1 Timothy vi: 12. All of you read the entire sacred Scriptures, and be not ashamed of a book which was to the Son of God like mother's milk and a delight in youth—a hearth and a home—a credential and dying comfort to Him who was immeasurably more than either Jonah or Solomon!

The golden A B C avails for every *situation of life*. A wedding like that in Cana has received more than earthly joys and earthly guests through the word of God. And ye, dear families of this congregation, who have received in a sacred hour a Bible in remembrance of your marriage vows, oh, believe, I pray you, in this Bible with its prayers for every morning and evening. Renew your vows according to the word of God. For every Christian burial God's Word affords the true consolation. Thus it was in Bethany. Alas! that there should be found *preachers* even who, by the side of the coffin, conceal or pervert the name and fame of Jesus Christ, the Resurrection and the Life! God's Word gives to Sunday its sunshine. What is the explanation of the third commandment: "We should so fear and love God as not to despise His word and the preaching of His gospel, but deem it holy,

and willingly hear and learn it."* Every work-day receives strength and animation through God's word: "*Seven times a day do I praise Thee because of Thy righteous judgments, and at midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee because of Thy righteous judgments.*"

This rising at midnight for the purpose of prayer has been literally done by Melanchthon's father and Melanchthon himself. Alas! among you, how is it? One is kept awake by covetousness, another by grief, a third by social pleasure, a fourth by hard study. How rarely do we find those who till late at night are deeply interested in the Word of God!

What we have just now endeavored to describe concerns the *family*! Upon what is built the church—this family on a large scale? Put the word under a bushel, and it will become dark in the congregation. How different when, as once, on the 25th of July, 1530, the *church*, as at the adoption of the Augsburg Confession, took its motto from our Psalm, and maintained it victoriously: "*I will speak of Thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.*"

What, then, avails the golden A B C of the excellency of God's Word? This: that it resists the apostacy of our days; that it teaches to work out salvation with fear and trembling.

Well will it be for you and for me if our divine service to-day has been to us a *Sunday-school* where each one has learned something, and has resolved to learn still more about the golden A B C of the Divine Word. Amen.

* This is the third commandment according to the arrangement of M. Luther's catechism, which is in use in the Evangelical churches of Prussia. (Translator.)

Demetrius, the Silversmith. *

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Henry Ward Beecher** IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I SHALL speak to you, this evening, from the events that are recorded in the 19th Chapter of the book of Acts, beginning with the 23d verse :

“And the same time there arose no small stir about that way.”

That way was in Ephesus in Asia Minor.

“For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen.”

The shrines of Diana were small medals on which was stamped a rude representation of the temple of Diana, and also the statue of Diana, which was said to have fallen from heaven. That statue and that temple figure in this chapter. The temple certainly was one of the most magnificent that was ever built in that land of magnificent architecture. The length of it was four hundred and twenty-five feet, and it was two hundred and twenty feet in breadth. One hundred and sixty-seven magnificent columns, each sixty feet high, surrounded the temple, so that on every side there was a portico. The temple was stored with treasures innumerable that were the gifts of worshipers—of rich citizens. Among the Greeks it was the habit of rich men to have their statues cut, sometimes in marble, which was a base material, comparatively, sometimes in ivory, and sometimes in gold. These were presented to the State, and as the religion and politics of the country were one and the same, they were deposited in the temple. Therefore, in the course of years, the temple had become an immense treasury or repository of gold. It was also a museum of art. Hence it was justly esteemed by the great body of citizens as a monument in their city which distinguished it from all other cities; and their pride in that regard, if not carried too far, was not in any respect discreditable to them.

If any of us were to see this statue of Diana, we should say that it came not from heaven, but from the other direction, rather; for, in fact, it was a miserable, grotesque thing. It was as black as ebony, and it is reputed to have been made of ebony. It had the head of a woman, and there was a castellated crown thereon, and a nimbus surrounded the head; and the whole was symbolic; but from the shoulders down it had precisely the same form which you see in a picture of mummies—a straight body swathed round and round. If you can imagine a black stick, without any form at the bottom, and with a huge, homely head carved on the top, you have a conception of the statue of Diana, about which such a fuss is about to be made.

* See note at end of sermon.

I may say, in passing, that throughout the world—and among Christians as well as others—it is a fact difficult to be accounted for, that the shrines which are most universally sought, and are most popular, are not those which represent fineness or beauty of art, but are those which are noted for their extreme homeliness; and to-day, if you go through the Catholic portions of the enlightened countries of Europe, you will find that not the shrines which are the most beautiful to us, but those that are to us the least beautiful, are the ones that are the most sought after. The most popular form of the mother of Christ which exists in the world to-day is as black as a negro, and has probably been worshiped by more persons than any other that ever existed. For some reason that I have never analyzed nor been able to understand, throughout the world the thing that is homely and mysterious gets a stronger hold upon the imagination of men than the thing that is beautiful and has no mystery about it. And this statue of Diana, that was represented to have fallen from heaven, and that was thought to make the city favored beyond others, was a thing that to us would be grotesque and hideous; but about it had been wound all the charms which the imagination could suggest to this imaginative people. Of that, more by and by.

“A certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana [that is, made little medals having on them a stamp of the temple and of this statue standing in front of it], brought no small gain unto the craftsmen, whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said [laying, now, the foundation of his discourse neither in their moral sense nor in their reason, but in that part of their mind where they were most susceptible, and where he would be sure to get a lodgement], *Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.*”

There a good point was made. Not a man of them whose attention was called to that would waver for a moment. Though they might disagree elsewhere, here they were at one. This man, whose name was Demetrius, was a model demagogue. He was fit to have been a politician!

Now, having thus laid the foundation of his discourse, he proceeds as follows:

“Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands.”

How tender his conscience was! How profoundly he felt the desecration of religion!

This man, who made silver shrines, and made great gains thereby, talking to an audience of craftsmen, made them believe that the temple of Diana was in danger of being overthrown, and that their business was in peril; as, in such an event, nobody would buy their medals, their charms; and the result was that they were alarmed, and the blame was put upon

this miscreant Paul. Demetrius, appealing again—of course, incidentally—to the excited element in them, says:

“So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth.”

Good man! You see how he just sank his own interest. He alludes to it; but then, he overflows with a sense of the glory of the temple and of the goddess. And I suppose, when you come right to the root of the matter, that if you could have talked to that man you would have found that he thought himself to be a very just and upright citizen, and a man of true piety. He would disown that self-interest was at the bottom of his action; but the real efficient motive that was moving him, we see in him, though perhaps we may not see in ourselves the motives that move us.

“And when they [this congregation of workmen] heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.”

They have put Paul down, and they are determined to vociferate her into sovereignty, and to see to it that her strength is not impaired by this preacher of a new gospel.

“And the whole city was filled with confusion.”

Now comes the inflammatory part of the narrative. We see how Demetrius could follow a pious bent. He carefully laid out his ground. He managed the affair with skill. He did not go out into the street and talk to anybody and everybody. He called together a select audience. He collected them on the principle of selfishness, which united them firmly and rendered them accessible to his appeal. And how he inflamed them! There were only a few of them; but they were associated, right and left, with the great mass of the common people, and when they were once thoroughly roused up, thoroughly zealous, thoroughly angry and thoroughly noisy, as for the rest of the community, they would have no trouble in getting them to join them.

“And having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul’s companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theatre.”

The theatre was a vast assembling place, uncovered, which would hold ten, fifteen or twenty thousand persons; and it was the favorite resort when the whole body of citizens attempted to come together.

Now we shall see Paul’s courage:

“And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not.”

He had no thought of his own safety. He had a consideration for the sensibilities of the people of this heathen city, as

we shall see in the sequel ; but for his personal security he had no regard.

“ And certain of the chief of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre.”

Now, we have an exhibition of popular confusion such as you may not have seen, but such as I have witnessed, though not in my own country :

“ Some therefore cried one thing, and some another : for the assembly was confused ; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward [he evidently being the spokesman]. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people.”

Here we have another trait manifested. Everybody has to have some chimney through which the smoke of his disposition passes off: Everybody has to have some vent through which he expends his power of hating. Of all the Christian graces, hating is the most facile, the most universal, the most copious and abundant. In the direction of despising and hating, under the name of opposition to evil and wrong and injustice, the power of man is immense ; and generally men hate by the wholesale. They hate individually, of course ; but there are certain symbols, which, under given circumstances, excite and bring out all the belluine nature of men in multitudes.

There was a time when you had only to say “ Abolitionist ” if you wished to stir up the people against a man. That settled the matter. Nobody would hear a man after that name had been applied to him. To suspect a man of being an abolitionist was at once to mark him and exclude him. If a man upon whom that suspicion rested attempted to make an apologetic or explanatory speech, men would cry him down.

We have in politics, oftentimes, excitements that run high, during which men are set apart and stigmatized under names of different sorts ; and the moment you put an odious name on a man, that moment you open the flood-gates of prejudice against him. The pressure is always on ; the power of hating never ceases ; and all that is necessary in order to bring down the indignation of the community upon a man is to touch the valve by putting a name on him. Do that, and you immediately have the whole tide of basilar human nature flowing after him.

“ But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.”

If he opened his mouth to speak, five hundred men threw into it, “ Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” If he looked to the right or to the left, up came from the vast multitude, “ Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” And so they *reasoned*

for two hours! The same thing has been done since, and is very likely to be done again.

"And when the town-clerk [I suppose that is as near to our idea as any term could be, though he was not exactly what a town-clerk with us is] had appeased the people [I should think that after two hours they would have been rather disposed to quiet down a little while, and take a rest], he said [and now we have a man of some common sense. There was no flummery in his mind at all. He talked as good sense as though he had been a born Christian, and a great deal better sense than some Christians talk]: Ye men of Ephesus [he conciliates their prejudices first], what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?"

This was a back-handed rebuke, although it was put in a complimentary form; and it is just as well to rebuke a man by a soft way as by a hard way. Instead of saying, as a modern radical might do, "You insensate beasts, what are you bellowing for? You deserve, the whole of you, to be thoroughly scourged, and sent out of the city. What nonsense is this noise you have been making for two hours, hallooing that Diana is a great goddess?"—instead of saying this, he said, "Why, my friends, the whole world recognizes the greatness of Diana of the Ephesians." This suggested to their minds at once that it was not necessary to screech and scream as they had been doing.

"Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly [intemperately, headlong]."

He feared that there would be a breaking out which would violate the law.

"For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of churches [temples; for then there were no churches in our sense of the term], nor yet blasphemers of your goddess. Wherefore, if Demetrius and the craftsmen which are with him have a matter against any man, the law is open and there are deputies [lawyers]; let them implead one another."

There is good sense in that. It is as if he had said, "If Demetrius has any just cause of offence against Paul or these other disciples, the tribunals of his country are open, and I dare say there will be lawyers that will be willing to undertake his case for a consideration. You have brought hither men who have not committed public crimes, who have not robbed temples, who have not committed sacrilege; and the occasion of this disturbance is, that Demetrius says he has something against them. If he has, why doesn't he go to the proper place, and take the proper steps to bring them to justice, and not trouble the public with his private griefs?"

"But if ye inquire anything concerning other matters [there he deals very delicately with the subject of religion as between the heathen and the Christian], it shall be determined in a lawful assembly. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse."

It was a serious thing for the masses of the people, under a jealous government, where they were captive, as it were, to come together with such clamor. It looked very much like preparation for insurrection, or for absolute rebellion.

"And [they being sufficiently alarmed by this threat] when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly."

Then they all went home and felt better.

There are some points in this narrative that I think may perhaps be profitable to us, quite aside from the interest which we take in reviving a scene which took place far back in antiquity, in a great city—a scene which shows that human nature is precisely the same in all ages, that crowds act precisely the same in all ages, and that demagogues act precisely the same in all ages. Upon these points I shall dwell for a short time this evening.

In the first place, I wish you to take notice of the singular combination of the lower, sordid, selfish, mercenary, coarse man, and the patriotic and religious man, and the power that inhered in it, in the action of Demetrius.

No man acts from a single motive. We are so complex in our organization that it is impossible for any of us to have any volition, or pursue any course without there being in it or behind it several motives. In seeking the best things, men have collateral motives, besides the leading one. Thus, a religious man says, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come"; but in self-examination he says, "Am I religious on account of the respectability of being so?" He cannot deny that that thought has passed through his mind. "Am I religious because religion opens the way for me to enter the church, and because being in the church facilitates my business, and increases the number of my customers?" He is obliged to acknowledge that that has occurred to him, not once nor twice, but many times. "Am I religious because with religion I shall, on the whole, have more personal enjoyment than I should have had without it?" He cannot but say that that idea has frequently suggested itself to him. A sensitive man may condemn himself because he finds that motives of a less worthy character are working with his highest motive in the direction of right things.

Now, we cannot act without having motives of more than one kind; and the question with every man, in considering his controlling motive, should be, not whether he has not collateral motives that are less worthy, but whether they are strengthening the main and central motive, that being the highest and noblest one. If Demetrius had really been a just man, and if he had really been solicitous about the welfare of

his city, and of the goddess whom he revered, then if he had thought also of the incidental disadvantages to his business which would result from the violation of the sanctity of the temple and of the statue, it would not have been wrong. The right or the wrong in such a matter depends very much upon which motive is the strongest and takes the lead. If he had come rushing in and had said, "The influence of this Paul upon the people will be ruinous; it is going to break up public order, and social order, and religious order; and besides all that, coming to think of it, it is going to work against your interest," it would not have been wrong. It would be right to strengthen a worthy motive by the use of a selfish one in that way—for selfishness cannot be better employed than in giving strength to a worthy motive that is not selfish. But it was the other way in the case of Demetrius. His chief motive, the one on which his conduct was founded, was selfish; and he whipped in religion to take a secondary place, and become the minion and servitor of selfishness. First he said to the craftsmen:

"Ye know that by this craft we have our wealth."

That shows what his feeling was. Then he said:

"Not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence be destroyed."

In order to fortify his first assertion, he suborned religion.

Now, we see this same thing going on throughout life everywhere. There is, for instance, a great deal of difference between opening a saloon in which art and beauty are developed for the sake of building up all the avenues of pleasure in a worthy way, and inviting people there, and having incidental, collateral instrumentalities for their amusement—there is a great deal of difference between doing that and opening a saloon in which the prime element is some carnal pleasure, some low delight, and then having pictures, decorations, all manner of garnishings, that shall draw men there. In the latter case the main thing is animal, bodily, degrading, even corrupting; and there is also beauty, but it is beauty that has been suborned to work the ends of the flesh. Yet if the primitive idea were beauty, and refinement, and enjoyment, through the imagination, through the affections, through the æsthetic senses, and there were also provision made for refreshment in right ways, and in subordination to the higher impulses, it would be perfectly proper that these lower incidental elements should be used.

We find the same fact illustrated in the movements of men throughout society—as, for example, in the politics of the State. There precisely the same tendencies go on. Men form a

policy and a party for the purpose of carrying out certain selfish ends. Then they clothe those ends with patriotic and moral appeals. Then it is that the clergy are invoked. Then it is that the co-operation of law-abiding citizens is sought for. But when you go down to the root of the matter you will find that the whole thing was concocted by a few selfish, corrupt, gross men, closeted in Albany; and that when they had laid their plan in the lowest impulses of humanity, they clothed it in the habiliments of religion to make it go. And the same thing takes place even in the larger sphere of national politics. But why should we count politics as being a sinner above all other things? Is it not precisely the same in churches, in denominations, and in the theological seminaries? Are there not men whose power is precious to them, whose reputations are dear to them, and who are acting according to their selfish instincts in order to maintain their standing? They have new ideas, advanced views, of the divine nature and government; but it would overthrow their professorship, or take away their priestly power, to promulgate those ideas and those views, and so they keep them to themselves. By their silence as to the increasing light which they receive, they allow mischief-makers, men of misleading theologies, men of unsound doctrines, men of dangerous tendencies, to occupy the field; and if you were to trace out their motive, you would find that the root of it was a feeling that the seminary must not suffer, or that their control must not be superseded in the denomination by any rising body of young men with progressive notions. There is a clutching on their part after their own interests, lest they may be undermined by the advancing tide of human development. For the sake of retaining their own position and that of the institutions or sects to which they belong, they hinder, if they do not defeat, all appeals to the highest religious faculties. I do not say that such is always the motive which actuates men in their opposition to the advancement of truth, but I have lived long enough to learn that oftentimes when men oppose the truth under the pretence of maintaining the soundness of their church or their denomination, they are impelled by ambition, by scheming selfishness, by sordid feelings.

We see it still more strongly portrayed when we are called to defend our children, our households, against corrupt influences; and where we set up the "banner of reform," as it is called. The great controversy that goes forward on the subject of temperance will at once occur to every one. I do not know that it is unnatural for those that vend intoxicating liquors to feel themselves to be unlawfully dealt with; but though it may not be unnatural, it is unjust. Whoever conducts affairs contrary to the law of the land is criminal. Whoever promotes any vice, whatever it may be, in a direction that is opposed to

the general public morality, is immoral. Whoever is a citizen in the State is bound to take care of the community. Whoever has a household is bound to protect that household. Whoever stands in the faith of the Christian religion is bound to see that the Christian religion is maintained. And there are faithful servants of God and of men who disinterestedly seek the best interests of God's kingdom and of their kind. But, oh! there are multitudes of men who are so encased in selfishness, and who are so beyond the reach of moral influences, that they seek their own worldly aggrandizement at the expense of the welfare and safety of the community, and the consequence is that the law must have its way with them, and no sooner are measures resorted to for the suppression of their wicked courses, than there is an outcry raised, as if the greatest inhumanity conceivable had been committed against them.

Now, I will not say anything on the subject of the great zeal which occasionally exists in reformers. We cannot pick and choose. We have to take mankind as it is. Some are more inflammable than others. There will be unkind words uttered. There will be words hastily spoken that should not be spoken at all. There will be intemperate language used. No doubt there is more or less of censurable conduct in those that seek to reform their fellow-men. Nevertheless, a movement that has for its object the diminution of poverty, the obliteration of crime, the salvation of men, the sanctity of the State, the integrity of the law, the best good of mankind—such a movement is not to be held to too rigid account because there is a little foam on the crest of the wave of reform which they are helping to roll on; but when a movement like that is put in operation, what an outcry we hear of an attempt being made to destroy men's liberties! How reformers are charged with attempting to institute fanaticism; with attempting to govern men by force, and not by reason; with attempting to invade the just rights of a limited class of their fellow-citizens! Thus, every movement for general reform is met by those who are maintaining themselves and gaining a livelihood by the furtherance of evil. Men who are catering to lust; men who seek profits from libidinous appetites; men who make their fortune by swindling, and stealing, and gambling; men who acquire an income by selling intoxicating drinks, in disobedience of the law—how such men, when they feel the pressure of law and public sentiment is brought to bear on them, cry out for liberty, for personal independence, for the rights of mankind! But it all means *pocket*. Demetrius, after he had said, "Boys, we get great gains for making shrines for Diana," went on to say, "Diana is going to be dishonored, and the State is going to come to shame in all the world, if this is permitted." And so men confederate in

council, and say, "Boys, we must make an appeal against fanaticism. That will tell. Rip it out. Roar it through the streets. 'Religious fanaticism! Sumptuary laws! Prescribing what men shall eat and drink! Taking away men's rights and liberties! Shutting men up!'"—that is the cry; but all the time the real meaning of it is pocket, *pocket*, POCKET.

So, then, we find that, after all, old Ephesus was not out of fashion. She knew how to do the devil's work in the garb of God. She knew how to make religion serve selfishness. She knew how to make morality serve the cause of avarice. And we have not improved. We are doing right over and over and over again what has been done in every age. The men that do wrong and live on wrong-doing are always willing to bring the motives of the highest kind of living to substantiate and co-operate with their baser and lower motives.

Another point that I wish to make is derived from Paul's conduct in this matter. I think there is no greater contrast in the world than that which exists between Paul and ordinary reformers who have lived since his time. He was a Jew. He had been brought up to belief that idolatry was the greatest of crimes. He was educated to perceive and feel sensitively that, quite aside from the theologic odium of idolatry, it was perpetually fermenting and fomenting all forms of lust, and led to licentiousness through an unbounded loosening of men's morals. Many gave to their chief goddess a name that really meant lust, and their worship of Venus and Bacchus and others was odious on account of their orgies and excesses. In general, heathen nations were so corrupt in morals that it was almost impossible for them to maintain national life. There was not stamina enough in them to insure cohesion and continuance. For want of moral sense they could not frame just governments and perpetuate them; and nations rose and fell on that account. No man understood these things better than the Apostle Paul; and yet you will not find that he used one single term of obloquy against idolatry. He preached in Athens; and no gentleman could be more courteous in another gentleman's room than he was there. Though he stood surrounded by goddesses in the Acropolis, under the shadow of Minerva, and saw everywhere crowds of worshipful deities before which men burned incense or bowed the knee, yet you will not find in one of his addresses a discourteous allusion to their idols. His speech on Mars hill is characterized by courtesy and kindness; and everywhere he went, in the conflicts which came up between him and the reigning religion, he was a gentleman. He respected other men's prejudices and convictions. He did not cast contempt on that which the people regarded as sacred, though he knew it to be without intrinsic sacredness. That he regarded these idols as false is cer-

tain; for, in reasoning on the subject of things that were offered in sacrifice to idols, he said, "We know that an idol is nothing." He knew that idols had no divinity in them; but he knew also that men believed them to be divine; and he did not do violence to their belief. For instance, in the case of this very image which was said to have fallen from heaven, he did not denounce it. The officer, the town-clerk, testified that the Apostles had done nothing rudely; that they had not injured the church; that they had not offended against the state; and he referred Demetrius and the craftsmen, if they had any charge to make against any man, to the law and to the courts.

He bore witness to the fact that the apostles had not excited the people; that they had not roused them up; that they had not derided their gods or goddesses, and that they had not spoken contemptuously of their religion. But here was this grotesque statue that was reputed to have come from Jupiter (who must have been glad to get rid of it); he saw it, and how easy it would have been for him to have pointed to that execrable thing and said to them, "Men of Ephesus, look at that monstrous fish-like, mummy-like object! Do you mean to tell me that you believe it to be God? Why, it is of the devil! It is unworthy of your notice. You ought to be ashamed to worship it. It is hideous and hateful. Kick it out of the temple. Burn it." He would have been burned instead of the image if he had said it; but he said no such thing. He made no assault upon them or their idols. And there is a reason in this which ought to be regarded. We ought to respect other people's convictions and notions, though they may be different from ours. When we sit in judgment on those idolaters, we ought to look leniently upon the woman who, with a devout nature, had been taught from childhood that the goddess had power over men and things. There were hundreds and thousands who had prayed to it, and worn an image of it about their necks; and when they escaped diseases or dangers which they besought it to deliver them from, they attributed their escape to it as naturally as we attribute to God our escape from evils when we pray to Him for protection against them. The deliverance might have come if we had not prayed; but we sincerely attribute it to Divine Providence. And do you not suppose that there were hundreds and thousands of people who thought there was really a divine providence which came out of that smoked, dried, hideous thing!

Great is the power of association. This is shown by a little thing that my mother painted, and that I possess. I am enough of a botanist to know that it does not look much like a flower; but my mother died when I was three years old:

my thought of her is idealized ; she is the consummate glory of womanhood in my thought ; and when I look upon that picture and think that she breathed on it, and that her eyes rested on it, it is inexpressibly dear to me. I would give all the world to once look into her eyes, and have her look into mine, or to feel the pressure of her hand for one moment. This cannot be ; but she looked upon that picture, she touched it, she gave it the form which it has, and money could not take it from me. I have thought of it for ten years, for twenty years, for thirty years, for forty years, and my thinking has at last painted it over again ; and now it is not a bit to me what it is in itself. It has become a memorial of my own mind's experience. I have poured my thoughts and affections upon it until at last it is a mirror in which I see my own love and reverence and yearning for something higher and better. To me it has my mother in it. That homely picture I have dressed and enriched, until at last it brings back to me those experiences which I have felt in connection with it. Such is the power that is given to the soul—the power of pouring out its own self on objects that of themselves have no tendency to call forth any affection whatever.

I go back to Litchfield, where I was a boy, and where I was brought up. I search out the old house that was my abiding place. It had no comeliness, but it was the home of my boyhood. It was there that my father was, and that my brothers and sisters were. I could not build a house that would be to me what that house was.

The pulpit from which my father preached was given to me ; I brought it here and gave it to the Historical Library of Brooklyn ; and I suppose it stands in that library yet. If it does, and you go and look at it, you will see on it the most extraordinary carving of grapes and tulips that your eyes ever beheld. But when I was a boy I would occasionally sit in the alleyway and look up at those green grapes and blue tulips, and I thought they were wonderfully beautiful, and I feasted my eyes on them ; and when I look at them now I do not see their hard forms or their ungainliness : I see them through the medium of my boyhood recollections, and they bring my youth and my early feelings back to me ; and I am not ashamed to confess that grapes and tulips carved to imitate grapes and tulips are not half so beautiful to my eyes as those, though they look as though they were cast in a mould of iron. It is that which I have brought to them and left in them that I see.

Now, take persons who have been taught that a little image carried in the bosom or worn on the neck is a charm, an amulet, a defense ; and let them believe that they have been by it protected, released from difficulties, lifted over obstacles ;

and no matter whether in reality it is a fact or not, it is a fact to them. Having been delivered, they attribute their deliverance to that image, and their gratitude goes out to it. They are mistaken as to the matter of cause and effect, but not as to the matter of their thanksgiving. And their experience becomes so associated with this image that you could not separate them from it without doing violence to their most sacred feelings. And if one were to seize it and throw it down with rudeness, and destroy it, he might as well aim a blow at their heart and smite that. To you the worship of this image seems like a miserable superstition, but to those who had surcharged it with their own experience it was not a superstition. After they had used it, after they prayed to it and trusted in it, it was a part of themselves, and they lived in it; and no man had a right to treat it with contempt or obloquy. This hideous statue that it was said fell from Jupiter we may now ridicule, because none of you ever associated anything sacred with it; but in the time of Paul it was different; and in his treatment of it he never forgot that he was a gentleman. He never opened his lips to utter one contemptuous word concerning that which he saw to be an idol, but which he knew to be sacred in the sight of those to whom he spoke. Around that statue how many grateful thoughts clustered! How many men and women poured out before it their most precious thoughts! There were no visible jewels upon it, but to their mind it was clothed with invisible jewels. They attributed to it deliverance and guidance; and though in itself it was a hideous thing, to them it was no longer hideous. To their eyes it had lost its homeliness. They saw in it that which it reflected to them of their experience.

So Paul respected—what? an idol? No, not an idol in and of itself, but the humanity that inhered in it. He knew that to those who worshiped it, it was not what it was to him.

And how is it with us? We are surrounded every day by persons who were brought up in a different land from our own, and under a different religion from our own. We are surrounded by those who have been educated, some as Universalists, others as Swedenborgians, others as Unitarians, others as strict Calvinists, others as ritualists in the Episcopal Church, and still others as extreme ritualists in the Roman Catholic Church, where the worship consists largely of genuflections, kneeling before the altar, bowing at the name of Jesus, crossing one's self with "holy water," and in a multitude of ways expressing reverence by outward ceremonies. To the devout Catholic the symbols of his religion are sacred. They are not to him what we think when we analyze them in our intellectual moods. He has associated them with the best part of his life. And if they are to be touched, if they are to be disenchanted,

it must be done with the utmost gentleness and sweetness. They must not be treated with rudeness. Never have you a right to violently assail that which is the foundation of the faith of anybody.

Theodore Parker, in preaching against the doctrine that Christ is necessary to the salvation of the world, and referring to the belief that He is the Lamb of God, and was offered as a sacrifice for the sin of the race, allowed himself to do so rude and cruel a thing as to say that orthodox people believed in a God who would not be appeased until he had smelt roast mutton. The substantial view on this subject in the orthodox church is, that Jesus Christ represents love in the form of sacrifice; and we have been taught to bear about His name as the choicest thing that is connected with our moral sentiment and personal affection; and we regard that Name as above every other name; and why should we be grievously wounded by such a contemptuous method of speaking of that which is sacred to us?

If I go into a Roman Catholic church, or into any church where men associate the uncovering of the head with reverence to God, I uncover my head. If, when the "host" is passing, I by not bending the knee shall hurt the religious feelings of those who look upon it, I will bend the knee, if not for my own sake, yet for their sake who regard it as sacred. If it would help any one, I should not hesitate to take the "holy water" and make the sign of the cross upon myself. I would not tear images or pictures from the rooms of servants who are brought up in the faith of the "holy Catholic Church." If I said anything to them I would say, "Your religion ought to make you better than you are. On account of that religion you ought to seek to fulfill your duties more conscientiously." I should help and not hinder them. I certainly should not injure them.

So we may learn a valuable lesson from the manner in which Paul dealt with this black-faced image which had enshrined itself in the hearts of the people of Ephesus. The same tolerance which he showed, we will do well to show where we are inclined to despise things which others reverence. It ill becomes us to treat with contempt anything that is precious in the eyes of our fellowmen. It is an important question how we are to deal with that which we do not believe in, in the presence of those who do most ardently believe in it. And here we have a solution of that question which is consistent with reason and with love—and love is the mother of the highest reason.

Let us consider this subject in its bearing upon our efforts to redeem the Sabbath from desecration. In seeking to secure a proper observance of this day, we are met by the whole tide of

Germanic influence that would destroy its sanctity; and there are two courses, either of which we may pursue: those persons of foreign birth who disregard the Sabbath we may call Sabbath-breakers, we may accuse them of being infidels, we may assail them violently as trying to pull down our institutions, or we may say to ourselves, These men are faithful to the convictions with which they were brought up; they are doing as they have been educated to do; and in the light of these considerations we may judge them and treat them leniently. The question is not whether we shall keep our institutions, but whether we shall not strive to understand the state of mind which leads some persons to disown obligations which we regard as binding upon us. They are not necessarily miscreants and mischief-makers because they do not conform to our habits of thought and action; and there is something for us to consider as well as for them. When I preach to men from abroad who have settled among us, I say, "You have come to a land where you may be superior to the people in the arts of music and painting, and in scholarship; but there is one thing in which we count ourselves to be your masters, and to be the masters of the world. We know how to organize liberty in such a way that it is wholesome and abides. We have learned how to secure liberty, and how to make it safe. In the practical work of governing a free people we acknowledge ourselves to be second to no other nation in this world. If we look about to see what are the means by which we have accomplished this, we find that religion, reverence for the Christian Sabbath, temperance, and all forms of self-restraint are among the most eminent of them."

These commonwealths we have opened to persons from abroad as a harbor and a refuge, and if they come here and undertake to undermine the foundations of our institutions, and to change our methods of procedure, we say to them, "We shall not, without the uttermost resistance, permit any one to take away from us the prerogative of deciding the question as to how commonwealths are to be founded. That is a trade that we were brought up to. We know what liberty means. We understand how it has been administrated in Europe. Nations there have sought it, and gained it, and lost it. They do not know how to so organize their governments that they shall remain. That lesson we have learned. We have established liberty, we have maintained it for a hundred years in the eyes of the world, and we cannot allow those who are not acquainted with this business to come and tamper with it. We will recognize their rights, and they must recognize ours. We will respect the way in which they have been educated, and they must respect the way in which we have been educated. It is as broad as it is long."

Take the subject of wine drinking. We have our own ideas on that subject, based upon our experience ; and we hold to those ideas ; but, on the other hand, we have no right to interfere with the personal liberty of any man in this matter. Public policy is one thing ; the right of a private man in his own household is quite another thing. If a man has been brought up in a society where wine-drinking is common and comparatively safe, we have no right to create a prejudice against him because he is addicted to drinking wine, or because he encourages wine-drinking. You will not gain anything in the long run by invading the right of private judgment, or the right of a man in his own individual sphere, to pursue such a course as he deems best.

Men who have been familiar from their childhood with the use of the simpler forms of beverage in their own country, are greatly shocked at the rude epithets which are put upon them here. I was struck when I saw that at the Christ Church Charity School in London, it was provided that a pint of beer should be given to each of the children at breakfast and at supper. The idea of founding a school where every child is to have, in the morning and at night, a pint of lager beer, or something stronger, would seem to us somewhat remarkable ; but consider that this took place hundreds of years ago ; consider that beer was the national drink ; consider that then the people had no idea but that it was a wholesome beverage ; consider that men who are brought up from their childhood with such impressions cannot look at the question of temperance as you and I look at it ; and consider that there is something to be thought of in respect to them on account of their foreign education and habits. It is perfectly lawful to reason with them ; but it is not lawful to make them odious because they adhere to customs which belonged to their own country and to their youthful experience in the household, and which have about them the memory of their father and mother. A course of policy which brings upon men promiscuous, indiscriminate blame is not wise.

We are, then, to maintain our own principle of sobriety, and our own belief in the unwisdom of men's indulging in intoxicating drinks on the ground that those that are in health do not need them ; but we are to bear in mind that others have had an education and a training so different from ours about these things that their associations are totally foreign to ours, and we are to pursue with them a method of calm reasoning clothed with kindness and benevolence. The temperance cause does not need zeal so much as it does broader wisdom and more charitableness between man and man. There is too much denunciation, too much odium, I had almost said too much vindictive exclusion. Let these things all pass away. Do not

cease to press the cause of temperance by every lawful instrumentality; restrain unlicensed dealers; seek to diminish the number of those that are licensed; aim at such restrictions that men shall not be permitted to manufacture the universal cause of crime any more than to directly manufacture crime itself.

But the realization of these reforms is for a later day. The principle is right, but its adoption will belong to a time when there shall be a better public sentiment and a higher education. I do not expect that we shall ever be done with this subject. You never can promote the cause of temperance in such a way as that you can get through with it. The trouble is that intemperance is founded in the strongest impulses of our nature; and the warfare of reason with the beast which is going on in every man is perpetual. The battle has to be fought over and over again. Therefore, let "Patient continuance in well doing" be your motto. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Be rigorous with yourself, but deal with those round about you in all charitableness, and faithfulness as well. Thus many will be saved, and the millennial day will be brought nearer and nearer. The cause of temperance is a cause for which you will ever have to labor. Christ said, "The poor you have always with you"; and you will always have drunkards with you. You will never have reformation so thoroughly organized or so completely accomplished as that you can abandon this work for something else. It has to be done in every generation. So long as you have to educate your children in reading, writing and arithmetic, so long you will have to teach men, little by little, to control the beast that is in them. This is a burden which is laid upon men, for which they are responsible, and for which they must not grow weary.

Ephesus is in ruins; the old temple, with its magnificence, has gone to decay; the image that excited such admiration or such disgust is no more to be found; the very thoughts and feelings which once prevailed in regard to these things are gone out of the hearts and minds of men; a total revolution has taken place; the most gorgeous thrones and the proudest monarchs are laid in the dust; but that detested Jew, who was ill-clad, who was a vagabond, who was hated by his own kind, who was driven out from his own city, who was a wanderer up and down in the earth, who stood solitary and alone, and whose very life was threatened by those to whom he came to bring knowledge, refinement, happiness and salvation, now stands higher than the gods themselves of antiquity. His name is known in all the earth. His power, that then seemed as nothing, now is everywhere felt. The first are the last, and the lowest and meanest is the first. Matter has succumbed, and moral power has gained. The earth has for ages seen this

change silently going on, and it is going on to-day ; yet not by might, nor by matter, nor by philosophy, but by moral influences which He set in motion, and on which time shall dash in vain, only fortifying that which it assaults.

NOTE.—We have given in this number of **THE COMPLETE PREACHER** sermons by Mr. Beecher and Mr. Spurgeon, that the reader may be able the more conveniently to compare the styles of sermonizing of these two remarkable preachers. Rev. J. C. Ryle, a very prominent clergyman of the Church of England, himself one of the ablest preachers and writers, not so well known in this country as his great ability merits, in a recent address before the Church Homiletical Society at St. Paul's, London, said to his clerical audience, "Do you ever read the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon? I am not a bit ashamed to say that I often do. I like to gather hints about preaching from all quarters. David did not ask about the sword of Goliath, Who made it? who polished it? what blacksmith forged it? . . . Mr. Spurgeon can preach most ably, and he proves it by keeping his enormous congregation together. *We ought always to examine and analyze sermons which draw people together.*" Mr. Spurgeon once said of Mr. Beecher, speaking of a collection of "One Thousand Gems" from Mr. Beecher's sermons: "Who else, among the sons of living men, besides Mr. Beecher, could furnish material for such a volume. He is, for versatility of genius and wealth of illustration, altogether peerless." The sermon of Mr. Beecher here published has been specially reported for us by T. J. Ellinwood, the official stenographer of Plymouth Church.—ED. **COMPLETE PREACHER.**

How is Salvation Received?

A SERMON

PREACHED BY C. H. Spurgeon, APRIL 1ST, 1877, IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace ; to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed ; not to that only which is of the law, but to that also which is of the faith of Abraham ; who is the father of us all.—Romans iv : 16.

WE shall turn during yet another Sabbath morning to one of the great vital truths of the gospel. I feel it to be important more and more to bring forward the fundamental doctrines, since they are in certain quarters placed so much in the background. I met with a remark the other day that even the evangelical pulpit needs to be evangelized. I am afraid it is too true, and therefore we will give such prominence to the gospel, and to its central doctrine of justification by faith, that no such remark shall be applicable to us. We have heard it said that if an instrument could be invented which would serve the same purpose toward sermons as the lactometer does toward milk, you would with great difficulty be able to discover any trace of the unadulterated milk of the Word in large numbers of modern discourses. I shall not subscribe to any sweeping censure, but I am afraid there is too much ground for the accusation. In abundance of sermons the polish of the rhetoric is greatly in excess of the weight of the doctrine, and "the wisdom of words" is far more conspicuous than the cross of Christ.

Besides, the gospel is always wanted. There are always some persons who urgently need it, and will perish unless they receive it. It is a matter of hourly necessity. There may be finer and more artistic things to speak about than the simplicities of Christ, but there are certainly no more useful and requisite things. The sign-posts at the cross roads bear very simple words, generally consisting of the names of the towns and villages to which the roads lead ; but if these were painted out and their places supplied with stanzas from Byron, or stately lines from Milton, or deep thoughts from Cowper or Young, I am afraid there would be grievous complaints from persons losing their way. They would declare that, however excellent the poetry might be, they thought it an impertinence to mock them with a verse when they needed plain directions as to the king's highway. So let those who will indulge in poetical thoughts and express them in high-flown language ; it shall be ours to set up the hand-posts marking out the way of salvation, and to keep them painted in letters large and plain, so that he who runs may read.

There is another reason for giving the gospel over and over, again and again. It is the reason which makes the mother tell her child twenty times, namely, because nineteen times are not enough. Men are so forgetful about the things of Christ, and their minds are so apt to start aside from the truth, that when they have learned the gospel they are very easily bewitched by falsehood, and are readily deceived by that "other gospel" which is not another; therefore we need to give them "line upon line and precept upon precept." I scarcely remember the old rustic rhyme, but I recollect hearing it sung in my boyish days when the country people were dibbling beans, and according to the old plan were putting three into each hole. I think it ran thus:

"One for the worm and one for the crow,
And let us hope the other will grow."

We must be content to plant many seeds in the hope that one will take root and bear fruit. The worm and crow are always at work, and will be sure to get their full share of our sowing, and therefore let us sow the more.

Come we, then, to our text and to the gospel of faith. Last Sabbath the theme was, For whom is the gospel meant? and the reply was, For sinners. The question to-day is, *How is the gospel received?* The answer is, *By faith.*

Our first head shall be, *the fact*—"it is of faith"; secondly, *the first reason for this*—"that it might be by grace"; and thirdly, *the further reason*—"to the end that the promise might be sure to all the seed."

I. First, then, here is THE FACT, *it is of faith.* What does the "it" refer to? *It is of faith.* If you will read the context, I think you will consider that it refers to the promise, although some have said that the antecedent word or thought is "the inheritance." This matters very little, if at all; it may mean the inheritance, the covenant, or the promise, for these are one. To give a wide word which will take in all—the blessedness which comes to a man in Christ, the blessedness promised by the covenant of grace is of faith: in one word, salvation is of faith.

And what is faith? It is believing the promise of God, taking God at His word, and acting upon that belief by trusting in Him. Some of the Puritans used to divide faith, improperly, but still instructively, into three parts. The first was self-renunciation, which is, perhaps, rather a preparation for faith than faith itself, in which a man confesses that he cannot trust in himself, and so goes out of self and all confidence in his own good works. The second part of faith they said was reliance, in which a man, believing the promise of God, trusts Him, depends upon Him, and leaves his soul in the

Saviour's hands; and then the third part of faith they said was appropriation, by which a man takes to himself that which God presents in the promise to the believer, appropriates it as his own, feeds upon it, and enjoys it. Certainly there is no true faith without self-renunciation, reliance, and at least a measure of appropriation; where these three are found, there is faith in the soul. We shall, however, better understand what faith is as we proceed with our subject, if God the Holy Ghost will be pleased to enlighten us. Dear friends, you can easily see that the blessing was of faith in Abraham's case, and it is precisely the same with all those who by faith are the children of believing Abraham.

First, *it was so in the case of Abraham*. Abraham obtained the promise by faith, and not by works nor by the energy of the flesh. He relied alone upon the Divine promise. We read in the seventeenth verse: "(As it is written, I have made thee a father of many nations,) before him whom he believed, even God, who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were." Abraham's faith consisted in *believing the promise* of God, and this he did firmly and practically. He was far away in Chaldea when the Lord called him out and promised to give him a land and a seed, and straightway he went forth, not knowing whither he went. When he came into Canaan he had no settled resting-place, but wandered about in tents, still believing most fully that the land wherein he sojourned as a stranger was his own. God promised to give him a seed, and yet he had no children. Year followed year, and in the course of nature he grew old and his wife was long past the age of childbearing, and yet there was no son born to them. When at last Ishmael was born, his hope in that direction was dashed to the ground, for he was informed that the covenant was not with Ishmael. Believing, Abraham had stepped aside to carnal expediency, and had hoped in that way to realize the lingering promise, but he had fourteen years more to wait, till he was a hundred years old, and till Sarah had reached her ninetieth year. Yet he believed the word of the Lord, and fell upon his face and laughed with holy joy, and said in his heart, "Shall a child be born unto him that is an hundred years old?" So, too, when Isaac was born and grown up, he believed that in Isaac should the covenant be established, nor did he doubt this when the Lord bade him take Isaac and offer him up as a sacrifice. He obeyed without questioning, believing that God was able to raise Isaac from the dead, or in some way to keep his word of promise. Now, consider that we have multiplied promises, and those written down in black and white in the inspired Word, which we may consult at any time we please, while Abraham had only now and then a verbal promise, and yet he

clung to it and relied upon it. Though there was nothing else to rely upon, and neither sign nor evidence of any offspring to fulfill the promise that he should be heir of the world and father of many nations, yet he needed no other ground of confidence but that God had said it, and that he would make his word good.

There was in Abraham, also, *an eye to the central point of the promise*, the Messiah, Jesus, our Lord. I do not know that Abraham understood all the spiritual meaning of the covenant made with him, probably he did not; but he did understand that the Christ was to be born of him, in whom all nations should be blessed. When the Lord said that He would make him a blessing, and in him should all nations of the earth be blessed, I do not suppose Abraham saw all the fulness of that marvelous word; but he did see that he was to be the progenitor of the Messiah. Our Lord himself is my authority for this assertion: "Abraham saw my day, he saw it and was glad." Though there appeared to this man, old and withered, with a wife ninety years of age, no likelihood that he should ever become a father, yet he did fully believe that he would be the father of many nations, and that upon no ground whatever but that the living God had so promised him, and therefore so it must be.

This faith of Abraham we find *considered no difficulties whatever*. "Who against hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations, according to that which was spoken, So shall thy seed be. And being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead, when he was about an hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb: he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief." Brethren, these were in themselves terrible difficulties, enough to make a man fear that the promise did but mock him, but Abraham did not consider anything beyond the promise and the God who gave it. The difficulties were for God to consider, and not for him. He knew that God had made the world out of nothing, and that He supported all things by the word of His power, and therefore he felt that nothing was too hard for Him. His own advanced years and the age of his wife were of no consequence, he did not even take them into the reckoning, but saw only a faithful Almighty God, and felt content. O noble faith! Faith such as God deserves! Faith such as none render to Him but those whom He calls by effectual grace! This it was which justified Abraham, and made him the father of believers.

Abraham's faith also *gave glory to God*. I stopped in the middle of the twentieth verse just now, but we must now complete the reading of it—"But was strong in faith, giving glory to God." God had promised, and he treated the Lord's prom-

ise with becoming reverence; he did not impiously suspect the Lord of falsehood, or of mocking His servant, or of uttering to-day what He might take back to-morrow. He knew that Jehovah is not a man that He should lie, nor the Son of man that he should repent. Abraham glorified the truth of God, and at the same time he glorified His power. He was quite certain that the Lord had not spoken beyond His line, but that what He had promised He was able to perform. It belongs to puny man to speak more than he can do; full often his tongue is longer than his arm; but with the Lord it is never so. Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Is anything too hard for the Lord? Abraham adoringly believed in the immutability, truth and power of the living God, and looked for the fulfilment of His word.

All this strong, unstagging faith which glorified God *rested upon the Lord alone*. You will see that it was so by reading the twenty-first verse. "Being fully persuaded that, what He had promised, He was able also to perform." There was nothing whatever in his house, his wife, himself, or anywhere else which could guarantee the fulfilment of the promise. He had only God to look to: only, did I say—what could a man have more? Yet so it was, there were no signs, marks, tokens, or indications to substantiate the confidence of Abraham: he rested solely upon the unlimited power of God. And this, dear brethren, is the kind of faith which God loves and honors, which wants no signs, marks, evidences, helps, or other buttresses to support the plain and sure word of the Lord; but simply knows that Jehovah has said it, and that He will make it good. Though all things should give the promise the lie, we believe in it because we believe in God. True faith ridicules impossibility, and pours contempt upon improbability, knowing that omnipotence and immutability cannot be thwarted or hindered. Has God said it? Then so it is. Dictum! Factum! Spoken! Done! These twain are one with the Most High.

Well, now, *the faith of every man who is saved must be of this character*. Every man who receives salvation receives it by a faith like that of Abraham, for, my brethren, when we are saved, *we too take the promise of God and depend upon it*. To one believer one word of God is applied, to another another, but some sweet word, most sure and steadfast, is discovered upon which we fix our hope, and find anchorage for our spirit. Yea, and as we search the word by faith we take each promise as we find it, and we say "this is true" and "this is true," and so we rest upon all of them. Is it not so with all of you who have peace with God? Did you not gain it by resting upon the promise of God as you found it in the word and as it was opened up to you by the Holy Spirit? Have you any other ground

of confidence but God's promise? I know you have not, my brethren, nor do you desire any.

And we also believe in God over the head of great difficulties. If it was hard for Abraham to believe that a son should be born unto him, methinks it is harder for a poor burdened sinner, conscious of his great guilt, conscious that God must punish him also for that guilt, to believe nevertheless in the hopeful things which the gospel prophesies unto him. Can I believe that the righteous God is looking upon me, a sinner, with eyes of love? Can I believe that though I have offended Him and broken all His laws He nevertheless waits to be gracious to me? While my heart is heavy and the prospect is black around me, and I see nothing but a terrible hell to be my eternal portion, can I at such a time believe that God has planned my redemption and given His Son to die for me, and that now He invites me to come and receive a full, perfect and immediate pardon at His hands? Can the gospel message be true to such a worthless rebel as I am? It seems as if the law and justice of God set themselves against the truth of such wonderful deeds of mercy as the gospel announces, and it is hard for a stricken heart to believe such a report; but the faith which saves the soul believes the gospel promise in the teeth of all its alarms, and notwithstanding all the thunders of the law. Despite the trepidation of the awakened spirit, the Holy Spirit enables it to accept the great Father's word, to rest upon the propitiation which He has set forth, and to quiet itself with the firm persuasion that God for Christ's sake doth put away its sin.

At the same time another grand miracle is to be believed in, namely, regeneration. This seems to me to be quite as great an act of faith as for Abraham to believe in the birth of a child by two parents who were both advanced in years. The case stands thus: here am I, dead by nature, dead in trespasses and sins. The deadness of Abraham and Sarah, according to nature, was not greater than the deadness of my soul to every good thing. Is it possible, then, that I should live unto God, that within this stony heart there should yet throb eternal life and divine love, and that I should come to delight in God? Can it be that with such a depraved and deceitful heart as mine I should yet rise to fellowship with the holy God, and should call Him my Father, and feel the spirit of adoption within my heart? Can I, who now dread the Lord, yet come to rejoice in him? "Oh," says the poor troubled sinner, "can I that have fought against the throne of God, I that even tried to doubt His existence, ever come to be at perfect peace with Him, so that He shall call me His friend and reveal His secret to me and listen to my voice in prayer? Is it possible? The faith which saves the soul believes in the possibility of regeneration and

sanctification—nay, more, it believes in Jesus, and obtains for us power to become children of God and strength to conquer sin. This is believing God indeed.

Look this way yet again, for here is another difficulty. We know that we must persevere to the end, for only he that endureth to the end shall be saved. Does it not seem incredible that such feeble, fickle, foolish creatures as we are should continue in faith and the fear of God all our lives? Yet this we must do; and the faith which saves enables us to believe that we shall persevere, for it is persuaded that the Redeemer is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him, that He will perfect that which concerneth us, that He will suffer none to pluck us out of His hand, and that having begun the good work in us He will carry it on. This is faith worthy of the father of the faithful.

Once again, let us behold another difficulty for faith. We believe, according to God's promise, that we shall one day be "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." I do believe that this head shall wear a crown of glory, and that this hand shall wave a palm branch. I am fully assured that He will one day sweetly say to me—

"Close thine eyes that thou may'st see
What I have in store for thee.
Lay thine arms of warfare down,
Fall that thou may'st win a crown."

We, all, who are believers in Jesus, shall one day be without fault before the throne of God; but how is this to be? Surely our confidence is that He who has promised it is able to perform it. This is the faith which finds its way to glory—the faith which expects to enter into the Redeemer's joy, because of the Redeemer's love and life. Brethren, in this matter we see the difficulties, but we do not consider them; we count them as less than nothing since Omnipotence has come into the field. "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." We know that our Redeemer liveth, and that because He lives we shall also live, and be with Him where He is.

At the end of the chapter we are told that *this saving faith rests in the power of God as manifested in Jesus*—"If we believe in Him who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Beloved, we believe that Jesus died, as certainly died as ever man died, and yet on the morning of the third day He rose again from the dead by Divine power. It is not to us a thing incredible that God should raise the dead; we therefore believe that because God has raised the dead He hath raised us also from our death in sin, and that He will raise our bodies from the tomb after they shall have slept awhile in the earth. We believe also that our Lord Jesus died for our of

fences, and put them away. Our faith builds upon the substitution of the Lord Jesus on our behalf, and it rests there with firm confidence. We believe also that He rose again because His substitution was accepted, and because our offences were forever put away—rose again to prove that we are justified in Him. This is where we stand, then. I expect to be saved, not at all because of what I am, nor of what I can do, nor because of anything I ever shall be able to be or to do; but only because God has promised to save those who believe in Jesus Christ through what the Lord Jesus has suffered in their stead. Because Jesus has risen to prove that His suffering was accepted on the behalf of believers, there do we rest and trust, and that is the way in which every believer is saved—that way and no how else. Even as Abraham believed so do we. Here is the fact, it is of faith.

II. Now we come to the second point; and here we are to consider THE FIRST REASON why God has chosen to make salvation by faith, "*that it might be of grace.*"

Now, dear friends, the Lord might have willed to make the condition of salvation a mitigated form of works. If He had done so it would not have been of grace, for it is a principle which I need not explain now, but a fixed principle, that if the blessing be of grace it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace; and if it be of works it is no more of grace, otherwise work is no more work. As oil and water will not mix, and as fire and water will not lie down side by side in quiet, so neither will the principle of merit and the principle of free favor. You cannot make a legal work to be a condition of a gracious blessing without at once introducing an alien element and really bringing the soul under the covenant of works, and so spoiling the whole plan of mercy. Grace and faith are congruous, and will draw together in the same chariot, but grace and merit are contrary the one to the other and pull opposite ways, and therefore God has not chosen to yoke them together. He will not build with incongruous materials, or daub with untempered mortar. He will not make an image partly of gold and partly of clay, nor weave a linsey-woolsey garment; His work is all of a piece and all of grace.

Again, *in Abraham's case*, inasmuch as he received by faith the blessing which God promised him, *it is very evident that it was of grace.* You never heard any one ascribe Abraham's salvation to his merits, and yet Abraham was an eminently holy man. There are specks in his life—and in whose life will there not be found infirmities?—but yet he was one of the grandest characters of history. Still, no man thinks of Abraham as a self-justifying person, or as at all related to the Pharisee who said, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." I never heard anybody hint that the great patriarch

had whereof to glory before God. His name is not "the father of the innocent," but "the father of the faithful." When we read Abraham's life we see that God called him by an act of sovereign grace, that God made a covenant with him as an act of grace, and that the promised child was born, not of the power of the flesh, but entirely according to promise. Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life in the life of the patriarch, and it is illustrated in a thousand ways whenever we see his faith receiving the promises. The holiness of Abraham, since it arose out of faith, never leads us to ascribe his blessedness to anything but the grace of God.

Now, inasmuch as we are saved by faith, *every believer is made to see for himself that, in his own instance, it is by grace.* Believing is such a self-renunciating act that no man who looks for eternal life thereby ever talked about his own merits, except to count them but dross and dung. No, brethren, the child of the promise cannot live in the same house with the son of the bondwoman: when Isaac grows up, Ishmael must depart: the principle of believing unto everlasting life will not endure a hint about human deservings. Those who believe in justification by faith are the only persons who can believe in salvation by grace. The believer may grow in grace till he becomes fully assured of his own salvation; yes, and he may become holiness unto the Lord in a very remarkable manner, being wholly consecrated to God in body, soul and spirit; but you will never hear the believing man speak of his experience, or attainments, or achievements as a reason for glorying in himself, or as an argument for becoming more confident as to his safety. He dares not trust his works, or states of feeling, for he feels that by faith he stands. He cannot get away from simple faith, for the moment he attempts to do so he feels the ground going from under him, and he begins to sink into horrible confusion of spirit; therefore he returns unto his rest, and resolves to abide in faith in his risen Saviour, for there he abides in the grace of God.

Through the prominence given to faith, the truth of salvation by grace is so conspicuously revealed that *even the outside world are compelled to see it*, though the only result may be to make them cavil thereat. They charge us with preaching too much concerning grace, because they hear us magnifying and extolling the plan of salvation by faith, and they readily perceive that a gift promised to faith must be a boon of grace, and not a reward for service done. Only begin to preach salvation by works or ceremonies, and nobody will accuse you of saying too much of grace; but keep to faith, and you are sure to keep to the preaching of grace.

Moreover, *faith never did clash with grace yet.* When the sinner comes and trusts to Christ, and Christ saith to him, "I

forgive thee freely by my grace," faith says, "O Lord, that is what I want, and what I believe in; I ask thee to deal with me even so." "But if I give thee everlasting life it will not be because thou deservest it, but for mine own name's sake." Faith replies, "O Lord, that is also precisely as I desire; it is the sum and substance of my prayer." When faith grows strong and takes to pleading in prayer (and oh how mighty she is with God in supplication! moving His omnipotence to her mind), yet all her pleadings are based on grace, and none of them upon the merit of the creature. Never yet did faith borrow weapons from Mount Sinai, never once did she ask as though the favor were a debt, but she always holds to the promise of the gracious God, and expects all things from the faithfulness of her God.

Ay, and when faith grows strongest and attains to her high stature, and is fullest of delight, so that she danceth for very joy, yet she never in all her exultation boasts or exalts herself. Where is boasting, then? It is excluded. By the law of works? nay, but by the law of faith. Faith and carnal boasting never yet walked together. If a man should boast of the strength of his faith, it would be clear evidence that he had none at all, or at least that he had for the time fallen into vain-glorious presumption. Boasting? No, faith loves to lie low, and behave herself as a little child, and when she lifts herself up it is to exalt her Lord, and her Lord alone.

Faith, too, is well calculated to show forth the grace of God, because *faith is the child of grace*. "Ah," says faith, "I have grasped the covenant, I have laid hold on the promises, I have seen Christ, I have gazed into heaven, I have enjoyed foretastes of eternal joys. But (says she) I am of the operation of God; I should never have existed if the Spirit of God had not created me." The believer knows that his faith is not a weed indigenous to the soil of his heart, but a rare plant, an exotic which has been planted there by Divine wisdom, and he knows, too, that if the Lord does not nourish it, his faith will die like a withered flower. He knows that his faith is a perpetual miracle; for it is begotten, sustained, and preserved by a power not less mighty than that which raised our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead. If I met with an angel in a hovel, I should know that he was not born there, but that he came from above; and so it is with faith, its heavenly descent is manifest to all. Faith, then, tracing her very existence to grace, never can be anything but the friend, the vindicator, the advocate and the glorifier of the grace of God; therefore, it is of faith that it might be by grace.

III. Now, thirdly, there is A FURTHER REASON for faith and grace being the Lord's chosen method of salvation—"To the end that the promise might be sure to all the seed." Look

at this, dear friends, very carefully. Salvation was made to be of faith, and not of works, that the promise might be sure to all the seed, for first, *it could not have been sure to us Gentiles by the law*, because in a certain sense we were not under the law of Moses at all. Turn to the text and you find that it runs thus: "Sure to all the seed, not to that only which is of the law, but to that also which is of the faith of Abraham, who is the father of us all." That is to say, the Jew receiving the seal of circumcision and coming under the ceremonial law, eating its passover, and presenting its sacrifices, might possibly have been reached by a legal method, but we who are Gentiles would have been altogether shut out. As to the covenant according to the flesh, we are aliens, and have never come under its bonds or participated in its privileges; therefore, grace chooses to bless us by faith in order that the Gentile may partake of the blessing of the covenant as well as the Jew.

But there is a still wider reason: it is of faith, because *the other method has failed already in every case*. We have all broken the law already, and so have put ourselves beyond the power of ever receiving blessing as a reward of merit. Failure at the outset has ruined our future prospects, and henceforth by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified. What remaineth, then, if we are to be saved at all, but that it should be of faith? This door alone is open; let us bless God that no man can shut it.

Again, it is of faith that it *might be sure*. Now, under the system of works, nothing is sure. Suppose, my dear brethren, you were under a covenant of salvation by works, and you had fulfilled those works up till now, yet you would not be sure. Are you seventy years of age, and have you kept your standing till now? Well, you have done a great deal more than father Adam did, for though he was a perfect man without any natural corruption, I do not suppose that he kept his first estate for a day. But after all you have done for these long years you may lose everything before you have finished your next meal. If your standing depends upon your own works you are not safe, and can never be safe till you are out of this present life, for you might sin, and that one offence against the conditions would destroy the covenant. "When the righteous turneth from his righteousness and committeth iniquity, he shall even die thereby." But see the excellence of salvation by grace, for when you reach the ground of faith in the promises you are upon *terra firma*, and your soul is no longer in jeopardy. Here is a sure foundation, for the divine promise cannot fail. If my salvation depends upon the Lord, and is received by me on the ground that the Lord hath decreed it, promised it in

covenant, and ensured it to me by the blood of Jesus Christ, then it is so mine that neither life nor death nor Satan nor the world shall ever rob me of it. If I live to the age of Methuselah my faith will have the same promises to rest upon, and clinging there she will defy the lapse of years to change her immutable security. The promise would not be sure to one of the seed by any other means than that of grace through faith, but now it is sure to all.

Moreover, if the promise had been made to works, there are some of the seed to whom most evidently it never could come. One of the seed of Abraham hung dying upon a cross, and within an hour or two his bones were broken that he might the more quickly die and be buried. Now, if salvation to that poor dying thief must come by works, how can he be saved? His hands and feet are fastened up, and he is in the very article of death: what can he do? The promise would not have been sure *to him*, my brethren, if there had been any active condition; but he believed, cast a saving eye upon the Lord Jesus, and said, "Lord, remember me," and the promise was most sure to him, for the answer was—"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Many a chosen one of God is brought into such a condition that nothing is possible to him except faith, but grace has made the act of believing divinely possible. Well was it for those bitten by serpents that all that was asked of them was a look, for this was possible even when the hot venom made the blood to boil, and scalded all the frame with fever. Faith is possible to the blind, the lame, the deaf, the dumb; faith is possible to the almost idiot, the desponding and the guilty; faith can be possessed by babes and by the extremely aged, by the illiterate as well as by the instructed; it is well chosen as the cup to convey the living water, for it is not too heavy for the weak, nor too huge for the little, nor too small for the full-grown.

Now, brothers and sisters, I have done when I have said just this. I will ask you, who have believed in Christ, one question—you who are resting in the promise of God, you who are depending upon the finished work of Him who was delivered for your offences—how do you feel? Are you rejoicing in your unquestionable safety? As I have turned this matter over and thought upon it, my soul has dwelt in perfect peace. I cannot conceive anything that God himself could give to the believer which would make him more safe than the work of Christ has made him. God cannot lie; are you not sure of this? He must keep His promise; are you not certain of this? What more do you want? As a little child believes its father's word without any question, even so would we rest on the bare, naked promise of Jehovah, and in so doing we become conscious of a peace that passeth all un-

derstanding, which keeps your hearts and minds by Christ Jesus. I dare not say otherwise, nor be silent, for I am conscious of being able to say, "Therefore, being justified by faith, I have peace with God." In that peace of the soul much love springs up, and inward unity to God and conformity to Christ. Faith believes her God and trusts Him for time and eternity for little things and great things, for body and for soul, and this leads on to still higher results. O blessed God, what a union of desire and heart and aim exists between thee and the soul that trusts thee! How are we brought into harmony with thy mind and purposes! How is our heart made to delight in thee! How completely is our soul "bound up in the bundle of life with the soul of the Lord our God!" We grow up into Him in all things who is our Head, our life, our all.

I charge you, dear children of God, "as ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Live in His peace, and abound in it more and more; do not be afraid of being too peaceful, "rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." When you have to condemn yourself for shortcomings, yet do not question the promise of the Lord. When sin overcomes you, confess the fault, but do not doubt the pardon which Jesus still gives you. When sharp temptations and severe trials arise from divers quarters, do not suffer them to carry you by storm; let not the stronghold and castle of your spirit be captured—"let not your heart be troubled." Stagger not at the promise through unbelief, but hold to it whether you walk in the sunshine or in Egyptian darkness. That which the Lord has promised He is able also to perform; do not doubt it. Lean hard on the faithful promise, and when you feel sad at heart lean harder and harder still, for "faithful is He that hath promised, who also will do it."

Last of all, you sinners here this morning, who have heard all about this salvation by trusting, I charge you do not rest till you have trusted the Lord Jesus Christ and rested in the great promises of God. Here is one: "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more for ever." Here is another which is very cheering: "Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Call upon Him in prayer, and then say, "Lord, I have called, and Thou hast said I shall be saved." Here is another gracious word: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Attend thou to these two commands, and then say, "Lord, I have Thy word for it that I shall be saved, and I hold Thee to it." Believe God, sinner. Oh that He would give thee grace this morning by His Holy Spirit to say, "How can I do otherwise than believe Him? I dare not doubt Him. Oh poor tried soul, believe in Jesus so as to trust thy guilty soul with Him. The more guilty thou feelest thyself to be,

the more is it in thy power to glorify God, by believing that He can forgive and renew such a guilty one as thou art. If thou liest buried like a fossil in the lowest stratum of sin, yet He can quarry for thee and fetch thee up out of the horrible pit, and make thy dry, petrified heart to live. Believest thou this? "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Trust the promise that He makes to every believer that He will save him, and hold thou to it, for it is not a vain thing, it is thy life. "But what if I obtain no joy or peace?" Believe the promise still, and joy and peace will come. "But what if I see no signs?" Ask for no signs; be willing to trust God's word without any other guarantee but His truthful character, and thou wilt thus give Him glory. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Believe that Jehovah cannot lie, and as He has promised to forgive all who believe in Jesus, hang on to that word and thou shalt be saved. Sinners, I have set before you the way of salvation as simply as I can; will you have it or not? May the Spirit of God sweetly lead you to say, "Have it, ay, that I will." Then go in peace, and rejoice henceforth and forever. God bless you. Amen.

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The True Faith of the Soul.

A SERMON

By THE Rev. Canon Liddon in ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—
2 Kings vi: 17.

MEN who read their Bibles least carefully must, I think, have observed the remarkable number and character of the miracles which cluster around the lives of the great prophets Elijah and Elisha. There is nothing exactly like it in the case of any other prophets, if perhaps we except Daniel; and the reason is not difficult to see. Great outbursts of the miraculous, attesting God's energetic presence at particular times, in particular places, appear to recur in the sacred history in cycles, when truth has to be announced, when it is to be promulgated further, when it is to be saved from extinction. One such there was in the days of Moses, when Israel was delivered from Egypt, and the faith of Sinai was proclaimed. Another in the days of Joshua, when the promised land was solemnly taken possession of. Another in the time we are considering, in the days of Elijah and Elisha, when the belief and law of Sinai were threatened with nothing less than extinction, by the apostasy of the court of Israel, and the attacks of the powerful monarchs of Syria. Another during the Babylonish captivity, when Israel sat down and wept over the memories of Zion, by the waters of her heathen exile. And a last great display of God's miraculous power was made in the days of His incarnate Son, Jesus Christ, and His apostles, the days in which He, who had at sundry times and in divers manners spoken aforetime unto the fathers by the prophets, spoke finally, spoke fully, in and by His Son, the epoch of His largest and of His last unveiling of His name and will to the intelligent and moral creatures of His hand. Now the miracles belonging to these different periods are, up

to a certain point, as would be expected, unlike each other. Each period has, if I may so express myself, its characteristic miracles. But, on the other hand, there is a likeness between them, arising from their having more or less of a common object and purpose, which cannot be mistaken. Not to go beyond the text, this miracle of Elisha's is peculiarly evangelical. It is just such a miracle as befits the drift and purpose of the Gospel, considered as an unveiling of the unseen world to the soul of man. It especially anticipates such miracles of our Lord's as that by which, as St. John describes it, He healed the man born blind, in which, at one and the same time, you will remark, He gave the gift of natural sight and the higher gift of spiritual sight—the two gifts together, the lower gift being at once a type and earnest of the higher.

Let us briefly recall the circumstances under which this miracle was worked. Elisha was on good terms with Jehoram, then King of Israel, and Jehoram was at war, as his father and his grandfather were before him, with the Syrians of Damascus, the inveterate enemies of the kingdom of Israel. The Syrians, at this later period, seem to have carried on their war by a system of predatory incursions into the territory of Israel, and on several occasions Elisha warned King Jehoram of the place which the Syrians intended to surround, and, by thus putting him on his guard, enabled him to escape, or at any rate enabled him to defeat the measures of the enemy. The King of Syria suspected, naturally enough, that a failure which occurred so often must be due to some secret treachery on the part of his own officers; but, on his making inquiry, they told him of the prophet Elisha, who possessed such powers as to be able to keep the King of Israel accurately informed of the Syrian King's most secret councils. "The prophet that is in Israel," they said, "telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." The Syrian King was therefore resolved to capture the prophet, if it was possible, and with this view he sent a large body of troops by night to surround Dothan, a small town some twelve Roman miles north of Samaria, where Elisha was resting at the time; and when Elisha's servant waked up in the morning and found that the town had been, during the night, completely invested by the Syrians, he returned to his master in something very like despair. Escape seemed impossible. "Alas! my lord," he said, "what shall we do?" The prophet simply remarked that he should not fear, since "they that are with us are more than they that are with them." This statement must at first have seemed nothing less than absurd to the servant, who compared the few Israelites shut up within the small town with the numerous Syrian host

outside it. But Elisha prayed the Lord to open the servant's eyes, that he might see something more than the world of sense, that he might see the world which is above, around, beyond the world of sense. The servant accordingly beheld what was really a repetition of Jacob's vision, who, when he was threatened of Esau, had seen a double army of angels encamped around him. "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." What is meant by opening the eyes of the young man? Clearly it was not the gift of natural sight, since the young man saw the Syrian host round Dothan, and was terrified. It was some higher gift, analogous probably to clairvoyance; it was a supernatural ecstasy which laid open to him, for the time being, as to St. John in Patmos, the world of spirits, under such form as his intelligence could bear. The same thing had occurred in an earlier age to Balaam. His eyes, we are told, were opened, and he saw an angel stopping his path; an angel who was there, but whom his natural eye had not seen. It was the gift, you see, of a new and more piercing sense, reaching into a sphere of being that was previously out of reach. It was like the natural discovery, by the aid of a powerful telescope, of a planet unseen before, but of the existence of which an astronomer is, or might have been, certain by calculations that could not fail him. Elisha's servant knew full well that there were such things as angels. God, at Elisha's prayers, gave him a new power of spiritual vision, and he saw them. What did he see? "He saw: and, behold, horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." The chariots and horses are not here, as in the account of the ascent of Elijah, a few chapters before, vehicles for a glorious passage to the skies, but simply symbols of the Divine power and protection; but in both passages the highest intelligences are represented as taking shapes, like the forms in Ezekiel, which imply that their true nobility is always service. The immaterial spirits become cognizable by the servant of Elisha under forms best calculated to reassure his fainting faith. Fire is the symbol of the Godhead, because fire is the most ethereal of the earthly elements. The gift of Pentecost sat as tongues of fire on the heads of the apostles. God is said by his prophet and his apostle to be "a consuming fire." The seraph is properly "the burning spirit." The horses and chariots mean, therefore, warlike force. Still, what the servant sees is not a material, it is a spiritual reality, taking a form which assures him of God's sure protection, through the agencies of these ministers of His who do His pleasure, and at a time when all was dark to the eye of flesh.

Now, here we see, as if through a microscope, the act or

process of faith in the human soul. What is faith? "It is," says the apostle, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; that is to say, it is the faculty which reaches to that which is beyond the senses, yet which apprehends it as certain—as being at least as certain as the things which we see. Now let us pass to consider a little at length what faith is, by considering what it is not. Faith, then, first of all, is not an act of the natural imagination. It is necessary to say this, because a great many persons constantly allude to faith in terms which imply that it is. They speak of a person of great faith, meaning that he is a very imaginative person, that he has quite an unusual share of that privileged, that versatile faculty which does indeed achieve so much in society, so much for literature, which is the very well-spring of poetry, which is the soul, the genius of constructive art, but which is less welcome in the sphere of religious truth because its highest efforts result in surrounding us with the unreal, while investing it with the attributes of reality. No, faith is not another word for a vivid imagination. Imagination deals with that which is not; faith with that which is: imagination with fiction; faith with fact. The objects of faith and the objects of imagination may have this, if you will, in common, that they are both beyond the reach of the natural sight. But, then, there is this difference, that the objects of faith, being, as they are, real, may become visible to a higher sense than the bodily eye; while the objects of imagination can never be visible to the soul; being fictions, however beautiful, they occur to the soul always as such—as fictions, it may be, of its own creation, not as realities. When men speak of faith as a vivid and energetic form of imagination, they mean to imply this, without stating in terms that they do so; they mean to imply, that just as the poet Virgil projected a picture of the nether world out of the immense wealth of his fancy, so evangelists and apostles have traced their own beautiful pictures of heaven, and their awful descriptions of hell and of judgment, on the pages of our Testaments, by the aid of an extraordinary variety of the religious imagination. The evangelists and apostles, whatever else they were—I say it with reverence—were not poets; they were eminently prosaic; and the remark of Rousseau that the inventor of the gospel history must have been not less wonderful than its hero, if he were entirely unassisted from above, is at least a satisfactory reply to this theory of faith doing the work of pure imagination. Why, the apostles say with St. Peter, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables"; the apostles exclaim with St. John, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you"; and among ordinary Christians is it not a matter of daily experience that the most earnest, the most practical be-

lievers are constantly persons who are exceptionally wanting in the faculty of imagination, and who look at all the concerns of life in a matter-of-fact way which forbids the idea of their ever, under any circumstances, giving reins to fancy? In the case before us, Elisha's servant did not create, by an act of imagination, a splendid picture in the air, after the manner of a Milton or a Rubens, a picture of fiery beings circling round the form of his beloved, of his imperilled master. The thing was psychologically impossible. He had his eye upon the hard and menacing fact before him, upon the lines of the Syrian troops who were sent to capture his master the prophet. He could, for the time, see nothing beyond the sphere of sense. He was terrified at what he saw. And then Elisha prayed that he might see farther, higher, into another sphere; and then he saw the world of spirits. But the world of spirits was a thing utterly independent of his imagination. It would have been none the less there if he had never seen it; just as the Syrian troops would have been none the less there if Elisha's servant had been born blind, and had never seen them. His new power of seeing the chariots and horses of fire sweeping around Elisha did not create these spiritual forms and beings; there they were, whether he and other men saw them or not, just as—to recur to an illustration I have already employed—just as the more remote planets were certainly revolving in their orbits during the centuries when our science had not yet reached them by her reckonings and her telescopes. Elisha had been just as much encompassed by the spirit-world the moment before his servant saw that this was the case as he was the moment afterward. The man's new sight could not create, as his blindness could not have destroyed, the supernatural reality. Yes, but I hear it whispered, there is a common sense, based on our ordinary experience, which resists these notions of an invisible world actually around and about us. But what, my brethren, is the real worth of this so-termed common sense? When the comet of October, 1858, appeared, a lecturer made a tour of some country villages in Devonshire, with a view of telling the country people some facts about the beautiful object which, night by night, attracted so much of their attention; and among other points he touched upon the calculations which astronomers had made as to the enormous length of the tail of the comet. I recollect hearing a countryman, who treated this part of his lecture with contemptuous incredulity. "I saw the comet myself," said the man to a sympathizing crowd of villagers; "I saw the comet myself, and its tail was just four feet long; and how are we to believe this man who comes down here to tell us that it is ever so many millions of miles!" Now, that was the common sense of ordinary sight pitted against the common sense of the higher insight into nature which is won by scientific inves-

tigation. But science, too, as she is sometimes misrepresented—never when she is true to herself—science can sometimes be guilty of an appeal to common sense of this sort, against the assertions of a still higher insight into the supersensuous realities than is her own, against the assertions of faith. The astronomer, with Lord Russell's telescope at his disposal, *sees*, he does not *imagine*, the heavenly bodies utterly out of the reach of your ordinary sight or mine; and the servant of Elisha, when the eyes of his spirit are opened, *sees*—it is by the aid of a new spiritual faculty—*sees* what he would not, what he could not, have imagined—*sees* the world of spirits floating in all its power and its beauty round his endangered master.

Nor is faith only the conclusion, the final act, of a process of natural reasoning. If this were the case, if faith were merely the conclusion of a syllogism, it would necessarily follow that all people with good understandings must necessarily be believers in Christianity. We know, my brethren, that this is not the case. We know, alas, that many persons of great natural abilities, such as was Voltaire, are and have been unbelievers; and this alone would seem to show that something besides intelligence is implied in an act of faith. No man whose mind was not impaired could go through a proposition of Euclid and refuse to assent to a conclusion; but many people do read Paley's "Evidences," or, what is more to the purpose, what St. Paul himself says about the resurrection, and yet do not admit Paley's and St. Paul's conclusion that Christianity comes from God. If believing in Christianity were simply an affair of the natural understanding, this could not be. It would be just as inevitable to believe St. Paul as it is intellectually to believe Euclid. Why is it so? Why is acceptance of religious truth not just as imperative upon the human understanding as the acceptance of mathematical truth? Because the act of faith is not merely an act of the intelligence; because it is an act of the whole inward nature, an act of the affections and the will, as well as an act of the understanding. "With the heart," says St. Paul, "man believeth unto righteousness." The affections and the will have a great deal to say to every pure act of faith. The understanding cannot compel faith. The evidence at the disposal of the understanding is always less than absolutely mathematical; it does not convince, unless the moral nature is in such a condition that it is possible for it to be convincing. The evidence of religion at our disposal is further designedly less than strictly irresistible, in order that there may be room for the play of our moral nature, and so that the act of faith may be a test, not of our goodness and our natural understandings, not of the advantages which we have had in education, but of the state of our moral dispositions. If faith were merely an assent of

the understanding to a conclusion warranted by sufficient evidence, it is plain that St. Paul could never speak of it as he does when writing to the Romans and the Galatians. He tells them that it is that which justifies before God. Why, goodness of understanding could be no more reason for our acceptance with God than strong limbs or retentiveness of memory. Faith is thus spoken of in the New Testament because it is a test of the moral nature, because a man believes upon evidence, although not absolutely compulsory evidence, in obedience to the promptings of his heart and will. A man who has made the most of the natural life which God has given him will look out for, will desire, the light of revelation; he will believe that the author of that law of right and wrong within himself, with which during all his life he has been more or less familiar, is likely to unfold to him something more about himself. But, then, what is it that, at the decisive moment, makes the moral nature capable of this supreme act? What is it which makes the desire, the heart, on the one side, and the evidence at the disposal of the understanding on the other side, result in the complex, in the perfect act of faith? What is it which strikes the sacred spark which thus combines the action of the understanding and the yearnings of the heart into the single act which supersedes while it combines them? "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Faith is, in the last resort, the fire which is lighted up in the soul by a ray from Heaven, by a ray of grace. It is a gift from God. It is a fresh gift, which nature can neither rival nor anticipate. Elisha might have insisted upon many considerations which ought, in reason, to have satisfied his servant that God and His holy ones were now, as of old, near at hand, that the near presence of the Syrians did not amount to a real reason for despair. Had not God helped the patriarch Jacob? had He not delivered Israel in the wilderness, and David from the wild beast and from the hand of Saul, and Elijah quite recently from the power of Ahab and of Jezebel? Was it to be supposed that He would desert His prophet now, or that, happen what might, He was unconcerned or powerless? Elisha did not argue. There are times when argument is most precious; there are times when it is worse than useless. Elisha prayed; he prayed that the Lord would open the eyes of the young man to see things, not as they appear to sense, but as they are; to see not merely the world of sense, but the world of spirit; and his prayer was granted.

Now, this exactly agrees with what we are taught about faith in the New Testament. Faith is there represented as a new spiritual sense, as an endowment or gift bestowed upon the soul by the Holy Ghost. It is contrasted with natural sight,

"We walk by faith, and not by sight," says St. Paul. It is contrasted with natural reason. "The natural man," says St. Paul, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." It is a higher reason than the reason which nature gives; it is a higher and more perfect sight, which God gives over and above the sight of nature, which nature cannot, if she would, achieve. "Faith," says St. Paul again, "is not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." And thus it happened that when the Lord had opened the heart of Lydia, she believed the things which were spoken by Paul; and thus St. Paul prays that the Ephesians may know what is "the hope of their calling, and what the riches of the glory of their inheritance among the saints." He does not for a moment expect them to know this by nature, but only when the eyes of their understanding are enlightened, that is, as a consequence of the gift of faith. Do not misunderstand me. Do I say that natural reason has no office whatever to discharge in the work of establishing our religious convictions? No. If this were so, not merely the evidential theology of the Church, but much of the language of the Bible itself, which unmistakably appeals to reason, would be a vast mistake. Reason can do very much for faith. Reason stands to faith just as did the Baptist to Christ our Lord. She is the messenger which goes before the face of faith to make ready its path within the soul. Reason can explain, she can infer, she can combine, she can reduce difficulties to their true proportions, she can make the most of considerations which show what, upon the whole, is to be expected; but here she must stop. She cannot do the work of God's grace; she cannot change, she cannot transfigure the moral nature so as to enable it to correspond to the conclusions of the illuminated intellect; she cannot open the eyes of the young man and make him see. If this last triumph is to be achieved, it must be by grace given in answer to prayer.

Let us see in this history, my brethren, a remedy against despondency, such as good Christians often feel on contemplating the state of the world at particular periods. All seems to be going against the cause of right, of truth, of God. "The enemy crieth so, and the ungodly cometh on so fast, that they are minded to do me some mischief, so maliciously are they set against me." The Psalmist's cry is echoed by the Church, kneeling at the foot of the throne of Christ. It is echoed throughout the centuries.

Intellectual assailants, political adversaries, all the passions, all the prejudices, all the misapprehensions of an unregenerate humanity, come down and besiege the prophet in Dothan. All might seem to be lost again and again if it were not that again and again the eyes of the spirit are opened to per-

ceive that they which are with us are more than they which are with them. Courage; the unseen is greater than the seen, the eternal will surely outlive the things of time. An act of faith may cross the threshold of the door which separates us from that world which is beyond the senses, and may at once correct the apparent preponderance of evil by a vision of the throne and the resources of the All-good. And see, too, in this history our true pattern of nobility. It has been a common saying, quoted again and again of late, to explain and justify changes on the Continent that have taken place within the last ten years, that it is better to be the citizens of a great state than the citizens of a small one. Brethren, it is better for many reasons, for this among the rest: there is an inspiration for good which comes from the sense of wide and noble fellowship, of high and distinguished associates and guardians, which is denied to those who are members of a small society that have it not. And, in His kingdom, God has provided us with this. All the races of the world furnish their contributions to the universal Church. But the frontier of sense is not the frontier of the Church of Christ. It embraces both worlds, the unseen world as well as the visible. "Ye are come," says the apostle, writing to Christian converts, "ye are come by your conversion unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the church of the first-born whose names are written in Heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect." The Church thus is, according to the apostle, a mixed as well as a world-embracing society, consisting here of the faithful, there of the blessed angels and of the spirits of the dead, united in the bonds of one indissoluble communion, and all arranged beneath the throne of thrones, the throne of God, the throne of Jesus. Does this lofty conviction, think you, inspire nothing like hatred of sin, no longing for a higher life, no wish to live as should the companions of beings who constitute the household of God, and who are our predestined fellow-citizens? The Syrian host may press us hard; the host of temptations, and bad thoughts, and bad acquaintances; of haunting memories; but when, at the voice of prayer, the prayer of the Church or our own, our eyes open upon the realities around and above us, we must remember that we have a destiny before us, and means at hand to prepare for it.

Lastly, we see here the secret of real, effective prayer. Oh, my brethren, why is prayer, public prayer especially, in so many cases nothing better than the coldest of cold, heartless forms? For two reasons especially. Men enter on it without having any true knowledge of themselves whatever, of their sins and

wants, as well as of their hopes and fears, of their real state before God, as well as of their reputed character in the eyes of men: in a word, they have no true knowledge of that for which prayer wins something like a remedy, and thus they have no personal interest of their own which they can import into, and identify with, the public language of the Church. They do not, for instance, know enough about themselves to say, with anything like sincerity before God, that they have erred and strayed from His ways like lost sheep, or that there are certain things which for their unworthiness they dare not, and for their blindness they cannot, ask. This is the first reason. But there is a second. Prayer is so cold and heartless a thing in numbers of instances because men see nothing of Him to whom prayer is addressed, nothing of God, nothing of Jesus, nothing of the spirit-world around the throne, nothing of the majesty, the beauty, the glory which encircles God, such as is possible, really possible to our finite, and purblind gaze,—nothing of the everlasting worship which surrounds Him, nothing of the ministers of His that do His pleasure. Until this is the case, at least in some degree, what a torrent of unmeaning verbiage is—must be—the public language of the Christian Church. Take that glorious hymn in which the morning service culminates, the “Te Deum.” If the soul sees nothing beyond the veil, what must be meant when the lips repeat such verses as that, “To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein; to Thee, cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, ‘Holy, holy, holy’”? Or when, after this first ascent to the throne of the thrice Holy, there follows a second, “The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee; the goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee; the noble army of martyrs praise Thee; the Father of an infinite majesty; Thine honorable, true, and only Son; also the Holy Ghost the Comforter”? Or when all is finally concentrated on Jesus as the King of Glory, as the Father’s everlasting Son, with whom we may indeed, if we will, plead for help, because when He took upon Him to deliver man, such was His love, His condescension, that He did not abhor the Virgin’s womb; because when He had overcome the sharpness of death. He remembered us—even us—and opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers? How unutterably piteous for us, my brethren, if, when such words as these are sung, we are only relieving the weariness of mental contact with vacancy by dwelling on the triumphs of a great composer, on the skill of a trained choir, on the associations of the splendid historical building; or, it is possible enough, by thinking of a something worse than this, a something that should have been dropped out of thought long before we crossed the threshold of the sanctuary. There are, believe it, few better prayers on entering a church than Elisha’s, “Lord, open mine eyes, that I may see.” “I do not

wish to mock Thee by lip service. I do not wish to pile up my ordinary business thoughts, or my thoughts of pleasure, on the very steps of Thy throne; open mine eyes, then, that I may see Thee in Thy beauty, and in Thy glorious presence may lose all relish which belongs only to the things of time." It is when the soul struggles thus, in an honest spiritual agony, that it is really emancipated from the tyranny of sense, and, like the young man in the history of to-day, or rather like the dying martyr of the Gospel times, sees the heavens opened, sees Jesus standing at the right hand of God.

The Divine Development Theory.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Robert Patterson, D. D.,** IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mark iv : 26-29.

CHRISTIANITY is a divine development of the life of God in the soul of man and in society. That life originates in the communication of a divine power, increases by the constant accessions of divine energy, according to the law of a divinely fore-ordained plan, and, like natural life, would cease by the withdrawal of the Holy Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being.

In this busy, bustling age, when we are all so actively occupied in driving the world around on its axis, it is well to remind ourselves that God is busy also. When scientific men present to us the evidences of the operation of the great law of development in nature as a sufficient substitute for the presence of God, their error consists, not in the assertion of the law of development—which is a great fact, a Bible-taught principle—but in ignoring two other equally great supernatural facts: the fact of creation, without which there never could have been anything to develop; and the fact of crisis, without which development would be aimless and useless. Our Lord, in Mark iv : 26-29, follows a more truly scientific method, inasmuch as He includes all the facts in His theory of the law of divine development.

The law of divine development, as our Lord here illustrates by the parable of the growing corn, presents to us three distinct eras—it has a beginning, a middle, and an end—the seed-sowing, the growing grain, the harvest. All development must have a beginning—something rolled up which is to be unrolled, developed. All life must have a beginning, a seed. No human skill, or power, can make a seed. All the universities of the earth cannot make a grain of wheat.

The next stage of the process is more gradual, but not less divine, and hardly less mysterious. For the purpose of manifesting God's glory in His works to men and angels, the growth of the growing grain is slow enough to allow us to inspect and observe it: the flash of instantaneous creation is too quick for our careful study. Nor can the savant solve the riddle any more than the plowman. What we want to know is, Whose law is it that is so powerful and beneficent in nature? Now, the Lord here comes in and informs us that this law of growth is a law of the Kingdom of God; that the power of

growth is the power of God given to the grain. God is manifesting Himself to the believers in the growing grain no less than in Eden, or Sinai, or the Judgment.

But the question forces itself upon us, What is the object of all this growth and development? What is it to end in? Or, will the crop go on forever growing, and never ripen a harvest? But, if the crop ripens a harvest, what will the great Husband-man do with it? What will the great wheat-grower do with the twenty million of centals grown here in California? Has Almighty God less intelligence than a San Francisco grain-merchant? There is a law of crisis, as well as a law of development, in the Kingdom of God. Without the crisis the development were useless. It is the harvest that gathers up all that is valuable of the crop, gives the chaff to the winds, and gathers the grain for the support of the higher life of men and for the seed of new and larger fields. It is the harvest which gives significance to the growth. Eternal development, without any harvest, is not progress—answers no rational purpose for God or man.

But we must again carefully notice that the grain can no more harvest itself, and ship itself, than it can create itself. The harvest is wholly a process above and beyond nature. Man, in harvesting, acts a supernatural part; he arrests the natural process of development with the sickle, which is not a natural growth at all. Now, our Lord declares that such a law of development, combined with crisis, as we observe in the lower kingdom of nature, prevails also in the higher provinces of the Kingdom of God, in which men have their development and crisis. There is a divine development of men, as there is of corn. It begins with a divine, supernatural Creator, who bestows life; it proceeds by a divine force, gradually infused, according to a law or order of procedure framed by divine wisdom; it results in a supernatural crisis, in which God shall visibly harvest the crop He has ripened.

We observe, now, the working-power of Christ's development theory—God. God directs man, when the development is complete, to thrust in the sickle and gather the grain; and when man is developed, there will be a harvest of humanity also, to accomplish the purpose of God. The divine law of development is the manifestation of the Kingdom of God.

There is another theory of development or evolution now pressed upon our notice, which differs totally from Christ's plan of development. It has neither beginning nor end, nor has any of its advocates ever succeeded in stating the object which it works to accomplish. For there is no God to work it. It is simply a big machine, working itself, for no useful purpose, after the manner of the perpetual-motion man's reel in

the bottle. By the operation of light and heat, and the chemical reactions of the mud of the earth, maggots were generated, which grew bigger because they could not help it. From this base origin these philosophers deduce your lineage; and not yours only, but all that is great and God-like in man, they tell us is only the result of an eternal process of development of the dust of the ground, without any inspiration of the breath of God in his soul, and without any object.

Now, this is Satan's caricature of God's plan of evolution. It bears the same relation to the divine plan of development that its favorite ape does to the Son of man. Note the four principal absurdities of the atheistic plan:

1. It postulates the eternity of matter.
2. The spontaneous generation of life.
3. The transmutation of species.
4. The brutalizing of man.

1. This theory demands that we believe in the eternity of matter—that everything that now exists always did exist, in some form or other. There is nothing which its German and some of its English and American advocates scout with greater disdain than the Hebrew myth of creation. They dismiss the notion of a Creator to the realm of ghosts, alleging that the idea of a self-existent Creator is utterly unthinkable. But, on the other hand, is not the idea of a self-existent universe equally unthinkable? It is an idea not only beyond, but contrary to, all the intuitions of our reason. There is no intuition of the human mind more clearly and certainly perceived than that every compound has been put together by some one; that every construction is the work of a constructor. If a boy finds on the street two bricks laid side by side, and two others laid across them at right angles, all the evolutionists in the world could not argue him into the belief that those four bricks had been there, and so arranged, from all eternity; nor yet that they had made themselves, and placed themselves in that position. If the savants should endeavor to show the lad how the bricks developed and built up themselves, he would simply tell them they were talking nonsense.

The notion of the eternity or self-existence of matter is an equal absurdity to every well-regulated mind. It is simply the assertion that the bricks made themselves. For every piece of matter with which we are acquainted is *made*, manufactured, put together—consists of several parts, arranged most skillfully. A grain of sand from the sea-shore is a piece of architecture, compared with which the castle is but a brick-pile. You might as well say that an Elgin watch existed from eternity as that a grain of sand was eternal. And so of any other piece of matter in the world. And if you go back of the present state

of the grain of sand to some former state, where it was melted in water, or where it was evaporated into gas, you would still find the same complexity and regularity and order, and the reign of law, compelling every atom to assume its proper chemical arrangement. And if your microscopical and chemical analysis could be extended more and more, you would continue to find, as science has always continued to find hitherto, the increase of complexity and the reign of law and order among the parts—of a law and order of the origin of which lifeless atoms are utterly incapable—in a word, the reign of a law which proclaims a Lawgiver and Creator. The invention of the spectroscope has utterly overthrown Spencer's nebular development theory. Neither in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, can man discover a particle of matter without the stamp of the Creator upon it.

II. The second grand absurdity of this theory of development is the notion of the self-origination of life—of vegetable and animal life, by the powers of electricity and chemical action and reaction among the particles of the eternal matter, without any supernatural creation of life. But this notion is a product of ignorance. It was once thought that Samson's lion produced the bees whose honey he divided among his comrades; and that putrid meat bred the maggots which soon swarm in it when exposed to the air. More careful observation showed that the bees built their comb in the skeleton; that the blow-flies laid their eggs in the meat; that the air we breathe is a stirabout—thick with the floating seeds of all manner of microscopic plants and animals, which you may see dancing in a sunbeam admitted through a crack or key-hole into a dark room. Every lady knows that by excluding the atmospheric air, laden with these seeds, from her cans of fruit or meat, by filling them with steam and soldering them tight, she can prevent the growth of mould or insects, and thus demonstrate, on her own kitchen stove, the absurdity of the notion of spontaneous generation.

It is manifest that this is a fatal gap in the evolution theory. Accordingly, scientific men have labored to produce life by chemical means for over fifty years. Once it was thought that Mr. Cross had electrified some mites into being, but it was afterward discovered that he had only hatched out their eggs in the bath of his battery. Professor Tyndall has experimented for the last eight months, continuously, upon all sorts of solutions, and states the result thus: "From the beginning to the end of the inquiry, there is not, as you have seen, a shadow of evidence, in favor of the doctrine of spontaneous generation. * * *

In the lowest, as in the highest of organized creatures, the method of nature is, that life shall be the issue of antecedent life." Inductive science thus dismisses the dream of spontaneous generation.

III. The third grand absurdity of the atheistic evolution theory is the notion of the transmutation of species—the notion that from four or five minute germs all our existing species of plants, animals, birds and men were developed: the germs developing into maggots, the maggots into sea-squirts, the squirts into fishes, the fishes into reptiles, the reptiles into monkeys, and the monkeys into men, in process of time. I call this a notion, for no single instance or example of the transmutation of a dog into a cat, much less of a monkey into a man, has ever been alleged.

The dreamers of this notion present it as preferable to that of the creation of species, because, they allege, nobody has ever witnessed the fact of creation. Has anybody ever witnessed the development of an alligator into a monkey? or of a monkey into a man? Science rests on demonstration and experiment; but all the experiments so painfully made to confound species have resulted in utter failure. The Creator has fixed the boundaries of species by ordaining that when animals of different species attempt to propagate, the hybrid offspring is sterile. The undeniable fact that multitudes of separate species, perfectly distinguishable, exist in the world, is an irrefutable disproof of the theory of the transmutation of species, which, if it were the law of nature, would, ages ago, have filled the world with a mob of yelping mongrels.

IV. The fourth grand absurdity of the development dogma is the doctrine of the development of religion and society by a herd of brutes. This is the vilest reproach with which the human race has ever been insulted—to reduce all the finer feelings of the soul of man, all his admiration of nature, all his love of art, all his music and painting and sculpture and poetry, to the imitateness of monkeys; all his family affections, his love for his wife and his care for his children, to the brutal appetites of baboons; all his civil government, the policy of a Chatham, the patriotism of a Washington, and the heroism of a Sherman or a Grant, to the outcome of the quarrels of contiguous troops of apes; the singing of Lind or Nilsson, and the eloquence of Clay, of Webster, of Beecher, or of Duff, to the mere improvement of the chattering of monkeys. But the abyss between the sensual reasonings of the brute, and the sense of God and of right, and the power of conscience in the human soul, has never been even attempted to be accounted for on this theory—it is denied. Man is declared to be the mere creature of necessity, in no way responsible for his conduct to any supernatural power. The law of progress has made him what he is, and he can't help it. This theory is soul-suicide. It makes man only a brute still.

The man who parades himself before mankind with this

mark of the beast on his forehead, thereby exonerates the world from the task of reasoning with him. But for the rest of mankind who have not yet sold their souls, nor brutified their reason, it may be edifying to remember that this is not the first instance in the world's history of heaven-forgetting and God-defying pride receiving its punishment from its own insanity. It was when Nebuchadnezzar the Great walked upon the roof of his palace, and exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power and for the glory of my majesty?" In the same hour came the voice from heaven: "The kingdom hath departed from thee"; and he went forth, and for seven years he companied with the beasts, and ate grass like oxen, until he knew that the heavens do rule.

But let us now emerge from the cavernous gloom of atheistic evolution into the open sunshine of divine development. From the earliest period discoverable by man, we find the progress of the divine plan of development sketched in the first chapter of Genesis. For this earth was created to be the location of one of the provinces of the kingdom of God, and the geological is as truly the kingdom of God as the theological.

This is not the place to enumerate the varied geological revolutions which our globe has experienced; nor is it necessary to our purpose to determine the controversy between the contending schools of geology—whether these catastrophes have been limited or world-wide as to their area. We mean simply to illustrate the great geological law of crisis, acknowledged by all geologists, that in geology, as well as in agriculture and religion, every blooming spring and growing summer has been succeeded by the sickle—gathering the ripened harvest for transformation into new and higher forms of life by divine power.

I. First, we observe God preparing his field for the seed; but how long He was engaged in the process neither science nor Scripture declares. The primeval waters, Moses tells us and geology affirms, deposited their sediments for untold ages; and their chemical actions and reactions produced those crystallizations with which we are familiar in the granite and other primary and silurian strata. Internal heat produced those upheaving convulsions of which the Alps, the Andes, the Himalayas and the Nevadas are the monuments. The dry land appeared, fertilized beneath the waters, like Egypt below the waters of the Nile.

II. Then God began to grow the seed of a wonderful crop of vegetation, which covered the earth, even to the poles, far exceeding anything which now exists, save in the jungles of the equator.

When the possibilities of vegetable life had been fully exhibited, He put in the sickle, "because the harvest was ripe." Convulsions of nature overwhelmed the vast forests of the primeval world, and buried them under beds of clay which afterward became rocks, consolidating the coal which should in after ages furnish the fuel for the hearths and the power for the locomotives of uncreated man. The harvest preserved and placed in God's warehouse all that was valuable of that crop.

A great development of animal life bursts upon the earth. Not that the first animals had not existed before, but they were in the depths of the waves, unseen by observers. Now the animal creation conspicuously appeared. The sea swarmed with fishes, the shore with birds and lizards of gigantic size. Not by any means did they appear in the order which the evolution theory demands; for the first animals were not either the most simple in structure nor the smallest in size, as that theory demands. On the contrary, the first animals were exceedingly complex in structure and (some of them, at least) gigantic in size. There are remains of birds fourteen feet long in the legs; frogs existed as large as milch cows; and lizards have left their skeletons one hundred and twenty-seven feet long. The giants head the procession, and not until long ages after do we find the dwarfs. The progress has not by any means been upward by slow degrees, but rather downward by slow degrees. And then, the evolution has been by a leap. We advance from the inferior races by leaps, not by gradual progression.

The animal harvest was ripe. God had demonstrated the measure of possibilities in the lower classes of animated life; and, having done so, He wipes off the blackboard by mysterious convulsions of nature. Night settles upon the earth. New strata are deposited, in preparation for that period described by Moses as the sixth of the great eras of creation, and recognized by geologists as the tertiary period—as it is the third period which has left any fossiliferous remains by which they could recognize time.

III. The tertiary period, which still exists, is distinguished from the secondary, as that was from the primary, by a vast advance made by the exercise of creative power. God was about to place His own child, man, as His tenant on the earth, and He refurnished the farm and the house with a newly-created, superior set of plants and animals. New crops of plants, new species of fishes and birds, new and heretofore unknown species of animals began to appear, many of them clothed with a beauty heretofore unknown. The roses began to bloom, the apple to blossom, the grape to ripen its purple clusters, the

grasses and grains to carpet the green sward, and at last to offer the mealy grain to the lowing cattle and bleating sheep. The sagacious elephant and the mimicking monkey gave predictions of some still higher form ; for the school of angels before whom God's grand demonstration has been going on, have long ago learned that He will not be content with mere brute happiness as His highest harvest from the earth.

The huge bisons and elks, and the gigantic mammoth, have demonstrated the possibilities of vertebrate animal forms, and there was no need to go further in that direction. But now He has a new lesson, a fresh demonstration of His eternal power and godhead to display. To a vertebrate body, made out of the same dust as the other animals, and subject to the same laws, He adds an invisible spirit of reason and conscience, of the sense of right and wrong. He makes a creature a little lower than the angels, endowed with immortality, and introduces man to the choir of morning stars ; and these sons of God welcome their new-born brother with shouts of joy. Nay, more : Christ reveals himself to Adam, and gives him the sacraments of communion with God, and of the eternal life of his heavenly Father. Thus, human nature developed the blade, the first buddings of personality, from which period of child-like innocence, however, one could no more infer its future harvest of sin and sorrow and salvation, than one who had never seen ripened grain could guess the form of the head of wheat from the budding blade.

The blade begins to ripen into the ear of conduct. A new field of development opens out before the universe. This man, endowed with an animal body and a divine soul, is a free agent, and all the vast possibilities of the moral world open out before him. He may obey God, and live in holiness and love ; but it is his tremendous privilege to choose, if he will, to disobey God, and incur the guilt of deliberate rebellion against his Creator. Tempted by a superior intelligence who had previously rebelled, he transgressed the law of God, and joined the ranks of rebels against his Creator. He begins a course of moral and physical degradation under the law of his Maker. For the law of development applies to degradation no less than to elevation. It is a law of descent as well as of ascent, of progress downward as well as upward, involving sinning man in endless ruin, unless God in mercy interfere. The harvest of the golden age of innocence has passed, and a new era now begins, with an entire change of dispensation fitted to teach the universe a new lesson by a wonderful manifestation of God's character in dealing with man as a sinner. Whether or not man's great moral catastrophe was marked by convulsions of sympathizing nature, it is certain that none of

the geological overturnings of the foundations of the earth can compare in importance with the great moral revolution which converted its principal tenant from a loyal, loving child into a daring rebel against his God, and introduced that tremendous conflict between good and evil in which we are still engaged, as warriors and sufferers under the law of progress.

The great physical convulsions by which our world had already twice sunk below the waves had been followed by resurrections and regenerations to a new and higher life, displaying the wonderful wisdom and power of the great Creator, who is thus demonstrated able to bring life out of death. Even the revolving seasons of the globe, and the process by which the winter's death gives place to new life, and the dying seed becomes the parent of the living harvest, would seem to prophesy some law of God's intervention to repair the wrecks and desolations of His works. But can that law be extended beyond the realm of unconscious, and so of unoffending, matter? Does not the wreck and ruin of a moral being like man demand some standing expression of God's displeasure, such as shall constitute an exemplary warning to all beings to beware of rebellion against God?

None but God Himself could give the answer. He did so, by embracing both justice and mercy in His plan of infinite love. In the first promise He pronounced judgment in justice; He promises salvation for our ruined race, and He predicted a conflict between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent.

The new harvest thus begins with a double development. In former developments we saw that the earth was progressively improved, to prepare it for its tenants, and new and improved races of plants and animals were introduced to the improved earth—the fitness of things being always duly considered in each step of progress. In this great moral revolution we behold the same consummate regard to the fitness of things; and time and opportunity are given for sin to develop the fatal seeds of enmity against God and selfish destruction of man, before God develops fully His grace in salvation.

1. First we have the stage of the development of the family. The first promise was a family promise. Satan accordingly tried to quench the salvation of mankind by inciting one of the two children first born to Eve to murder his brother. Failing to cut off mankind in this way, he endeavored to corrupt the family by monstrous licentiousness and its inevitable accompaniments of robbery and murder. Parallel with this growth in wickedness we behold God gradually instructing

men in the guilt of sin as worthy of death, by the blood of sacrifices, and connecting the promise of man's pardon with this shedding of blood. Next we find him beginning to call upon the name of the Lord in public assemblies for worship before the Cherubim and the Shekinah of glory at Eden's eastern gate. Enoch also was commissioned to foretell the coming of the Lord, with his ten thousands of holy ones; and he walked with God in a consciousness of God's presence and grace, and was taken away without death, a living example of the promise that the seed of the woman should conquer death. Then, after all these means had failed to impress men's consciences or warn them from their sins, Noah and his family were commanded to build the ark, and were saved by it from the outrageous assaults of the wicked, and from the Deluge, by which God swept them from the earth.

The sickle had done its work. The human race had perished save one family; and not merely the human race, but all the ancient landmarks which connected man with paradise and God. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil—source of all man's woe—had been swept away with the Deluge, and so also had the tree of life, the sacrament and pledge of life eternal. The cherubim of glory, shadowing the mercy-seat, are no longer visible to man. Eden is gone—swept away—and with it all mankind's hopes of restoration to that seat of primeval innocence. Even the ark—sole relic of a former world—was left behind, to rot in the hills of Armenia, as the human race went forth, on their new career of progress, over a depopulated world. All that was valuable went forth from the ark as the seed of the new dispensation.

2. This new growth was that of the state, of civil government, of law, of penalty, of punishment, of the four great monarchies, of Egyptian rule, of the Greek republic—all connected with religion. God took measures to prevent the monstrous anarchy which desolated mankind's home before the flood, by substituting the sword of the magistrate for the knife of the assassin, and commanding that whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood should be shed. He reared the glorious rainbow of hope, moreover, over the altar of sacrifice, thus transferring the shekinah of glory from earth to Heaven. And when men again confederated in wickedness and tyranny began to build a citadel, He confounded their speech, and so divided their counsels, and dispersed the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Negro tribes over all the earth. But yet He preserved the traditions of the creation and Paradise; for Abraham, and even Isaac, were cotemporary with Shem, the long lives of the patriarchs enabling them to hold the precious Gospel promise by but a few links.

As mankind increased in numbers, they again developed the native malignity and depravity of sin, and began first to worship the sun, moon and stars, and then to worship idols, the works of their own hands; while, with remarkable regularity, tyranny and cruelty to their fellow-men accompanied this religious apostacy of Chaldeans, Phœnicians and Egyptians.

Then God chose out Abraham and his family as the depositaries of His truth, and gave him the promise that in him all the nations of the earth should be blessed. This little band grew into a nation, and after a period of bondage in Egypt, He brought them out with a high hand, revealed to them a system of law, government and religion, brought them into the land of Canaan, and left them there, the only nation in the world enjoying true religion and republican government. But here again the people fell away from God into idolatry, and demanded a king. And God gave them a king; but overruled the curse again, giving them prophets—David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Malachi—developing still further in lofty poetry the great principles of sin, of righteousness, of judgment, which were well fixed in many souls. The full corn in the ear was ripening, and the chaff was ripening with the wheat.

When all that Judaism could do in developing the great truths of the moral government of the One King, God, had been done, the sickle was again put in, and the Hebrew people were conquered by the Babylonians and carried captives, dispersing this precious seed of divine truth among Persians, Greeks and Romans, and all the nations of the earth. The divinely-governed state perished. A feeble restoration was attempted by the Maccabees after the return from Babylon; but this was no restoration of David's throne, since the Maccabees were not of the tribe of Judah, but of Levi. But even this last fragment of the theocracy was swept away by the Roman conquest, and the kingdom of God ceased to have a political expression in the earth. The reason was, that the political organization of the state-church was too contracted for a world-wide religion, while those constituted its guardians opposed the gospel of Christ, for the conversion of the world. It became, therefore, necessary to break up the organization and use its materials in the construction of a new and more world-wide institution.

3. As the antediluvian period of the family communism gave way to the Hebrew period of the state theocracy, so that in its turn gave way to the existing cycle of Christ's Church—an elect society gathered out of the world, but not of it—in preparation for which all the preceding conflicts, triumphs and progress had been completed.

Christ, the Great Sower, then, did not begin to introduce any new principles into the kingdom of God when He compared it to the development and growth of seed, ending in a crisis-harvest. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," is his motto. The divine Husbandman had previously prepared the soil to receive the seed, and the rains and dews to moisten it, and the magnetism of the earth to thrill its life, and the sunshine to cause it to grow and expand, while he had himself endowed it with powers of multiplication. The Hebrew people, educated by centuries of oppression into hatred of idolatry, and connected with each other by blood, language and religion, and dispersed over all the earth, were fitting materials from which to select missionaries of His Gospel. The field of the world was fenced in by Roman armies, and leveled by Roman government, and traversed by Roman roads, in a security and civilization previously unknown. The Greek language, developed by orators and poets and philosophers for centuries, furnished a worthy vehicle for the conveyance of the sublime thoughts of Christ, and was read and spoken by educated men all over the world. And mankind at large were weary and sick at heart of the inanities of philosophy, and of the absurdities of idolatry, and of the sensuality of atheism, in which such multitudes took refuge from themselves in despair. Everything was prepared for a catholic and world-wide gospel.

Then, in the fullness of time, God sent forth His Son. He spoke to the heart of mankind. His parables and His miracles were alike intelligible to all. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," was a world-wide invitation in a world of care. By His death He became fellow to every mortal man. In His resurrection the buried grain shoots up into new life, in faith and hope in every dying sinner's heart who believes it. His Gospel He commanded to be preached to all nations for a witness, and to every creature. He endows His Church with officers, with government, with sacraments, with a power of propagandism. The doctrine which lay in the first promise, as the oak in the acorn, He develops in gospels and epistles and Apocalypse, and gives His Spirit to teach us its truth and power. The seed is the Word of God. We recognize no right of man to develop any new doctrine or ordinances of worship. The so-called traditions of the Papists are excrescences, not developments. God's plan was complete when the Apocalypse was written, and a curse denounced on him who should add to the things written in that book. And that curse has visibly and undeniably fallen on the idolatry of Rome. But how have the little blades of the Twelve Apostles sprung up and multiplied in numbers into a mighty harvest!

Yet, even modern Christendom is but an ear of the great harvest multitude which no man can number.

At the end of our age another harvest will come. When God has sufficiently demonstrated the wickedness of mankind in refusing His Gospel; when the vials of His judgments conspire to induce despair of successful rebellion against Christ; and when His Church shall have sufficiently exhibited the power of faith in her absent Lord to preach this Gospel of the Kingdom before all nations for a testimony unto them, even in the fear of persecution and death—then shall the end come. The royal Reaper shall appear in the clouds, the sickle shall be thrust in, the harvest shall be gathered, the clusters of the vine of the earth shall be trodden in the wine-press of wrath, and a new era of the Kingdom of God shall gather up into itself all that is valuable in the experience of the family, the Church, the state during this long experiment, and exalt them to a higher life under the reign of Christ. In the fullest sense of the word, God's Kingdom shall have come, and His will shall be done on earth, even as it is in Heaven. Existing substitutes and primeval arrangements shall be swept away, as straw and chaff, and Christ Himself, as Prophet, Priest and King, shall preside over the ransomed Church. This harvest is hastening on.

I. Apply God's course of divine development—Calls to conversion.—Let us place ourselves in submission to, and in co-operation with, God's great law of Gospel development. How great is the madness of the man who places himself in opposition to the irresistible laws of nature, the laws of God. When the Central Pacific Railroad was first opened, a brave Indian hunter, before whose spear many a huge buffalo had fallen, saw, for the first time, the locomotive and train speeding toward him, and being inspired by fire-water, resolved to arrest its progress. Kneeling down on one knee on the track, and presenting his spear, he gave the war-whoop, and in a moment the train was crashing over his mangled carcass. But the drunken Indian, trying to stop the locomotive with his spear and war-whoop, was a wise philosopher compared with the man who thinks to arrest God's great law of development, and prevent the establishment of the Kingdom of God in His own world.

How infinitely better for every man to recognize the certain accomplishment of God's beneficent plan of progress, and to place himself immediately in the way of securing all the blessings which God is bestowing upon His obedient children, and thus grow up to the measure of perfect manhood in this world, and to preparation for beginning a new and higher state of life in the coming kingdom.

Thus, each individual's soul receives the seed of God's word, and in the believer it grows and multiplies, as our text describes. The same law of a divinely-ordained progress which we have traced in the geological formation of our earth as the territory of God's Kingdom, and in the moral development of the family and of the state and of the church, holds true also of the individual believer. The seed falls into the mind and lies there, sometimes during a long winter, without any signs of growth visible to the eye. But the breath of spring comes, the snows melt, the great spring storms come, breaking up the frost-bound soil, and the divine energy of the seed shows itself at first feebly; a tender blade of timid profession announces the progress of conviction in the soul. It were easy to trample it down, and one wonders, often, how it escapes; how the young disciple, so weak, ignorant and intermittent, is able to maintain any life of religion in a godless family or in a profane workshop. But if the winds howl around it, the invisible life is at the root, and God preserves His own. Then He arranges waterings for the believing soul. The preaching of the gospel refreshes the young believer. As he grows in the knowledge of Christ, he grows in grace, in likeness to the Saviour he admires and loves. The single blade expands into a stalk, covered with other leaves of profession and blossoms of promise of fruit. He becomes not ashamed to confess Christ before men. He begins to lead first his own brother Simon, then some neighbor or friend, to Christ. The green stalk begins to grow hard and vigorous, and to absorb the flint dissolved in the soil. The doctrines of God's Word strengthen him. He believes more and more firmly in the presence and power of Christ with him, and he is blessed in his deeds. Providences cause events as far beyond his control as the sunshine and the shower are beyond the reach of the growing grain to co-operate with him in promoting his growth in grace and his usefulness. Even the storms and rains of sorrow tend to his ripening in experience. God gives him fruit. In his own family he sees his children walking in truth; in the Sabbath-school class he is blessed with conversions; in the church his labors are blessed to the saving of souls. At length, the full corn in the ear is ripened, and he is carried home as a shock of corn fully ripe.

2. *Patience and perseverance in holy living.*—Conversion is not the whole of religion. It is a beginning—a most necessary beginning—for unless the seed sown puts forth the first bud it will never see a harvest. But unless the blade ripens, and develops into the stalk and ear and full corn in the ear, it might as well never had sprouted at all. There is a grace greatly commended in Scripture, “waiting upon God,” but little prized

in this railroad age. We are like our little children, continually plucking up the seeds they had sown yesterday, to see if they were growing. Our theories of progress, too, are frequently vicious. They are not theories of growth, but theories of locomotion, or even of explosion. The human soul does not grow under the influence of high excitements and public meetings. We need to sink the roots of our humility deeper into private exercises of secret prayer and of reading the Word. Zebedee's children are not so fit for sitting on Christ's right hand as they imagined. Let us be content to grow gradually into heavenly riches. There are no lottery tickets in the kingdom of God.

3. *Charity with others.*—Our parents and Sabbath-school teachers were obliged to exercise a good deal of patience with us when we were giddy, foolish children, turning our heads to the door every time anybody entered, and unable to remember the text or the lesson till we got home. It is doubtless very trying to a Christian parent's soul to see how utterly dead to all his appeals and all his efforts is the heart of his child; and his love makes him all the more sensitive to his failure to impress him. But Peter tells us, in this connection, that "we should shew all meekness to all men, remembering that we ourselves were formerly disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures." God will keep us humble by these reflections of our own selves. Have you ever thought how intolerably conceited and disgustingly Pharisæic the Church would have been if every one of us had been an elder brother, saying, "Lo, these many years do I serve Thee, neither at any time have I transgressed Thy commandments"? God's arrangement of conversion, and small beginnings, and slow growth, is far better for our humility. Then it gives the same blessed variety in the Church as in the family—babes, children, young men, fathers. Such is the result of God's law of growth. Then let us have patience with God, and charity for God's crop.

4. *Confidence in God.*—He will eventually succeed in ripening His harvest, all the frosts of winter and all the thunderstorms of summer to the contrary notwithstanding. Often it seems as if the righteous would have been swept off the earth by the storms of persecution; but the persecutors exhausted themselves, while God's divine power of life and growth regenerated the Church. Now it looks as if in our own land and in Europe the locusts of infidelity and the rust of licentiousness were destroying the church's vitality, and as if there was no hope of her converting the world at the present rate of progress, but rather that the forces of evil were multiplying faster than the powers of good. But let us be assured that God's

seed will grow night and day, we know not how. And let us also take with us this other element or divine development, that it is not merely a slow growth always. When this present harvest is ripe, the royal Reaper will put in His golden sickle, and this economy of slow, gradual progress will give place to a new creation, and we shall hear the word of revolution. "Behold, I make all things new!"

What it is to be a Christian.*

A SERMON

By Phillips Brooks, D. D., BOSTON, MASS.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—
Act xxvi: 19.

I LIKE these noble words, because they are truly triumphant words. They are the words of one who is looking back and remembering the brightest point of all his life, in which his life not only took a new departure, but began to move in a different direction, and became verily a new life. They are the words which give at once a jubilant and triumphant tone to the whole Christian life. It seems to me, if there is anything we want to guard against in the beginning of our Christian life, it is the tone which so many Christian lives have everywhere, and which it seems as if Christian lives were so continually tending to, of something which is low and painful and almost apologetic. They go around through the world complaining; and they go about through the world lamenting; and they go about through the world almost apologizing to other people for being Christians. I think we live in the midst of a pretty low-toned and feeble and sickly Christianity, and it is something good that there should come the ringing voice of the apostle Paul, who says, in words that fitly fill his heart with joy and make him stand with complete, undaunted courage before those who are listening to him: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." And as he told the story, there rose before him the vision which had been the turning-point of his life. He remembered how he was going from Jerusalem to Damascus, and how on the way there had been manifest to him a sight which changed all his life—from the point of which his life became new; a changing point in which some new inspiration came to him, in which he has been living ever since.

How constantly we are seeing something of this kind! Everything a man does that is really worth the doing comes to him in the first place in some kind of vision. The vision comes before the action, if the man's action is worth anything. A man who does his work before he sees what that work is to be, does not do his best. You remember, when you look back over your lives, some vision that has come to you at some point of your life, and changed your life. Take some lower vision. There comes to a man an idea of the grandeur and

* For this sermon we are indebted to the *Golden Rule*.

greatness of being wealthy, and from that time on his life is changed. He follows a different impulse, and becomes independent of many of the things he has been seeking before. Or there comes before a man a much higher ambition. He wants to enter into the knowledge with which God has stocked His world, to understand the mysteries of this great world in which we are living. When a man has seen that vision, how immediately he becomes independent of all the lower standards by which he is surrounded, and going forward, simply asks that he may understand the truth! And when the man has a vision, how great it would be to win the applause of his fellow-men! and from that time his ears are unsatisfied till he hears men praising him. Another man has a vision of responsibility. There comes to him a great idea that he is in this world not merely to do his own will, but some will that is greater than his own, and from that time on he lives a deeper, stronger life, because of the great thought that he is responsible to God. Now, when a man needs new courage to stimulate him, he looks upon the vision that first stimulated him. As we look back on our lives, we can all see there are a great many visions that have been shown to us—prophecies of what we might become; and the difference between men in this world, more than in anything else, is not in the visions God has given them, but is in the way they are obedient or disobedient to them. Now, St. Paul simply found himself in the midst of this universal law, when from the time he saw the vision and was obedient to it, his whole life was changed; and something like it shall come into our lives, and we shall be able to go forward in the course he pursued so nobly, if we are obedient to the vision we have.

Let us ask ourselves what was the vision that was shown to St. Paul. He is on the way from Jerusalem to Damascus. The heavens opened over him, and a voice came down; and, humbled in the dust, he hears the voice of his Master. Then he knew that Jesus Christ was the only true Master, and that in the service of that Master would come that which was best for him in the world; that his life before had been a failure because it had been against the true Master of his life; and that just as soon as he fastened himself to Jesus Christ as his Master, he would enter upon that course which should bring forth all his powers and make him the man that God intended him to be. It seems to me we cannot too clearly see the genius of the Christian life as it is given to us there in the vision that was shown to St. Paul. It was not merely that he was a sinner, that he had certain duties he had been neglecting; but it was that there was one great secret of power which he might obtain by putting himself in constant personal connection with his Master.

It seems to me there is something in the very simplicity of

the text. When he recognized the vision he says he became obedient to it. My dear friends, that is the truth I want to take to myself, and have you take to yourselves to-night: the truth that the government of this world is all by obedience; that it depends upon what a man obeys, what a man is. The personal obedience is the Christian life; the personal salvation to one who has done for us that which has not merely won the right to demand of us that we should obey him, but has also shown us what he has done, how worthy he is of exacting our obedience. The vision, then, of the Christian life, it seems to me, that thing upon which the Christian fastens his eye and which he follows, and which leads him on through all the rich and beautiful ranges of Christian growth, the vision that first moves him, is Christ, his Master, and his own life completely obedient to Christ. We ask ourselves again the question. What is it to be a Christian? We ask ourselves again the question, How shall I become a Christian? It is simply the new life that comes to a man when he has put himself in personal obedience to the Master, and in obedience to that Master there opens before him all the richness of the new life, and in this obedience man watches the character of Him whom he is obeying. There is no power in this world like friendship. There is nothing as you look upon your life that has shaped you, made you what you are to-night, so completely as the friendships in which you have been living from your boyhood up. Now, Christianity seems to be simply the perfection of this power of friendship. It seems to be simply the speaking of the sky so that we can see that, above every other friendship, above everything that shapes our lives, there is the power of God made manifest in Jesus Christ, so that he who passes his life in utter and entire obedience to that of the Great Master enters into the character of that Master more and more.

Look at the old saint whose Christian life is almost over, whose beautiful days are drawing to their beautiful close, who just remembers the far-back time when he first became a disciple of the Master. What has made him what he is? I try to analyze it, and, when I get at the secret of it, it is that there has been a heavenly vision made manifest to him. It became known to him that there was one who, being his Master by the very right of His birth, had asserted His master-ship by the love He had shown him and by the death He had died for him; and, as gradually his years slipped by, his life had been shaping itself upon the life of that great Master, till now he says, in the words that old Paul used, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," the perfection of his life as it has been shaped by obedience upon the life of his Master. It seems to me it is more and more necessary that we should bring ourselves to an absolutely simple conception of what Chris-

tianity is. The Christian experience is not merely something that comes into a man's life when he becomes conscious of his sins; it is not merely a new series of duties he enters upon, it is coming into friendship with that great, noble person in whom God is manifest to us; the giving of our lives so thoroughly to Him that we become like Him; our natures shaped upon His nature, till our life is His life and His life is our life. That is what it is to be a Christian. O Christians, remember this at the very beginning of your Christian life! Christianity and Christian experience is not the repenting of sin; it is not the doing of new duty; but it is the bringing of our life into conformity with the life in which God is manifest to us—the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. I climb a hill upon its darkened side. There is no sun that lights me, but I know upon the other side there is light; and as I go I stumble over ugly roots that trip me up. The dark shades are around me, and I go stumbling on. That is not the real purpose of my climbing the mountain. The obstacles are the incidents. But now I am at the top! There billows the sun before me, and I am illumined by his glory. Now, that is just the way with the Christians. It is not the experience of sin; it is not the conviction and wretchedness of sin that is the object of their Christian life. The soul humbled under its sins has only just reached the threshold of the new Christian experience. I beg you to understand this, my dear friends. I beg you to understand it, because this is what gives this glorious and triumphant tone to Christian experience. It is the recognition of the life of Jesus Christ as the pattern of the life into which we have to be shaped by our continued obedience to Him.

But some one says: "Where is the place, then, of repentance of sin? Where is the place of the duty that the Christian is to do?" Repentance of sin is simply the natural, inevitable consequence, when my life meets the perfect life; when I come into the presence of Jesus Christ, then every wickedness of my life shows up against His glory, and it is the shame in which I am thrown by meeting Him that makes me cast my sins indignantly away. "But where comes in the duty of the new life?" Ah! It is not that we may be brought to Christ that we do our duty, but that is simply the duty that we do, the song triumphant and the thankfulness with which we assure ourselves that we have, indeed, made Him our Master. There is some poor drunken fellow in our city—what makes that man a Christian? What makes the difference that has come over so many souls in our city the last few weeks? It is that they repented of their sins? That must come first, but it came in fact when sitting here or in their own room, for he meets them everywhere, the Saviour came into their presence. When they heard the voice of their Master, when they thought how He

had Himself suffered to the very death for them; then they became ashamed that they, men, worthy of such a Master and of such a sacrifice, should go on in the low drunkenness in which they had been living; their sins became in their sight abominable things, and they cast them away.

There is one great idea, one very rich and beautiful idea, that lies at the very bottom of the whole Christian thought, and that is, the rescuing a soul and bringing it to Christ is simply bringing it back into a life in which it naturally belongs and out of which it has wandered. It is not an unnatural thing, a man becoming a Christian. Oh, if we would only understand that it is a most natural thing, that vision of the kingdom of God! As natural as the coming back of the poor prodigal out of the wretchedness in which he had been living, to his father's house, where he belonged; as natural as the coming back of this poor bleating sheep borne by the shepherd, back to the fold out of which it had wandered. The Saviour's teaching is that man belongs to God, and that the coming to God is the coming back to God from whom we have departed. The coming of Jesus and his rescue of our nature always seems to me to be like this: There are people who, having been born in a land of richness and of culture, full of all good and holiness, have been taken away in their childhood, or have wandered by some act of their own, and have gone off and lived in exile on a savage island, where there is nothing that is beautiful or pure. They have been growing up in the midst of vileness and sin. By and by, on that island where they are living, they see a ship coming to them. It draws nearer and nearer across the waters. They begin to wonder what it is, and by and by a boat drops over its side and some one lands, a new form and yet an old form among them, and lives in their midst. When he comes it is all strange to them, but by and by he reminds them of things they had forgotten. There come into their hearts memories of that which had seemed entirely to have passed away. He came from the home in which they were born, and where their true place is, and he has come to remind them of their heritage. And by and by, as he lives there for them, and suffers there with them, there springs up in their hearts a memory of that old land from which he came. They recognize him as one with whom they have to do, and after awhile they are touched at the remembrance, and they say: "Oh, deliver us from this bondage!" And then he takes them by their hands and leads them back again; once more crosses the sea, and, landing on the shore from which he came, they find places waiting for them there. Oh, my friends, those of you who are Christians, don't you know what it all means? Don't you know how as little by little your sins were cast away, and you began to live an-

other life ; as little by little new holiness, of which you never dreamed as possible for you, opened before you, and you entered into them, how a strange naturalness was in all ? It was all new ; but yet it was not new. There was something that reminded you of some association there had been before. And your Saviour, how was it with Him ? When you first heard of Him, when He first stood out before you, as if you saw Him verily with your eyes, and you heard His word, and as you bowed in prayer and hid your eyes from everything besides, when Jesus Christ stood before you, you seemed to see something strange that you had never met in your life before ; but little by little, as he touched the deeper powers of your nature, you had a new conviction—*My Saviour ! my Saviour !*

I tell you, my friends, I should have no hopes for the conversion of mankind, certainly not for the large conversion of the world, if it were not God's world from the beginning. If a man says to me : " I have no God ; I have no God. I am my own God. The world around me is my God " ; then I know if the Saviour could be set before that impious man, there would be something in his heart that would recognize God, and the Saviour who is his brother by the very fact of his being a child of God. And if he could see Him as he is, he would say : " Take me back to my Father ! Take me back to my Father whom I have forgotten, but whom you have showed me." The way has been made clear by that mysterious work by which you have come and given yourself into my life and bore its wretchedness and its sin for me. That is Christ giving a vision to the soul. He is before you now ; right in your presence ; looking at you ; and Christ not only to whom you may come and begin a new life, but to whom you may give yourselves with the old life for which you are made. For the old life is the new life in this great world, and the children of God have wandered from Him, but are His children still, and to whom the Son of God has come to tell them of their Father.

Here seems to me, too, is the power, the deep, deep power of the life a Christian lives after he has become a Christian ; this idea of a new power, a new force in his soul. I think a great many stop when they are talking and thinking about seeing Christians, wondering what their new life shall be. " You tell me it is all new. You say I am to be something different from what I have been. You say the old life is to be left behind me, and I go on an entire new course. What am I to do with myself when I am a Christian ? " That, it seems to me, is answered, if we can conceive of this great fact of Christian life.

But it is but the living of the life which God has made clear to us through the manifestation of Christ, and to which it is really a restoration. What does the child say when he comes back into his father's house after he has been living in his

wretchedness and sins? The very things that fill his father's house spring up to meet him, and he finds everything is made for him; and so when a man who has become a Christian looks around upon the world and says, "I don't know what I am going to do," the work of his Father comes to him and he will catch something of the Spirit, something of the work of the great Son of God. I am amazed when I see how instantly the young Christian catches his new work, and goes about doing the tasks of Jesus as if he had been doing them all his life. They are natural to him. And then a great deal of your life when you are a Christian will go on in doing the same things you have been doing. You will buy and sell, you will meet your friends upon the street, you will sit around your family board, you will talk about the news of the day, and it will seem all like the old thing, and yet like such a new thing. Can you not bear me witness, many of you, how life has been transfigured, all duty has been changed? What deep things we are doing all the time and doing them so triflingly, and making them so shallow and superficial. We are dealing with our friends in what we call friendship. True friendship is infinite, and we are making a light thing of it. We are dealing with our families. Family love is the deepest and most sacred thing on earth.

Does the heavenly vision come to everybody? Does everybody have shown to him by Christ that he belongs to God, and that there is a high life for him if he will be God's child and servant? Yes, it does come to everybody. Christ is absolutely the universal light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world. Don't dare to dream that you are somehow an exception, and that the Divine life has never been shown to you; that Christ has never been made manifest unto you; that you are doing what you might be doing; that you are what you might be. I should not know how to believe in Christ for myself if I didn't believe in Christ for every man and woman in this world. If there was one for whom He had not died, I should not dare to think that I was not that one.

Just one word more. See how this simplifies the Christian life: "I was not disobedient," I was "obedient, to the heavenly vision." I did what was made manifest to me that I ought to do. Obedience, just the doing of that which is shown to us as our duty, is all that Christ asks of us, and is the saving of the soul. The saving of the soul? No; the soul was saved when Christ came and saved it. It is the doing of the vision that He has laid out open before us when He simply says: "Obey and live. Do the thing you know you ought to do." Now, is not there something you ought to do to-night? Is not there some vision you are not obeying? Is not there some manifestation of the Saviour you are not

receiving? If you can stop and be obedient to the heavenly vision He is giving you now of Himself, glory will brighten as the daylight grows, till the noontime shall come at last. There came by and by another vision to Paul. There came a time when, lifted out of the world in a way that so amazed himself that he could not know whether it was really he or not, he saw unspeakable things and heard unspeakable words. Would the latter vision ever have come to him if he had not willingly obeyed the first vision that was shown to him? It was because he stretched out his hands upon the road to Damascus and said, "Lord, what shall I do?" that by and by he saw sights that he could not tell to mortal man. That is the way. Obedience sets the seal upon a revelation that the Master gives us, and then upon that sealed revelation some new light shall come, which a new obedience shall seal. So, every obedience new light, and every light new obedience, as if they were the maintaining stairways which led up to heaven to the throne of God, the soul goes on till it is made perfect in the image of Him who came to seek you when you were all wretchedness and sin. This is the glory of the Christian life. Light up your eyes, Christians! Let not men think that to be a Christian is to be a weak and crushed and broken thing! Let them see that the Christian life is the glory of all life, for no man is a man till he is Christ's. Lift up your heart, O poor discouraged sinner, fascinated by your sin, yet holding it, come unto Him who has conquered your sin, as he has brought you into the light of His glory, and fastening yourselves to Him let Him draw you away from your sin, with that sweet compulsion of tried obedience which transforms you gradually but certainly into likeness with Himself. That is the Christian faith; that is the Christian progress; that is the Christian glory, because only he who is disobedient to no heavenly vision, at last has the other vision of the golden streets, and the river of water of life with the tree of life beside it, which is always filled with fruitage, always rich in growth to the glory of the Lord. Now let us pray for that.

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Three Ways to the Lord.

A SERMON

By Charles Gerok, D.D., PRELATE IN STUTTGART, GERMANY.

[Translated by Rev. J. C. BRODFUHRER, A.M.]

Again the next day after John stood and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! etc.—John i: 35-51.

THERE is only one way to heaven, and that way is Jesus Christ—He who declared of himself, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” But there are many ways to Christ, many leadings of Providence to the Lord. Some souls are drawn to the Lord earlier, others later; one gradually, another in a storm; some through affliction, others through joy; one by means of an internal impulse, another by means of an external guidance. It is exceedingly pleasant and profitable to trace these ways of the Lord; to read in the lives and confessions of pious men and noble women how wonderfully the Lord has led them.

There we learn to admire *the wisdom and goodness of our God*, who in a thousand ways can lead to the one blessed aim, who gently treats every soul according to its needs, as a wise, careful gardener cares for his flowers and plants, each according to its wants. The one must have sunshine, the other desires shade; some wish to be kept moist, others dry; some must be pruned, others propped; the one is to be cared for tenderly indoors, the other will flourish best in the open air. The conclusion of such a contemplation and the end of such a life will always redound to the praise of the Lord. Thou leadest thy people most wonderfully, O Lord, yet always to a blessed end!

Another excellent fruit of such a contemplation is that we learn to *love the brethren*, that we learn to view God's world and human life with that large-hearted and patient love which does not measure one's neighbor in our measure, as if he must be converted just as we were; as if the coat of his righteousness must have the same cut as ours; as if we only were the elect. No; beyond the mountains will be found men, and beyond the limits of city, state, or country will be found true children of God. The Lord can bring his own to himself in various ways—in by-ways and even in mistaken ways; therefore do not at once condemn and judge. There are many gifts, but one Spirit; there are different administrations, but the same Lord; there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all!

A third wholesome fruit of such contemplation is that it will *promote our self-knowledge*. The life of other saints should be a mirror to us. Their mistakes should warn us; their suf-

ferings should console us; their virtues should serve us as patterns. Here each one may select his heroes and favorites, who may serve to edify and encourage him to follow the Master. Wherefore, since we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

In our gospel we likewise have a cloud of witnesses about us; we see five disciples gathering around the Lord—John the Evangelist, Andrew, Peter, Philip and Nathanael. They differ quite widely in temperament and character; they are brought to the Lord in different ways, and yet all come to the Lord and gather about Him, like the stars around the sun, like the brooks into the ocean. Let us observe the narrative a little more closely, and perceive

THREE WAYS TO THE LORD.

1. By way of the sermon.
2. By way of example.
3. By way of experience.

We see *three ways to the Lord* in our text.

1. The first is *the way of the sermon*; Andrew and John take it. "Again the next day after, John the Baptist stood and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!" There is the *sermon*. Behold, this is the Lamb of God! This is the germ and centre of all evangelical preaching. Not only John the Baptist, but all the apostles; not only the New Testament, but the entire Bible, Moses and the prophets, David and Isaiah, the entire choir of holy witnesses—they all point to Christ. "Behold the Lamb of God!" is the aim of all Scripture. And this is the aim of every evangelical clergyman. A celebrated professor and preacher, August Hermann Franke by name, has stated the rule for all evangelical clergymen: Whatever you may preach about, never deliver a sermon by which some soul may not be led to Christ. And a still more celebrated professor and preacher, Paul of Tarsus by name, has given the theme of all his sermons in his own words: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

"Behold the Lamb of God!" is the theme, my beloved, of our sermons, whatever else we may preach. If we preach concerning God, of His holiness and love, Behold the Lamb of God! that is His beloved Son, whom He gave us for the sake of love for a sacrifice! Shall we discourse concerning duties, encouraging you to the performance of every virtue? Behold the Lamb of God! from Him learn humility and gentleness, innocence and obedience. Shall we rebuke your sins and arouse your conscience? Behold the Lamb of God! your sins are so great that this innocent Lamb must needs be slain on the accursed

tree. Shall we console you with the grace of God? Behold the Lamb of God! the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. Shall we tell you of future glory and describe to you the sweetness of Heaven? Behold the Lamb of God! this Lamb in the midst of the throne desires to make us lie down in green pastures and to lead us beside the still waters. Our teachings and admonitions, rebukes and consolations, all tend to the proclamation: Behold the Lamb of God! Evangelical preaching has no other aim than to point the way to Christ and lead us to the Lord.

Oh, that it might accomplish this in our case, and truly be a way to the Lord for us! "And the two disciples," it says, "heard Him speak, and they followed Jesus." The word entered their heart. They "heard Him speak." Ah, my dear friends, we often fail to hear the gospel. One should suppose that to be a sweet gospel which points us to the fairest of the children of men, to the best friend of our souls, to the Lamb of God which carries the sins of the world. One should think that God could not draw men to Himself in a more earnest, friendly, pressing and effectual way than when He gives His own Son as a victim, and calls out to them by His messengers, Behold the Lamb of God! But who cares to hear it even in Christian lands? One out of ten! Where are the nine? O they are busy in the field or in the garden; that is more important than to work out their salvation with fear and trembling! They must enjoy themselves and go after pleasure! that is sweeter than to sit at the feet of Jesus, as Mary did. They know what things belong unto their peace; they have cultured brains and enlightened intellects which are better guides than the ancient prophets and apostles. They do not wish to hear. And those who hear, do they hear aright? Do you, my soul, hear? That is God's Lamb, your pattern, your Saviour, your salvation! Perhaps you come very regularly and are very devout at the services; you may even read in the Bible at set times; and quote it quite freely, and yet this truth has never found entrance in a realizing sense: Behold the Lamb of God! Having hearing ears, you have not heard; having seeing eyes, you have not seen! The Lord add power to His word, and grant His people open ears to hear His word.

And keep it! Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it. Two of His disciples heard Him speak, "and they followed Jesus." If the sermon shall prove in our case a way to the Lord, it must persuade us to follow Christ. "They followed Jesus," they forsook their former teacher and master John, and followed Him that was greater than he. And John willingly saw them go, and looked after them with joy. For he desired to be only a voice speaking in the wilderness;

Prepare ye the way of the Lord. I am willing to decrease, so that *He* may increase.

Beloved friends ! We likewise in our preaching wish only to prepare the way for the Lord, and point you to Him who alone is your Lord and Master. You are not to remain holding on to man's words, but you are to press on and grasp God's Word. You are not to be converted to the preacher, be his name what it may, but to Jesus Christ, the shepherd and bishop of your souls. "And they followed Jesus." Oh, if we could win one soul to follow the Lord ! If but one of you on your way home should resolve, "Yes, I will follow the will of God, as it has been preached to-day ; I will follow this Lamb of God which has been pointed out to me ; I wish to experience this salvation which has been offered";—if one of you should so resolve and immediately begin to pray to the Lord : "Receive me ! Thou shalt be my teacher and master, my exemplar and guide, my Saviour and Redeemer, my One and my All in all" ; and should you make His personal acquaintance and follow Him, then you might forget our sermon and our person, in presence of the new light which you would behold in communing with the Lord, and you might surpass us in faith and knowledge, in holiness and experience, as John the Evangelist surpassed his teacher, the Baptist. We should not complain ; we would rather rejoice ; we would praise God for this most blessed fruit of our labor. For the preached word is to serve for nothing else than a way to the Lord.

Dear friends, this way is open for all. We have the Word of God richly dwelling among us at home and at church ; a thousand times and in countless voices our ears are greeted with : Behold the Lamb of God ! O do not despise this call, do not harden your hearts against this gospel message ; it will come up in judgment against us ! Woe be to us if it should then be said : Ye have Moses and the prophets, ye had Christ and the apostles, ye had sermons and sacraments, ye had church and school, ye had Bible and catechism, yet ye have heard nothing, ye have learned nothing, ye have become nothing, and stand there so poor, miserable, blind and naked ! Woe on us if the Lord should then also lament over us : "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !"

But, my dear friends, the Lord has made it still easier to come to Him. There is a second way to the Lord ; that is : 2. *The way of example ; Simon Peter* took it. One of the two which heard John speak and followed Jesus, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, "We have found the Messiah, . . . and he brought him to Jesus." Andrew, scarcely called, on the same day

becomes an apostle to his brother. "We have found the *Messias*." His blessed treasure he cannot keep to himself; he tells it to his dearest friend, which is his beloved brother Peter, and guides him to the Lord. He cannot perform a nobler service of love toward his brother than to bring him the tidings of Christ; he cannot bring his Master and Lord a nobler gift of love than to bring Him the precious heart of Cephas, the faithful man firm as a rock.

That is the *blessedness of example*. Example is a living sermon. One example effects more than a hundred doctrines; one model more than ten masters.

Hence, our Saviour is such a great Teacher, because He did not only fully reveal God's will, but fulfilled it so completely; because He did not only say, *Thou shalt do this and leave that undone*; but because He left us an example that we should follow His footsteps. Therefore the people rightly demand from a minister that he should set a good example, and not be satisfied with preaching to others, whilst he may become a castaway. Hence you in your spheres may become ministers and teachers if you will show others by word and conduct that you have found the *Messias*; if you, by your Christian example, lead them to the Lord. Consider, O father or mother, what is your child benefitted by all the sound doctrines which it learns at church or at school, if your home is lacking in a good example? If the child hears at school, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain*," and at home hears swearing rather than prayer; if at school it learns, "*Thou shalt not steal*," and at home it sees cheating and dishonesty; if it learns at school, "*Little children, love one another*," and at home sees nothing but strife and spite—woe unto him by whom offences come! But where the child can see in your eyes and perceive in your very tone of voice and every gesture, "*We have found the Messias*"; if your child notices in you Christian trust and a Christian walk, that accomplishes more than all the words of the learned pulpit, more than all doctrines which are found in books. What a blessing it is for a person for a whole lifetime, a blessing even for eternity, to grow up beneath the example of Christian parents, teachers and relatives, where Christian faith and practice, discipline and order, Christian gentleness and love were present from early youth! Such a picture will not be forgotten in time; he will thank them for it in eternity. It is a blessing for a family, for a congregation, if it is only a single soul that proclaims it in an humble walk, in a heavenly peace of mind, in cheerful patience, in a happy death: "*I have found the Messias*." Ah! how we could become to each other benefactors, leaders, helpers, apostles and angels by means of noble example: I mean parents to children, husband to wife, brothers to sisters, friends to friends. Dear

friends, there is none among us to whom the Lord has not already sent such a guide, such an angel in human form. There are many who have to thank pious parents for being their guides to the path of peace; these thanks are in some cases not rendered till they are parted from parents, and sometimes so late as at the grave. Surely there is many a one among us who has a friend, a brother, a teacher or an employer by whom he has been directed to the Lord, and to whom he exclaims in heartfelt accents: "Hail, brother! you have saved my life and my soul." Thanks be to God, there are in every congregation some souls in whose eyes and in whose deportment it can be plainly seen: "We have found the Messias." If you cannot find such an example among the living, then the dead must bear witness; we would point you to the cloud of witnesses who have preceded you in the kingdom of God, from the day of Abraham to that of Paul; we would point you to the multitude of the righteous made perfect, who from heaven, their present clear mount of transfiguration, call out to you with the exultation of victors: "'We have found the Messias!' have found Him down in the dust under many conflicts and tears, in many sorrows and labors, whilst we exercised a childish trust; have found Him up here in light, where we can see Him as He is, and are happy beyond expression and understanding in His glorious presence! 'We have found the Messias!' O, come and seek Him as we have, and find Him as we have, and be happy as we are!"

Since we are compassed about with so great cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us; let us strive together after eternal life.

Finally, my beloved, there is another way to the Lord, which in the end is the best of all, and which every one must go.

3. *The way of experience.* The disciples in our text, one and all took it; they saw the Lord each for himself, heard Him and became acquainted with Him, but Nathanael or Bartholomew in a special manner went this way. Mere testimony does not convince him, as it did Andrew; he does not follow example, as did Peter. To the glad message of Philip: "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," Nathanael incredulously replies: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

There are lives, my friends, in which but little of wholesome doctrine and good example is to be found; there are poor neglected souls who grow up rude, without training and admonition, in the midst of vices and crimes; the very air they breathe seems contaminated with pestilential malaria. Again, there are souls who are made of tougher stuff than

others; skeptics, who do not wish to believe on mere testimony, and they have all sorts of doubts about the preaching of the gospel; defiant souls, who oppose themselves to human guidance or teaching. But for such perverse souls there is a school—the *school of experience*; and for neglected hearts there is a guide; it is the Lord Himself, who meets them in His Divine power.

“Come and see!” says Philip to skeptical Nathanael; and Nathanael comes, sees and believes. Come and see! was once said to doubting Thomas, and he became full of trust. Come and see! was applicable to enraged Saul, and the lion is turned into a lamb. Come and see! is the appropriate direction nowadays to every heart which the Lord wishes to draw to Himself, notwithstanding all opposition. “Come and see!” And the Lord Himself meets us in His majesty which cannot be gainsaid, in His irresistible might. He meets us in a sudden change of fortune, in an outward shock, in a deep sorrow, or in a great joy. He meets us in an internal touch and inexplicable motion, and our soul is turned within us, and what we did not wish to hear we now must feel; and what no sermon taught us, and what no example effected in us, the school of experience teaches us.

O, it is an excellent school for doubting skeptics, for perverse hearts! An excellent school for every one! Although you accept the sermon in full faith, and follow good example very willingly, yet we call out to you: “Come and see!” for you, as an individual, must come to the Lord; you must learn to know Him personally; you must in yourself experience and prove for yourself in sadness and gladness what you have heard and read, learned and believed! Practice makes perfect in earthly arts; experience makes the complete Christian. Therefore, dear friend, come and see! come for yourself and see with your own eyes.

And whom will you find! A lovely friend of souls, to whom your soul is precious; who approaches you as Jesus did Nathanael with the acceptable testimony: “Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.” You will find a deep searcher of hearts, who will open to you your inmost soul, and discover the most secret folds of your life, as Jesus did when He spoke to Nathanael: “Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee”—before thou hadst a thought of Me, I followed after thee: a master, a king of hearts and Son of God, to whom you cannot deny homage, and before whom you must bow and confess with Nathanael: “Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel.”

This sounds quite different, as when he contemptuously said, “Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?” The pres-

ence of the Lord taught him that; he learned it in the school of experience. Such a confession of faith, not only learned from the catechism and rehearsed, but experienced for oneself, to overcome bitter doubts in days of sufferings and nights of solicitude, to have the creed grow out of ardent prayers and happy hours of devotion in the closet, that alone is of value and has a precious promise.

Jesus answered and said to him: "Thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man!"

"Thou shalt see greater things than these." His promise is also intended for you, if you have made a beginning in Christian experience. As Nathanael and the other disciples day by day saw and heard greater things from their beloved Lord and Master, till He stood before them as the One to whom power is given in Heaven and on earth, and ascended up into Heaven to their mute astonishment; how they day by day learned to know and understand Him better, till the day of Pentecost, when they became full of the Holy Ghost; so likewise thou, dear soul, wilt see day by day greater things in the company of the Lord, in the school of experience. It holds true: He that hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; he goes from experience to experience, from knowledge to knowledge, from power to power, from glory to glory, from peace to peace, and from one degree of grace to another. Yea, verily, "Thou shalt see Heaven open and the powers of the world to come, like angels descending upon thee." On the way of pious experience, "Always higher" is the motto, the soul traveling steadily heavenward.

"Thou shalt see greater things than these." When, finally, the last experience comes—the most bitter and feared, the happiest and greatest; when the soul is to go out of the darkness of earth into the light of Heaven, from faith to sight, out of conflict into peace; when the angels shall call out to thee, "Come and see"; when those who have gone before beckon to thee, "Behold the Lamb of God"; when thou art allowed to behold Him, whom here below thou didst not see but yet didst love Him; and thou art permitted to behold what eye hath not seen, what ear hath not heard, and what hath not entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, and thou exclaimest, in the words of the confession, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel"; then, O my soul, thou hast made the right experience!

O beloved ones, come to the Lord! The ways are numerous, the end is so delightful! And Thou, O Lord, draw us

Thyself to Thee! Lead us by Thy effectual Word, guide us
by the communion of the saints, bring us by hearty experience
to the heavenly prize!

“When shall these eyes Thy Heaven-built walls

And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold?

Jerusalem! my happy home!

My soul still pants for thee;

Then shall my labors have an end,

When I Thy joys shall see.”

Amen.

Certainties in Religion.

A LECTURE

By Joseph Cook, AT THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

A LITTLE while ago we were not in the world—a little while hence we shall be here no longer. This is arithmetic. This is the clock. Demosthenes used to say that every speech should begin with an incontrovertible proposition. Now, it is scientifically incontrovertible that a little while ago we were not here, and a little while hence we shall be here no more. De Tocqueville said that you will in vain try to make any man religious who has no thought of dying. Now, the first of religious certainties is, that we are going hence soon. As to that proposition there is not a particle of doubt. In this audience we have assembled the eastern west and the western east. But among all the coteries of small philosophy which annoy our unrolling democratic ages, in the Mississippi Valley or the Ohio, or in that of the Hudson, the Connecticut or the Merri-mac, there is no one who can deny that we are going hence soon, and that we want to go hence in peace. Here then are two religious certainties, that we must go out of this world—and that if law is universal in its reign, we shall not in going out of this world escape from the sovereignty of the moral law revealed in conscience here, and likely to be revealed in the next world quite as fully as it is in our present low estate. I defy any man to deny that we are going hence. I defy any man to deny that we want to go hence in peace. I defy any man to show that we can go hence in peace unless we are harmonized with our environment. What is that? Our environment is made up of God, of the plan of our own natures, and of our record in the past; and therefore we must be harmonized with God in conscience and our record, or, in the very nature of things, there cannot be peace for us. Aristotle built his whole philosophy on the proposition that a thing can exist and not exist at the same time and in the same sense; that is to say, self-contradiction is the proof of error everywhere. And now, since we have an environment made up of God, conscience and our record, we must be either in harmony or in dissonance with it; and if we are in dissonance, we are not in harmony with it; and if we are in harmony, we are not in dissonance with it. And so it is incontrovertible that with whatever environment we cannot escape from we must come

into harmony, and that environment consists of conscience, and of God, and of our record.

But, before I proceed to state analytically the propositions I am to defend as the basis of natural religion, let me call pause to your thoughts, and endeavor to bring for a moment a solemn hush here, such as will exist in our souls when eternity breathes on our cheeks. You say it is a very commonplace proposition that we are going hence; but did you ever calculate how many mature working hours there are in an ordinary life-time? Very few men begin labor for themselves earlier than at the period of twenty-five years of age. Very few continue such labor beyond the seventieth year. Now, between the twenty-fifth year of life and the seventieth there are forty-five years, and if you throw away in each year fifty-two days for Sundays, and thirteen for vacations and illness and other interruptions, you have three hundred working days a year. That is to say, in forty-five years you have 13,500 working days. Now, suppose that you labor ten hours a day, a very large average to be continued through forty-five years, you will therefore have in the forty-five mature years of life 135,000 working hours. At the end of that very short stretch of time you will go hence. Some of you have about a hundred thousand working hours left. Some of you have not sixty thousand, some of you not thirty thousand. Really there is no doubt about the proposition that at the end of 135,000 working hours any man's life which has already had twenty-five years in it will be over, and Gettysburg will be fought and won in that time, and America! it will not be half as interesting as the unseen holy into which all men haste. We say that we are to remain here; America is to remain; but it is the tree, we are the leaves. The leaves fall, although the tree endureth. Over the stringy bridges of the Atlantic mountain ranges and the Pacific, God will draw the cords of civilization many an age yet, and thrum them to His own glory and to the good of men. But you and I will listen to the music from the upper and not from the under side.

“Onward storms my strong-limbed race,
And pause, for Time is nigh,
Long on earth will men have place,
Not much longer, I.

Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf:
One, but one, and that one brief.”

Mrs. Browning used to look toward the Alps and repeat the words of one of her famous poems:

"Above the star,
Pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy is there."

So our America, my friends, is not on the shore of a great lake, the valley of the father of waters, or in that delicious nook of the world we call New England. Our Mississippi is yonder with the Father of spirits. Mrs. Browning would repeat often the words of an old English poet :

"Although the day it seems so bright,
Long after the day cometh the dark night."

At last the bell ringeth to even-song, ringeth, she would say, with a melody that is prodigal of echoes. Now, in that hushed silence, in that attention of the whole spirit which is given to religious truth, the moment we say we are going hence, and that we wish to go hence in peace, ring any bell of merely negative philosophy, ring any tocsin of audacious self-conceit in the field of mere speculation, and ask how satisfying are the echoes. We want truth, and we want that on which we can depend as we take our leap into the unseen; and we want, therefore, certainty guaranteed, both by natural and by revealed truth. We want, when we go hence, "a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," and in which we may at this moment take up our residence, provided only we bring ourselves into peace with our environment. But that house not made with hands, perhaps it is about us now, perhaps we are not at peace with it at this moment, perhaps we do not like the company in the house not made with hands. There are in that palace things that we can see from this present low position of the human race, and some of the things in it I assure you this morning, some pictures you have turned with their faces to the wall, I would turn with their faces toward the front; and in the house not made with hands where we stand already, I would raise the question whether it is possible for us to live happily in that house unless we love what its Lord loves and unless we build according to the pattern of His own palace.

I speak to-day from a set of numbered heads in order to avoid being misreported; for our friends who are reporters are among the busiest men on the globe, as they always have to make three days out of one, and it is my policy to aid them as much as possible by putting the strategic points of an address in writing, and only those. Among the certainties in religion I rank these first: that there are three things from which we cannot escape, our own natures, God and our record. When the battle was fought between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the ship Cumberland was sunk in water so shallow that her top-gallants remained above the wave. A friend of mine who was in the cabinet of Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts

had a friend in the hold of that vessel—a surgeon attending to the wounded. When the ship went down he was nearly strangled by the rushing in of the brine, but keeping in view the light that was streaming down the hatchways, he aided himself out on the rigging, and at last, almost dead, was taken into a boat at the surface of the sea in safety. Now, the insidious and almost unseen persuasion of human nature is, that when we go down in the sea of death and eternity we shall leave ourselves behind ourselves at the bottom of the sea, and escape through the engulfing torrents from ourselves, and be taken into a life-boat on the surface of the eternal ocean and saved. Now, the trouble with that precious theory, my friends, is in the nature of things. We are the Cumberland, and the Cumberland cannot swim out of the Cumberland, can it? While you continue to exist you will have to keep company with yourself, will you not? Is there any doubt about that? Is there anybody here so surprising in his doctrinal unrest as to deny that while his existence continues it will be necessary for him to keep company with the plan of his own nature? We are in existence, and while we continue in existence we cannot flee from our own individualities. One wife I cannot be divorced from—that is, my conscience. Your Indiana divorce law may be lax, but the supreme powers do not pass divorce laws between man and conscience. We are to stay with ourselves, for the Cumberland cannot swim out of the Cumberland, that is one certainty. But it is sure the Cumberland cannot escape from the water in which it floats. It cannot float among the sands. We never shall escape from omnipresence. There is no fleeing from a being who is everywhere and who is omnipotent. The old Latin proverb says, "*Si vis fugere deo, fuge ad deum*"—"If you wish to flee from God, flee to God." For the only way to flee from an omnipotent being, and an omnipresent one, is to flee to him. There is no cloud at this moment shot through by the sunlight so saturatingly as we all are, and always shall be shot through by the omnipresence. There is no sedge in the seething white and green below the terrible majesty of Niagara yonder that is so boiled full of water as we all shall be, and are, with God's presence, whether we feel it or not. Undoubtedly the dull surge yonder in the foam knows little of the sublimity of Niagara; and so we tossed to and fro, in natural law, know little of the awesome depth and height below us and above us; but the day will come when we shall know, and we are to be filled, as never was a floating sea-weed with the ocean, with God. And it is sure that He will be our environment, as well as our own nature its own environment. Faculties touch faculties, and, as I may say when I clasp my hands, one hand is the environment of another. So I may say, when my faculties in-

teract, that one faculty is an environment of the faculty that stands next to it. So I call our own individualities a part of our own environment. But the past is unchangeable. Not only can the Cumberland not swim out of the Cumberland and out of the sea: it cannot escape from its own weight, can it? You were born in the commonwealth of New York. Omnipotence cannot make it true that you were not born there. You have done things in the past which form pictures which you would gladly turn to the wall. Omnipotence cannot make it true that those things never were done. Even God's power cannot make a thing that has once been not to have been. In the nature of things what once has occurred will always be an event that has occurred, and the nature of things is only another name for God's nature. Our record in the unchangeable past, our conscience must face it, and God must face it.

And now I will hold that I am on firm scientific ground when I say that there are three things we cannot escape from, these interacting faculties in our souls, this power of the universe which brought us into existence, and which reveals itself in physical and moral law, this omnipresence, this omnipotence, this unswathing somewhat and some one; and, lastly, our record which we must face, and which He must face. Consequently it is incontrovertibly certain that these three things constitute our unalterable environment while we continue to exist in the next world as well as in this. Just here, my friends, the skeptics will say that I am passing into the region of conjecture; but all I ask of them to-day, or on any other occasion, is to be true to the scientific method. You say that law is universal. Very well, then. If I can measure a little arc of a law here I will draw the whole circle from the arc. Any three points determine the direction of a curve. You say that if you can make here the truth about gravitation clear, you know what gravitation is in the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. You say if you have a good text-book here on gravitation, that book is worth something in the North star. Go to Mr. Dana of New Haven, and he affirms that a good text-book on the laws of light would be worth something in the constellation of Orion, and he is sure of that because he is sure of the universality of law. This is one of the sublimest points of view of natural science, for, as Dana has said with fine epigrammatic phrase, "Our earth, although an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in its revelations of truth." It becomes such because any three points determine the curve of a circle. You ascertain here that light moves in straight lines, that it is the opposite of darkness, and you know that those things are true about it yonder in the stars. You bring down from the stars light to your spectro-scope and analyze it, and find that certain minerals are in

the stars yonder, and our light here we can analyze in the same way. If I know what natural laws are on this globe, I have a right to walk right out on their ascertained curve and say that in worlds outside of this those laws prevail, for laws are universal and a unit. Now, what you do with regard to the physical law you call gravitation, I have a right to do in regard to the equally tangible law which inheres in conscience. It is enough for me to assert that the moral law is a natural law just as much as the law of gravitation. You believe that all natural law is a unit and universal; so I say that if I can determine a curve of the moral law here, I have a right to walk on it right up to Orion, right up to the North star and the Pleiades. In the name of the scientific method I do this. Precisely this audacity or scientific caution was exhibited in the parables of our Lord, for from the experience of men at the fireside with the moral law and from the sheepfold He drew illustrations of moral principles the range of which He swept through the universe, and by which He explained, not only our present existence, but the world that is to come. He assumed everywhere the unity of the moral law.

I affirm that a good text-book on the moral law here is worth something in Heaven. A good text-book here on physical gravitation is worth something in Orion. A good text-book on moral gravitation here is worth something in the heavens that shall never be rolled away. And I maintain that in these assertions I am not going by the breadth of a hair to the right or the left from the path of scientific straightforwardness. Moral law is just as much natural law as physical law, and moral law as natural law, is universal and a unit. The three points of a curve of moral gravitation may determine a circle as well as the three points in the curve of physical gravitation. Our globe, on account of the universality and the unity of law, is immensity itself in its revelations of moral as well as physical truth, although it be but an atom in the moral and physical immensity.

Third.—It is incontrovertibly certain that, according to Herbert Spencer, we need nothing so much as harmonization with our environment. That phrase is Spencerian and singularly stragetic when once we take the right point of view. Our environment—why, it is not merely physical; it is spiritual as well. And, after all, I am not so much concerned as to my physical environment as to my spiritual, even in this low estate. I can be tolerably happy in any physical surroundings if my spiritual environment is right. We know that in this life wise men are far more cautious about their spiritual environment, that is, the interaction of their souls' faculties upon each other, and their feeling of harmony or dissonance with the nature of things, than they are concerning

wealth or poverty, or even the flames that curl about the martyr's stake. In our present calloused condition we are far more influenced by our spiritual than our physical environments.

We have now proved that our unalterable environment here and hereafter is our nature, God and our record; and even according to reactionary, half-studied thought, that style of philosophy which captures beginners only. We are told that we must have harmonization of our environment, or we cannot possibly be at peace with the universe.

Herbert Spencer is the philosopher of beginners. The other day I went to Harvard University to give a lecture on conscience in the Saunders theatre there, and it was my fortune to meet the Professor of Metaphysics before the lecture in the parlor of the preacher to the University. I put to Prof. Bowen, my former instructor, this question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Harvard University?" "Oh, yes, sir, he has a future here, but it is all down hill." To the younger Professor of Philosophy there, once my class-mate, I put the same question and received for substance the same answer. I know that a brilliant Spencerian, Mr. Fiske, has sent out from Harvard University the best American book on the Spencerian philosophy. It is never my policy to underrate the intellectual worth of any critic on views I consider vital. It is worth mentioning, however, that Mr. Fiske began as an anti-Spencerian, and nobody knows what he may be yet. He has reversed his whole philosophical system twice, at least, and to-day does not represent the university in which he is not an instructor, but simply an assistant librarian. It is important for me, at this distance from Harvard, to make these statements, for it is commonly supposed that Harvard has been captured by Herbert Spencer. I not long ago met a distinguished scholar from England, who is now in this country and has become a critic of the free religionists, and I put to him the question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Great Britain, and especially in the universities?" He replied with caution and great ingenuousness: "If the truth must be whispered, it is that Herbert Spencer is losing his hold on the acutest and boldest critics of Great Britain.' Nevertheless, you will find that men who are beginning to read philosophy are often captured by Spencer's style, are commonly very reverent toward him. The newspaper men are most of them Spencerians.

Spencer, you know, thinks that all truth concerning God is like the back side of the moon—we never see it, we can know nothing about it. Well, what if that were so? I should not admit that the back side of the moon has no influence on us. I never saw the back side of the moon, that is true; but I know that there is not a wave in the far-gleaming sea from here to Japan that

is not influenced by that back side as much as by the front ; and that there is no ripple along the sedges of any coast, public or private, in time past or in time to come, that is not under the law of the tides, and is not as much indebted for its motion to the unknown side as to the known. While I employ, therefore, Herbert Spencer's famous phrase concerning the necessity of our harmonization with our environment, I would give it a far wider sweep than he allows to it, and yet I need to insist only on self-evident truth, or direct inference from such truth—namely, that our environment with which we must be harmonized is made up here and hereafter of our conscience; God and our record.

Fourth.—It is therefore scientifically known that harmonization with conscience, God and our record is the unalterable natural condition of peace of soul. What? Natural conditions for salvation? Yes. Well, life is rather serious if the very nature of things has in it conditions of our salvation. You are at war with the nature of things. Which shall change, you or it? Let us be serious, my friends, because God cannot be an enswathing kiss without also being a consuming fire. There cannot be an upper without there being an under. There cannot be a here without there being a there. There cannot be a before without there being an after. There cannot be a right without there being a left. You say these propositions are all incontrovertible ; but, if you please, they have applications to interests of ours deeper than the immensities and more enduring than the eternities. If the nature of things is against us, God is against us. The nature of things is only another name for the total outcome of the Divine perfections. He cannot deny Himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. And the nature of things is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It has no variableness or shadow of turning. With Him is no variableness or shadow of turning. It is He. Are you in dissonance with it? Then are you in dissonance with Him. If, in face of the nature of things you need a change, so you do in the presence of a personal God.

What! am I assuming the Divine personality? Not at all. I am not endeavoring to prove it to-day, but I say there cannot be a here without a there, there cannot be a before without an after, there cannot be an upper without an under, and so I say there cannot be a thought without a thinker. There is thought in the universe, a thought not our own. That thought in the universe proves that there is a thinker in the universe not ourselves, and a thinker is a person. You cannot have thought without a thinker any more than a here without a there, or an upper without an under ; and you know there is a thought in the universe that is not your thought. Agassiz, over and over, would close the majestic sec-

tions of his discussion of natural science by asserting that all facts of zoology, for instance, or geology, exhibit thought, prescience, forecast. Standing on that assertion, I affirm that there cannot be thought without a thinker, and that a thinker is a person. Now, with that person the law of existence is that he cannot deny himself. Out of that "cannot" burst forth all the self-evident truths of the universe. We cannot have an upper without an under; we cannot make a whole less than a part, we cannot make a straight line other than the shortest distance between two points; we cannot erase the difference between right and wrong; and all those things we are unable to do because the nature of things will not reverse itself. God, in other words, the Thinker, who is the Ruler of all His creation, cannot deny Himself. You feel that you must be in harmony with the nature of things. You dare not deny the perfection of the nature of things. Submit to it then. Positively, the government of this universe is not elective. There are natural conditions of salvation. What is salvation? I mean by that word permanent deliverance from both the love and the guilt of sin. Well, that definition clears up a point or two. If salvation means that, it is about time for us to seek deliverance from the love of sin and guilt of sin. The love of sin? Why, I ought not to be at peace if I have that. The guilt of sin? If I have that, I ought not to be at peace with the universe. But "ought" has God in it. Until a man gets rid of both the love and the guilt of sin he cannot be at peace with the nature of things. Without perfect freedom from the love of sin and perfect freedom from the guilt of it, a man cannot be at peace in a universe, managed as it ought to be, and this universe is managed as it ought to be, and it will be for some time hence.

What I am afraid of is not the bann of any ecclesiastical party—I belong to no party,—but it is dissonance with the nature of things. It is want of harmony with that constitution of the universe which was, and is, and is to come. "Gentlemen," said Edmund Burke once to the electors at Bristol, "neither your vain wishes nor mine can change the nature of things." Now, I want no theology that is not built on rendered reasons. I want no pulpit—no dying pillow. I will put under the head of no dying man as a pillow anything that is not built on the nature of things. It is unalterable, and it is He.

Fifth.—It is scientifically incontrovertible that we know inductively that the soul, like every thing else, is made on a plan; and

Sixth.—That the plan of any mechanism is to be ascertained by finding out how it can be operated as nearly frictionless as possible.

Seventh.—That the frictionless in a full-orbed human nature is the natural in human nature.

Eighth.—That continuous joy in all the faculties is a sign of the frictionless or natural action of the faculties.

Ninth.—That only when reason and conscience are supreme in the religious sense can a full-orbed soul obtain frictionless action within its environs or continuous joy in all its faculties.

Tenth.—*That the religious is therefore scientifically known by induction to be the only natural, that is, the only frictionless, action of human nature within its unalterable environment of God, conscience and our record.* My hand is made to shut toward the front, and not toward the back. I think I know that in spite of all the chatter of the know-nothing philosophy which asserts that we cannot be sure that there is any intention, although we do see the adaptation of means to ends, in nature. Now, that prince of American mathematicians, Prof. Pierce of Hartford University, lately delivered a lecture in Boston, in which he said: "If there is no force in the universe except what we call natural law, physical and moral, where is God?" And his reply was: "God is in the intention exhibited in the universe everywhere." In this he uttered one of the deepest of the propositions of the most advanced thought in Germany and in England, though not of the thought that has made the most clamor in the newspapers and in the magazines. That hand I know was made to shut toward the front, and how do I know it? Why, not to use technical terms, I know that it was intended to shut toward the front and not toward the back, because I can shut it thus with the least friction. If I try to shut my hand toward the back, at once certain parts of its mechanism resists that action, and I crush the hand by trying to shut it in that way. I affirm *that the hand cannot have been made in such a manner that its natural action is its own destruction.* The hand cannot have been so bunglingly made that when it acts as it was meant to act it will break itself.

Now, just that is the rule concerning the soul, if you please. How are you to find out what is natural action in the soul? Why, just as you find out the natural action of the hand by ascertaining what the frictionless action is. That looks very simple, you say; but, after all, the principle runs very widely through religious science. Here is a piece of mechanism. I do not know the plan of it, but I try to start the loom this way and that, and I find I am crushing a wheel here and a spring there. You have made that loom, it may be; and you have a written book concerning it, but I say you are a partisan. I will not read the book. God made man, and knows the plan of man's nature, and has written a book called the Bible explaining the plan and giving direction in regard to human life. But we say that book is partisan, and we will have none of it. I try to operate your loom, and you stand

by and you see my work, and are very willing I should have your experience as a guide. But I say, "I will have none of your wisdom, even though you are the servant of the mind which made the loom. You have set out under the direction of the maker, and you understand the way of operating it; but you are a partisan, and I will have none of your wisdom, for perhaps you are a minister. In these days, although a man is a man, even if his father was rich or poor, I think a man is not quite a man if he is a minister and claims any authority. So I will have none of this partisan guidance, for I believe in Spencer." This mechanism is before me, and I go on trying it now this way and now that. This is just what those professional guides want me to do. They have been studying this human loom all their lives. They have had experience in community after community, and probably have a better chance to understand human nature on all its sides than men not in their profession. But as they are partisans, I will experiment for myself. They want me to do so. At last I find that the machine moves smoothly. I can weave a web on it that will sell. I can make up a cargo of my weaving at Chicago and carry it to Liverpool without unpacking it, and there it will bring a price. The loom it weaves pattern after pattern, and those patterns all sell. At last, I say, I have found out how to operate this machine.

Just so I affirm concerning this far more complicated machine we call the human soul, that it must work frictionlessly or we may be assured of the fact that it works wrong, and that we have not ascertained the way in which it was meant to work. Everything is made on a plan, and, therefore, you know, the soul is made on a plan. But now, everything made on a plan is a kind of mechanism, and every piece of mechanism works best when it works with the least friction. My hand does not work absolutely without friction, but the movement of least friction is the natural action of it. And so with the soul, the action of least friction is the natural action. Will you please apply that very simple principle to human nature without the Bible in sight, and look at this whole topic from the point of view of the scientific method?

What is a frictionless action in the soul of a full-orbed man? Why do I say full-orbed? Because this loom might turn against the very plan of it if you were to take off half a dozen wheels. The young man who has crushed out fifty or eighty of the noblest instincts of his nature by dissipation—he is not only a dissipated man, but he is a dizzypated man; he is not a fair specimen of human nature. I will not take him to find out how this human machine may be made to operate harmoniously upon itself, for several of the wheels are gone. Perhaps I could turn him the wrong way and give no distress to his faculties.

Well, but you say this is a very unfair procedure. It is a scientific procedure, for if I go to Ann Arbor, or the University of New York, and ask some great professor what the lily of the valley is, or what the plant we call maize is, he will not show me a stunted specimen. If I carry to him a lily of the valley or a stalk of maize, he will want a specimen that grew in good soil, and that was well watered, and that showed all the powers of the plant. If I present to him the plant which rustles over so many hundred square miles on the prairies yonder, he will ask, "Did the maize come from France, where it produces forty to one; or from Illinois, where it produces eighty to one; or from Mexico, where it produces a hundred and fifty to one?" He will not take the maize to put into his cabinet unless it is a full-grown specimen, and he is perfectly scientific in that procedure; and so with the lily of the valley—he will not have it from any stunted soil, but he tells me that I must make up a picture of it if I cannot get a perfect specimen. Some specimens are good, and I will picture the best in a number of specimens until I have from several specimens a perfect idea of what that plant can do. When I have done this I carry that picture to Prof. Agassiz, or Prof. Dana, and he will say, "That is a lily of the valley that I will show to the world as a specimen of what is natural in that plant."

Just so I claim that if I am to follow the scientific method in ascertaining what is natural to human nature, I must take full-grown specimens, and if I cannot find in any one man or woman all the growth of all the faculties, I will take the best history has shown here and the best it has shown there, and make up my ideal of man as Agassiz does his ideal of the lily of the valley. What is natural to man? Let us answer that question by an unflinching application of the scientific method. Let us for a moment build up a man by that stern style of dissection which the student of merely physical science applies to the plant. We shall find ourselves confronted at once with a sense of our own fragmentary growth. I have a right, just as in the case of the lily of the valley, to take the best of many specimens.

Put together Phocian for Greece, and Hamden for England, and Washington and your Lincoln for America, as representatives of lofty justice in men. Take your Aristotle and Bacon, your Kant and Hamilton and Edwards, as specimens of analytical power. Take your Isaiahs and Fenelons and Bossuets, your Miltons and your Jeremy Taylors, as illustrations of the height which men may attain in the spiritual imagination and insight. Take your Napoleons, your Hannibals, your Cæsars, for executive strength. Put into those full-orbed men the consciences of the martyrs and the apostles and the prophets.

And now, having built up the loftiest zones of human nature according to the scientific method, I will not diverge from the stern demands of science: I will put into the lower zones of man's nature the very best growth you have ever seen there. For after Isaiah and Plato, after the prophets and apostles, after the Cæsars and Napoleons, after the Kants and Hamiltons have been put into the upper ranges, I can bear to put into the lower, as added basilar strength, the Caligulas and the Neros and the Domitians and the Vespasians. It will only give steeds to these riders to put the best growth of the basilar faculties beneath the best growth of the coronal. It is good for a man to have a tempest in the lower half of his face if he has a hurricane in the upper half.

Now, with that thought of a full-orbed man before you, ask whether nature made up thus can stoop to the gutter, can be at peace while uttering the words "I will not" defiantly to the still small voice that says "I ought," can harmonize itself with the environment which faculty gives to faculty when it will not do what it knows it ought to do or what the nature of things requires? Is it in such a full-orbed specimen of human nature to act crookedly or to drop down to vice?

There is a rule in the United States that no one State can declare war or make peace without the consent of all the other States. Massachusetts and South Carolina have no right, under the Constitution, to fall into war or to declare peace unless the Union gives its consent. Now just that is the law of this republic of faculties, and is the law of this full-orbed nature which I have sketched, and of which we have at best only a sketch, for a man must be a full-orbed nature in order to appreciate one of that nature. In man's nature there is a law that there must not be any secession. South Carolina must not go out of the Union. But all the vices are South Carolina's. There is not a vice that can get a vote of the Union on its own side. I claim there is not a single action in human nature known as a vice that is not a secessionist in the constitution of man's nature. Now, if you please, it is getting to be a stern last morning with all philosophy that has vice, if these things can be demonstrated to all men. We know we are made on a plan, and the soul ought to act frictionlessly, and, of course, when men take a full-orbed soul as a specimen of what is natural, and we know that every vice is a secessionist, why, we know then *scientifically* there is a best way to live, and if there is a best way to live, we know scientifically that it is best to live the best way.

You think nothing can be proved outside of the Bible? Why, all these propositions I hold would be true even if there had been given us no revelation. I hold this is incontrovertible.

Eleventh.—That these truths are known by strict induction, independent of revelation itself.

Yonder thunders Niagara. In the distance gleam the great lakes, not five of them only, but twelve, a chain of lakes extending from the Arctic Sea to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the Great Bear, the Great Slave, and Athabasca, and Winnebago being the upper end of the silver and golden ribbon stretching across the colossal breast twice washed in the blood of our beloved America. Now, suppose I should lose my guide-book to North America, would the map of North America change? What if the book we call the Bible were to be discredited? as it is in no danger of being. What if the theory of inspiration, which I hold in a high and severe form, were to be given up, would religion evaporate in human affairs? I carry a guide-book to Niagara and the great lakes, and it may be I shall lose it; but I have not the slightest fear that the plan of North America will change when my guide-book is lost. Revelation is only the sun rising upon the landscape of the nature of things, and the sun reveals, but does not create, the landscape. Religion will stand on the nature of things as long as it is known that law is universal, that the soul is made on a plan, and that therefore we do know by strict induction that the frictionless action of the human faculties is the only natural action, for it is the only action in harmony with our environment. We must not allow ourselves to be thrown into tremor by fear that the inspiration of the Bible is a truth that will be given up. To-day the Bible is read in two hundred languages of the globe. To-day more money is spent for it than in any previous age of the world. I do not know a single infidel book over a hundred years old that has not been put upon the upper shelf by scholars. I do not know a Boston infidel book worth reading. One or two of Theodore Parker's books went into a second edition, but in this country there never appeared a second edition of the collected works of Theodore Parker. That one fact is sufficient proof that they are not abreast of the times in Boston, where every man is a philosopher.

But, my friends, it is worth insisting upon that when our faculties act as they are meant to do they will not give us pain. It is undoubtedly painful at first to constrain ourselves to virtuous action, but the religious man is not an unhappy man fundamentally. Your man of morality is the person who sails past the isle of the sirens and does not land, but he rather wants to do so. You remember that the ancients had a story about the golden fleece, and that once Ulysses went in search of the costly object, and on his voyage passed the isle of the sirens. They sang to him, and in order to keep his crew from being enchanted, he filled their ears with wax and bound him-

self to the mast with knotted thongs. In that way he went by safely. But he rather wanted to land, and so was not at peace. Of course, if a man wants to land and will not let himself land, there is a conflict in his nature, and mere cold prudence does not give him harmonization with his environment. The ancients said that when Orpheus went by that island, he being, as you remember, a great musician, he set up better music than that of the sirens, and so enchanted his crew that they went by, disdaining the sorcerers' shore. They not only passed safely, but victoriously and at peace. Now, the man of morality is Ulysses bound to the mast with knotted thongs, and his ears filled with wax, cold prudence taking him by, but he rather wants to land. Orpheus is the man of religion. He has heard a better music which has outsung the sirens, and he goes by not only with safety, but with disdain. That is the distinction between harmonization with our environment and forced action in some sort of prudential conformity to moral law. No morality can give us peace. When you define morality as Ulysses with his ears filled with wax and his arms bound to the masts, and yet some desire existing in his heart to land, that desire must be taken away from his heart or he cannot be at peace. When he desires to do what he cannot do there is a collision among his faculties, and he is not harmonized with the environment of faculty upon faculty. That is as evident as that a thing cannot be here and there at the same time and in the same sense. We therefore know scientifically that no mere morality in this sense of prudential self-control, mere cool selfishness, is enough to give peace, but that religion in the sense of love of what God loves and hate of what God hates is necessary to our harmonization with our environment. Why, I confess that when I think of these matters in the solitude of my chamber there is nothing in mathematics clearer to me than that while I love what God hates and hate what God loves it is ill with me, and will continue to be ill until that dissonance ceases. In the very nature of things I must love what He loves and hate what He hates, and not merely conform outwardly to Him. Religion is the obedience of delight, and not the obedience of slavishness. I must give my heart to the nature of things, or it and I are at war; and it is He.

When a man has harmonized all his faculties with each other, when he has learned to love what God loves and hate what God hates, then he is like some of those majestic representations of full-orbed human nature which Michael Angelo has given us, or which have come to us from the greatest of the ancients. I stood in the basement of the Louvre the other day, and there was the Venus de Milo, and there, too, was the sleeping Grecian slave in the market-place, the marble creation of Angelo. The man was majestic in quantity and quality of

being. He had in him the possibility of power unfathomable, and yet was tender as any drop of dew. A lion was in him; a dove also. A woman, a man. Not only was his massiveness overpowering when you took a full view of it, but his tenderness was equally overpowering at any full prospect of its possibilities in action. For the massiveness standing there behind the tenderness might have been as the murky threat of the tempest thundering across league after league, and the tenderness concentrated was like the zigzag lightning to smite whatever is unjust or impure. On the other hand stood a woman, marvelous in quantity and quality—both. It is easy to find a man large enough, but not easy to find a man of fine quality and great size combined. It is easy to find a woman fine enough, but not so easy to find one remarkable at once for the greatest quantity and the highest quality of being. I am a married man, if you please. I have no secrets to confess. There is in man a possibility of being full-orbed; and our great sculptors and painters have sometimes given us in art an example of such a nature harmonized with itself. When I stood there before Venus de Milo, I asked a young man, somewhat tempted by Paris life, whether that woman and this man, if they were turned out in modern wardrobe to go around the world, would come back dissipated. "They would come back without the smell of fire on their garments." "How do you know?" "Look at them," said he; "they are too great to be tempted." "But," said I, "they are to go around the world; they are to be free from family police, and they are to be subjected to all the temptations of modern luxury and poverty." "They would come back without a thread of their wardrobe singed," said the young man. "How do you know?" said I. "Why, look at them," said he, "they are too great to stoop." They had in them the full-orbed human nature, and that young man, no philosopher, simply a person of good practical instinct, felt that you cannot make a man who has all the wheels in him act against conscience and reason. The whole make of him is against this. Such action is not natural. You, young man, want to be natural. Be full-orbed first, and then be as natural as you please. I affirm that any man who will not make a flat-headed Indian of himself, who will not bind upon his upper faculties some plank of evil habits and press down the better instincts of his nature year after year, and who will cultivate all the moral part of his nature as sedulously as he does his intellectual or executive faculties, or his social or his animal, and who will let all parts of his nature grow north, south, east and west, I affirm that such a man, when the breezes of the holy Somewhat and Some One who is in nature breathed through him, will utter a resonance, not like

the hiss of the reptile, not like the bellowing of the hollow-voiced calf or the notes of the silly-throated goose. There will be in that man, when God moves through his full growth, a sacred and commanding resonance like that of the forest of oaks on your prairie plains yonder, like that of your forests combining their tones with the roar of your Niagara yonder, like that of both those anthems conjoined with the eternal song of the sea, a hallelujah to the glory of organizing and redemptive moral law; and it is He!

It is therefore scientifically incontrovertible that harmonization without environment must include similarity of feeling with God, for we must love what the nature of things loves, and hate what the nature of things hate. Similarity of feeling with God, or a love of what He loves and a hate of what He hates, is an unalterable, natural condition of peace of soul in this life and the next. But you say that thus far I have been endeavoring to prove the necessity of a new birth merely. Well, I have heard that this is a scriptural doctrine, but I have not opened the Bible yet. Let no man say I underrate the Bible.

There are four Testaments—the oldest, the old, the new and the newest. The Old Testament and the New are written. The oldest testament is the nature of things. The newest is the present action of God in human history. I interpret the oldest and the newest by the old and the new. Our surest guide beyond all doubt is the written Word; but God wrote the oldest testament or the nature of things, and God writes the newest current history, the last unrolling chapters in the acts of the apostles; whether in church, in science, in commerce, or in politics, He is here in the oldest testament and here in the newest, although not as visible in them as He is in the written Word, but the four testaments are His, and therefore one. I have taken all my texts to-day out of the nature of things, out of the oldest records of God, the constitution of man and of the universe, and we find in that Testament, as well as in the New, it is written: “Verily, verily, I say unto you a man must be born from above. The natural mind is at enmity with God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. How can two walk together unless they are agreed?” You must walk with yourselves and with your record and with God, and how can anything exist here and exist there at the same time and in the same sense? How can you love and hate God at once and in the same sense? You must either agree or disagree. How can you walk with God and yourselves and your record without being agreed with them, and how can you be agreed with them without loving what God loves or without similarity of feeling with God? And so in the oldest testament I read from the nature of things what is in the old and the

new and the newest. The four accord in thought, and ought to solemnize civilization to its last fibre. If you and I do not learn similarity of feeling with God, it is ill with us, and we know that just as well as we know that the law of gravitation governs the world. We understand perfectly well by mere induction the necessity of the love of what God loves, and the hate of what God hates, as a natural condition of peace of soul. That condition being a natural one, it is irreversible by our will. If you please, the universe is not managed by count of heads or clack of tongues. There is no vacancy among the supreme powers that will be filled by an election in the Mississippi Valley or that of the Hudson. We must ascertain meekly these conditions. Exact science proclaims that continuous joy in all the faculties is the only decisive sign of their natural action, and that continuous joy in all the faculties can come only to him who has acquired, not morality merely, but religion in the sense of the supreme love of what God loves, and supreme hate of what God hates, or similarity with the nature of things, for it is He!

It is scientifically incontrovertible.—

Twelve—That even after we have acquired similarity of feeling with God, the record of our past sin is behind us in an unchangeable past.

Thirteen—That the conscience, in the absence of expiation, forebodes punishment.

Fourteen—That for harmonization with our record in an unchangeable past, therefore, we need more than our own reformation and personal excellence.

Fifteen—That, therefore, not only the necessity of similarity of feeling with God, or the new birth, but the necessity of the atonement also, is scientifically inferable from the necessity of our harmonization with our whole environment.

You will allow me to assert, in the name of Herbert Spencer, that the unchangeable past is a part of our environment. We must be harmonized with it. Am I harmonized with it when I have reformed? There is an unchangeable record of my sin in the past. I have learned to hate that sin, but ought the record of it to be treated precisely as though it never had been? Here is a deserter. Here is a soldier who never deserted. The deserter comes back. He is ready to re-enlist. Ought he to be treated just like the soldier that never deserted? Now I have deserted. I know that if what is done in the universe is what ought to be done, I shall be treated rather differently from Gabriel and Abdiel, and all those who have been faithful from the first. I ought to be treated differently, and God always does what He ought to do. Therefore I feel an unrest as to this record in the past, even after I have reformed. Say what you please, I hold it to be scientifically

incontrovertible that after a man has reformed, the record of his past sin is behind him. When the deserter comes back and re-enlists, the record of the desertion is behind the soldier, is it not? His re-enlisting and facing the enemy does not change the fact that he has been a deserter, does it? I affirm that in the absence of expiation, man's conscience forebodes punishment. Why it does that, it is not important for me to discuss. That it does that, all history proclaims. We know that the ages have been thrown into unrest on this point, and that when we take human nature through a large range, when we endeavor to ascertain how the ages have acted, face to face with the irreversible record of sin in the past, we find that they have foreboded punishment in the absence of expiation. "Plato, Plato," said Socrates, when Greek philosophy stood at its height, "it may be that God may forgive willful sin; I do not see how He can, for I do not see that He ought to." That thought, which I have put into shorter words than those of Socrates, has been the fundamental conviction in the bottom of the soul of those heathen tribes that have sacrificed holocaust after holocaust to God to give themselves peace of soul, face to face with this record. I know not, my friends, what can be made clear from human history, if it is not certain that in the absence of a deliverer, and of an expiation, man forebodes punishment. That is the way we are made, and even after we have reformed, human nature acts in this manner. I say that the greatest saints, in the absence of expiation, or when they have known nothing of it, have had this foreboding, and in all ages have had it. This action of man's nature is not a mere sickly eddy of sentiment, coming up here and there in peculiarly educated circles: it is the great natural operation of conscience. The record of desertion behind a man makes his past permanently different from that of a man who has never deserted. That past which was an effect becomes a cause, and will perpetually produce appropriate effects of foreboding unless, unless, unless God's hand as a screen be let down between us and it, and between His face and that black, irreversible past. I know I need such a screen. But from mere reason I cannot prove that such a screen has been provided for me. Revelation says an atonement has been made. That key turns in the lock of human nature. That fits the wards of this foreboding. That washes Lady Macbeth's red right hand. You know Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth say that she regretted her crime. She had killed Duncan, or connived at his murder, and she was so moved by her crime that she became insane in view of it. Shakespeare makes her rise in the night and try to wash her hands, and the gentle physician who looks upon her is accompanied by the watching servant maid, and the latter

says to the former: "Look how she rubs her hands! Sometimes she does this for the quarter of an hour together." Lady Macbeth, pacing up and down, and put there, one might think, by Providence, to illustrate in the fore-front of literature, and to all time, one of the greatest of religious truths, exclaims: "Out, accursed spot! All the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten this little hand!" Her husband, in similar circumstances, says: "This red right hand the multitudinous seas it would incarnadine, making the green one red." Now, undoubtedly Macbeth and Lady Macbeth had learned to hate their crime, but how can they wash their hands? If you please, it is getting to be a deep question in philosophy, now that conscience has been scientifically investigated as it never was before, how Lady Macbeth's red right hand can be washed. I am talking about facts. There is nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that Lady Macbeth's hand is red; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she would like to wash it; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she cannot. Who can? Not Plato, not Socrates, not Goethe, not Strauss, not Parker, not Emerson—only Christianity can wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand!

THE
COMPLETE PREACHER.

SERMONS PREACHED BY SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT
CLERGYMEN IN THIS AND OTHER COUNTRIES,
AND IN THE VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL SUPERVISION OF REV. I. K. FUNK.

VOL II.

FROM OCTOBER, 1877, TO MARCH, 1878.

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THE COMPLETE PREACHER.

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No. 1.

The Death of Abraham.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Joseph Parker, D.D.**, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our hearts, weary and sore through much strife, cry out for Thy heart as for a place of sweet and secure rest. Open the door and bid us come ! The sin which we thought was dead was but asleep, and it has stirred up its cruel power more mightily than ever, and has thrown us down in the face of the sun and mocked us in our vain resistance. This cruel sin will get the better of us, not wounding us only and filling our whole soul with pain, but will utterly destroy us, if Thou dost not come and save us ! But Thou wilt come ; even now Thou art at the door ; even now the angels of God are roundabout us. Thou surely lovest man ; yea, even his sin seems to endear the sinner to Thee, if but his heart know its own bitterness, and there be one word of repentance on his tongue. We repent, and then we sin again ; we renounce the enemy, and then we fly into his arms ; we cover him with curses that should wither him away, and in the same moment we go out and do his unholy work. What can reach such guilt but the blood of the heart of Christ ? It is in vain that we tarry at the rivers of earth ; we hasten, yea, we run as if impelled by fear and hope to the great Cross, the tender Cross, the Cross of Thy own Christ, the mighty, the infinite, the only Saviour of mankind. Why dost Thou spare us ? Is there yet upon us some broken image of Thyself ? Amid all this ruin dost Thou see one line of beauty ? Surely Thine own eye alone can see it, for it is an eye of most piteous compassion. Speak to us some comfortable word this day, and leave us not without one token of Thy love. Yet, why speak we so, when every word of Thine is good, and every flower, and every bird is a token of Thy most tender care ?

We want to know more fully the riches of Thy truth. What is truth ? So vast, so ever-enlarging, so fascinating, who can tell what is hidden in that glowing mystery ? May our ignorance make us modest ; may Thy promise make us hopeful. Oh for clearer insight, for keener sympathy, for more constant love ! Lord hear us ; blessed Saviour send us answers that shall make us glad !

Look upon us all as the sun looks upon the whole earth ; upon the old man stooping down to the grave ; upon the unconscious infant clutching at the stars ; upon the broken-hearted woman who dare not tell the secret of her pain ; upon the rich man whose hills are clothed with pasture, and upon the poor man who wonders why he was born. We are all here in Thy presence ; let the cloud of Thy blessing gather thickly and fall upon us according to our several needs, and we shall be made glad with pure and exalting joy. Spare us yet a little longer ; nay, Lord, why should we say so ? Were it not better to pass on, to stand in the light, and to be clothed with the liberty of a perfected redemption ? We call this desire to remain our love of

life only because we do not know what life is ; it may not be our love of life, it may be but our fear of death. Lord abolish death in us ; let it have no place in our outlook and forecast ; may we be so filled with Christ that we can see nothing but our immortality. Lord hear us ! Lord keep us ! Lord abide with us till this night-life be gone, and the morning be fully come ! Amen.

SERMON.

Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years ; and was gathered to his people.—Gen. xxv : 8.

NOW that he is gone, we may be able to get a clear view of his whole character, and to see how one part looks in the light of another. It is almost impossible to be just to any living man who is doing a great work, because we see his imperfections, we are perhaps fretted by the manner in which he does it, and we are not quite sure that he may not even yet spoil it by a blunder or a crime. But when he has laid down his tools, and left his work for the last time, we may look quietly at the whole character stretching clear through from youth to old age, and form a sound opinion of its quality and value.

Abraham is by far the greatest man we have met with in these studies, and his greatness is our difficulty, because we may judge him by ourselves. That, indeed, is the difficulty of reading all the best biography ; we think what *we* should have done, and if the hero did not do just as we should have acted, it is very seldom that we give him the advantage. It must be difficult for a highly educated parrot, that has been taught to blab by a silly housemaid, and that has done the next best thing to being at a Board School, to have any patience with an eagle that never knew the advantages of an enlightened kitchen. We do not always know the agonies to which culture exposes both bird and man. In some respects Abraham was the first great traveler in the world ; and his difficulty in traveling was the greater because he did not leave home to gratify any curiosity or whim of his own, but in obedience to a spiritual influence which bore him forward by a mighty impulse which he could hardly have put into words. We should call a man who acts to-day as Abram acted thousands of years ago, a fanatic ; we believe in a respectable and decorous Providence ; not in the God who drives us before the breath of a storm and makes us helpless under the spell of an irresistible inspiration. And we should doubt a man who acted like Abraham all the more because he did not get the very thing which he said God had promised to him before he left home ! That would be fatal to any man's claim to having been directed of God now-a-days. We judge the Providence by the prize. If you *succeed*, then you have been divinely guided ; if you *fail*, then you have either " not asked, or else you have asked amiss." If you are invited from one church to another as pastor, your wisdom in

accepting the invitation will be judged by the congregations you gather; if you fill the pews and have to enlarge the building, people will say, "You can have no doubt *now* that God sent you;" but if the hearers be few and poor, the same people will tell you that you have missed "your providential way." Judged by this standard of miscalled success, Abraham's migration is the greatest blunder in the pages of religious history. It was a failure. Canaan was promised to him, and he never got a foot of it! Surely, then, a respectable and commercial piety may fairly call him a mistaken man, an amiable enthusiast, a clairvoyant dreamer, who mistook a morning mist for a great estate. I wish, therefore, to learn from Abraham's character the right way of judging Providence; to learn from a Jew how to be a Christian! The rough and ready way of stating this case is: Abram went out from his kindred and his father's house to get a land that God would show him; Abram did not get that land, but actually "sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country," and was buried in a grave which he had to buy; it is clear, therefore, that he mistook a dream for a reality, a mirage for a landed property, and he was punished for his selfish ambition. I fear that this notion of God's providence is not unknown among ourselves: that we think nothing is heavenly but success; and that it never enters our minds that God's way may lie through the dreary region of hunger and loss, pain and sorrow, weakness and death, and that failure itself may be a sign of God's presence and care in our life.

Abraham's case shows that God may have fulfilled a promise when He has apparently broken it; and that God's promises are not to be measured by the narrowness and poverty of the letter. God promised Abraham and his seed a place or land called Canaan, and yet Abraham and his seed never held the land; Abraham "sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise;" he had "none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on; yet God promised that He would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child" (Acts vii: 5). Now, this brings us, so to speak, into close quarters with God's providence, and Abraham's character becomes a medium through which we learn divine lessons. *Abraham suffered for us.* It is beautiful beyond expression to see how the true idea dawned upon the mind of the man of faith, that is to say, how he got from the letter to the spirit, and saw God's meaning at last. When he came out of the land of the Chaldeans he had a very small notion of his future; but as he went on and on, from Charran, building his altar and pitching his tent, his eyes pierced beyond the little land of Canaan, and "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is

God." He could not have taken in the grandeur of that idea at first. It was too spiritual for him. He must have real land, real stones, real possessions of divers kinds, and by and by there would break upon his mind the higher light ; these things would show their own worthlessness as mental supports and tonics, and he would let them slip out of his hands that he might become a citizen of "a better country that is an heavenly," "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," and the literal Canaan would cease to have a single charm for a man that had seen the "holy city, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband." I beg you not to let this point slip, or you may "charge God foolishly ;" you may say, "God promises one thing and gives another, therefore He disappoints and distresses the believer of His promises." Now, that is true as to the first part, and untrue as to the second, for it is in evidence in all the volumes of history and personal experience that God's way of fulfilling His promises always astonished with glad surprise the very persons who at first saw nothing but the letter, and grasped nothing but the common meaning of the word. God's promises are not broken ; they are enlarged and glorified. The *receivers themselves* are satisfied, are overwhelmed with thankful amazement, and instead of complaining that the letter has not been kept, they say, "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think ;" and so deep is this impression that they have said, and are saying every day, the things that are seen are not worthy to be compared with the glories which shine on the eyes of the heart. Now this I hold to be the explanation of the difficulty arising from the supposed discrepancy between the promise and its fulfillment. It is fulfilled beyond all expectation. The answer is as a river which overflows the channel of the promise.

Your little boy is five years old ; promise him that if he will learn such and such lessons he shall have the finest rocking-horse in the world when he is fifteen ; I can easily imagine him seizing his lessons with great earnestness ; at five a rocking-horse seems the finest of prizes ; the child works, and reads, and learns (the figure of the rocking-horse still being before his imagination), but as five becomes seven and seven grows into nine, and nine enlarges into twelve, and the mind strengthens and brightens by the very work which was to bring the prize, the rocking-horse goes down in value, until at fifteen the intelligent, well-trained, glad-hearted youth declines the very Canaan which he so eagerly started to win, and is almost insulted if you name to him the promised prize. Why does he decline it ? Because he has got something so much better : he has got information, culture, discipline, habits of reading and observation, and these very things which he had no idea

or getting when he started, have actually wrought in him a proper contempt for the very prize that was promised.

So I see Abram starting from the land of the Chaldeans with a promise of getting another land. At first he thinks much about it. He wonders how long it is and how wide, and how rich in wells and thick pastures, and many a long dream he has about the country far away; travel tries him; little disappointments trouble his daily life; sorrow comes, death overshadows him, great judgments come down from heaven; a solemnity grows upon his heart as he sees the seasons rise, flourish and die, and life run its little round; many a word God speaks to his heart; he learns something of the greatness of manhood, new possibilities disclose themselves, unusual aspirations give a higher dignity to his prayers, and his soul almost unconsciously enters into new alliances and companionships, until at last he declares plainly, even in Canaan itself, that he seeks a country, a better country, a richer Canaan, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It is thus our manhood grows. "When I was a child I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." I needed a *promise* suitable for a *child*; I sigh for a *fulfillment* worthy of a *man*.

When the young man started in business he probably set before his mind the idea of twenty years' service, a modest competence, and long years of leisure, a Canaan easily gained and easily held. As he went forward, the very effort he was required to make created new possibilities, new habits, and new ambitions, until his first notion became ridiculous even to himself. Thus we are led on. First, that which is natural; afterward, that which is spiritual. To begin with, we must have something to look at and to touch; by and by our better nature will be awakened, and spiritual meanings will be realized. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be" in spiritual elevation and desire; in our meaner selves we think that the earthly will be enough, but in our better moments we shall earnestly desire our house from heaven. The young lad whose pocket money is fourpence per month, quite longs for the time when he will be called upon to pay the income-tax. He says he will be only too glad to pay the tax when he gets the income. In due time he obtains the income, but I listen in vain for any special gratification in the matter of the tax. The veteran servant who has received a gift of honor from his admirers, tells them that much as he values the silver and gold, he prizes the love which gave them infinitely more. This is the same principle; it is the spiritual absorbing the material. The principle may be applied to heaven itself. The young Christian thinks of heaven as a magnificent collection of all the finest things he has ever heard of—of harps and trumpets,

of gardens and fountains of water, of processions and banners, of crowns and thrones; as he grows in holy life he sees that something better must be meant; as he gets nearer and nearer the promised land he cares less and less for the magnificence which once satisfied him; and at last he sees all the heaven he needs in being "for ever with the Lord."

These are beautiful words as showing one side of Abraham's character: "And his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the cave of Macpelah." I am not aware that those names are thus united in any other transaction. Abraham never ceased to care for Ishmael, the son of the bondwoman, the wanderer; and Ishmael showed how he valued his father's care by thus uniting with Isaac in the last act of filial love. How true is it that sometimes relatives only meet one another at funerals! For years they may never speak to each other, but some cold, sad day they set out on a journey to one common grave. "Abraham gave all that he had unto Isaac," yet Ishmael went to the funeral! Isaac and Ishmael met over their father's dead body, and then probably separated forever. Ishmael might have had hard feelings as he stood so near the bones of Sarah, thought of his mother and of that day when she and he went forth into the wilderness. Some recollections cut us very keenly, and even make us furious with resentful anger. It was surely not so with Ishmael. The wilderness had told well upon him. He was not hardened by hardship. He was a giant and a true king, and his eye took in wide sweeps of things, and thus helped his soul toward large and noble judgments.

Abraham is our father, too, if we believe, for he is "the father of the faithful." If we blame him for aught of shortcoming or misdeed, we blame ourselves, for we are more to be reproached than he. Abraham lived in the twilight, we live in the full noon; Abraham stood alone, we are members of the General Assembly and Church of the first-born, with throngs of friends around us, and blessed memories and inspirations. Let us cultivate the pilgrim spirit. Let us "declare plainly that we seek a country." Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Bind the sandals, grasp the staff, tarry briefly everywhere, and though faint, be evermore pursuing, content with nothing less than heaven.

The Rich Man and Lazarus; or, How a Rich Man may Become very Poor and a Poor Man very Rich.

A SERMON

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There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple. . . . Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.—Luke xvi: 19–31.

WE have no more tangible picture of the diversity of the paths of human life than the one drawn here so briefly, so sharply and so vividly: a rich man in purple, living every day in splendor and joyousness, and in contrast with him a poor man, sick and miserable, lying upon the ground and begging for crumbs. We might almost ask: Why does God allow such inequality to exist?

But much greater is the diversity of their paths after death. The veil has for once been lifted in this gospel, and we are permitted to give a glance into the realm of death and to see the condition of the departed in their happiness or misery before the last judgment. And what do we see there? The rich man has become very poor and wretched, and the poor man is richly comforted. This is the other side of the picture, and contains the reassuring answer to all questionings as to the varied conditions of men in this world. Our parable shows us two lines, the one ascending, the other descending, and cutting each other in the middle. In the first line we see a man sinking from the most dazzling elevation to the deepest depth of woe. In the other line we see a man rising from the lowest depth of earthly misery to the most blissful elevation. The point at which these two lines meet and cut each other is death—a point which all men must cross, whether rich or poor. From this point on their relative conditions are changed: that which before was exalted is now humbled; that which was humbled is now exalted. The character of these lines is very different. The ascending one is very narrow—a type of the strait and narrow way—so narrow and hard the traveler upon it can scarcely stand or move, containing only a few crumbs of bread for subsistence. In it the traveler must fight his way forward until the angels come to bear him to his eternal rest. The descending line is broad and comfortable; upon it all goes merrily, until suddenly the end is reached and

the chasm opens, from which there is no return. For a time the two pilgrims wander very near each other: the one is lying at the gate of the other, and knocks beseechingly, alas! without success. Soon, however, they are separated by a great gulf, and the rich man knocks at the gate of the former beggar, but also without success. The rich man has many brothers; for they are many who walk in the broad path. This is not said of the poor man; for they are few who find the way to life.

At a time, beloved, when the spirit of indifference has seized upon such wide circles of the Christian world that men refuse to listen not only to Moses and the prophets, but even to Christ and to the apostles, and are ready to hearken in earnest only when the time of grace is at an end, and when the threatening brightness of the throne of judgment beams punishment upon them; at a time in which the deceitfulness of riches, external and mental, seduces such countless numbers that they have no pity on their own hungering souls (to say nothing of relieving, with more than bread crumbs, others' misery); in such a time it is of the greatest importance to look more closely at the danger signals which Christ, in this parable, has set up by the side of the broad path. May the Lord bless to all as we draw nearer and read: "THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS; OR, HOW A RICH MAN MAY BECOME VERY POOR, AND A POOR MAN VERY RICH."

1. *The present and the future life, in their wonderful contrasts*, are held in the text, by our Lord, before our eyes in a most impressive manner.

First. The diversity of men and their lives in the present. Let us look first at the rich man. "*There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.*" Here was a gentleman living in splendor—even his garments were weighed with gold. We must picture him to ourselves as living in a most costly dwelling, inasmuch as mention is made of his gates, and in a society with his brothers corresponding with his estate. Each day brings him new enjoyment: one gross pleasure follows the other; splendid entertainments succeed one another in constant variety. There everything is gayety; the sparkling cup of life is full to overflowing. What! Is nothing further said of him? Then his line of life is surely tending *downward* from the very start.

A rich man stands before us, who, even here, *is already continually growing poorer*. Who could endure such a life: faring sumptuously every day, without growing emptier and more impoverished in spirit? The more earnest thoughts of God and eternity are here forced into the background by ever more subtle and extravagant pleasures, and conscience becomes ever more completely overwhelmed and benumbed.

Day by day the personal indebtedness grows apace with the constant yielding to the flesh, the indebtedness for countless sins of omission against God and man, and with it comes an inner desertedness and emptiness of heart. Silence becomes more and more unbearable, and at last, night and day must be filled with noisy revelry.

And yet there is nothing particularly bad said of this rich man. He appears not to have belonged to the very worst class. In fact, when we look closely, he was not without good points. Various touches in the picture of him go to show that he was a man of humane feelings. Lazarus lies at his gate, "full of sores," a picture of misery which almost excites our disgust. The rich man lets him lie there. My friend, how long would such a one be permitted to lie before thy gate? Would you not soon say: "There is something for you, now go away; my wife and my children will become disgusted at your open wounds;" and Lazarus would have to stand up, and with a sigh, totter onward on his road. Lazarus was "*desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table.*" True, it is not said that this desire was gratified, but it is at least hinted at, that crumbs used to fall from the rich man's table. A person who lives so sumptuously and extravagantly does not count the crumbs. Now and then Lazarus probably received some of the scraps, even if only from pitying servants; otherwise he could not have continued to lie there without starving. Still more, the rich man was not without a certain sort of confession of faith. He had Moses and the prophets (v. 29); he twice calls Abraham "Father" (vs. 24, 27). He appears not to have belonged to the infidels and atheists. In his life he most assuredly was not willing to be considered as irreligious. And lastly, he felt humanely toward his brothers, even while he himself was in the place of punishment in the lower world: "*I pray Thee, therefore, Father, that Thou wouldst send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.*" Even if this wish was not entirely without selfish grounds, still he seems not to have lacked a certain love and care for his relatives, and a certain devotion to them.

Therein lies a fearful lesson: *With how much of good may a man still come to the place of torment.* Only give to the poor the crumbs of thine abundance, show a certain humanly, natural, customary mercy in thy petty alms, and for all that thy way may be pointed downward to the depths of woe. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Have some little faith; say "Father," not only to Abraham, but also to God, and "Lord" to thy Redeemer; show in every* Our Father" that thou hast some faith in God,

and dost not wish to be reckoned with the godless; have Moses and the prophets, yes, even Christ and the whole of the Holy Word in thy house, open them from time to time—yet, thy way may still be the broad path: “Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” Not all of those who say to God, “Father,” are children and heirs of the Father. You may have human sympathy for your relatives, may love them tenderly, may do much for their external welfare, “For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the Publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?”

Thou askest: Shall then all my good deeds be lost? Oh, no! But thou mayst perhaps receive the reward for them in this life. See how wonderfully the Lord explains the temporal prosperity of the rich man, and therein solves for us a thousand mysteries of life—how the foolish are often so happy and for so long a time. Abraham declares this with the words: “*Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.*” Yes, he had good traits; but for these he had received enough and more than enough in his lifetime. So, I do not deny thy humanly good traits. But, I ask thee: Is it not easily possible that thou art receiving thy reward for these *in this life*, and that, consequently, it is foolish to hope for further reward in the future? So many forget this. They think themselves much too good for the place of torment, and overlook the fact that God allows them in this world to receive many good things in return for their goodness. Beloved hearers, why is it that many among you are better off than others? Why is it that this man or that man lives so much more comfortably and enjoys life so much more richly than thousands around him? Could it not be said of him: “*Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.*” In order to enter into eternal life, something higher is necessary than this little mortal goodness, which was not wanting in the rich man. He had neglected this higher something; therefore, his goodness was of no avail to him. We must look at that “better,” which stands above the “good” in this picture of him, and which he neglected. And what is that? About the same as that with which the Lord once charged the learned men and Pharisees. “Ye . . . have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith.”

He fares sumptuously every day and revels in the good things of God; but he does not consider that he is but a steward, who must some day give an account. He clothes himself with the finest fabrics from far countries, but does not think of his nakedness before God. He seeks the admiration of men, but forgets the judgment of heaven. In the same way he neglects true pity. Good-natured enough to allow Lazarus to

remain lying before his gate, but in this very act he is endlessly cruel to the afflicted man; he gives him no shelter, no attention. He sees him daily, covered with sores, but pours no drop of balsam into his wounds. For himself he is extravagant, for others niggardly. He clothes himself in purple, and leaves others naked. He is also unmerciful to his brothers, in spite of all his friendliness. His example draws them on, or keeps them in the way to destruction. Most wanting in piety, however, he shows himself to Lazarus, and *in him* to himself. In all of this careful nursing of his body he allows his own soul to languish, to starve, and he lays the foundation for that thirst which afterward consumes him. He neglects the true faith; he does not listen to Moses and the prophets, nor to the calls to repentance which God's long-suffering sends to him, nor to the silent sermon of God's undeserved goodness toward him, which is daily preached from the appealing looks of Lazarus. He does not regard the lesson of the irrational brutes (if we may regard their licking of Lazarus' sores as an expression of pity shaming to man), nor the sickness of Lazarus, which constantly holds before his eyes his own weakness, nor his death and the earnest warning in it. He remains a perverse fellow, who, even in eternity, contends with Abraham (v. 30), without penitence, without faith. For when he afterward confesses that his brothers are still unconverted, he acknowledges thereby that he himself has not yet repented, and that this has brought him to the place of torment. He has neglected the chief thing. Is it much better with us in this respect, dear souls? How often do we reflect upon the judgment of God, upon the garment of righteousness? Are we really pitying in our alms? Do we sufficiently put ourselves in the position of the needy, so that our inmost heart opens and softens, and we speak and act only from deepest pity? Art thou not liberal with thy wealth for honor, for displays for thyself and the honor of thy house, but miserly with thy wealth for charity. Oh, how much miserable miserliness goes often hand in hand with extravagance! Art thou merciful to those around thee? Dost thou not quietly allow them to wander to destruction? Are we merciful to our own soul? Do we give to it as much care as to our body? Do we listen to Moses and the prophets, and, above all, to Christ, the Lazarus beyond comparison, when he knocks at our door, full of wounds, thorn-crowned? Whenever this better part is neglected, then the way is downward, in spite of all good and external respectability. Then life is not a gathering together, but a constant scattering, in spite of all splendor and riches, a constant impoverishment.

Dost thou recognize in the *poor man's* way features similar to those in thy path of life? Hard above that of the rich man, our text unrolls a very different picture of life: "*And there*

was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores." What a contrast! Here we have external misery in its most desperate shape, wretchedness upon wretchedness. The man is poor, shelterless, sick, and covered with open sores which show themselves to the daylight; therefore, he is without the necessary clothing, without friends and comforters, for even those who bring him to the gate of the rich man *throw* him down as a disgusting burden to be gotten rid of, for this is literally the expressive meaning of the Greek word translated by the expression "was laid;" and even the few scraps from the rich man's table are disputed to him by the unclean dogs, for it is said that he was "desiring to be fed with the crumbs," and that "the dogs came," and, possibly, their licking of his wounds may have increased the pain of the helpless one. Behold this wretch, to whom every day and night brings only fresh torments. And yet the line of this life is pointing *upward* from the lowest depth. He is mentioned by name, the rich man is not; this points to a difference. How many names of poor suffering ones stand written bright in God's book, whilst many a brilliant name, on earth more often mentioned, is forever lost in darkness! Abraham, too, does not call the rich man, but Lazarus, by his own name—v. 26. The one had his genealogical tree only in this world; the other strikes his roots in the invisible world, and grows with his name up to the heavens. For even though he be not more nearly described as to his inner life, still his name is magnificent enough. Not in vain is he called Lazarus, that is to say, "God, my help"—"Gott-hilf." The less men pity him, the more he seeks his help in God. We hear no complaints from him over his misery. He does not complain of the hard-hearted rich man. He does not envy him. He stands—in strong contrast to him—satisfied with little; he desires only to be fed with the crumbs, nor does he complain even when he does not receive these. In such a condition and with such treatment, resignedly to remain silent points to a strength of patience which can only come from the very strongest trust in God. In our Lazarettos his name has been perpetuated. Oh, that in them the fullness of Lazarus' patience and trust in God may live on! The greater his misery, the more he longs for the rest of the people of God. The more completely he is deserted here below, the more earnestly he sighs to heaven, "God help," and with each such sigh his way is leading, unseen, upward.

Ye poor and needy, how rich ye still are when ye behold yourselves in this glass. Ye still retain the use of your limbs. Ye are not full of sores, not without shelter and clothing, and not altogether without friends and help. Are ye also thankful

for all that God, even in your need, has left to you? And when your bread for a time dwindles to crumbs, are ye satisfied with so little? Oh how rare nowadays is the spirit of Lazarus among the poor! How often do the needy seek to help themselves by force; how do they set their hopes, not humbly on the God of Help, but perversely on the overturning of existing things! But rather will I ask us all: When we shall be lying sick, will we also suffer so quietly and so free from envy? Why do we look only at those who are externally better off than we? Are then these rich fools really to be envied who are in reality constantly growing poorer? Let us rather look at those who are worse off than we, at Lazarus—that poorest of men—and learn of him. Or, when all men desert us, and even crumbs fail, can we look up trustingly to Him for help, who feedeth all the birds of the air? Alas, that I must ask such a question! Has not the love of God been revealed to us far differently than to the sufferers of the Old Testament? Has not the Father in Heaven received us as His children, even in baptism? And can any one be deserted who in faith looks up to so rich and careful a Father? How easy is it in Him, who for us became so poor that we through His poverty might become rich, who is the way, the road back into the Father's house for all lost ones; how easy is it, in Jesus Christ, even for the poorest, yes especially for the poorest, and especially in time of need and trouble, to direct through penitence and faith his path of life upward! Oh, that we might accustom ourselves, by this great difference in the way of life, not to look so exclusively at the exterior! Look at the rich man and Lazarus. They are very different from each other in all that is external in possessions and goods, in respect and influence, in strength and health, in the whole possibility of enjoying life; but they differ much more in the inner man: the one clinging to the earthly, lustful and foolish, vain and proud, and growing constantly more unfeeling, unmerciful, more set in his fleshly lusts; the other, hoping no more from time and this world, patiently suffering, looking on high for his deliverance, longing for rest in death. Which of the two dost thou resemble? Neither, entirely. But thy line of life has taken one or the other direction, either downward or upward. The former, when, with all outward goodness and respectability, that better and alone needful thing has been neglected—the true watchfulness over thyself and compassion for thyself and others have been omitted. The latter when, in the midst of misery, thou hast learned to seek that which is above, to yearn and strive for it, and when in faith thou putteth thy trust in the Lord, no matter whether friendly rays of summer brighten thy life, or much sorrow darkens thy path. External success is far from being evidence of this. Many a man is rich, and yet is a poor, longing Laza-

rus. Many a man is poor, and yet, in his way, as careless a prodigal and hard-hearted as the most extravagant and unmerciful rich man. The paths of life of two men may seem quite similar, and yet the one may be wandering toward life, the other toward death. Many a one journeys, in his heart, this upward path, although his external circumstances may seem its reverse. Therefore, let no one be offended at the differences in external goods and manner of living; but regard the differences in *men* and in the convictions of their hearts. This external inequality of men is truly great, even in our time. The complainings of the poor against the rich, of workmen against employers, is constantly growing louder and more threatening. Dear Christians, bear this in mind, the contrast of poor and rich has been since of old in the world, and will continue so, according to the words of the Lord: "For ye have the poor with you always;" for poverty is the fruit, not alone of mortal deeds, but of God's disposition or sufferance. God the Lord gives therein to mankind, and more especially to Christians, the great task of leveling these distinctions through love, and here is opened for us the possibility of countless good works. If any one possess more than thou, he is exposed to heavier temptations. Those words remain true: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." Hast thou few goods and many wants, thy Christian humility shall serve thee all the more; thou shalt have all the greater power to receive the gospel, for "to the poor the gospel is preached."

Second. Let us look next into the world to come, at the equalizing inversion of the conditions of the pampered rich man and the silent, suffering poor man. There the difference shows itself still greater than on earth, and the justice of God comes brightly to light. See how the poor one has now become rich, how he has been raised up. Let us consider him first. "*And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels unto Abraham's bosom.*" How often had he longed for death; now the hour of his deliverance is striking. No one upon earth notices his death, no one misses him, except perhaps the dogs. But above, the death of His saints is precious to the Lord (Ps. cxvi: 15). Angels bestir themselves for him. If Death ever makes a gracious end to all want, he does it in the case of this poorest of men. He himself does not die, only his misery and his suffering body. His soul is very soon in blessed communion with the forefathers and with all the pious children of Israel in Paradise. On earth no one cared for him; now the angels are his servants. There, he lay sick upon the hard stones; now, he has Abraham's bosom for his resting-pillow, and receives exceeding comfort. All that his soul trustingly held fast in the midst of his earthly troubles, the

hope for the coming rest for the children of God, is now his own, for "hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom" (Epist. James ii: 5). See the equalizing justice of God, so clearly expressed in Abraham's words, "and likewise Lazarus did evil things in his life," "but now he is comforted." He had sowed much in tears, now he may reap in joy. Now the enigmas of his life solve themselves. Often could he not repress the question: "Why am I made to suffer above others?" Now everything is clear: the world and the earthly life were to be made bitter to him, in order that he might set his hopes on God and learn to long to be at rest with the saints. The petition, the prophecy of his name, "Help God," is now fulfilled. God has helped him and shown Himself to him a true God of covenant. Now he shall learn, the longer the more blessed, that the sufferings of this world are not to be considered in comparison to the glory which shall be revealed to us. Oh, holy path of God! when it leads us through many sorrows, apparently downward, but in reality upward. The narrower and more thorny the path, the more splendid the goal to which it leads. The more that this world owes us in friends and the fulfilling of our wishes, so much richer and more comforting is the adjustment in the other world. Well for us that we, as Christians, have a so much clearer insight into eternity and the mystery of its retribution, that we, in faith in the Sufferer of all sufferers, can utter the words, "through cross to crown," and find comfort in them, even here, for all the sufferings of this life.

How canst Thou be angry with us, for Thy truth cannot deny itself? The paths are sometimes crooked and yet straight, on which Thou leadest Thy children to Thee; it may seem often very strange, yet Thy high wisdom will be manifest in full triumph at last. And the rich man? His fate, too, shows the compensating inversion of the other world. Behold, how very poor he has become! "The rich man also died and was buried." Death certainly came unwished for to him. As one has said, "Oh, death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, to the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things;" whilst in the case of the poor man, the words are true which follow these, "Oh, death! acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age and is vexed with all things."

The same death, how different it appears to men, according as they approach the gates of eternity with or without hope! The rich man "was buried." A funeral ceremony full of pomp, the end of his magnificence, well suited to his past life, but how poorly suited to his beginning poverty. The burying of Lazarus is not mentioned. As his death was ne

great event for the world, so his funeral was of no great ceremony. Such paupers are buried in all stillness; no one troubles himself about them further. Now, the same earth covers them both; death has made all outward things equal between them, but only to create the greater difference. How fares it with the rich man? "And in hell" [or, more exactly, "in the lower world," "the realm of death"] "he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." How the parts have been changed. The richest man is at once changed into the poorest beggar, who begs and begs in vain for a drop of water, and suffers in his flame infinitely more than Lazarus once suffered with his sores. Let us consider his condition by itself, for our Lord has pictured this to us much more fully than his life on earth. He is in the place of punishment in the Kingdom of Death, not in the bottomless pit which shall open after the last judgment, but still on this side of it. But his pain is great enough, all the greater because the earthly life had brought him so little of suffering. We see in him, first of all: That a departed soul retains, even after death, a clear consciousness and distinct recollection—he recognizes Lazarus. This very recollection becomes a chief agent of his sufferings, of the unquenchable fire and of the undying worm. The sight of Lazarus must remind him of his great neglect, of his want of mercy, as afterward the recollection of his brothers reminds him, without doubt, of the bad example which he has set them. He sees Abraham above him, "afar off," in an entirely different place, and the long distance makes it painfully clear to him how little he had once followed in Abraham's footsteps, although he was his father, too. He is also reminded of Moses and the prophets—fresh misery. He must acknowledge that he has not obeyed them. No! the departed soul does not drink of the waters of forgetfulness, as the Greeks once dreamed, but recollection becomes so clear that even that which long ago has slumbered, awakes. "Son, remember," preaches everything here. Still more: We see in the case of this poor rich man, that his old sins and faults still continue to live in the future world. And whence should an inner change come? Only the form of existing has changed, the man, and his character is the same. He is still somewhat, conceited, and treats Lazarus as formerly, as if he still thought that he could dispose of him. He is still accustomed to judge every one by himself; therefore he does not credit Lazarus with enough forgetful love to have fulfilled his wish of his own accord without a command from Abraham, and turns himself therefore to Abraham. In his position are many others; therefore Abra-

ham speaks in the plural. Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence cannot." He sees that no one around him enjoys the refreshing waters which he begs for, and yet he hopes for an exception in his case because he is the rich, respected man, who once on earth had enjoyed every possible favor.

And just as on earth he had defied all the warnings of conscience, all the finger-pointings of God, so now he shows the same hard-necked defiance and spirit of contradiction, the same high-minded, irreverent desire of knowing better, even in the presence of Abraham, whom he yet calls father, and shows, too, probably, the same mixture of selfish designs with apparent, or possibly sincere, sympathy. "I pray thee, therefore, Father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them lest they also come into this place of torment." There may have been, to a certain extent, a natural pity in this, but it was certainly mingled with fear, lest his brothers should reproach him and thus increase his torment; and in this making of excuses for his brothers there lies at the same time a self-excusing, as though he had not been sufficiently warned in his father's house, as though he had never known of a place of torment. Hence the reproving answer, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." God does not accompany you in your journeyings. The revelation in His Scripture is fully sufficient for all; the regular service of the Word is sufficient to allow every one to find the way to life. How clearly is here the evangelical doctrine confirmed, of the all-sufficiency of the Holy Scripture. But the rich man will not admit that, just as at the present time many are not content with the preaching of the Church, although God, after Moses and the prophets, now speaks to us through His Son. "And he said, Nay, Father Abraham;" he still knows better than Abraham, and yet has betrayed himself so miserably; "but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent." He had refused to listen to Moses and the prophets in his lifetime, and still values their testimony but little, as insufficient, and acknowledges herein that he himself had not repented, nor would repent, and that he with justice is now in the place of torment. He shows no self-recognition, no true penitence, will not acknowledge his fault, does not examine himself, but casts the blame from himself upon his surroundings, upon Moses and the prophets, and upon God himself. Even now he is not willing to listen to Abraham; he wishes to play the master, and to his insinuating "Father" he receives no longer from Abraham the title "son," because he refuses even in torment to amend. His penitence and his inner man do not grow, only his despair; his poverty, his helplessness become ever more bottomless, as Abraham pronounces the final sentence over him: "If they hear not

Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded" (to penitence), "though one rose from the dead;" words which prove themselves only too true, in that very generation, not alone when that other Lazarus, he of Bethany, arose from death, and the high priests desired to kill him instead of believing in Jesus (John xii: 10); but much more when the Son of God Himself sent the witnesses of His resurrection to His people. To him who does not hear Moses and the prophets, the Risen One, the whole tidings of the eternal life, it may even now become as a fable.

The rich man must now forever be silent; nothing more remains to him except his sin and its bitter fruits, a warning example that he who dies in his sins shall awake again with his sins in the other world. And this is the condition of a lost soul *before* the judgment; what may then await him *after* the judgment-day. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear! Appears to thee the torment too great? Consider the divine justice in this award. Abraham declares it from the very first: "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." The good things which his soul appreciated he had really received and enjoyed, and with them he had received a rich reward for any possible human goodness in this life. But he had been unwilling to refresh and satisfy his soul; now he cannot do it, but is tormented. His whole life long he had thirsted always for fresh pleasures; now that thirst which had been so long cultivated has seized him and consumes him, because there is no longer the possibility of satisfying it. With his tongue this glutton had particularly offended; and now in the midst of this great heat it suffers most from that burning thirst, for even the departed appear, according to Scripture, not to lead a perfectly bodyless and fully naked soul-life. Often enough had Lazarus appealed to him in vain for crumbs; and now he is refused even a little drop of water. He had enjoyed his large earthly possessions without reflecting; and now he must find that he cannot enjoy even a drop of water without God's mercy. The unmerciful man had always thought only of himself; and now no one comes to his aid in the midst of his merciless torments. He had once luxuriated to excess, from day to day; and now he must do without that which droppeth down from heaven into the lap even of the poorest—must utterly wither and languish. Once he proudly passed by the poor believers and children of God; now he is separated by a great gulf from them. In the flesh he had sown; from the flesh he receives destruction. He had carelessly thrown away the precious lifetime, could scarcely enjoy it rapidly enough; now each minute of his torments stretches itself out to an eternity. Oh,

holy justice of God ; how completely it atones for the inequalities of this life by the rewarding and punishing compensation of the future world ! How promptly does it render true, even to the smallest detail, the words, "Wherewith a man sins, therewith shall he be punished." The poorest one has now become infinitely rich, the rich man indescribably poor and miserable. Now our earthly allotments are rendered perfectly clear in the light of the other world, and the enigmas of the varied paths of life solve themselves altogether.

Therefore, he who loses faith in the future life and its recompenses, loses the key to the comprehension of this life. To him the hidden questions of life become confused, and he must doubt the final victory of a holy, recompensing justice. Let us therefore believe, as we look upon this torment, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." What would the poor lost soul not give if he could but recall one single day, and could sow otherwise for eternity ? Thou hast yet a "to-day !" and belongest thou to his brethren ? Alas ! he has many more than five of them, everywhere, perhaps among us, who are like him ? Oh, let him to-day not have sighed in vain before thee ! "I am tormented in this flame." Everything for which he begs has already been granted in a much higher sense to thee ; One has arisen from the dead and has testified to thee, that Man of Sorrows, who also bore thy sores, the Conqueror of Death, and He sends to thee, in the word of to-day, His warning and threatening message : "For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy" (James ii : 13), but "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy (Matt. v : 7). Amen.

Divine Anatomy.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Thomas Armitage, D D.,** NEW YORK.

*The word of God is living, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. And there is no creature that is not manifest in His sight: but all things are naked and opened to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.—Heb. iv : 12, 13.**

THERE are two great topics in preaching which never fail to interest the mind: God and man. Man ever loves to hear of his origin and destiny, of his relations to his Maker, and his Maker's feelings toward him. The theme, therefore, which this uncommon passage presses upon our consideration, cannot fail to impress us, because it covers all these vital points and their issues. Could the all-searching Jehovah come nearer to us than He does in these words, in which He proposes to put the most concealed and secret parts of our person and being under the processes of a searching anatomy? His purpose is to lay the most distant recesses of our constitution bare to His inspection and our own, that we may unmistakably discover our relations to Him, to the truth, and to ourselves, in all their various bearings. The three great branches which man loves to study in himself are his organization, his vital functions, and his moral and intellectual powers. His physical structure is the subject of anatomy, a science which covers all the divisions of his body, while metaphysics cover the operations of his mind and will, and physiology reveals the various motions and actions of the vital organs of his body. What we call anatomy of the body—from words which mean, in the Greek, “to cut through,” and “up,” or cutting through or up—is a science which has revealed man's body to himself in detail, and therefore always commands his interest. As anatomy is the basis of medical science, it guides both the eye and the hand of the surgeon, and inspires him with a ready confidence to search among the most delicate structures, whose lesion would be mortal. A vessel must be tied, or a tumor extirpated, the seat of diseases revealed, the changes in form, size and relation of the organs ascertained, and the texture of morbid bodies proved, so that the most scrupulous and dextrous handling is demanded. As a science, anatomy also excites the greatest curiosity. The botanist is eager to ascertain the character of a flower, and the mineralogist the nature of a stone—so eager that they undertake wearisome journeys and dangerous voy-

* [The text is printed as rendered by the speaker.—ED.]

ages to enrich their love of science with a new species, and this does not surprise us. Much less does that ardor which pursues the study of man, this masterpiece of creation, whose structure, formed in such nicety and strength, displays perfection in its parts and harmony in its whole. The marvelous organization, prearranged with such wisdom that no single fibre can bear the slightest addition or diminution of power without introducing disorder and destroying its exact equilibrium, naturally excites all intelligent men to exclaim with Galen, that a work on anatomy is the most beautiful hymn which man can chant in honor of his Creator. The first step toward the dissection of the human body was taken very early, in the anatomy of vegetables and animals, in what is called "comparative anatomy." The ancient priests found it necessary to inspect the internal structure of their sacrifices, for the purpose of discovering any blemishes or defects, from disease or malformation, which should condemn the victims as imperfect oblations, and so they came to gain considerable accurate knowledge of the animal economy. The human form was first dissected about 300 B. C., the subjects being the bodies of criminals; and thus by slow degrees, from that time downward, the existence of the nervous system, the circulation of the blood, the functions of the heart and the character of the brain, with a thousand other discoveries, have been found at the point of the knife and under the power of the microscope, and have been of invaluable service to the painter, the sculptor and the theologian, as well as to the surgeon and physician. This practical work of the dissecting-room has become vital to the true interests of humanity.

Its slow but minute findings have substituted certainty for theory, and knowledge for tradition, and the text-books of to-day lay as clearly before the student all the unseen operations of the recesses of life as the pencil and chisel of Da Vinci, Raphael or Angelo, in their anatomy, brought out the study of superficial muscle and bones. So thoroughly has anatomical work been reduced to a system, that the human body is apportioned out to it under all its appropriate branches—general and special, surgical and topographical—till every region, organ and component part of the body is subject to its operations for the beneficial, and even benevolent, uses of man.

Now, my text claims that what the scalpel does in laying bare the secret workings of the animal economy, the Word of God does in exposing the secret life of the moral nature. In God's anatomy upon the human heart, His word is whetted to the keenest edge—is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing, dividing, laying bare the thoughts and intents of the heart, till all things in it are naked and open to the sight of Him with whom we have to do. Not only does it assume to discern or

discover the things that are perceptible to sense, but to pierce into and analyze the deepest thought and the subtlest intent that lurks in the breast; and then not only to draw a distinctive line, but to insert the blade, without the shade of a hair's breadth of uncertainty, between the joints and the marrow, piercing even to the dividing of things as invisible as soul and spirit. Chrysostom is disposed to translate the word rendered "naked" by *excoriata*, as if to carry with it the metaphor of taking a hide from a beast, so that its reeking frame has no covering left. And as if this were not enough, the apostle adds the word "opened," because he would express the act of cutting up the inward parts, so that nothing escapes God's eye in His anatomy of man's heart. In His dissection He passes the blade between the flesh and the spirit—the sinews and the veins—bringing to light all the hidden things of darkness—kenning those very secrets which are masked and veiled from human perception. This is Paul's picture, one of those vivid, tissuey plates, by which he illustrates the art of Divine anatomy. Look at this soul-science:

I.—IN ITS SUBJECT. "*The Heart.*" Sometimes in art the most forcible of all pictures appeal to a nervous or morbid vision—pictures from which we cannot but shrink because of their deathly pallor and ghastly contortions. Of this class are the head of Holofernes held up by the gory locks, and the head of John the Baptist brought, at the demand of Herodias, on a dish. We are interested in their study only because the subjects are human, but because cruelly human they are brutal, and shock the best elements of our nature. With totally different feelings do we approach "Rembrandt's Anatomical Lesson," because of the vital mysteries which it reveals in man's breast. Ruskin says of this master, that he has made "a spotted shell altogether sublime by broad truth and large ideality of light and shade." But in this "Lesson" he has risen with his subject from the shell to the grander theme of the man who tramples it underfoot. There lies on the table before you the truest type of physical manhood in the image of death. The vitals of the chest are exposed to keen inspection; the professor of the mystical science is coolly but nervously tracing his way, by the point of his knife, through all the labyrinths of the cavity—your eye seizes upon fleshy fibre and severed vessel, upon artery and exposed ventricle, contracted auricle and chilled muscle—and his class of startled students are crowded about him and his subject, with a peering inquiry, an enthusiastic discovery, which tells you that they can at once see, and hear, and feel the great springs of life in motion, for that the rosy blood is yet coursing through its tubes, and mysterious life is still in pulsation throughout each member of the curious machinery. No wonder that they are startled into an ecstatic bliss and the expres-

sion of every feeling that the face can utter, for each one, while gazing on the pallid subject, casts an introspective glance into his own breast, as the glowing conviction steals through it, telling him that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made." But the subject of dissection, which the inspired hand of Paul presents in my text, takes us beyond the cavity where that bundle of muscles called the heart contracts seventy times in a minute, and at each contraction propels two ounces of blood, by a force which keeps the current of life in a perpetual circulation to the extremities. It carries us into the regions where the bosom of the soul heaves, and the life of the spirit throbs, and the breathings of thought are heard, and the movements of intent are deciphered. What an anatomical subject is this for a holy God to handle! When God binds an immaterial and ethereal human soul to the dissecting-table of truth, and proceeds to send the penetrations of his flaming eye into all its dark corners, as He said of ancient Jerusalem, "I will search it with a lighted candle," every vapory essence of the soul is illuminated by His gaze, just as the noontide sun threads through the tissues of a quivering mist. Realm after realm in the spirit are ransacked, explored and laid bare, till the whole inner nature becomes an open book. What chambers are so dark and deep as those caverns where man's inner nature revels in all the wild confusion of thought, passion, inclination, sensibility, purpose and resolution!

My text presents Jehovah as cleaving a thought in twain here, unraveling an intent to tatters yonder, disjoining an emotion now, and then piercing to the very marrow of a fugitive imagination. These are the terrible thoughts which my text forces upon you when it talks about the sundered joints of a soul and the exposed marrow of a spirit. No elemental subtilty can parallel the embryo of a "thought," the formings of an "intent." Their celerity is swifter than lightning, and their threads are more snarled and tangled than Absalom's hair on the oak bough. Man's soul is never in repose. He generates thoughts like the sands of the sea, and they are just as diversified as his faculties and as versatile as his dispositions. He pores over his impressions. His thoughts burrow in his brain. His sensibilities take wings. The pinions of hope carry him into zones of fancied delight, or they drop him into despair and sink him into the Slough of Despond. A breath stimulates his blood, or a shadow unnerves him. One moment, all is as transparent to him as a crystal, and the next, perception is deceptive, memory fallacious, fancy distracted, judgment incorrect, and reason false; till his soul's operations become an interwoven phenomena that is perfectly inextricable. He is the subject of sympathies and antipathies which are unaccountable, so that his will is made the slave of his senses. Like Vincent, the painter, he will faint at the fragrance of a

rose; or, like Erasmus, fall into a fever at the smell of a fish; or, like Nicanor, swoon when he hears a flute. He becomes fascinated under the spell of a nervous sensibility, or distracted with the idea of himself. At times his soul asks, What is this invisible, vital fluid which I call my life? What is this electric principle, this touch, this breath, this warmth, this aroma of health, which trembles and flutters within me? His courage, his eloquence, his energy, his fanaticism make every chord of his life vibrate, as under the spell of a harpist's hand. Or an enchantment waves over him, and at once the coward rushes into the battle, the timid dares to attempt all peril, and the humane dips his hand in blood. Example moves him like the power of a magnet; he is elevated by the ascendancy of others till, under a powerful contagion, he casts his reason aside, determined, without cause, to emulate martyrs and heroes. Where the *stimulus* of imitation leaves him, the propensities of instinct find him, and then animal wants press him. Physical repulsions and attractions convert him into a chemical laboratory, where acids and alkalies, carbon and oxygen, minerals and magnetism make him their sport. Hunger attacks him, and poverty and wanness,—pestilence and the living skeleton follow him and consign him to agonizing misery; and in turn, these are followed by all the alarming portents which are created by his *moral* powers.

Selfishness asserts itself, frivolity and vagrant fancies float idly through the mind, loose ideas of duty multiply themselves in the most unmeaning, unprofitable, unapplied way, and with ungovernable rapidity, because the imagination will act when conscience and judgment decline their duty. Thus the hope of soul-life is converted into a dream, having neither taste nor energy for moral pursuits; and being left without religious resources, either in the intellect or affections, it is literally left without God; and as a soul is made for God, but refusing to yield itself to the purposes of its maker, it is necessarily "without hope in the world." The whole history of humanity shows that minds ignorant of God yield at once to the force of sensual impressions; and that because the brain and nerves, when not governed by divine light, are predisposed to obey whatever impulse a corrupt heart sends forth. On that very point Luther says, "When the soul is busied with grievous cogitations, the body must partake of the same. When cares, sorrows and passions do exceed, then they weaken the body, which without the soul is dead, or, like a horse, without one to rule it. But when the heart is at rest and quiet, then it taketh care of the body. Whoso is possessed with these trials should in no case be alone nor hide himself, and so bite and torment himself with his and the devil's cogitations and possessings." And our Lord de-

clares the same thing when He says : " Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," which, of course, control the body and manifest themselves in " adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, wantonness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come forth from within, and defile the man without." Thus the heart, with its " thoughts and intents," is anatomatized and laid open to the eye of God, and its gigantic tyrannies over man's whole being, by lust, passion, affection and appetite, are laid bare, as if God had put it upon a platter and dissected it by the very fibre ; " for all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Now look at God's anatomy,

II.—IN ITS BENEVOLENCE. God dissects a man's heart only to remove from it all foreign and abnormal substances ; cleaves it only to expose, and exposes only to remove disease and save life. No sight on earth is so painful as that of a skillful surgeon, whose mind is strung up to the highest tension, till his nerve is as steady as the magnetic needle, and his judgment is as cool as the North to which it points, and in this frame operating upon a suffering patient. It appears to an unthinking mind like the height of heartlessness for him to grasp the knife firmly, and, without a twinge or wince, almost at one stroke sever the joint at the socket, or lay bare the bone and pierce to the marrow. Yet no act of benevolence on earth is greater than the act of the skillful anatomist in cutting off the right hand, or plucking out the right eye, or removing a deadly tumor. And the more direct, accurate and cool the act on his part, the better for the sufferer, the lighter his torture, and the surer his cure. All that a man has will he give for his life, and when gangrene threatens, so that mortality has already seized a limb or other member of the body, it is better that the part be promptly amputated than that the whole body should perish. The self-possessed and skillful operator does not revel in the clinic, and hack poor tortured humanity for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Neither does our Lord practice the agonizing anatomy of truth upon us for the purposes of torment and alarm, but that we may be saved. At Pentecost, Peter plied the charge of murder upon " the thoughts and intents " of the Jewish heart as coolly, as skillfully, as benevolently as Galen, or Harvey, or Hunter would use the scalpel. And as the two-edged sword was thrust home, " they were pierced to the heart, and cried, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" But that day three thousand of that perverse generation were saved : a work betokening the most astonishing art in applying the truth in its strength, and simplicity, and dignity. No surgical instrument can arouse the dormant energies of a perverted system so quickly and thoroughly as the home-thrusts of God's Word. And the most benevolent con-

sideration in this case is that the subject of the pain, as well as the inflictor of the wound, feels its need, sees its reasonableness, and becomes grateful for its exercise. The Word of God is not simply an impending smart in the nature of a tortuous threat. The elder Dionysius was a tyrant, and, according to Cicero, Damocles of Syracuse was one of his courtiers and flatterers, and fond withal of regal luxury. His master, to rebuke him, prepared a sumptuous feast for him, but as he sat at the table a sharp sword was suspended over his head by a single hair. But in God's anatomy of the heart no such unworthy tricks are resorted to; rather benefits and blessings are conferred. The apostle gives us a most pertinent case in point. He supposes the Church at Corinth assembled, when an infidel comes into the place and listens to the miraculous exercise of unknown tongues—each one of the saints speaking a foreign language which he had not learned—till the medley of loud, indecorous sounds converted the room into a Babel; so that the Apostle asks, "Will he not say that ye are mad?" But immediately a second infidel comes in while the Church is listening to prophecy, that is, to the preaching of the gospel, holding up Christ, enforcing some heart-searching doctrine or truth, which goes like a dagger to the sealed grot of the heart; laying bare the man's breast to his own inspection; making him reel with the faintness of death and swoon under the loss of his own blood as it flows from the wound, till, as the apostle puts the fact, "He is convicted by all, he is judged by all; the secrets of his heart are made manifest; and so, falling on his face, he will worship God, reporting that God is in truth among you." This shows that God's anatomy is greater than miracles, because His word is living and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing of soul and spirit.

You see that there is not only the *power of division* in the *Word of God*—"dividing the joints from the marrow"—but there is the *power of discernment* as well. This implement is "sharper than any two-edged sword." John, on Patmos, in recording the vision which he had of the risen Redeemer, describes the searching power of His address by the same phraseology—"Out of His mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword." In plain terms, a "two-edged sword" which He had tempered, and forged, and polished to a keenness that will do effectual execution upon those gossamer nerves which ramify through an invisible spirit by lines which an angel's eye cannot see, and which the searching eye of God alone can trace; but which a sinner may discern, when God's knife lays them bare, as plainly as you could gaze upon the monstrous withs which lift the brawny arms of Samson. Bring this blade out of its scabbard and let Jehovah push it when His strong right arm is made so bare that not one fold of His vesture shall bind it, and the man who writhes

under its double edge when it is cutting the joint one way and the marrow the other—sundering the “intents and thoughts of the heart” by the truth to the thousandth part of a hair’s breadth—will find his corruptions stirred, his affections and lusts bleeding, the veins of his soul and spirit gurgling as if he was staggering under his deathblow, and will exclaim, as David did of Goliath’s sword, “There is none like it.” There have been many “sharp, two-edged swords” in the earth, subjected, like the Damascus blade, to all ingenious temperings; but Paul says that this Jerusalem instrument is “sharper than *any*” of them. David also says, “The entrance of Thy voice giveth light”—as if “the sword of the spirit had eyes in it to inspect wherever it penetrates.” Shakespeare talks about the “mind’s eye,” which flashes through all the sensations and actions of the soul like lightning, and reveals to man’s own consciousness all that God has detected within him, by piercing deep below the surface to the very aggregating point where all human life meets. There is life in the Word. It is “living,” and therefore “powerful,” to inflict acute sensibility in every spot which it touches, and thus it is self-evidencing. Certain historic things need corroborating evidence outside of themselves, but other things are self-evident. The sun tells of its own light, and you cannot well prove it; your pulse tells of your own life, and you cannot demonstrate it by reasoning. So here, the Word of God, like a keen critic and detector, shows you to yourselves. Instinctively, the man whose spirit is laid bare by the knife of divine dissection, confesses that everything within him is brought to light with such exactitude that the Word reads his thought better than he knows it himself, and searches, in broad daylight, those parts of his nature which he hardly knew to exist. So deeply and sagaciously did a word from Christ penetrate into the soul of the Samaritan woman, that it opened her whole history to her at one gash like a knife, and she exclaims of Jesus that He had “told her all things that ever she did.” Every hidden feature and lurking peculiarity, however intricate, or deeply imbedded in her breast, were laid bare in their hiding places, and shown to herself as clearly as if she saw her portrait in a glass.

And now, my hearers, what man in this assembly has the courage this morning to raise his eye, and, looking into the face of the great Anatomist, say: “Search me, Oh God! and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me”? Who will have the radical deceitfulness of his own heart probed to-day? “Who will have every subterfuge explored, every false excuse disquieted, all the soul-cheating and all the lying vanities of the spirit counted, one by one, till they perfectly tally with the honest count of God’s eye?” Do you invite the great Detector now

to lay bare the treachery, the alienation, the obstinacy and the callousness of the heart, by one dissecting stroke? Or will you clothe yourselves in thick armor, to ward off the knife of the Anatomist? Nay; forbid it! Let Him rather cut to the very quick, that you may escape your terrible danger. What, if the exposure shall exhibit to yourselves a startling moral deformity, leaving a proud, worldly-minded, presumptuous heart gasping and shuddering before your eyes, your own conscience meanwhile accusing you? Let the deadness of the conscience and the wickedness of the heart attest to you, as no reasoning can, the divinity of the gospel in its self-evident power. An agency which outlines yourself to yourself, and searches you through and through, by such a soul-inquisition, cannot be of tradition, cannot be of superstition, cannot be of deception. Such piercings are not of earthly origin; they make the gospel its own witness. Such cut-and-thrust truths as these come not of the dull and blunt instruments which tear and mangle, but never artfully disjoint and divide. No; if you would be satisfied that the Maker of your wonderful and mystic soul and the Author of the Word of God are one, let this two-edged sword operate upon all your internal inveteracy, gashing the very core of disease, cutting up by the very root all your cancerous tissues, till you shall see yourself as God sees you—a dissected one, bleeding at every pore, severed only to be healed, dissected only that oil and balm may be poured in. Such divine anatomy will evince to you the divine wisdom and love of Him who cleaves a spirit by the sword with two edges. Amen.

Respect for the Truth.

A DISCOURSE

By **Père Hyacinthe**, IN THE WINTER CIRCUS, PARIS, APRIL 15, 1877.

[Translated from the French by Leonard Woolsey Bacon.]

I AM deeply affected in view of this great audience, this cordial reception. I rise once more to speak in my own country, in France, after eight years of silence and exile, after the war, the council, the revolutions of my own life. There have been great ruins wrought in the midst of us; but the hour of destruction is passed; that of reconstruction is drawing nigh; and, for my part, I do not fear. I have never feared for the two causes which I have always served—the cause of Christianity and the cause of France.

I miss, indeed, the vaulted roof of Notre Dame; but, whatever our religious or philosophical convictions, I feel that we have all of us earnestness enough and power enough in our consciences to consecrate this room, and turn it into a temple.

Understand, my friends, I am not here to speak to you of religion. I would fain have done so. I have retained, in its fullness and its intensity, the old, genuine, Catholic faith. I am still a Catholic. I am still a priest. My enemies often remind me of this, telling me that the priesthood is something indelible, not to be effaced either in time or in eternity. I know this; more, I feel it! And because I am a priest, I would have been glad to lift up my voice untrammelled in the midst of my country, and say aloud what so many priests—so many thousands of priests, to my knowledge—and so many thousands of Catholics silently think, but cannot utter.

Yes, indeed, I had wished to speak of religion. But it has not been permitted me, and I know how to render to God the things that are God's, and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.*

But morality is a holy thing, and in my esteem the two sanctuaries in which it dwells are the chief of all—the conscience of the individual and the home of the family. What, indeed, is this morality of which I am to speak? A morality without God? I honor and respect those who sincerely maintain the possibility of such a system of morals; but I do not share in the least either their principles or their methods. To my mind, morality has its origin in the Absolute, living and personal—

* Under the rigorous laws limiting the liberty of public meeting in France, this discourse had been permitted only on condition that it was not to trench either on religion or on politics, but **only on morality**.

that is, in God; and when this morality is complete it has a name of its own—it is Christian morality.

It is well understood, then, that I am not to treat of Catholic dogmas, nor enter into religious controversy; but I am to speak freely of morality—Christian morality.

I come, then, to my subject—Respect for Truth.

Respect for truth is the foundation of all morality. For what is morality but righteousness? and what is righteousness but truth in practice—truth, in man's relations with himself and his fellow-men, translated into action? I repeat it, then: Respect for truth is the very basis of moral order.

I shall not attempt to treat this subject under its loftiest aspect and on its positive side. I shall regard it rather on its negative side. This study is not the less practical; for, if we know the chief obstacles in the way of the kingdom of truth and righteousness among men, we shall have all the more light and strength to oppose and overcome them.

The power by which truth is assailed in this world is error, or—if I may give it its Bible name—lying. In the Bible this word is used in a sense much wider, more philosophical, more profound than its ordinary sense in common language. Lying, in the Bible sense, is any infringement upon the truth, whatever the form or the instrument of it; by thought and act, as well as by word; any infringement on the truth, not only when conscious, and therefore guilty, but also when involuntary and irresponsible. It is in this general sense, I warn you from the outset, that I shall use the word when I shall have occasion. I judge no man's conscience, not even my own. I leave it to the Supreme Judge to penetrate the reins and the heart.

"Man," says La Bruyere, "is a born liar;" and explains himself a little further on by saying that "all the passions are mendacious." Man is a born liar; and yet he bears in the sacred depths of his nature an instinctive and irrepressible love for truth. But it costs something to tell the truth, it costs still more to practice it; and so it comes about that man, the slave of his passions, prefers lies. Nothing more universal than the horror of lying; nothing, at the same time, rarer than a practical and constant respect for the truth. All the passions are liars. The first of these great liars is vanity—I do not say pride, for when in view of some act of his a man loses his self-respect, at least with reference to this act, he still clings to the idea of holding the respect of others. He is shut up, then, to this alternative—to reform or to lie. Reformation costs too much; lying apparently costs less. He covers himself, then, with the mask of dissimulation; and inasmuch as human life is governed by an implacable logic, one dissimulation leads to another, and so, from consequence to consequence, some lives become one perpetual disguise. Oh, how many men are going through exist-

ence in a mask!—men whose real features have never been seen, perhaps even once, by their nearest intimates—men whose real faces are not known to their own wives and children!

Another passion that causes the violation of the respect due to truth is ambition—ambition under all its forms, desire of power, of riches, of pleasure. Ah, gentlemen, when I contemplate the natural man—depraved man, as you will rather call him—man not yet brought by Christianity, or at least by a high, sincere and practical spiritual life, into subjection to the laws of righteousness and love, I am compelled to own that the law of our race is none other than the law of the lower races—the law of a struggle for existence. Only there is this difference between barbarous and civilized society: in barbarous society the struggle for existence shows itself in violence and murder, and we must apply to it the famous expression of Hobbes, “Man is a wolf to his neighbor,” *homo homini lupus*; in civilized society, at least, ordinarily, excepting the great conflict of nations on the battle-field, the struggle for existence takes another shape, and its instrument is cunning. We have to change the phrase, and write, *Homo homini vulpes*—“Man is a fox to his neighbor.” This is the spirit of all diplomacy, whether of public or of private life; in both, language is given to man, not to express but to disguise his thought. In a single day of human activity, in one of our great, industrious communities, how many offences against truth! In the products of manufacture, the bargains of commerce, the management of estates, even in the exercise of the liberal professions—everywhere, be it in competition for places, or in the rivalry of manufactures—you will find abundance of lies, either spoken or acted; and this, not only in men of no principle or of bad principles, but in men who are in other respects upright. It is a sort of fatality which clings not to this great civilization of which we are so justly proud, but to the abuses almost inseparable from it.

Passing now from private life to public, we find man again (for he is the same everywhere) with this innate love of truth and justice, and subject to this solicitation of the passions which draws him aside from them.

There are three great powers that govern public life in our western democracies—the press, public opinion, and the suffrage. I honor them, for I have learned from the apostle that “all power is of God,” and these are certainly not less directly from Him than that of the Roman Cæsar before whom Saint Paul did reverence. I honor them, but I do not flatter them; I have always esteemed it the highest mark of respect that could be given to a man or an institution, to tell them the simple truth. I will not speak of popular suffrage, not that it does not lay hold by all its fibres upon morality—and upon the greatest of all moralities, upon social morals—but because I do

not wish to approach, however remotely, the domain of politics. As to the press and public opinion, they present a series of the most complicated actions and reactions. Which of the two acts the more powerfully—public opinion on the press, or the press on public opinion? In some countries, those most advanced in national liberty, it is opinion that makes the press. In others it is the press that creates opinion. However this may be, if these two instruments of light and progress deserve our gratitude in a multitude of cases, it must be confessed that they are changed only too often into instruments of falsehood.

What maturity of thought, what austerity of conscience, what elevation, and sometimes what heroism of sentiments are required for the conduct of a newspaper, especially on the part of those which address the masses, above all on the part of those which claim to deal with the interests of the soul and of religion! Now I ask of the press of Europe, is there not occasion for a serious act of self-examination, as to the respect due to truth and the respect due to conscience, especially the conscience of that sovereign who, like the absolute monarchs of old, is not without his courtiers and flatterers—the people? I say no more.

I would fain quit these earthly regions in which human activity is displayed in the struggles of private and public life, and rise with you into what used to be spoken of as the august and peaceful temples—*templa serena*—into those spheres of art and science which are now-a-days so agitated and disturbed.

Art, my dear friends, is not only the assemblage of those marvels which we know under the names of architecture, sculpture, painting, music—music the great modern art, the democratic art. If I remember aright, it was a remark of Victor Hugo, thirty years ago, that music dates from the sixteenth century. But it has had to wait for the nineteenth to enter into its kingdom. I am speaking not only of these great and beneficent manifestations of the mind and heart of man. The poet, also, and the prose author, if he is a great author, have a right to the rank of artist, and consequently I use the word art for every expression of the beautiful in sensible form. And yet the beautiful is not the supreme law of art, because, if the beautiful radiates into form, it is itself a radiation from a loftier focus. We have to come back to the definition of the greatest of philosophers, Plato, that the beautiful is the splendor of the true. The object of art, then, is to express and, as far as possible, to popularize the splendor of intellectual and moral truth. To this it owes its kingship, I had almost said its priesthood. Oh, if the mission of the journalist is great, speaking the truth on men and things to the common people who read none but him, how much greater is the mission of the

artist, especially in these communities so consumed with feverish activity of material industry and the ceaseless agitations of politics? How great and important is the mission of these providential men, placed a little below the true priesthood of the ministers of religion, and in so intimate a connection with it, themselves bearing a like responsibility, to lift up the eyes and the hearts of men toward an unseen and better world, and upon the altar of the beautiful, but the beautiful through the true and for the good, the flame of the eternal ideal, and to shield it from the blast of every earthly wind!

Now, the first error committed in the name of art and against art is that of certain masters, of whom, in other respects, I would gladly call myself a disciple. And yet I think it my right and my duty to declare to the face of genius itself what I believe to be the truth. The error of which I speak consists in giving to art no other object than itself. It is what has been called, these few years past, the doctrine of art for art's sake. It seems to consecrate the independence and supremacy of art; in reality, it contains the germs of its decline. For if the only object of art is to produce new forms, if it does not stand related, as I was just saying, to a higher ideal of moral truth and goodness, it has only a petty part to play, and artists will soon become nothing better than purveyors of public amusement.

But no! art is too great a thing, and even in its departures from its proper sphere it will refuse to come down to so vulgar a level. If artists consent to be reckoned among the mere amusers of the soul, they will, even though they mean it not, become its corrupters; for they will hold it under various spells of influence, all alike potent—between the disappointing visions of an ideal without reality, and the debased representations of a realism without morality or inspiration.

This is the second falsehood of art in connection with the first, and they may be summed up together in this formula: that human life has no other object than its own emotions, and human art none other than its own forms.

I go further, and I point out some of the particular points in which a part of our poets and our philosophic romancers—even when their intentions are generous, as I freely own that they sometimes are—have only too often given testimony against the truth. What means this justification, this glorification of adultery, as opposed to the prosy virtue of faithful wedded love? What means this rehabilitation of the harlot? A strange theory this, that represents a purity of heart unknown to our sisters and our daughters, making its refuge in the dens of vice! And then it is skepticism which is set before us as the proper trait of superior minds; doubt, that terrible, sometimes sublime anguish of the mind, but which is none

the less a morbid state (for man is not made to pass his life between yea and nay, without power either to affirm or to deny); doubt is paraded before us as the loftiest and most delicate homage that can be rendered to that truth—which is alike desirable for us and incapable of being apprehended by us; blasphemy at last breaks out, in the moment of deepest passion, as the most heroic and the most religious utterance of the soul! Ah! there may be talent, genius, sometimes, I repeat it, a generous inspiration. But the inspiration, the talent, the genius thus applied are corrupted and corrupting. Doubtless, so far as concerns the personal responsibility of the author, it is of grave importance not to fall into such error except unconsciously, involuntarily, and with the intention of being faithful to a noble principle. But what difference does this make to society that suffers from this dissimulation of the truth? What difference does it make to the consciences of the multitude that are thus perverted? I have become blind, and in this state I take away the sight of my fellowman. It is not my fault. I am not responsible. But are we any the less deprived of the blessed light of day?

Error, even when it is guiltless, even when it is generous, is none the less error. When it has done its work, we have to cry, with the Psalmist, "The truth has failed from among the children of men."* And how much sadder is it when we are forced to add, that the truth has failed by the act of those very persons whose duty it was, whose purpose it was, to strengthen the truth.

From art let us pass to science—I mean the sciences of nature and of history. Our age—and this is one of its glories—has won for these two branches of knowledge greater progress, perhaps, than all preceding ages taken together. The progress made is incontestable, and it is prodigious. Whence arises (for I continue to treat the subject from the negative rather than the positive side), whence arises this growing antagonism, now so sharp, between science and faith? Are they not both necessary to the soul? At whatever point of view we stand, whether we are cultivating psychology, or (to use the new word) sociology, whether we study the life of man or the life of society, we come back to this conclusion: science is necessary, and so is faith. Explain the fact as you will; we may differ about the explanation, but there is the fact. Men are so made that, setting aside the exceptions, the noble exceptions as well as the hideous ones (for there are both kind), as a general rule, they cannot dispense with either science or faith.

Now it is a fact that the antagonism between science and faith goes on increasing, or rather (for we must be just, and I do not

* Psalm xii : 1. *Vulgate Version.*

wish to be drawn by the current of discourse into that failure of exact truth against which I am warning you), rather between a party of the representatives of science and a party of the representatives of faith. Why is it? because each party gives an extravagant interpretation of science or of revelation. To take an example: A great hypothesis has been brought forward—evolutionism, or, as it is commonly called, Darwinism. It has facts in its favor; it has more facts against it—so, at least, it seems to me. For my part, let me say, at the outset, I am no evolutionist. But what ought to be the mutual attitude of scientists and theologians in this great debate? The scientists were bound to give the new theory an honorable place among hypotheses. Hypotheses are among the elements of science, and even when they are not destined to become certainties, even when they are to be remanded some time to the category of things doubtful or of things decidedly false, they have nevertheless a useful, an honorable, a glorious part in the labors of science. It was necessary, then, whatever school one belonged to, to admit evolutionism as a hypothesis.

Now, the first mistake, and a grave mistake it was, was when one body of scientists immediately set up this hypothesis for a certainty. The second mistake, which was graver yet, was when this same party deduced from evolutionism consequences which it does not at all involve, as if before the light of Darwin Christianity and all religion were to vanish like ghosts!

And now, what did the theologians do? You know what many of them have done. They have not even discussed the question; they have flung insults. Then, yielding to the force of an old habit that has become a second nature with them, they have appealed to the secular arm. Neither of these was wanted—neither insult nor force. What was wanted was simply to establish what some of the scientific men had failed to see—that evolutionism was thus far only a hypothesis, and a hypothesis opposed by many and weighty facts. It was important above all, to withstand with energy the false deductions that were made from it. It was important to say that, even if it were certain that it is doubtful whether all species are not derived one from another by successive and progressive evolutions, it would not be less needful, at the starting-point of these evolutions, where we find the poor cellule which contains within itself the world's future, to admit a supreme intelligence, an infinite power, a genius more potent to create the laws of the world than human geniuses to expound them. It was important to interrogate that Bible which men defend without reading it; to show how God, according to the primal writer, follows in the order of creation the same law of progress, and under the symbolic but truthful form of the book of Genesis, rises from glory to glory up to the crowning glory—

that is, man. It was important to show how He does this ; not by evoking one creature after another out of nonentity, but in producing them by His thought out of pre-existent matter, making the earth bring forth animals, the water fishes, until He comes to what we may call the last work of creation, at least on this planet—the coronation of being—in you and me ! It was important to explain that our greatness does not lie in our physical origin, but in our moral nature ; that it is a small matter to own that we are descended from a monkey, when the Bible gives a viler ancestor yet—the dust of the earth ! Whether it be organic or inorganic matter, living or inanimate, is of small account to me. At a certain period—a moment that marks the true beginning of our race—there passed upon this matter a breath, an inspiration, a germ of conscience and reason. It was no longer earth, no longer flesh, but man made in the image and likeness of Jehovah. This it is that compels us to be religious, that at last it may make us immortal.

You see it is neither science nor religion that is on trial, but the abuse that men have made of both. It is the prejudices, the systems, and the mutual passions of scientists and theologians that have brought about this formidable conflict, in which the human mind has gained nothing at all, and the peace of society has lost so much.

I have not spoken of philosophy. There is no such thing now-a-days. The first of human sciences, that of the mind, has been ostracized in the name of the sciences that call themselves positive. And where philosophy still survives, it has found its final expression—no, I am wrong ; the future has better things in store for us than this morbid hour through which we are passing—but it has found its momentary solution in the darkest and bitterest pessimism. Ask of Germany, so proud of her terrible victories on the battle-field, so unconscious of her still more terrible defeats in the arena of thought, Where is the great Leibnitz ? To come down lower, where is Kant, or Schelling, or Hegel ? Germany answers by Hartmann and Schopenhauer, that is, by the philosophy of the unknowable—the philosophy of despair. At the opening of this century German philosophy was religion, within the too narrow limits of the reason, but resting on the unquestioned foundation of the conscience. A little later it was idealism, but gilded still by the reflections of a Christianity more or less hazy. In either case it contemplated the indefinite perfection of the race and of the world. This is all put aside now, and in the philosophic books most in vogue on the other side of the Rhine, we are told : “ Life is an evil. Blessed is he who does not exist ! blessed is he, who, at least, has no knowledge or consciousness of his existence ! Life is pain and disappoint-

ment. Ah, give up looking for anything better in another world—there is none! Give up the hope of anything better on this earth in the course of ages—the earth will still be what it is, or worse! Only humanity will grow wiser, and, growing old, will quit its day dreams! It will learn to aspire only after absolute repose in endless annihilation!” This is what we are told. I have done nothing but translate.

There comes to my mind a definition of the bliss of glorified spirits given by the great Augustine. Would you know what is the bliss of consummate souls? It is the joy that is born of truth—*gaudium de veritate conceptum*—because truth is light, peace, happiness, the thrill of life. But error is desperately, incurably sad. This is a trait by which those who have not the time to study philosophic statements can distinguish practically between the true and the false.

My friends, this power of error of which I have had so much to say, tracing it from private life to the very summits of science and religion; this power which does not wholly reside in man—thanks to God, and thanks to man, also!—but with which, after all, we have to reckon, has been personified by the gospel in a proud, subtle and rebellious spirit. It calls him the prince of this world, and the Christ has defined him by two words: “He is a liar and the father of it,” and “He is a murderer from the beginning.” I take this definition as the expression of a super-human fact, because I believe in revelation. Those who do not believe may at least accept it as a profoundly philosophical symbol. This power of error, which is striving to subjugate the world, has two characteristics: it perverts the truth and propagates lies, and, at the same time it destroys or enfeebles the life. Error is a murderer, for truth is the real life of man. You know the saying of Descartes, that grand genius, at once so French and so Christian: “I think, therefore I am.” He that does not think, does not exist. Man’s life is in his thought, and, consequently, in that which gives its worth to thought—in the truth. And this life of the truth, without which, stricken to death in his mind, man is as if he were not, is linked to the life of the Supreme Being—to the life of God, if we may be permitted thus to speak by that shallow or distracted theology which scorns the profoundly metaphysical doctrine of the Trinity. How can we define the essential constitution of the nature of the Infinite, of the Absolute, living and personal? It is not force, not love; it is truth. God is God because He thinks Himself, and because, thinking Himself, He thinks the world in His Word, His Reason, His eternal *Logos*. Now, he that slays the truth in man, aims his murderous blow, as it were, at the Supreme Being. Falsehood, then, is a murderer from the beginning, and if it ever should gain dominion over our race—which it never will—it would have a tomb for a throne and corpses for its subjects.

I have only a few words more to say. The division of the subject seems to me essential to a clear treatment of it, especially when it is so complex as in the present case. We have seen in what direction and by what processes error extends its vast net-work over consciences, over institutions, over the whole of humanity. Now let me say in a few words what it is that upholds and would tend to perpetuate its dominion, but remember that he whom I have called, in the words of Jesus Christ, the prince of this world, is sooner or later to be cast out.

What! in view of facts so disastrous, both to the individual and to the race, under the stroke of such consequences, shall there be no generous reaction of the conscience? What! are we never to break the power of that sword which slays the soul with a lie? Nay, this reaction exists, always and everywhere, for the glory of human nature; but it comes to view most of all in great crises of national history. And yet, hitherto it has done its work but imperfectly, because it has come into collision with two obstacles that tend to perpetuate the power gained by error: I mean the claim of infallibility, and the fear of martyrdom.

As to the claim of infallibility—don't be afraid; I have no disposition to touch the question of the infallibility of the Pope—Pius IX, who believes in it himself, has defined it. I do not submit to it, I need not say; but I think that in defining it, he has only proclaimed, under a mystical form, a certain vague and imperious tendency in the depth of men's hearts—of yours, my friends, and mine, for we all claim to be infallible. There is no man in the exercise of power, in whatever sphere, the family, the school, the community, as well as in the church, who does not mean to exercise it without mistake or fault.

And what is true of power is also true of liberty, which is only one form of authority; for when liberty is exercised, it confers a real authority on those toward whom it is exercised. If I have rights, you have duties; consequently, my liberty implies a substantial authority.

Well, then, if the representatives of liberty and the representatives of authority have, with rare exceptions, a strong tendency to infallibility, are there many who resist this tendency? I do not assert, I only ask. Are there many husbands who do not think themselves infallible in their relation to their wives? St. Paul has well said that "the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the church;" but we need not interpret this too literally. Are there many parents that do not think themselves infallible in the education of their children? There is good reason for not owning all one's mistakes in family government to the children, but one might at least own them to himself. Infallibility of masters

toward their servants, of employers toward their hands, of professors toward their students, of authors toward their readers! We witness now-a-days some extraordinary changes of opinion—some of the most sudden and inexplicable transformations of sentiment. It is the natural course of the development of thought. St. Augustine wrote—and it was one of his noblest books—his Book of Retractions. It was sincere; for speaking now of retractions, I do not refer to those which are extorted from a feeble conscience under the pressure of power, whether it be secular power or an overweening spiritual power. Such retractions as these, even when they are made by intelligent minds and hearts in other respects generous, are honorable neither to those on whom they are imposed, nor to the truth which repudiates them.

But there are retractions of another sort. When, confronted with the truth, we find ourselves in the wrong, we are bound to say wherein we are in the wrong, and just how far, and how we have come to find out our mistake. There is nothing simpler than this, and nothing nobler—and nothing rarer.

You understand now what I mean by the claim of infallibility. It is a transmitted claim. In the individual it is transmitted from youth to manhood. Manhood, to be sure, clothes the errors which it receives from youth in cooler, more thoughtful, more tenable forms, but it holds them like an inheritance. It hands them on in its turn to old age, and old age carries them with it to the grave—nay, rather, it bequeaths them to the generation following—bequeaths them as a sacred trust to its honor, its filial piety, so that in the very radiance of that inward light that enlightens and condemns us, we deem ourselves bound in conscience and affection to continue, not the sacred traditions of our fathers, but their traditions of error and infallibility.

Thus it is that the kingdom of lies is kept up among men. Ah! the world, the false world, the world that Jesus never loved, if it were to look to-day upon the disciple of the Pharisee Gamaliel, stricken down in the dust of the road amid the noon-day light, and rising up an apostle of the Christ, a confessor of the God of truth, the world would say to Paul, "You are an apostate!" The world likes a hypocrite better than a convert. Much has been said, and justly—I subscribe to it with both hands—of the cynicism of apostasy. It is all very well when you are speaking of apostasy in deed; but to complete, we must speak of another cynicism more frequent, more pernicious, more damnable—the cynicism of hypocrisy.

And now as to the fear of martyrdom. This is the second cause that maintains and perpetuates the usurping reign of falsehood. A friend of mine has told me that, years ago, on the quiet and enchanting shores of the Lago Maggiore, he met for the first time Rosmini Serbati, one of the most illustrious

philosophers of our time, a Catholic priest and at the same time an Italian patriot, two characters more compatible, in certain circumstances, than some people think. He went to Rosmini and said to him, with youthful simplicity and ardor, "I want to love the truth!" "Young man," answered the philosopher, "to love the truth is to love martyrdom." Doubtless we have got past the days of Nero and Diocletian. Doubtless, whatever we may hear from the two extremes of opinion, we shall never again be shut up to choose between the Inquisition and the Reign of Terror.

A man from whom, now that he is dead I shall not be divided, as, notwithstanding our divergences of sentiment, I was not divided from him in his life—the Count de Montalembert—said at the Catholic Congress of Malines, amid the enthusiastic applause of Catholics, as Catholics were then: "The Spanish inquisitor saying to the heretic, 'The truth, or death!' is as odious to me as the French Terrorist saying to my grandfather, 'Liberty and fraternity, or death.' The conscience of mankind has a right to demand that such hideous alternatives shall never again be offered."

When, then, I speak of martyrdom, I do not refer to Nero or Diocletian, or their imitators, under whatever form or name. There is another martyrdom than that. Rosmini was right; there is a martyrdom that does not rack the limbs, nor spill the blood, nor burn the flesh. And yet, is it not a torture that touches flesh and blood and soul, to rend away from one, for the testimony of the truth, parents, friends, affections not less old than life and far more dear, since, being taken away, they leave life without delight, if not without force? Is it not exile to feel oneself a stranger, misunderstood, shut out from influence, among one's fellow-citizens? Is it not proscription to be assailed with outrage and hatred by those you have most dearly loved—to hear the shameless insult yelping unrebuked at the dearest, the purest of all that belongs to you in the world—to know the cowardly calumny that dogs your every step, and to which you can no more reply than the decent man can answer the strolling woman that calls after him in the public streets?

Is not that the deepest and most grievous of martyrdoms which extorts the tears that Augustine calls tears of blood—*sanguis quidam anime*—which inflicts the unseen wounds that never heal, the racking of the mind, the dislocation of the faculties—the reason and the conscience from the memory and the affections? Gather up before you for a moment the sacrifices demanded sometimes all at once by the simple testimony of the truth, and you have an idea, a feeble idea of the ravages of that sword of the Word of God which wounds those who do not flee from it into a refuge of lies, and which pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit!

Such is the martyrdom that must be met and borne by those who would do homage to the truth, who would protest against the error which holds dominion, in religion over fanatic consciences, in worldly affairs over selfish interests.

I remember a saying of Voltaire—there are some great sayings of his, but this is not one of them—he wrote to a friend: “I have a great taste for truth, but not the slightest relish for martyrdom.” The Voltaire of that letter, the Voltaire of that hour (and it was not the only hour of the kind), has many disciples, even among those who execrate him.

I have done. I have shown you the two causes which tend to perpetuate the kingdom of lies, or, at least, of error in human society: aspiration for infallibility, and fear of martyrdom. But before I leave this platform, where you have given me so generous a hearing, after all the shadows I have cast over your soul and over mine, I wish once more to declare my profound conviction that, thanks to the reason and conscience of man, and thanks above all to God’s work in the world, righteousness and truth shall get the victory!

There appeared, one day, in Judea, before the tribunal of justice, a man charged with wishing to make himself king. Interrogated by the magistrate, he confessed the crime, but with an explanation. His kingdom was not of this world. It depended not on the spears of soldiers, but on the testimony of the truth. “Thou sayest it. I am a king. To this end was I born; for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth.” Then Pilate asked, “What is truth?” and without awaiting the answer, which he deemed impossible to his skeptic question, he withdrew to quiet the mob. Thenceforth the strange personage before him seemed to him no longer worthy of serious consideration. He costumed him like a tragedy-king, and gave him up to the honors of the guard-room, a crown of thorns on his head, for sceptre a reed trembling in his hand, and his crimson blood mingling on his shoulders, under the soldiers’ scourge, with the crimson of the cast-off rags of royalty.

From the hands of a magistrate without conscience, the man, who called himself King of the truth, fell into the hands of a people without reason. He was dragged to a hill-top and nailed to a slave’s gibbet. But with a last surviving scruple of justice, Pilate wrote above His head His royal title: *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.*

And there He died. And there He reigns.

And I, in fellowship with all Christians complete in faith and knowledge, do worship Him because bearing witness to the truth. He feared not to make Himself one with the truth, saying that wonderful word, “*I am the Truth.*” I worship Him; but if you have not yet attained to this, you may at least admire,

recognizing in Him—what is no light thing to do, but much graver, perhaps, than you think—the model for mankind. Like Him, then, whoever we may be, of whatever rank or condition, of whatever religious or philosophic creed ; if we hold fast our own integrity, if we keep the respect of our own conscience, if we maintain the honor due to truth and righteousness, it is our right and our duty to say, “To this end was I born, for this cause am I come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth.” At cost of our interest, at cost of our repose, at cost of life, at cost of what is dearer than life—of honor and affection, through evil report and good report, it matters not, to this end are we born, for this cause are we come into the world. And when the truth shall have come into its kingdom, not only in the eternal world, but here, in time and on the earth ; when the reign of reason and religion shall be ushered in—the reign of righteousness and peace ; when the hour shall strike for the peaceful embrace of authority and liberty, now at last reconciled ; when the great harmony shall be accomplished of all that men have sought so long and so vainly to put asunder, then they that have lived and died for the truth shall share from above in its triumph ; for its triumph shall be their triumph, and they shall reign with it and by it, and they shall be blessed.

God In Natural Law.

DELIVERED AT THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY BY **Rev. Joseph Cook.**

SUPPOSE that to-morrow morning the sun should rise, inscribed across its face in letters brighter than its own light, and such as to be visible throughout the illumined half of the world, with the words: "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts, who was, who is, and who is to come." Let this inscription be made intelligible in all languages and among all nations. One would think that under that awful light, as it passed over the continents and seas, and from people to people, the dusky tribes of heathendom would quit their idols at once; that, in the high marts of civilization, avarice, malice and dishonesty, serpents writhing colossal in the hollow streets as in caves, would wither to ashes; that literature, politics and art, on all their frozen hills, would feel the approach of a vernal season beneath this touch of supernatural fire; and that before the slanting rays had passed thrice around the globe, they would have peeled from off the burdened world something of the ulcerous growths of sin, and in time would turn into another channel the course of the dolorous and accursed ages.

To those who see with the secret eyes of science the sun is thus inscribed; and not the sun only, but every natural object—the seas, the mountains, the forest arches, every lowliest violet, the human frame.

Jonathan Edwards compared the relation of the material universe to the Infinite Will with that of the image of an object in a mirror to the rays of light flowing from the object and producing the image. As the reflected picture is constantly sustained by a flow of rays precisely like the rays which first caused it to appear, so the material universe is constantly sustained by a flow of omnipresent acts of the Divine Will precisely like the acts by which it was created. As the rays flow through and build and are the image, so God's will flows through and builds and is natural law. Just this was the teaching of Aristotle and Kant and Leibnitz and Newton and Cuvier and Hamilton. Just this is the latest word of the Agassizs and Herschels and Farradays and Humboldts. Just this is now the doctrine not only of mental science, but of physical science. Just this is that open secret which throws the Goethes and Richters and Carlyles and Brownings and Tennysons, and ought to throw the whole world, into a trance.

As light fills and yet transcends the rainbow, so God fills and yet transcends all natural law. According to scientific Theism, we are equally sure of the Divine Immanency in all Nature,

and of the Divine Transcendancy beyond it. Pantheism, however, with immeasurably narrower horizons, asserts that natural law and God are one ; and thus, at its best, it teaches but one-half the truth, namely, the Divine Immanency, and not the Divine Transcendancy. Christian Theism, in the name of the Scientific Method, teaches both. While you are ready to admit that every pulsation of the colors seven in the rainbow is light, you yet remember well that all the pulsations taken together do not constitute the whole of light. Solar radiance billows away to all points of the compass. Your bow is bent above only one-quarter of the horizon. So scientific Theism supposes that the whole universe, or finite existence in its widest range, is filled by the Infinite Omnipresent Will, as the bow is filled with light, and this in such a sense that we may say that natural law is God, who was, who is, and who is to come. In the incontrovertible scientific certainty of the Divine Immanency, we may feel ourselves transfigured, as truly as any poetic pantheist ever felt himself to be when lifted to his highest possible mount of vision. But, beyond all that, Christian Theism affirms that God, knowable but unfathomable, incomprehensible but not inapprehensible, billows away beyond all that we call infinities and eternities, as light beyond the rainbow. While He is in all finite mind and matter as light is in the colors seven, He is as different from finite mind and matter as is the moon from a narrow band of color on the azure. Asserting the Divine Transcendancy side by side with the Divine Immanency, religious science escapes on the one hand the self-contradictions and narrowness of pantheism, and attains on the other, by the cold precision of exact research, a plane of thought as much higher than that of materialism as the seventh heaven is loftier than the platform of the insect or the worm.

I am to speak on the proofs from science of the Divine Omnipresence, or in support of the propositions:

1. That matter cannot originate force or motion.
2. That all force in natural law originates outside of matter—that is, in mind.
3. That natural law is simply the fixed, regular, stated method of the Divine action.

The reasoning by which science arrives at the conclusion that the Divine mind can be absent from literally no point of space, is simple. It is very clear. It is very short. Any one can comprehend it who will recollect what the commonest textbooks mean when they teach that matter is inert—that is, that it cannot move itself. I suppose that there is not a schoolroom in the land in which the elements of either physics or metaphysics are taught, where I could not to-day find primary books asserting the proposition that inertia is one of the properties of matter, as one of the first letters in the alphabet of estab-

lished science. I am neither affirming nor denying the doctrine known as that of second causes. I assert only what is called among men of science the spiritual origin of force. This is held both by those who affirm and by those who deny the existence of second causes. It is a doctrine in the support of which all accredited scholarship is agreed.

The first proposition, then, by which established science proves the Divine Omnipresence is that only two things exist in the universe—matter and mind. No one doubts that there is no third thing. We never saw, felt, heard, or tasted anything which was not either matter or mind. The human thought finds by the microscope, among things near and minute, no evidence of the existence of anything which is not matter or mind; and by the telescope, among things distant and vast, nothing which is not the one or the other. Even the materialist who holds that only matter exists, does not doubt that there is no third thing, for he holds that there is no second thing. So the idealist who holds that only mind exists does not doubt that there is no third thing, for he holds there is no second thing. We, who, on the testimony of the necessary beliefs, hold that matter and mind both exist, do not doubt that there is no third thing. It is an immemorial proverb of philosophy that there is no *tertium quid*.

The second proposition is that matter is inert, that is, it cannot originate force or motion. We know mind as something which can move itself. We know matter as something which cannot. The boulders which we saw in the fields in our childhood lie now where they did then, unless they have been moved by some power outside of themselves. We are as certain of this as we can be of any inference from universal experience. I do not assert that matter may not possess active chemical properties among its natural qualities. I assert simply that matter cannot *originate* force. What is force? That which is expended in producing or resisting motion. The definition which I venture to give of inertia is the incapacity to originate force. Mind originates both force and motion. Matter originates neither. If matter possess force, it not only did not originate this force at the creation, it does not originate it at the present instant. All force and motion in matter must have at every moment their ultimate source outside of matter, otherwise matter can move itself; and that it cannot do this is a part of our positive knowledge. Very noteworthy is the fact that the latest and subtlest and yet superficial materialism like Tyndall's, which attributes to matter the power to originate force, does so and can do so only after it has given to matter a wholly new definition and what it vaguely calls a spiritual side. Prof. Bain, however, who leads the acutest and most recent

materialism, admits that matter is inert, and cannot originate force.

The third proposition is the conclusion from the two propositions that only matter and mind exist in the universe and that matter is inert, namely, that all force and motion in matter must have not only a past and remote, but a present and immediate origin in mind.

At what, then, do we arrive? The constellations are matter. Matter cannot move itself. But they move. They do not move by our mind's agency. But since all force originates in will, they must be moved by a mind. We begin to see the transcendent importance of the conclusion. The earth in infinite space sleeps on its soft-spinning axle. It is matter. It does not move itself. But it moves now and here with a force immeasurable by human imagination. Our globe's motion must, at this moment, originate in a mind. "It is but reasonable," says Sir John Herschell, "to regard gravity as the present effort of a will." We begin to see the unspeakable religious value of this doctrine of exact science. The spiritual origin of Force is a scientific phrase which transfigures itself before us and begins to flame from within.

Two men are in a room: one is handcuffed and fettered; or, to make the comparison more complete, let us say paralyzed. Now, suppose some beautiful work of art is brought into existence in that room. It would be very certain that the work of art was made by the man who was not paralyzed. The universe is such a room. There are only two things in it—matter and mind. But matter is handcuffed. The works of art which the universe contains must be the present product of mind.

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, names three instruments of Holy Living, the discussion of which forms the three chief divisions of his book. They are the Care of our Time, Purity of Intention, and the Practice of the Presence of God. It may be said that the last of these divisions includes the former, since if it be secured they will follow of themselves. Not long since, on a December morning, there passed under the giant hills of Northern New York, for a few seconds, the shock of an earthquake. At modern Ogdensburg a dancing party broke up, and left their halls for their homes, and for places to pray. A knot of gamblers dropped their cards, looked into each other's faces, and sought spots of refuge. It is very proverbial that in a shipwreck the profane pray; that when a summer storm, at night, drooping low and tipped with electric fire, swirls thundering from league to league, the inhabitants of a whole region are overawed; that on a death-bed, even the flintiest heart is, to some extent, softened. But what is the common element in all these

classes of instances that has such efficiency to overpower the soul? It is, of course, a sense of the Divine Omnipresence. God is almost visibly near on the other side of the curtain of the storm, the hungry foam, the reeling landscape, the last instant of physical life. If, now, the same sense of the Divine Omnipresence, which at these times lifts us out of ourselves, and wrenches our wills momentarily into submission to our consciences, we could bind constantly upon our foreheads, we should start up electric, empowered for religious activity as if the air were full of the glancing wings and rustling prostration of the innumerable company of the Unseen, and as if we saw that Infinite Supreme whom no man can see and live.

But the power of the sense of the Divine Omnipresence as a motive, no more requires illustration than our need of the influence of that motive. It, and it only, can lay such a restraining hand upon our secret hours as shall throttle the enemies that assail us when alone. What the atmosphere is to the physical life, that a sense of the Divine Omnipresence is to secret prayer. Ambition, self-interest, the love of enterprise, as motives, in some of the greatest crises of life, ebb from under the soul and leave it stranded; a sense of the Divine Omnipresence is the only motive that wears, and that is capable of flooding the highest harbor bar of temptation, and carrying the soul fully out to sea.

But the proof, the proof! The proof from science.

You have in your room, on the mantel, let us suppose, a clock and an ivy plant. The clock is a piece of skillful mechanism, in which every detail is designed with the purpose of effecting a measurement of time. But it is made of inert matter. Its component parts are wood, and brass, and steel. Did the clock put itself together? Certainly not.

But the ivy plant is a piece of mechanism. The toothed wheels of the clock are not as wonderful exhibitions of mechanical skill as its toothed leaves. The most intricate work in the clock is not comparable for an instant in point of ingenuity of structure with the cells, the endlessly reticulated veins, the bursting buds of the plant. But the ivy is made up of matter. Did it put itself together? Assuredly not.

But you say that the ivy grows from a seed and the clock does not. Suppose that the clock were constructed with such wonderful interior mechanism that after running for a certain length of time it should put out through the apertures in the dial-plate little wheels, a minute chain and spring, a little dial-plate and little hands, and that these should be put into order by the machinery of the first clock, and form a complete miniature time-piece; and suppose that this little clock should then gradually enlarge until it attained the size of its parent. Would the fact that the clock thus produced another clock make it

any the less certain that it did not put itself together? On the contrary, the more wonderful its mechanism, the greater would be the certainty that it did not originate in any of the powers of inert matter. But the ivy plant does produce a seed, and in that seed are folded the miniature root and stem and plumule of a new plant. Is this fact any reduction of the evidence that the ivy did not put itself together? On the contrary, it emphasizes that evidence.

But you say that the ivy grows by natural law and that the clock does not. I come here upon an objection turning upon the indistinctness of meaning attached in common speech to certain leading words. There is nothing, I believe, which does more to obscure the grandeur of the objects of science and to fill the mind with the views of an indefinite materialism, than the vagueness, as ordinarily used, of the terms of "nature" and "law." What is a natural law? Or, rather, taking one part of the phrase at a time, let us ask, What is a law? The answer is that a law is the method of operation of some force. Now what force is capable of producing this result which we call an ivy-plant? Evidently only a force possessing intelligence. But does matter possess intelligence? Various properties and forces have been attributed to matter, but since the world began no philosopher of enduring reputation ever attributed intelligence and the power of choice to it. But, whatever else concerning it may be uncertain, one point is sure, that the force which is capable of producing the result we call nature, must possess intelligence and the power of choice. That force, then, cannot reside in matter. It must reside in mind. It must at this instant and at every instant be exerted by mind. That mind is omnipresent in natural law. What, then, is natural law? It is, to speak literally and without figure, the present thought of the Deity. It is the method of action of the Omnipresent Infinite Will. So that this ivy plant, growing on the wall, is as really at this instant God's present work as a painting of the ivy, growing before your eyes, on the canvass of a painter, beneath the pencil of the artist, would be the artist's present work. I believe this. I am not presenting poetry, but one of the deductions of exact science.

"The universe," says Dr. Carpenter, "is not governed by law, but according to law." Darwin adopts, as the motto of his *Origin of Species*, Archbishop Butler's famous assertions that "the only distinct meaning of the word natural is stated, fixed, settled," and "that it as much requires an intelligent agent to effect anything statedly, fixedly, regularly, that is, naturally, as to effect it for once only, or supernaturally."

I have supposed it to be objected, in the first place, that the ivy grows from a seed, and that the clock does not; and, in

the second place, that the ivy grows by natural law and that the clock does not. It may be objected, in the third place, that, as the clock was made, wound up and allowed to run as a machine, so the ivy plant may have been made, wound up and allowed to run as a machine. As the impulse of the hand of the maker of the clock is not needed to move it when once it is constructed and set in motion, so the impulse of the hand of the Maker of the universe may not be needed after it has once been created and set in motion. It then runs by its own laws, and is a machine. God is, indeed, according to this objection, needed to create the ivy plant and the universe; but, once created, they act without His aid, by the laws imposed upon them at the outset.

This objection, I need not say, is entirely irreconcilable with what we have just proved as to the nature of natural law. It is in conflict with the fundamental proposition that matter does not possess intelligence and the power of choice.

But there is another reply to the objection which causes the comparison of the universe to a machine to fall apart at every link. The clock does, indeed, run after the hand of its maker is withdrawn from it. But it runs by the operation of a law of gravitation existing outside of itself. The weights descend and the pendulum vibrates in obedience to that law. Nature is outside of the human machine, and is the force which moves it. No machine made by man has its motive power within itself. The mill-wheel turns under the weight of falling water which the heat of the sun has lifted by the law of evaporation into the air and the law of gravitation draws down again. A necklace of pearls, let us suppose, is sent from India to a European Queen. It is conveyed upon railroads over which the natural laws of steam drag loaded trains. It everywhere moves in grooves prepared for it, and those grooves are natural laws. Now, the difference between nature and every human machine is that every human machine runs by natural law which is outside of it, but there is no nature outside of nature itself for nature to run by. Outside of the clock is the law of gravitation moving it; but outside of the law of gravitation is no second law of gravitation moving it. Outside of the mill-wheel is the falling water, itself the motive wheel; but outside of the wheel of the universe is no second wheel. Every human machine runs in grooves of natural law lying back of it. But nature, by its very definition, includes the totality of created things. There is nothing back of nature. Behind nature there is no second nature presenting grooves for nature to run by. You cannot send nature by express.

This comparison of the universe to a watch wound up and allowed to run, is a very old one; it expresses the theory

underlying many of the vague popular conceptions of nature ; in the last century it had a prominent place in some of the half atheistic speculations put forward in France and Germany. In the light of clear ideas it will not bear an instant's examination ; and it is now everywhere abandoned by scholars. It is what Carlyle calls the idea of "an absentee God, sitting, ever since the first Sabbath, on the outside of His creation, seeing it go."

It may be objected, in the fourth place, that although the ivy plant is not a machine, and although the properties of the particles composing it cannot originate in matter, and must, therefore, be constantly upheld by the Omnipresent Infinite Will, yet these properties, when thus upheld, are enough to account for the structure and growth of the plant. In other words, although an omnipresent mediate agency of the Infinite Will be proved, it does not follow that there is in nature any example of the immediate agency of that Will. God acts, it is said, only through the forces and tendencies of matter ; His will touches the world omnipresently, indeed, in second causes, and these causes, without His will, cannot exist for an instant ; but His will always operates through them ; in no case does it touch the world naked and bare.

In this last objection we have the subtlest form of the evolution hypothesis. As a short reply, let me say that evolution cannot be greater than involution. Every change must have an adequate cause. If a certain effect comes out of your process of evolution, an adequate cause went into your process of involution. Your loom picks out from raw material various parts, weaves them together and throws out a web. You know very well that there can nothing come out here that does not go in there. You say a peculiar pattern comes out. But it went in when the loom was made ; and although you do not see the pattern there in the same form in which we see it here, yet in substance it is there in the arrangement of the parts of the loom and of the unwoven threads. Everything that comes out here goes in there. If anything comes out on the one side of the loom that does not go in on the other, then something has come into existence without cause. But every event must have a cause. That is a first truth. That is an axiom. That is an unalterable, self-evident proposition. Therefore we say that even if everything has been evolved, we know there is mind behind the process of evolution, because mind has been evolved in that process. You cannot draw out of evolution what you did not put in. I am an involutionist first and an evolutionist afterward. Of necessity, evolution implies an evolver ; a development a developer. Just this is Darwin's proposition. It is Gray's. It is Dana's. Their teaching as to evolution does not at all affect our confidence in the Divine

Omnipresence, for God, if theistic evolution be the true explanation of all things, is omnipresent in the process of development. We read that there are states of the nervous system in which a man by an act of will can make a material object move without touching it. I have yonder a letter from a friend, and according to the statements of some men of science there is a possible condition of the will and of the nerves in which I can cause that letter to move toward me by merely willing that it should. I am no mesmerist, but there are curious facts concerning the power of human will over mere matter. Now, what if God mesmerizes all things? What if He fills the universe by the magnetization of Orion and the Pleiades, and of these trees and of yonder great lakes, and of all that moves and breathes and lives, as my little will fills that paper for an instant? Can you say I am not in that paper? Can you say God is not in the universe, even if He is in it only in this way? What if natural law be only the magnetization of all matter by God's will? He yet was and is and is to come, omnipresent, first, midst, last.

But I wish you to remember that the word "collocation" is the ghost which most frightens the evolutionary philosophers of the materialistic school. They say that the chemical and other properties of matter are sufficient to account for the way in which the hand and eye are put together, but this they never have proved. The latest form of evolution asserts that God makes the types, but that they print themselves without external aid. It admits that He marks on the different pieces of metal the letters of the alphabet; but it says that when He has done that His work is over. Chance has tossed up the alphabet in immense numbers of types. Chance has boxed them this way and that, and at last they have come down and printed "*Paradise Lost*," Homer's "*Iliad*," the Constitution of the United States, and the Declaration of Independence. God made the types; oh, yes; but the law of the survival of the fittest tossed them to and fro, and after an infinite number of hap-hazard falls they have printed you and me. Now, that is what I call the topsy-turvy philosophy. You know Topsy said she "'Spected she growed." The dicer's philosophy is a topsy-turvy style of accounting for the printing of the "*Iliad*," the Constitution, and yourself and myself. Let us test this scheme of thought by the scientific method, that is, by a merciless application of the self-evident truth that every change must have an adequate cause, and that involution, therefore, must equal evolution.

In the prairies yonder, near Adrian, Michigan, the figure of a night-hawk is traced on the ancient verdant acres by the mounds of that unforbidden and unknown race which once may have peopled the lost Atlantis between North and South

America. Over against this night-hawk there is outlined an Indian with a spear balanced at the bird.

When George Bancroft wrote the first volume of his history of the United States, it was not known that the mound-builders had left traces of themselves in the Mississippi Valley, and Bancroft asserted that there were no ancient ruins of man's work left on the shores of the father of waters. It was supposed that the swirl of the icebergs in some geological period, and the drifting of curious currents, had made these mounds. What now if a man should seriously adhere to that theory, and try to explain the night-hawk and Indian by the fortuitous swirl of icebergs and waters? What if he should come forward and remind us that Newton taught that we must not multiply causes without necessity. It is barely possible the night-hawk and Indian might have been made in that way, and, if it is possible, we have no right to bring in the supposition of an intelligent agent. He quotes Haeckel, and something of Huxley. He can quote nothing of Charles Darwin, but he cites large name after large name to us, and if we are humble, average men, we may be startled and puzzled by his assertion; and yet we know that any man who should seriously believe that those figures were drawn by the fortuitous swirl of icebergs and the drifting of waters, ought to be sent to the lunatic ward, and this simply because he makes evolution insanely larger than involution. Here are intelligent results brought out, and somewhere mind must have gone in, for there cannot be a change without a cause, and a cause in which involution is equal to evolution. Here are intelligent tracteries on the prairie, and as intelligence comes out, somewhere intelligence assuredly went in.

But, my friends, if we believe this concerning the poor earth-works, what shall we say of the living night-hawk here in the edge of the evening flying above the prairie, and of your Indian miraculously alive pointing his spear at the bird. You know those tracteries were produced by intelligence; but Huxley comes here, and Spencer and Haeckel, and although Darwin stands there and objects, these lesser men, the extremists in the school of evolution, undertake to tell us that the living night-hawk came from one just behind him not quite like him; and that one from one behind him not quite like him, and so back to the jelly speck. Where did the jelly speck come from? Why, that came from the fortuitous concourse of atoms or spontaneous generation. The first speck of really living matter arose by some turmoil of forces in a cooling planet. We must not multiply causes without necessity. *Entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate*. What if I were to talk Latin here? I could convince you all that I am right. There is an amazing capacity on the part of the average humble man to be mystified on this sub-

ject. We have a reverence for trained thought, and when with sufficiently numerous technical terms a specialist comes forward, tells you that the living night-hawk came at the last analysis from the swirl of icebergs and the drift of waters, you go away perhaps thinking that it did, and that God must be left out of sight. Now for that *you* ought to be sent to the lunatic ward ! and for the same reason for which you sent this other man there, namely, that you are adopting a theory which will not account for evolution by involution, and which asserts in the last analysis that there *can* be a change *without* an adequate cause, or that the fountain can rise higher than the source.

Descartes said: "I think, therefore, I am a person. And I must have been brought into existence by a being at least as perfect as I am, for the fountain cannot rise higher than the source." He was true to the axiom that every change must have an adequate cause. As he felt conscious of being a mind, a will and a heart, he knew that somewhere in the universe there must be a cause, as a source, as least as high as this fountain. If you have any lofty conception of what is possible in future history, if you find your souls capable of imagining what you call perfection, then there must be in the universe somewhere perfection at least greater than you can imagine ; otherwise, your fountain rises higher than the source, and so there must be a being better than any being imaginable to man. Now, that I hold to be the present posture of Charles Darwin. This is not the posture of the materialistic and atheistic evolutionists, but it is the posture of Dana, and of Gray, and of Owen, and of nearly every man who can be called an exponent of established as contradistinguished from dis-established science.

I can account by merely chemical force for the fact that a certain number of atoms of oxygen and hydrogen when brought together will unite and constitute water, but those chemical forces have no tendency to bring atoms together in just the proportions needed to cause them to unite. That is the difference between merely chemical forces and the force of co-ordination. Chemical forces, when the particles of matter are arranged, take hold of each other and produce important results. But the particles must be arranged first. Your quill will write when there is a hand behind it, but the fact that it can write when held and driven is not a proof that it holds and drives itself or that it sharpens itself.

Say what we will of the forces and tendencies of matter, it cannot be made clear that these forces and tendencies, although upheld by Infinite Will, account for the adjustment and collocations of matter in those works of nature in which the structure indicates an intelligent designer. A German professor once, to illustrate this very proposition, took a book

and tore it into shreds, and threw down the pieces at his left hand. He then took an uninjured copy of the same volume and put it at his right hand. "Now," said he, "young gentlemen, is not the same book here and there?" "Yes," said they. "No," he thundered. "What is the difference?" "We do not see much difference." "Collocation," was the impatiently emphatic reply. You have here, indeed, the same type, you have the same pages, you have the same paper, but everything is in shreds here, everything is in chaos, and there you have everything intelligently arranged. Now, the fact for which materialism and atheism, and for which the atheistic and materialistic school of evolutionists can never account, is collocation, or how the disarranged chaos is put together into the intelligible book of God which we call nature.

Matter does not possess intelligence. It does not build cylinders, and joints, and cells, and husks, and barbs, all pointing to one design, the production of a plant bearing seed and perpetuating itself. While, therefore, we admit that God's will acts omnipresently in the forces and tendencies of matter, we must recognize the fact that there are phenomena in the collocations and adjustments of matter for which those forces and tendencies will not account. In the former case we recognize His mediate agency; in the latter His immediate.

I know how awful this conclusion is. I must not leave it without at least naming a few of the great authorities in science and speculative thought by whom it is asserted.

There are four forms of what is called the doctrine of Second Causes which it is very important to distinguish from each other.

1. The mechanical theory, that the phenomena of the material universe are the result of powers impressed upon matter at its creation, and which operate without any present agency of the Deity.

2. The theory that all the phenomena of the material universe are produced by the forces and tendencies of matter as upheld by the Infinite Will.

3. The theory that all the phenomena of the material universe are produced by the forces and tendencies of matter as constantly upheld by the Infinite Will, except the adjustment and collocations, which are produced immediately by that Will.

4. The theory that all the phenomena of the material universe are produced by the immediate agency of the Divine Will.

The first and second of these theories are refuted. It is the third which I have asserted. It is but justice to the theme, however, to say that the fourth, which goes even further than the third, though it does not, like the third, receive the unanimous support of scholars, is yet asserted by a large body of

the most respectable authorities. This theory, which affirms that all the phenomena of the material universe are the result of the immediate Divine agency, denies the existence of second causes. The great name of Dugald Stewart is prominent in the list of the defenders of this doctrine. It was favored by Reid. It was asserted by Malebranche. It was defended by Berkeley and Samuel Clarke. It was favored by Isaac Newton. In New England it was the doctrine of the theologian Emmons. It is to-day elaborately taught in Harvard University in a standard text-book on metaphysics and ethics by Professor Bowen.

Of course all these authorities which assert the fourth proposition I have named, are authorities for the third. If the fourth, which asserts universal immediate Divine agency, be true, the third, which asserts a partial immediate Divine agency, and is thus included in the fourth, is true.

But I am not aware of a single authority of weight which does not affirm the third proposition. The work of Dr. McCosh on *The Method of Divine Government*, is a recent careful defense of the doctrine.

At Andover Theological Seminary it is elaborately taught by Professor Park that second causes exist, but that they are everywhere upheld by the Infinite Will, and that first and second causes, though distinguishable in thought, are inseparable as things.

Professor Farraday has called the law of the conservation and correlation of the physical forces "the highest law in physical science which our faculties permit us to perceive." This law is that light, heat, electricity, chemical affinity are only modes of motion of the ultimate particles of matter, and that instead of being, as they have long been thought to be, distinct, they are convertible forces. If either of these is brought into action, one of the others follows as a result. One form of force may be converted into another form, but no portion of force can be lost. The forces of matter are the results of motion of its ultimate particles; and, when men of science speak plainly of the cause of that motion itself, it is startling to observe how unqualifiedly they assert the third of the four propositions I have named, and how some of them affirm the fourth. "Light, heat, electricity, magnetism and chemical affinity," says Mr. Grove, in his celebrated essay on the Correlation of Physical Forces, "are all convertible material affections. Assuming either as the cause, one of the others will be the effect; thus, heat may be said to produce electricity; electricity, magnetism; and so of the rest. Cause and effect, therefore, in their abstract relation to these forces, are words solely of convenience, and we must humbly refer their causation to one omnipresent influence. The common error, if I am

right in supposing it to be such, consists in the abstraction of cause, and supposing in each case a general secondary cause—a something which is not the first cause, but which, if we examine it carefully, must have all the attributes of a first cause, and an existence independent of, and dominant over, matter. Can we say abstractedly that heat is the cause of electricity, or that electricity is the cause of heat? Certainly not; but if either be true, both must be so, and the effect then becomes the cause of the cause, or, in other words, a thing causes itself. Any other proposition on this subject will be found to involve similar difficulties, until at length the mind will become convinced that abstract secondary causation does not exist, and that a physical search after essential causes is vain.”

“Causation is the Will, Creation the Act of God.”

What is this but teaching entirely parallel with the magnificent sentences of Martineau? “Matter is the negative condition of the Divine power; Force, its positive exercise; Life, its delegation under limits of necessity; Will, under concession of freedom. As all forces are convertible, and that, too, not by culmination into volition, but by reduction from volition, they are but God’s mask, and can never be His competitors.”

Wherever we find heat, light, electricity, we infer motion as the cause; wherever we find motion we infer force; and wherever we find force we infer spirit. The law which in science is now called that of the monogenesis of force is more completely expressed by the phrase, the spiritual origin of force.

“It is our own immediate consciousness of effort,” says Sir John F. W. Herschell, speaking of the laws of gravitation, “when we exert force to put matter in motion, or to oppose and neutralize force, which gives us this internal conviction of power and causation so far as it refers to the material world, and compels us to believe that whenever we see material objects put in motion from a state of rest, or deflected from their rectilinear paths and changed in their velocities if already in motion, it is in consequence of such an effort somehow exerted, though not accompanied with our consciousness. All bodies with which we are acquainted, when raised into the air and quietly abandoned, descend to the earth’s surface in lines perpendicular to it. They are, therefore, urged thereto by a force or effort, which it is but reasonable to regard as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness and a will existing somewhere, though beyond our power to trace, which force we term gravity.”

“The conception,” writes a recent critic in the *North American Review*, “of a being with a nature akin to our own, but perfect in all that we aspire to be; infinite in power, with perfect goodness and knowledge, whose will is just as immedi-

ately manifested in the order of nature as in any supposable miracle, such a conception is a most cheering and inspiring one, and is not inconsistent with anything which human science has yet discovered, or is ever likely to discover."

I quote a single sentence from the manuscript of a lecture of President Hill, of Harvard University, which it was my fortune to hear: "Looking thus at the Divine Being as the Lord who has unconsciously expressed his thoughts in the material world, that world becomes glorified, and glows with heavenly splendor. Science becomes the study of the autograph works of the Infinite God; and natural history, which is the highest of the series of the physical sciences, and links them to the sciences that deal with the human mind, becomes the means of communion with the highest geometrical, algebraical and chemical thoughts of the Father of men, which He has as yet revealed to us." Professor Agassiz, who was present at this lecture, was heard to say emphatically, as the audience were leaving the room: "That truth is not more great than sure."

"God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art and shalt be, when the eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt,
We, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel Thee near."—*Lowell*.

There is no sound reasoning which may not be stated in exact syllogistic form. There is no reasoning which, when so stated, any human mind has the capacity to dispute, its premises once admitted. The reasoning now given in another form may be so stated. Its certainty may be completely evinced if, in summing it up, I submit it, at the risk of some repetition, to the test of this form.

1. If matter is essentially inert, that is, if it cannot originate force or motion, every exhibition of force or motion in matter must originate in mind.

2 But matter is essentially inert; that is, it cannot originate force or motion.

3. Therefore, every exhibition of force or motion in matter originates in mind.

The reasoning underlying the first premise may be analytically stated as follows:

1. Only matter and mind exist in the universe.

2. Matter is inert, that is, it cannot originate force or motion.

3. If, therefore, matter moves or exhibits force, that force must originate in mind.

4. That mind is God.

5. Matter does move and exhibit force now and *here*.

6. God, therefore, is now and here, since where He acts, there He is.

Or, we may say,

1. All the forces of matter are upheld by the Infinite Will, or not upheld.

2. If they are not upheld, they act as a machine.

3. But it has been shown that they cannot act as a machine.

4. Therefore, they are upheld.

5. The Divine Mind, therefore, is omnipresent, since where it acts there it is.

Or, if we assert that second causes exist, we may reach the conclusion of the Divine Omnipresence thus :

1. Second causes are omnipresent in the created universe.

2. But the First Cause, that is, God's will, and second causes, though distinguishable in thought, are inseparable things.

3. God, therefore, is omnipresent.

It has pleased Him whose hand moulds the centuries to make the progress of science very nearly the most characteristic feature of the present age. Science, as defended by its less thoroughly cultivated votaries, has many faults. It sometimes makes arrogant claims. But it has one righteous thing in it. That is, the love of clear ideas. The holy and intense creed of reverence for proof, clear ideas at any cost, and obedience the organ of spiritual knowledge, will live. It will go through the centuries of coming time without wreck. I believe that the love of clear ideas and impatience of their opposite, which characterize the educated mind of the present age, are as truly a Pentecost from the Divine Hand as if they were evidenced by tongues of flame. The gauntlet is at last thrown down.

“Doubts to the world's child heart unknown,
Question as now from star and stone :
The power is lost to self-deceive
With hollow forms of make-believe.”

Faith and Reason challenge each other to the death. I see herein promise, not of destruction for either, but of reinforced and mutually harmonious life for both. Science, against its choice, will show that every natural fact is in the strictest sense a religious fact. Startling us in some past years, it has been blindly bringing us to that great result. The eve of an unexpected time I believe to be at hand, and its dawn now more than broken in the best educated minds, when faith will make science religious, and science make faith scientific. The Word and the Works must flow together after 1900! I think I hear that storm of good already sing in the wind.

Of the awfulness of the fact of God's presence in every point of space I need not speak, for there are some topics on which

the strongest expressions are the most powerless, and the loudest speech the most dumb.

It is the certainty of the fact of the Divine Omnipresence on the one hand, and its lawfulness on the other, which fit it to underlie the religion of action. When once this truth of science is fully grasped, we walk constantly within the flame of that mount which could not be touched. According as our life coincides or does not coincide with conscience, we move, while we retain a vivid sense of the Divine Omnipresence, in a present heaven or a present hell. But, once proved by science, it is idle to endeavor to shut our eyes to the truth. It is truth, whether we remember its truth or not. Our shutting our eyes to the flame does not extinguish it. Dark passions, therefore, hie them to their caves as beasts of night under the light of a thousand noons; or, if they will remain abroad, go mad, and gnash upon the soul with a thousandfold more ferocious teeth of remorse. Life is conducted in the eye of its judge. To obey the truth is to receive God's kiss; to disobey it is to offer insult in the face of a present God. The keenest investigation the world contains declares that the commonest path of daily life demonstrably necessitates our walking through the midst of the Great White Throne. No illustration is too awful to convey the literal truth of rigid science.

Dr. Kane forced an expedition far toward the northern pole, expecting to meet at every advance increasing accumulations of icebergs. Instead of these, he came suddenly upon an open polar sea. Science moves toward extremes apparently frigid to faith; but when it moves far enough toward the pole, it, too, comes upon the clear, open sea.

There is a celebrated picture of Raphael in which the Virgin and her child are represented as surrounded by a halo, which, at a distance, appears to be luminous vapor; but which, when seen near at hand, is found to be made up of innumerable cherubs' faces. Come close to scientific truth, look fixedly upon nature anywhere, and what at the distance appears to be vapor, resolves itself, beyond possibility of mistake, into the faces of angels.

In Venice there was a princely merchant whom intemperance had conquered. During one of his wassails with his companions, in his own palace, his sons resolved to make a last effort to break their father's chains. Before the company gathered they wrote in large lettering across one of the walls of the room in which the revel was to take place, using for their pencil phosphorus, the mark of which can be seen only in the dark, the words: "Prepare to meet thy God." The revel went on: the merchant's companions late at night lay in the stupor of intoxication beneath the massy mahogany of the table, and he himself was asleep, drunk in his chair. Waking

toward morning when the lights had burned out, his own benumbed senses aiding the deception, the only thing visible in the room was the letters throbbing on the wall opposite him: "Prepare to meet thy God." He was so moved that his chains from that hour fell off him. Years after, in describing his emotions at the time, he said: "That round O in the word God! That round O. I think it is yet burned upon the substance of my brain!" I say to you, in the name of science, that the whole rim of the universe is such a round O. Let us see it and be saved.

In Peru, the commonest and simplest sign of adoration to the collective divinities was to kiss the air.

God is law say the wise ; O Soul, and let us rejoice ;
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice ;
Speak to Him, thou ; for He hears, and spirit with spirit may meet ;
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

—*Tennyson.*

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The Christian's Royal Survey of his In- measurable Possession.

A SERMON

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IN BONN, GERMANY.

[TRANSLATED BY CLARKE H. IRWIN.]

Therefore let no man glory in men : for all things are yours ; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present or things to come ; all are yours ; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.—1 Cor. iii: 21-23.

“THERE is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing : there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.” So must it be when the apostle—a poor man, who lived by the work of his hands—can distribute such treasures. “All are yours.” What a word is that “all”! Paul himself feels how inconceivable it must sound to the ears of his readers. Therefore he repeats it, and, as a proof that he speaks with perfect consideration, enumerates in detail the different objects included in the word : Men, the World, Life, Death, the Present and the Future—truly “all things.”

And let not any one imagine that the text speaks only of our possession in heaven, where we shall have a part in the dominion over all things. It runs—“*are yours*”—not “*will be*.” It speaks of “things present” as well as of “things to come.”

Herod, the King, once promised his stepdaughter that he would give her whatsoever she asked, even to the half of his kingdom (Mark vi : 23). That was a great deal. But how small was that promise of his compared with this of the great Apostle, who does not promise the *half* of a kingdom, but, as if he were the treasurer of the Almighty Ruler of heaven and earth, allots to the Christian the whole world for his possession ! “All are yours.” Verily, this poor apostle understands how to make rich, as he himself says—“As poor, yet making many rich” (2 Cor. vi : 10).

When Abraham had given that beautiful proof of his humility and contentedness, and had given to Lot the free choice of the land, the Lord said to him: "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever" (Gen. xiii: 14). That was a great grace and goodness on the part of God. Yet that was only a beginning of the promise. How infinitely farther does this promise extend, and how much more does it embrace, which God, for Christ's sake, proclaims by the mouth of the apostle to those who are Abraham's seed of the new covenant! Lift up your eyes and look upon men, upon your teachers, upon the world, upon life in all its seasons, from the fresh morning of youth to the heat of the work at the noon-tide, to the still evening of rest; yea, even to the midnight hours of death, and away beyond into the far future to the light of the eternal city—"all are yours!"

How are we to understand this? The apostle solves for us the enigma—verse 23—"and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." As certainly as all is God's, and by God committed to Christ, so certainly has he who is Christ's a part in all; and all that is or will be is for Him. By his indissoluble union with the Heavenly Head, to whom all things belong, a share in them all is assured to him also.

As we like, in the lovely days of summer, to climb those hills which afford a distant view, so the apostle leads us with the words of the text to a height from whence we can survey our infinite possession. There the whole world lies at our feet, and it is not said to us, as once was said to Christ by the tempter on a high mountain, "All these things will I give thee;" but, "All are yours, for ye are Christ's."

Let us follow the apostle to this height of faith, and there make *the Christian's royal survey of his immeasurable possession*, in which we observe—

I. ITS KINGLY EXTENT—"All are yours."

II. ITS SACRED LIMIT AND CONDITION—"Ye are Christ's."

And Thou, O Lord Jesus, who for our sakes didst become poor that we through thy poverty might be made rich, teach us Thyself rightly to believe in the greatness and fullness of the blessings which are bestowed on us in Thee, so that we may learn to be ashamed of all faint-hearted, petty care, for we remain so often poor and miserable in our low earthly thoughts, instead of looking over the whole world and being comforted with the belief that all is ours. Free us from ourselves that we may be Thine and Thou ours. For if Thou art ours, how shall not God with Thee freely give us all things. Amen.

I. Hearing the apostle crying, "All are yours," one might

almost exclaim with the Roman governor—"Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad" (Acts xxvi: 24). But for a proof of his perfect soberness, the apostle proceeds to analyze the "all," and in this way causes the astonished gaze of the Christian to roam ever farther and farther over his vast inheritance, until world and time lie far behind, and the sight loses itself in the light of the eternal day. With this unbounded boundary we first see the kingly extent of that possession over which we look around and before us.

He says: "All things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, whether the world or life or death, whether things present or things to come" (for so we must punctuate and arrange it according to the original Greek)—"all are yours." In these words he bids us behold first the foreground, then the background of our possession.

In the first place, what belongs to Christians? (*a*) *All their teachers*, be their names Paul or Apollos or Cephas, be they apostles or disciples of the apostles, planters and founders like Paul and Peter, or waterers and successors in the Gospel work like Apollos; whether those who personally work in a flock, as Paul and Apollos at Corinth, or absent ones, whose testimony and activity remote congregations nevertheless profit by, as Corinth did by that of Peter; plain but penetrating apostles, full of the Spirit, or orators of scientific and literary culture, like Apollos. Instead of splitting themselves up into fractions after the individual teachers, and wrangling, "I am of Paul, I am of Apollos, and I of Cephas," as if Christ were divided (1 Cor. i. 11-13), the Corinthians are to remember that Christ alone was crucified for them, that He alone is their Lord and Saviour, and that they are all baptized in His name; are not to glory in any man, not even the most brilliant orator, the greatest scholar or the wisest sage, because the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and neither he who plants nor he who waters is anything, but God alone, who gives the increase. "Therefore let no man glory in man. For all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas." Why do ye strive about us, and depend on our poor human names, we who are only God's helpers and servants (v. 9)? Rather rejoice we are all yours, the absent as well as the present! To you belong all our works, all our spiritual gifts and powers, all our knowledge, preaching and doing, our struggles and sufferings, our prayers and tears, all our life of faith and all its fruit. In truth, even this first part, all the apostolical power and the testimonies of their teachers, was no mean possession for the early Christian community, but a rich well of truth and blessing, an unceasing summons to united, grateful joy, not to the jealous wranglings of party strife.

And if this even then were no small thing, now infinitely

more has arisen out of it. Yes, O Christian, to you also belong all those who work for you. You reap the fruit of their faith, of their testimony, of their prayers, of their studies and of their zeal for souls. And that, too, is no small possession when you see around you so many sheep without a shepherd. But not merely those directly present or still living, not only your immediate teachers and preachers, but all Christian teachers, all preachers, are yours. You can build yourself up by their writings, by their example, by their faith; yes, for you also they have lived, and worked, and still are working. Many of whom you know and of whom you have learned nothing have also helped to build up the kingdom of Christ, so that it might come to us also. Yours are all the prophets and apostles; yours is this same Paul who, in the words that I have read, preaches to you to-day; yours are all the Christian martyrs who, not only with their words, but with their blood, preach and exhort to faithfulness; yours the pious fathers of the Church, with all their treasures of knowledge and experience, whether of Paul, or of Apollos, or of Cephas; yours the Reformers, with the bright shield of their faith and the sharp sword of their thought and word; yours not only all the prayers and exhortations and blessings of pious parents and forefathers, but all the men of God in every age, who still are ever witnessing and struggling; yours the faith and love of all the children of God, with all their channels of blessing; yours the whole of Scripture, and all who interpret it; for you share in the enjoyment of the fruit of their believing toil, and of all the work of a thousand years in the kingdom of God. Yes, yours is the whole Church of Christ, as she was and is and shall be, because for you she is, and for you she ripens to perfection; yours are the countless words spoken on Sabbath and on week days to the glory of God and of Christ, all the thousands of sermons in hundreds of tongues; yours, too, every prayer, every aspiration of faith, every devotional meditation and self-uplifting of a soul to God; for all are working together for your joy, for the coming of that kingdom of which you are an heir. As a Christian, you are a link of that great chain of united thought and faith which was founded by Christ, the Head of the whole body, the Teacher of all who teach, and continues through all time—that faith whose streams of blessing trickle ever farther over the whole earth. He who drinks divine life from this stream is by all invisibly nourished and maintained, and shall in turn help all; whatever happened and happens in this whole circle happens for him also.

Verily, it is no small property into possession of which thou hast come, O Christian! And let him among you who lives in a place where many enlightened teachers are spreading the light of the only saving truth, or him who may be preparing himself for the teacher's office in a seat of learning, where the

great mass of the whole intellectual possessions of mankind and of Christianity, with all their prominent teachers, is piled as in a storehouse, and made accessible by the perseverance of many teachers—let him reflect on his great possession, and recognize therein his greater responsibility. The manifold treasures of Christian knowledge are yours; you can make them serviceable to you; then use them also for your salvation!

Wherever you are, dear evangelical Christians, look at your great possession in men and in teachers, and cast over all looks, not of petty jealousy, but kingly, victorious and thankful. Why strive so much over human names, whether of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, whether of Luther, or Calvin, or Wesley—let no one glory in man! All are yours—try all, learn from them all, make use of all, and let their manifold gifts and the fruits of their labors help you to the good fight of faith.

(*b*) But let thy gaze roam still wider, dear brother! Men are not nearly thy whole possession. The apostle continues—“whether the world, or life, or death.”

The world? Bold word, from one then so much persecuted, scourged and thrust out by the world! Bold word, in a time when so small a portion of the world was subject to Christ! and yet quite true, even in respect to the external world. Was not dominion over the world given to man at the very beginning? And shall not so much of that as was lost through sin be restored through the redemption in Christ Jesus? The Christian, as a saved one, as a member of Christ, who has put all things under His feet, is called to rule over the world. But the world is in so far created particularly for the children of God as it is to serve for the glory of God, and this glory is given Him by His children alone. The Spirit of God which is communicated to them is a power which at last all things must obey. “The meek shall inherit the earth,” and by faith they can even now already regard it as their inheritance and possession, until the time that the promise is fulfilled. “And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom” (Daniel vii. 27).

But of each separate part of our possession, and especially of this one, let us not forget that it is called “yours.” Not to one alone, but to all you who are Christians together, does the world belong. Yours is the whole of Nature, in all her strength and beauty, her wrestling and suffering; for you alone, as Christians, with grateful eyes uplifted to her Creator, with humble consideration of sin and the corruption of death, with joyous looking forward to the perfection of the eternal glory, can rightly understand and enjoy her. Yours is the world, for you alone reflect on its perishable nature, and are taught by the

Spirit of Christ to use it right as not abusing it (1 Cor. vii: 31); yours are all men in the world, because for him who loves men in Christ Jesus they all are really working, for all their work is used of God for the holy aims of His kingdom, that is, *for you*; yours are all the beautiful and noble productions of the mind and fruits of life in this world of men. Whatever really great has been accomplished in science and art, in deeds and sufferings; whatever serves to the honor of God, and has, therefore, an enduring worth; yes, entirely yours is the whole history of the world, for the world's history also in all its parts must work together to the building up of the kingdom of God.

Yours, moreover, in an especial sense, is all that is enduring in this ever-rolling world—that is, all that God placed in this world to reveal Himself and to declare His glory, and executed in it for the happiness of men—from that inner self-moving of the Godhead, from which the words, “Let there be light,” arose, up to the rising of the Easter sun after Golgotha's darkness and the illumination of the Pentecostal morning; all deeds and words of God in the old and in the new covenant; yours above all is Christ, the great turning-point of all time, and with Him all the ages, and all the divine providence exhibited in them. Yours, O Christian, is His holy incarnation and birth, His poverty and His wealth, His lowliness and His glory; yours is His obedience unto death, all His doing and all His submitting, His sufferings and His victory, every pearl of truth from His mouth, every drop of blood from His bruised body, every act of His rule in the world; all are as much yours to use and to enjoy as if for you especially they had happened and existed. “He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up to the death for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?” (Rom. viii: 32.)

But look still further onward over this world. Yours are also *life and death*—not merely your own life, the basis of all your possession, the whole “talent” of time, and health, and wealth entrusted to you by God, all the present ways and thousandfold opportunities of doing good; but if Christ is yours, who is Life itself, then is all life, all that is really living, yours indeed; all the productive powers in the kingdom of *nature* (for they act and produce to the glory of God your Father, therefore also for you and your future); and much more all the life-giving forces in the kingdom of *grace*; the complete fulness of the spiritual life which appeared in Christ; all the workings of the Holy Spirit in countless hearts; every enlightening, every conversion, every progress in holiness, wherever attained, if even in the farthest corner of the earth; for all work together to the perfecting of the kingdom which is reserved for you, to your joy, to the strengthening of your faith and to your perfect happiness. And, therefore, yours is also the eternal life

in the kingdom of *glory*, where the streams of life well up in free, unhindered power, and its fruits, no longer threatened by any enemy, display themselves continually.

Yes, even *Death*, too, is yours! Because Christ's death is yours, your own death must also be a good service to you—an entrance into life, a bridge across to glory. Yours are the sweet and happy deaths of all the pious, the martyrs' deaths of witnessing, with all their comfort, all their fruit. Not only all the powers of life, nay, even all the destructive forces that are in the world, are yours also, O Christians, for the wise guidance of God uses them also for its holy aims—even all they, from sorrow and sickness to the mouldering of the grave, are in God's hand a means of preparing you for the kingdom of glory. Nay, even life and death are, in a certain sense, in your hands; you can spread life or corruption; you can be to the world a blessing or a curse. All is yours; with yourselves rests the choice; shall it be *Life* or *Death*?

(c) Still further does the apostle lead the ravished eye of the Christian, who now surveys his immeasurable possession as far as the last conceivable limit, as far as the remotest distance; he says—"things present, or things to come—all are yours." Not only the present, with all that lives and ferments in it, but also all that develops itself from it—the whole future, nearer or more distant, with all that it brings of happiness or woe. And wherefore this? Because to those who love God all things must be for the best. He who has obtained the salvation of Christ obtains all things. To him I would say in words of comfort—Thine are not only all the former and present, but also all the future actions of God and Christ; thine the coming fall of Babylon, the overthrow of Satan, the resurrection and the judgment, the new heaven and the new earth; thine all the promises, and therefore, also, their glorious fulfilment; thine all the battles, and therefore, also, the coming final one between light and darkness, and the mighty victory of light, eternal peace, the unending rest of the people of God! Thine are the angels and all the blessed in the New Jerusalem; thine all the glory of God and Christ in the world of light; for thee shine all the stars in this life and the next; for thee all fountains flow; for thee all hands are working, and for thee all hearts beat; for thee are rising the enduring mansions of the heavenly home.

Truly a kingly survey of endless distance over a possession immeasurable on this side and on that! As when looking from a high mountain over the scenes of earth, our sight finally roams away to the verge of the horizon, where earth and heaven are blended in the light of the evening sun, so our spiritual vision of our possession first finds the limits of its power where the long stream of history pours itself into the eternal ocean,

where present and future, earth and heaven, all together end in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Thither, O Christian, extends thy kingdom, and there it first in reality has its true beginning!

Oh, that such a survey—to which also our Lord and Saviour often enough invites us when He exhorts us to seek first the kingdom of God and all things shall be added unto us, or when, surveying and grouping together all things, He teaches us to pray, “Thy kingdom come”—were more frequent among us, and that we also learned by meditating on it to live more as kings and priests to God, and to overcome all that is base within us! Why are we not every day joyful over these treasures? Why?

II. Far as this survey of ours reaches, it has yet *a holy limit and condition*, with which all is connected: “*And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's*. All, yes, *all* is yours, O Christian, but with one exception—*yourself—you are not your own*, but are the property of Christ. This is the near-lying limit, but also the real basis of our immeasurable possession. It is only if we are really Christ's that He and His kingdom are ours, and on Him and His kingdom all things depend—Paul, Apollos, Cephas, and all pious teachers and pastors, for what they preach is Christ (1 Cor. i: 2, 3; 2 Cor. iv: 5); without Him they are nothing (1 Cor. ii: 7); in Christ they are all one; therefore, he alone who is Christ's and has Christ has them all. The world, life and death, the present and the future, all depend on Christ. For who can give us the right of possession over all things? Surely only He to whom all things belong, that is, God. But God has delivered all things over to Christ (Matt. xi: 27). “Christ is God's,” inseparable from the Father in being, power and will, and He gives all things to them who are and who remain His, inseparably His own in faith and love. With Christ, and in Christ alone the Father and His kingdom are also theirs, and therefore in truth all things. So that it is only because and if Christ is ours that all things are ours; but Christ is ours only if we are Christ's. For how could He give a part in His life and in Himself to him who does not open to Him the door? How could he dwell in one that does not give himself to Him that He may purify him and make him a new creature?

We see, therefore, that the possession of the “all things” is connected with the sacred condition: *only when Christ possesses you do you possess Him, and with Him all things*. If you will be your own master, and be careful for self, you have nothing to expect; but if you give yourself up to Christ, then are, and evermore shall be, all things thine. He alone who no longer is his own, who through the new-creating power of the grace and of the Spirit of Christ is each day more completely

purging out the selfishness of the old man, and who ceases wishing to be and to have anything for himself—he in this new love for God and His kingdom, a love that is all-embracing, that in Christ makes all things again serviceable to himself, has the whole wealth of God Himself to enjoy. He whose eye is clear, whose heart is so far formed in love of God and Christ as to be able to embrace at once the present and the future, as in faith and hope to possess all things as an heir, he alone can and may see such a royal vision. The apparent loss of his own self will be his greatest gain. He loses only the petty, the base, the low, the selfish that adheres to him; but from the moment that he conquers self and gives self up to Christ, there sinks with the grace and love of Christ into the hitherto narrow heart, that in its selfishness never reached beyond itself, a God-given power of self-expansion, a heavenly disposition that looks far away beyond all things earthly, through which that heart becomes capable of sharing in the possession and enjoyment of all things in faith, because it has already attained the firmly-rooted hope of the eternal inheritance, and has become a living member of Christ the Head, who is already in possession of, and ruling over, all things. He alone, therefore, who, with himself, gives up all, even to the smallest remnant, of the natural man, and lets the new-creating beam of divine light and life penetrate into the innermost depth of his being, receives the expectancy of all things.

This solemn condition, then, puts to us a *decisive* question—*Whose art thou—Christ's or thine own?* And of him, to whom it, nevertheless, may seem a little too much to give himself up to another, I would ask—Do you know that of right you belong, not at all to yourself, but to Him by whom all things, yourself included, have been created, and who has bought you for His possession with His precious blood? Can you deny His sacred title to you? And thou who believest that thou hast given thyself long ago to Christ, art thou in truth as *fully* the property of Christ as *Christ is God's?* Art thou in such a constant and uninterrupted intercourse of life and love, of will and deed? Is it so between thee and thy Saviour as between Him and His Father? Hast thou, in thy self-surrender to him, kept back nothing of self, made no little secret provision for the world and the flesh? Canst thou call “His” thy whole time, strength and wealth, thy whole heart—in one word, *thyself?* Dost thou do all things with Him, in Him, for Him? In all thy seasons of action and of rest are the words imprinted on thy soul—“I must not ‘live to myself, but to Him who has died for me and risen again’?” (2 Cor. v: 15.) Oh, what a task, to be Christ's and continue Christ's in spite of all that daily and hourly comes to separate us from Him! No wonder that in the case of most people the sight is immedi-

ately dimmed by dark shadows when they try to take this royal survey of their great possession.

But consider not only the great and unceasing task which, so long as we wander in this body of sin and death, lies for us in the words, "Ye are Christ's," but also their *comforting aspect*. If the Lord will have you fully and completely, He must have you with all your misery, with all your sin, with all your outward and inward needs and cares. These were not wanting among the Corinthians also, and yet Paul writes of them, "Ye are Christ's," because they had surrendered themselves with all their sins to the Master. Oh, beloved soul, learn from this, then, this great comfort: He will have thee thus, just as thou art, fully and just now, even though He knows thy vilenesses better than thou knowest them thyself. Do not wait to see if thou canst become better and make a fairer appearance. Thou canst never be so without Him, and every hour that thou keepest back from Him is something stolen from His dearly-acquired possession, is a new guilt. Go to Him, and say: Lord, I have heard that Thou wilt have me, yea, that for my sake Thou hast taken upon Thyself pain and sorrow inconceivably great—here Thou hast me for Thyself, with all my wickedness, all my guilt and all my weakness!

Oh, beloved soul, as sure as God is God and His Word the Truth, so surely to-day does He offer to thee again a Gospel which by Christ's command is to be preached to every lost creature. He will accept of thee and give Himself to thee as thine own. And having Him you have all things; you are one of the King's children and an heir to the unfading crown, and it is your privilege, the more fully you are His, to give up to Him all that oppresses and grieves you.

But thou that hast Him not, look at *the other side* of the truth, of which the apostle reminds us to-day. While all is yours only if and in so far as you are Christ's, *you have nothing, nothing at all, if you do not belong to Him*. Am I saying perhaps too much? Oh no! not yet enough. Thou hast worse than nothing, deep guilt!

If all things, including you, have been delivered to Christ of His Father, then you, with all you are and have, live on His goods and possessions, over which you are placed here only as steward, not as owner. If you remain your own, and use that which is entrusted to you as your own, instead of for your Master's purposes, then you are wasting His goods as a wicked steward, and heaping guilt upon guilt. Every minute which you appropriate as your own, instead of using it in Him and for Him, is a theft; every beating of the heart which does not belong to Him is a crime, and your whole self-glory a long register of guilt which accuses you.

Oh! how miserably poor is the Christless world, which seeks

to belong not to Him, but to itself! If it will look over its possessions, it must draw back its gaze ever farther. To it belongs not the future, for this brings to it only death and judgment, and it has no hope of the eternal life; not the present, for this not only melts away under its hands, but is taken possession of by another, who leads it to quite other ends than the world dreams of; not death, for *this* has the world, and not the world *it*, and lets it only once pass from the first to the second and eternal death; not life, for it knows not at all what is called life; because it has not Him who is Life itself, it knows neither life's true task nor its genuine joy, and its whole life-work can show nothing which is permanent and which would make its poor life really worth the living; not Paul, not Apollos, not Cephas, not one God-sent teacher of the truth, because their testimony does not exist for the world which despises and rejects it, and their word of life becomes unto it only a savor of death unto death. Nay, not even *the world*. Not even this last thing still remaining to it does the world have and hold; for, because it of right belongs to another whose service it withdraws to itself, He punishes it by letting it always destroy itself more and more of itself, and it loses itself ever deeper till the last faint ray of life and pleasure, of honor and of joy, of time and strength, is forever extinguished beyond recall.

Therefore, dear brethren,—either *with* Him and having all things, or *without* Him and having nothing, nay, less than nothing, immeasurable guilt against Him who has all things—that is the choice! Oh! since it is often hard to tear yourselves away from the world, which tires itself in the pursuit after an imaginary possession, learn as Christians untiringly to regard this world in the light of these kingly words, “All is yours;” and let the royal sentiment, the unending consciousness of elevation, that arises out of it, chase away all petty cares and debased desires. But along with that, attend each day to the solemn self-examination: Am I also Christ's? He alone who has received, with the Spirit, the seal of sonship to God, and is ever diligent in deep humility and earnest watchfulness not to grieve this Holy Spirit, he is and remains an heir to the kingdom, and can in truth follow with his gaze the apostle's survey of his immeasurable possession. He receives all things—*here* in faith, love and hope, *there* in seeing and enjoying—from Him who says, “And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me” (Luke xxii: 29).



The Creative Energy in Nature and in Grace.

A SERMON

BY **Pharcellus Church, D.D., TARRYTOWN, N. Y.**

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.—Psalms xxxiii: 6.

These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God.—Rev. iii: 14.

Who hath created all things by Jesus Christ.—Eph. iii: 9.

I have created him (Jacob), I have formed him; yea, I have made him.—Isaiah xliii: 7.

We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.—Eph. ii: 10.

Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered; nor come into mind.—Isaiah lxxv: 17.

WE have in these passages the leading features of God's work in creation as revealed in Scripture; and we trust that we shall make it clear that it is as remote as heaven from earth from anything that science is able to reach by its methods. In doing this we shall outline our text, and then speak of the creative energy in itself, in its working, in its unity, and in its final cause or consummation.

I. WE ARE TO OUTLINE OUR TEXT.

1. The passages of the text seem to vibrate between a literal and spiritual meaning. The dress of the thought is literal, but the body or substance is clearly spiritual. Our first impression of the heavens and their host is, that they relate to the material expanse above us with its shining worlds; but when it is said in the same connection (Psalms xxxiii: 13) that "the Lord looked down from heaven," we know that the spiritual universe must be in view. The Amen as God's faithful and true witness, and Jacob or Israel as a representative people, are also necessarily spiritual. So the creation of Christian believers is their birth of the Spirit to a new and holy life, and the new heavens and earth cannot refer to the solid frame-work of nature, but only to a divine and heavenly order of things. Hence, whatever is literal in these passages is, like written or spoken language, a mere organ of expression to what is of thought, to what is of mind, to what is of the spiritual world.

2. As the creation is spiritual, so is the energy that produced it. This energy is spoken of as the Word or Breath of God, and as Jesus Christ. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all their host by His breath, or, which is the same thing, God created all things by Jesus Christ. The terms are different, but the meaning the same. As creation is a thing of time and space, so must be the energy producing it. How can

the Infinite and Eternal be compressed into time and space relations, or into conditions of limitation, without in some way accommodating Himself to these assumed conditions? And the terms Word and Breath of God and God in Christ are applied in Scripture to the Infinite acting in space and to the Eternal in time, and hence in the same chapter it is recorded that "no man can see God and live," and that "God spake to Moses face to face" (Exod. xxxiii : 11, 20). "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him" (John i : 18). It is the same God, as, revealed or unrevealed, His Word or Breath in creating and ordering material nature is dimly seen; but in Jesus Christ, by whom all things were made, divinity irradiates the attributes of humanity, and becomes "the light" of conscience and of immortality "to every man that cometh into the world" (John i : 9). Heaven and earth, or God and man as a unit, is thus the fundamental truth of revealed religion.

3. The *work* which the Bible describes God as doing is also spiritual. It consists in making an earthly being heavenly, and an evil and fallen one good and holy. This is clearly implied in the text, "I have created Jacob, I have formed him; yea, I have made him," that is, created him as a spiritual race, really or representatively, in reference to which it is said of those in Christ, that they are God's "workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works." Their divine and heavenly life is not a natural development, but a direct creation from God.

4. Even the *beginning* spoken of in the text, has no reference to the material universe, but to the revelation of God in Christ, or, with the limitations of time and space. Christ as "the Amen, the faithful and true witness," in revealing the invisible God is, "*the beginning* of the creation of God." The first movement of the Infinite from His own eternity, was in taking on forms of existence to make Himself known. He became the Amen or Truth, witnessing His existence to beings capable of apprehending Him, and herein *began* the only order of things of which the Bible treats. The beginning was not that of calling up the material universe from nothing, as is generally supposed, but that of God acting with the limitations implied in his identity with the "Son whom He appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds." The "all things" and "the worlds" refer to that system of things of which "Christ is the head to his church" (Eph. i : 22), or which he manages with a view to inclining men to a spiritual, holy and divine life. Such passages in the Bible, as also its whole scheme of revealed truth, have no reference to the material creation, except as the base of God's spiritual workmanship here below. Its beginning dates from God's attitude as man

and with limitations. Rev. i : 8, xxi : 6 ; Prov. viii : 23 ; Col. i : 18.

5. *Foreordination* is not the abstraction of a purpose in God's mind, but the concrete fact of a plan to induce men to the practice of good works. It is indeed several times spoken of as an outcoming of what was "*before* the foundation of the world" (John xvii : 24, Eph. i : 4, 1 Peter i : 20), but this accords to the whole Bible, which traces the known to the unknown, and the things of time to their origin in eternity. It *assumes* the eternal, however, not as a thing to be proved, but as a fixed fact of human consciousness. This assumption we have in its first verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"; and it asserts that it is "through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God" (Heb. xi : 3), thus offering no proof for the greatest of all facts, because it needs none, any more than the fact of our own existence. That we exist and that God exists are prior conditions of thought ; so, while foreordination to a good life is known to us only in the workmanship by which we are made good through the Word, the Spirit, Providence, and the whole course of ordinances and instrumentalities from the beginning of time, yet it is the outcoming of what was in the Infinite mind before the foundation of the world. Such are the leading ideas in our text.

II. THE CREATIVE ENERGY IN ITSELF.

Our creeds and catechisms *infer* that the world was made of nothing, because we know not what it was made out of in the beginning. The Bible asserts nothing of the kind, but only that God made it. The apostle is more cautious in his statement of the case as already quoted. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." The non-appearance of things to us is no evidence that they do not exist. The great forces of nature—gravitation, magnetism, electricity and so on—appear only in their effects, and yet are they not as real as rocks, mountains or the visible worlds? Creating the universe out of things that do not appear is by no means the same as making them out of nothing. *What* God made we to some extent see, but how He made it, or of what, doth not appear. These are questions for science to solve, if it can. In saying that by *faith* we understand that God made the worlds, the apostle withdraws the subject from the reasoning of those who make matter eternal. Whatever may be said or thought of the faith which sees God in the origin or operations of nature, it certainly does not come from a process of reasoning. We no more reason ourselves into the consciousness of a Divine creative energy, than into the sense

of the ought or ought not. The child feels this sense before he begins to reason, and as soon as he begins to feel it, the sense of a God to approve or disapprove what he does dimly but really dawns upon his mind. Is not this spiritual feeling or insight the first germ of the faith by which we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God? Apart from it, can men by wisdom or by mere reasoning know God? 1 Cor. i:21. Is it not the end of creation to multiply beings with this insight to know, enjoy and glorify God forever?

In thinking of God in creation, how liable are we to the illusions of sense and imagination! In looking upon mountain scenery, or listening to the roar of Niagara, we seem to stand face to face with God, and feel that "the undevout astronomer is mad." Whereas, what we see and hear is most of all remote from the energy which creates. It is, as it were, the nail parings, which have in them none of the life from which they come. The astronomer is undevout, because the material immensity which he contemplates kindles his imagination without increasing his faith. He reasons of God, but he does not feel the sense of His presence in taking cognizance of his own right or wrong. The still small voice by which God speaks to the believing soul is not a thing of poetry and imagination; it is a great reality of our moral being. The medium through which we see God is spiritual, moral, immortal, and not one of sentiment and imagination. "Nature *conceals* God, man *reveals* Him." See Sir W. Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, p. 29.

God's work is not to be estimated by its *ponderosity*, but by its *directness*. Which is the greater creation, the life or the organism which it takes on? Which is most direct in its emanation from God? Science can put the organism into its crucible and analyze it to its elements, but the life that made the organism escapes it. That is from God, who is life in Himself. When the life-germ is created, the product is ensured. And it is the same, whether each germ is a separate creation or is propagated, since the generations going before reach a first germ coming direct from God. Which is the greater of the two, the fall and roar of Niagara, or the solar heat and gravitation which produce them? Without that heat, water would be fixed as a rock; and without that gravitation, it could not fall. And yet, who that looks at Niagara feels the sublimity of the real forces which produce the mighty movement? The rocks, the roar and the rushing current in its vastness kindle the imagination, and become a sort of veil to hide from view its real forces. Is not science interposing a like veil to the knowledge of God? Those who are devoted to it talk of ethereal waves as the cause of astral motion, talk of molecular polarity as producing all the forms of matter, talk of the order and energy of the universe as inherent and not imposed from

without ; and yet these forces, real or unreal, are as much out of the range of their methods as the God who is Spirit. The Bible resolves all into mind-force, working all in all. Which is the more reasonable of the two? Plato, in ascribing all the forms of things to a guiding intelligence, came much nearer the Scripture idea than the scientists of our day.

The Hebrew and Greek words rendered *create* in our translation are used more than a hundred times in the Old and New Testaments. They have a stronger meaning than the words rendered form, make, build, frame, as in the text *creating* Jacob means more than *forming* and *making* him. The first denotes perhaps the impartation of a germ of Spiritual life, while the others relate more especially to its cultivation.

In the secular use of these words I cannot see much difference ; but as applied to God and His working, create means much more than form, make, build, frame ; and in this view I find a general agreement among commentators and lexicographers.

The difference is like that between the subtler and grosser forms of matter. Gravitation, sunlight, electricity and magnetism shape rocks, rivers, mountains, oceans, while life gives being to innumerable organisms ; and yet they are subtle, and, to a great extent, unseen forces, while what proceeds from them is vast, ponderous, and occupy almost our sole attention. So, in the Scripture phraseology, the creative energy is, as it were, a subtle, unseen force, or a life-germ proceeding directly from the Creator, and from it come all existing things, by formation, making, building, framing. Thus, miracles are *created*, and their *results* are formative. Of the opening of the earth to swallow up Korah and his company, God says, "I will create a creation" (Num. xvi : 30) —that is, an extraordinary thing aside from my established laws of cause and effect. "I will create a new thing," our translators render it, but this fails to express what the passage means. Its meaning is, that an event with no intermediate cause between it and God's agency is a creation. The directness of its emanation from God, not its ponderosity, is what makes it a creation. Its cultus is a thing of means, and therefore formative.

So, in other passages of the Bible, a like distinction is kept up between the created and the formed or made. "The miracles of God's dealing with Israel are such as have not been created in all the earth, nor in any nation" (Ex. xxxiv : 10). This implies a directness in God's working among that people which does not appear in the order of nature. "They are created now, and not from the beginning" (Isa. xlviii : 7), is also a reference to the things of prophecy, including no doubt the gospel day, which was without precedent. The Divine Incarnation in the person of Christ was the great burden of

prophecy, an event foreshadowed in man's creation after God's image and likeness and by various types, none of which, however, were precedents of the stupendous reality. That stands out singly and alone on the tablet of prophecy as a direct manifestation of God among men, and hence is spoken of as a "creation now, and not from the beginning." In like manner the same event is alluded to in the much misunderstood passage, "The Lord shall create a new thing; a woman shall encircle a man," that is, in the sense of protecting him, alluding no doubt to our Lord in the womb and arms of the Virgin (Jer. xxxiv : 22). This was the greatest of all wonders and without precedent in the history of the universe. "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Luke i : 35).

Such is creation in its highest sense. The typical foreshadowing of it in the account of man's creation represents him as endowed with moral faculties kindred to those of the Divine. They are a creation because inbreathed directly from God, and not a development from his lower nature. The mineral, vegetable and animal substances of his body cannot make him spiritual. Nor, indeed, can the intellectual faculties which in him answer to instinct in animals. A blind man could as well reason himself into seeing as we could exercise ourselves in religion, with no sense to take the impressions of God, duty and immortality. This sense is, in the Bible view, a creation, or a direct emanation from God, and does not come from cultivation or development. Can we be cultivated up to a sixth sense, or a dog be trained to reason and feel as a man? Can reasoning rest on premises which are beyond the scope of our own nature? We call this special creation in man conscience, a word which is not in the Old Testament, and which in the New is spoken of as a light from the Divine Incarnation, "lighting every man that cometh into the world" (John i : 9).

Creation, as applied to nature, has respect to those subtle laws of matter or life which we can know only as their effects; and in mind it is that which made our race capable of a spiritual, moral and immortal life. But inasmuch as this spiritual creation in man came at the fall under the ruling of the flesh, the world and the devil, and thus failed of its purpose, a new creation became necessary, spoken of as "in Christ unto good works," "making all things new," "a new heaven and a new earth," and this new product of creative energy is called "a new creature." (2 Cor. v : 17; Rom. viii : 19-23; Gal. vi : 15; Col. i : 15; Rev. v : 13.)

When one thus looks at the creative energy in itself, as presented in the Word of God, the absurdity of attempting to adjust it to any of the scientific theories of nature, its origin or

formation, must be clearly seen. I am afraid our Christian scientists, by their perversions of Scripture, are doing more mischief to the cause of revealed religion than our Spinozas, our Comtes, or any of the materialistic school.

III. THE CREATIVE ENERGY IN ITS WORKING.

However direct God's act in creating, it links itself to a series of succeeding acts, which we call means, stages, generations. Each one in the series seems to come from some inherent power in that which went before, and our later materialists deny the existence of anything independent of matter. Matter created itself or is eternal, and matter is the sole cause of subsequent changes. Hence, in their view, there is no intelligence in its working, no design by which the mechanism of the eye is adjusted to light, the ear to sounds, the earth to the sun and the sun to the earth, and by which the vast machinery of nature is made to work in harmony. All is blind-force, in their view, which is the uncaused cause of all things.

There is mystery, no doubt, in this subject of causation; but this material explanation, it seems to me, is least of all satisfactory. Is it not more reasonable to ascribe the first movement to an Infinite Intelligence, in whom all causes meet as the first link in the chain—a chain of which He never lets go,—so that the present forces of nature owe their existence to a present God as much as that by which the series was begun? "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things," and "in Him we live and move and have our being." Though the part of the process in which means are employed is spoken of in the text as formative, and only the first act was creative, yet God is alike present to all and in all. "*I have created, I have formed, I have made,*" are words which ascribe the secondary as well as the primary act to God, only distinguishing between the two according to the directness or indirectness of the emanation. The direct is spoken of as miraculous, while the other comes by means and in the order of nature—or so it seems from our limited point of observation; when in fact perhaps what we call miracles would be seen to come from more general laws in God's working if we could take in his whole plan.

Unhappily we have fallen into a state so animal and material that we are under a constant illusion in looking upon what is going on around us. We see eggs becoming birds, acorns oaks, generations springing from those going before, and on all hands one thing beginning on another, and we are deluded into the feeling that the movement is self-impelled. "Therefore they sacrifice unto their net and burn incense unto their drag: because by *these* their portion is fat and their meat plenteous." We forget that what we see is the least part even of nature, and is only the dial covering from view God's real clock-work in keeping up the mighty movement.

"Lo, these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of Him! but the thunder of His power who can understand?"

The Bible is given to cure us of this illusion, not by reasoning, but by appealing to God's responsive chords in our own moral nature. In its first chapter it assumes two things: first, that God is the Creator of all things; and second, that we are made in His image, involving a necessary recognition of Him in His true character, or in some perverted form or god of our own. And whatever else its subsequent chapters contain or omit, the working of a present God is sure to be their leading idea.

"Philosophy baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man."

With such eyes our Lord looked upon the birds and lilies, and ascribed His own mighty deeds, not to Himself, but to His Father.

Not a few mistake our "creation in Christ unto good works" as the language of simile rather than of fact. They set forth eloquently the production of the material universe from nothing as the only real creation, but used to illustrate the greatness of regeneration. But wherein does God act more directly than in the human soul? The subtlest forms of matter are remote from the spirituality of His being, compared with souls created in His own image. What He does in making us holy like Himself and heirs of His blessed immortality, is far more a creation than piling up rocks and mountains, or peopling immensity with its worlds. Is not the child of a house a higher production than the house itself? It is within us that God has His temple and His throne, and that he performs His greatest acts, because they produce gems out of which the spirits of just men made perfect are brought into an ever-expanding life of glory and blessedness.

It is from such a creation that the greatest results follow even on earth. Think of what ensued from the regeneration of him who was the Apostle to the Gentiles. In that the Christianity of Europe had its seeding. Think of the mighty results which flowed from Luther's conversion. In that our modern civilization had its birth. Think, in fact, of a work in the feeblest and least known believer ending in his glorification in heaven, and who will not say that it is far more to the praise of creative energy than the construction and ordering of material nature? When God says, "I have created, I have formed, I have made," "I create a new heaven and a new earth," he gives assurance not only of his continual working, but of the genuineness of his workmanship, and that a piety

which consists in a creation in Christ unto good works cannot fail to bless the world with its fruits and to fill heaven with re-deemed spirits. This is "the incorruptible seed of the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever." All else in the form of moral reasoning, ceremonial observance or priestly imposition is unavailing and unenduring. It is God Himself on His holy hill of Zion that perpetuates in the earth all that is true in religion, genuine in virtue and tranquilizing to the soul, just as it is a continual divine energy in nature that keeps in motion its innumerable wheels and gives them a beneficent direction.

IV. THE CREATIVE ENERGY IN ITS UNITY.

An endless variety of parts in one is a strong feature in my text. The heavens and their host are a unit of creative power; God's workmanship in the millions on earth and in heaven makes them one family, of which Christ is Head; Jacob, or the Israel of God, with its countless host, is spoken of as an individual; the all things created by Christ are His new heavens and earth, his new Jerusalem, or consummated work.

What is it that makes nature one vast system of things but the identity of its laws? All the forms of matter are reducible to a few simple elements, and the orbs move in harmony under the same impulse, and are found by means of the spectroscope to be composed of like materials. Is not this because all their inhering powers center in Him who made them, and in His continual working? There is no line of inquiry which, duly followed up, does not end in God, as the cords and bands of a great factory in the power that sets them in motion. Though concealed from view in His own Being, He makes Himself visible in every movement. Blinding as the sun may be to our direct gaze, we cannot mistake its existence.

The union of God's intelligent universe in Him is not so much a thing of reason as of love. "Whom not having seen we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Love to God is the first and supreme requirement of His law. This is the sole basis of unity in the moral universe, and we know that affection rather than reasoning is the tie that binds men into families and states, and inferior creatures into flocks and herds. The attraction of love in the world of mind does what that of gravitation and cohesion accomplish in the world of matter. It reduces innumerable individuals to a corporate unity. While science accepts nothing which it cannot formulate in thought, God binds both His moral and material universe together by those subtle forces of which we can think only in their effects.

No mistake is greater than thinking to bind Christians in one by legislation, hierarchies or symbols of any kind. The

most that these can effect is an external bond such as unites dissimilar peoples under one government, as English and Hindoos under the British Queen. It is a thing of external power, not of mind, affection and identity of spirit. Such is catholic unity, which is a thing of outward appliances, not of internal working. The Scriptures look for unity on an entirely different principle. It is by "coming into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." It is creative, not formative; of the heart, not of institutions. We are one in Christ, not in an organization. It is like that of nature where innumerable particles are made one universe by ties too subtle for philosophy, too acute for science. It is God working through all and in all. He is the central sun, alike in the world of matter and of mind.

If Christians would let their controversies sleep and come more fully under God's working, they would soon reach a oneness to which their continuance in different sects would be no barrier. The diversity of sect would in that case add to their effectiveness, just as the power of an army is estimated by the number of its divisions under one head. There are a thousand reasons to make these divisions necessary in our present state, but none why all should not be ruled by the same Spirit. It was for a oneness such as exists between Father and Son in the Holy Trinity that our Lord prayed, and not such as being under one pope or ecclesiastical constitution. "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

The new creation of our text has both an earth and a heaven, just as the old creation had; and why, therefore, should not both the old and the new have respect to the revelation of God in man? The New Jerusalem is to come down from God out of heaven, not as a material fact, but a spiritual power ruling the life of man. With this imagery Moses begins the revelation and John ends it with the same. It is heaven and earth as a unit, the kingdom of God with men, or a spiritual nature conjoined to the earthly, that whether living among these material elements or where only spiritual bodies can subsist (1 Cor. xv:39), they may "stand before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Toward this highest of all unities the only creative energy known to Scripture has been undeviatingly working ever since the beginning of time.

V. THE CREATIVE ENERGY IN ITS FINAL CAUSE OR CONSUMMATION.

The doctrine of final causes cannot be explained from mate-

rial laws. Unorganized nature can furnish no reasons for its operations. It is full of indications of intelligence without intelligence, a vast laboratory without a workman or owner to put it to any use. In itself it shows no final cause or rational purpose for its existence.

And when we rise to organized nature, what have we but brute members, senses and appetites? What is there to appreciate anything in nature beyond a feeding place? The ox and his grass are about alike remote from the evidences of intelligence which surround them. They are mere absorbents, the one of what comes from the earth, and the other of earthly substances themselves. Everything lives out of the ground, and returns to the ground again. And even if we add our intellect of capacity to observe laws, facts, forces or relations as they exist in matter, what more do we gain but a race of lookers on? Scientific men can pretend to little more, except that they are able to combine things for present use and conveniences. They are as completely cut off from God and a spiritual world as the ox or his grass. Prof. Tyndall has said, in a late speech, that he knows of nothing that might not have come from the properties which inhere in matter, and denies the existence of any force extraneous to it. According to this view, there is no higher mind-force than the power of observing what matter is and does.

And yet, who does not know that all the greatest things in human history come from conscience and a sense of the powers above? Thence arose the Pyramids of Egypt, the Acropolis of Athens, the Cathedrals of Europe, and all the greatest monuments of art. Thence governments, constitutions and laws. Thence the martyrdoms of conviction and freedom. Thence the voluntary sacrifice which millions have made of property, limb and life. Thence the controlling power of both savage and civilized minds. Thence the inspiration of poetry, and Homer and Milton would have had their flight in a vacuum if there had been the in human mind no sense of connection with a higher world. Thence moral nature as a sentiment, and not intellect as a knowing, reasoning power, manifests itself in the fetish of the negro as well as in the theology of civilized men. And can a sentiment exist without some sort of objective reality—eyes without light, ears without sound? And yet, blar-eyed science finds all in matter!

But our text looks at the subject from a higher, broader and more reasonable point of observation. "All things were created by Jesus Christ, to the intent that unto principalities and powers among the heavenlies may be known by the Church," or its elevation from an earthly to a heavenly life, "the manifold wisdom of God." The material system is an outcoming of the Infinite mind, and exists for the intellectual, moral and

spiritual. It is the soil in which grow the shoots which are to be transplanted to the paradise above. Millions of just men made perfect began life here, and millions more are to be added. And for aught we know a like process may be going on in the other orbs of immensity, to make the spiritual creation more vast than the material, as God who is Spirit is greater than all his works. Where it is said, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created," it must be considered that this ascription of praise is from the four living creatures representing all who are capable of praise, all who know and enjoy God, showing that the end of redemption, as of creation and providence, is to indefinitely multiply beings capable of sharing in the happiness of the Infinite Mind. God's pleasure can only find increase in distribution, as the sun in the worlds reflecting his beams and sharing their life-giving power.

A boundless spiritual universe into which the glory and honor of world-nations are ever flowing, exceeds all our conceptions of material vastness. It is flooded with divinity as seen in clearer visions than here, is radiant with glory, exultant in happiness, and destined to endless progression. This is the new creation and the final cause of all God's works. "I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."



The Reformation of the Family.

A DISCOURSE

By *Pere Hyacinthe*, DELIVERED IN THE WINTER CIRCUS, PARIS,
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[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY REV. LEONARD W. BACON.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The importance of questions affecting the family becomes enhanced in the presence of institutions of popular government. Over against that growing and agitating individualism to which it ought to act as a counterpoise, unless the family represents the force of a wise and liberal conservatism, it becomes the instrument of the most dangerous and obstinate reactions. And if, unhappily, its influence should cease, or rather should decline, for the family is incapable of being wholly destroyed—the order of society would find that its natural foundations had given way, and the impotence of political forces to stand alone would be laid bare to the eyes of all. The question of the family, then, a question of all ages, is peculiarly the question for the ages and lands of popular government.

Now, it is a fact, which unfortunately needs no proof, that the family is impaired everywhere, and, I think, particularly so in our own country. I do well, therefore, to take up the question of its restoration. I did this ten years ago in the pulpit of Notre Dame. My point of view has not changed since then; my convictions have only been developed and strengthened, and I shall speak to you from the same principles, and sometimes with like expressions. Less than ever can I take part with those chimerical, if not perverse minds which propose to better the family by a course of headlong innovation. I hold, on the contrary, that the maxim of Macchiavelli is here peculiarly applicable, that “institutions are to be reformed only by carrying them back to their original.”

What, then, is the original of the family? Is it a sort of legalization by the State and by religion of the baser instincts of human nature? I blush to put the question, but I am forced to do so, because the moral sense of some men is so gross as to make it necessary. If the family were nothing but this, generous souls would turn from it in scorn, and adopt that ancient motto out of Homer, “Live wifeless and die childless.” Christianity has planted itself at quite another point of view, and if it has proposed to exceptional persons in exceptional circumstances the type of absolute asceticism, it has, at the same time, glorified the family, and opened it to all, not as a refuge permitted to the weak, but as a sanctuary consecrated for the strong.

Thus, then, the original of the family, and of marriage which is the basis of it, is not to be sought in those lower planes upon which I do not wish to detain your attention. Shall we find it in fatherhood? Of all the heights of human existence, fatherhood is one of the sublimest. In contemplation of it St. Paul exclaims, "I bow my knees before the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom all fatherhood in heaven and earth is named!" * Fatherhood is a lofty height; but it is not lofty enough. It is not there that the human family has fixed its throne. That, if you will, is its glorious footstool, but not its royal seat.

What, then, is the original of the human family? Doubtless, fatherhood is a fact of capital importance, but it is an extrinsic fact, and consequently does not constitute the inward essence of wedlock. Ask of reason, and you will learn that there is one law of love for persons and another for things. We love a thing for our sake, but a person for his own sake. If fatherhood was the prime and absolute end of marriage, the wife would be lost in the mother, the companion of man would be only a means to an end—a noble and sacred means to the perpetuation of our race, but still a means. Asia would be in advance of Europe, and Mussulman barbarism of Christian monogamy. That be far from us! The family must rest essentially on the disinterested love of two human beings, loving for love's sake, taking each the other for their mutual end, and finding in the unselfishness of this choice the fulfillment of their moral nature. For just as when man loves his God, loves truth, righteousness, absolute and living—for this is God—it is for the very excellence of this sublime object, and yet he receives of Him, out of measure, overflowing, never-failing, the joys of reason, conscience, heart and all His being; just so in wedded love, there is the devotion of each to each, but at the same time they become each the complement and so the felicity of the other. For the man is not humanity; the woman is not humanity; but man and woman are the two fragments, the thesis and the antithesis, if you like the phrase, that unite in the sublime synthesis of marriage, at once human and divine.

The intellect, with the law that governs the relations of person to person—the law of finality and not utility; the heart, with the law that governs all great affections, friendship as well as love, the law of self-devotion; the intellect and the heart both answer us by showing us the essence of the family in that bond, pre-eminently a moral bond, which unites forever in one being a man and a woman.

And now suffer me to interrogate the Bible. I did this in last Sunday's discourse, † and we saw what profound philos-

* Ephesians iii: 14, 15. See the Greek.

† On "Respect for the Truth."

ophy is hidden in its neglected pages. We observed the harmonious and progressive development of the material creation up to the unfolding of man, spirit in flesh, flesh in spirit—the crown in this world of the completed work of the creative thought. Now, Genesis tells us also of the creation of woman and the duplication of human nature in its two parts—the masculine and rational, and the feminine and affectional. Genesis carries us back to a scene which it calls Eden.

What wonder that mankind begins in Eden! Understand me at the outset, I do not attempt to define exactly the historical value of the narrative. My reason presents no objection to it, for there must needs, at the origin of species, have been some strange transactions in the world, and miracle for miracle. I like the Bible story better than the hypotheses of some men of science. But I am not unaware that in dealing with the mysteries of the beginning and the end—mysteries beyond the reach of our reason and our imagination, and of all our present faculties—both Genesis and Revelation make use of symbols that are not to be taken literally, lest we belittle the things, not less real but more vast, which the letter unveils to us by veiling them.

I say, then, that for my part I find it no wonder that the Bible story makes man begin in Eden. Is it not thus that all of us begin? Is not man born into the midst of the scenes of nature as into an enchanted garden, whose forms, whose colors, whose perfumes have for his infancy and childhood charms, delights and revelations which by and by he will cease to find in them? Every life has its dawn, its spring-time—dawn and spring-time that seem destined to be eternal. Even until now, life begins with a never-to-be-forgotten dream of innocence and bliss!

Here, then, we find ourselves, with Adam, in Eden. The whole scene shows us that we are in the ideal regions of human stature, and that we have nothing to do with the instincts of a weak and fallen creature. We are in Eden. Human nature stands before us, not finished, but magnificently roughed out, in that being who has retained more especially the name of *man*; and in him the thing that shines most obviously and conspicuously in his face is the power of thought and will. The apostle Paul, unconsciously commenting on Moses, tells us that "the husband is the head of the wife." Behold that dominating and commanding brow! Beneath his penetrating gaze creation is displayed. It appears before him in its noblest works—those that come nearest to man himself—the animals. The lips of Adam move, and he gives them names. There, O philosophy, you see the difference between man and brute—it is found in speech. Let science compare the species to its heart's content, and liken man to the lower beings. Speech remains, not

as a shade of difference, a gradation, but as a great gulf between him and them, for it is the sign and instrument of abstract, free, reflective thought. And not until you shall have succeeded in evoking smiles and language from the sluggish lips of the brute will you have so much as brought near each other the edges of that yawning chasm that separates forever the thinking being from that which cannot think.

Man called the creation by its name; he conceived it; he commanded it. And yet amid all this happiness, despite this power and this intelligence, he was not happy. Adam found no helpmeet for him. His reason was seeking for life; his head was inclining toward his heart. At this point begins the second scene of the drama of creation.

He sleeps a deep sleep. Ah! once again suffer me to exclaim, "Oh, the philosophic depth of the thoughts of Holy Writ!" Come away, my friends, withdraw, like the first man, from this common—I had almost said this vulgar scene, into which we are ushered every morning and in which we abide till evening; this scene which we call the real world, but which is only the apparent world, the world of phenomena, *φαινόμενα*, of passing forms, not of abiding substance, of sensible effects, not of the causes which produce them and which escape the scrutiny of the senses! Withdraw from this waking scene and enter into the slumber of the senses—into that immediate intuition, that deep contemplation, that trance of the understanding and the reason in which we behold the inmost depths of things. "And Adam slept a deep sleep." It was there, at the fountain-head of being, and not in this common world in which we dwell, that the primordial reduplication of human nature was effected for all the coming time.

The woman is not a being alien to the man. She is not to be animated by a breath different from his. She is not to be formed, like him, of lower substances, as of the dust of the earth. She is to radiate from the man like his consciousness, or, as St. Paul says, like his glory. "The woman is the glory of the man."* She is to radiate from man, but not from his brow—the brow is the seat of thought. Ah! this splendor, this flame, this glory must go forth from the heart. There it is that the story of Genesis shows us its origin. And when the mysterious production is finished, man also is finished, and the Creator, so far at least as concerns this globe, may enter into His triumph and His rest. Man exists now in his completeness—the head, the heart; the heart that thinks in the head, the head that loves in the heart; head and heart, man and woman, united in supreme harmony and bearing a single name. "In the day that God created man, male and female created he them, and

* 1 Corinthians xi: 7.

called their name Adam—man.” Such is this first page of the Bible, to which perhaps you have never given a thoughtful reading. I repeat it: I have no concern with the story, more or less literal, of two individuals. What I discern in it with certainty, with profit, with admiration, is the typical but authentic and revealed history of the moral and religious origin of the family, of society, of all humanity.

It is by the harmonious combination of thought which predominates in man, and affection which predominates in woman—by the union of the head and the heart, which is the condition and the principle of the union of man and woman—that the fair and noble structure of the family is to be reared up. But, mark it well! with this is to be reared the whole structure of society, for society is but the development of the family. For what is the nation but the circle of contiguous homes? What is the nation but the expanded family? How is it that we feel in common that we are Frenchmen? It is that we speak one language and are of one blood; that for centuries we have developed one sentiment of brotherhood, on one territory, watered with the sweat and sometimes with the blood of ourselves and our ancestors. This makes the nation our country—this sense of brotherhood and fatherhood. Fatherland! Land of the fathers and the children! Now, in the fatherland, as in the family, the two great influences meet together—the thinking head, the loving heart—head and heart that are to think, love, act as one; and woe to society when they are separated one from another—when the man’s influence and the woman’s influence become not only distinct but hostile! Of these two forces one will not destroy the other, for you cannot destroy nature; but they will come into collision in the worst of all civil wars! By every fireside, in every parlor, in the sanctuaries of every church, even in the councils of the State, everywhere you will see the affectional force, the moral force, the religious force—too often darkened and perverted in woman—holding in check and sometimes driving back the scientific, liberal, progressive force personified in man.

And now, from the conception which we have contemplated, let us turn our attention to the actual fact: which is it, unity or variance? Doubtless, the reality is not always the opposite of an ideal state of society. Whatever superficial or unfair observers may think, there is no race on earth in which the family sentiment is as strong as in the French race.

I am not here for an effort of flattery. I am not capable of it anywhere, least of all before this great audience. I am not here for a work of rhetorical art—I make no claims to rhetoric in these discourses. I am here before these free and thoughtful consciences, on a mission of morality and patriotism, while

waiting to be received on a mission of religion. I endeavor to speak here the language of reason and liberty. I set before your consciences my own experiences and convictions. If I had the power to impose them on a single one of my fellow-men, I would not do it. Only hear me, and then judge.

I say that in a part of the society of France—I might say of Europe, but you will understand why I am chiefly concerned with my own dear and glorious country—the spiritual unity of the home is not adequately attained, and that, as a fatal consequence, the unity of society itself is affected. I have said this, and I shall prove it. I shall prove it by considering the family at two principal points—before marriage and after.

Before marriage, here are two children, unacquainted with each other, or, if they have been brought together through neighborhood or family acquaintance, they know nothing of the future that awaits them; and yet they are foreordained for each other. Despite the abuse that certain theologians have made of the term, I believe in foreordination in the order of eternal destinies—that just and reasonable foreordination in which the liberty of man is not overborne by the liberty of God. But leaving aside the mysteries of theological speculation, I believe, or rather I clearly see, each day foreordination in the order of nature. There are plants, animals—fauna and flora—whose place is marked out for them in advance in such a region of the globe, or in such a geologic period. And in another order that seems more modest, but which is really of far higher dignity, there are souls which, whatever they may do, can never be developed apart from each other. Woe to them if they never meet each other, or if they meet amiss! These children, then, are foreordained for each other. How are they prepared for each other? The young man is the head; what needs training in him is those gifts which he has received in greatest abundance—the gifts of intellect; but it is also the heart, for we are always liable to fall on that side toward which we lean, and withal the heart is the point of contact by which, by and by, in the course of moral and domestic development, the man is to come into harmony with the woman.

Now, I ask, does the education which we give to young men nowadays develop, as it ought, the heart and the affections? I put the question, and the answer I get is—science! Now, there is no more proud and jealous friend of science than I, only let it be science complete, not self-mutilated, self-isolated from human life. Science is more than observation and experiment in visible nature—more than the nomenclature of facts. Spirit is not of less account than matter, neither is it less fruitful of diversified and positive studies. Doubtless our young men do study history in connection with the natural and abstract sciences, and it is not for me, amid this circle of illustrious men

whom I see around me, to disparage history ; but understand the word in the sense of the great historians, who see through facts to ideas, and through ideas into the soul of a people and into its coming fate. This is history worthy of the name ! And can we, in fact, separate the reason from the conscience, the heart, the imagination even ? Can we put abstract truth on one side and life on the other ? Is it the right and normal course for thought which ought to circulate through the whole human being like a generous blood, when, as if seized with vertigo, it rushes to the brain in a fit of metaphysical intoxication or in a stroke of mental apoplexy ? Such science I would none of for our sons. And yet it is to such science as this that they are often condemned for the most noble, fruitful and critical years of youth.

But, I am told, there is religion, which is provided for in the course of instruction and education—this serves as a counterpoise for a too abstract and exclusive science.

Too often religion is presented to the young man under a form or in a spirit which he cannot accept, or can only accept as a family tradition, not to be too closely examined, but not entering into practical life. Ah, well I know that God's truth does not change with succeeding ages or with varying climes. We cannot say it is truth this side the Pyrenees and falsehood the other side. But there are forms of the truth predestined for this country or that, for this or that century, and the form of religious truth needed to-day for cultivated, manly young Frenchmen is not the form that was fitted for the Middle Ages, and which is no longer wanted either in Italy or in Spain.

And so it comes to pass that religion, even when it exists, has a little cell to itself, all closed and dark, in the young man's brain, and does not pass, like a free and all-powerful breath, over his whole life and soul.

But then there is morality. Yes, morality. Gentlemen, in my opinion it is a great mistake to think of religion as the only thing that divides men's minds, and of morality as the one thing in which they are united. If you speak of morality as it is written by the finger of nature in the recesses of our conscience, that morality indeed is one, not two. But this book of the conscience is like all other sacred books—men sometimes find written in it what they want to find. Thus it is that systems of morals vary as much as systems of religion. To point out only the most conspicuous examples, does there not obtain in society, at this very moment, a detestable sophism, accepted, nevertheless, by many persons, that there are two standards of right and wrong, one for individuals and the other for nations ?—and among individuals, alas ! that there is one standard of right and wrong for men, and another for women ?

These are commonplace remarks, I know, but the applause that I hear from you proves that there is need to insist on these commonplaces till they pass out of rhetoric and into the conscience, and out of the conscience into fact. The day must needs come, and if it be not in the calm and glorious evening of the nineteenth century, it must not longer wait than till the peaceful dawn of the twentieth—the day when we may say to nations as well as to individuals, “Thou shalt not lie,” without hearing in reply that, in politics, lying is the lawful and necessary and legitimate weapon of governors and governed.

The day must needs come when we shall not be saying to individuals, “Thou shalt not steal,” while nations are glorying in conquest. And it must needs come to pass that collective murder, unless imposed by hard necessity and sanctioned by sacred justice, shall be branded, not as equally, but as far more flagitious than individual murder!

One law of right and wrong for individuals and for nations! The man that dares respond to this doctrine by a hiss discredits his allegiance both to the law of God and to the Gospel.

I repeat, also, one law of right and wrong for man and for woman. I lay my finger here on the most delicate and the most critical point of the morals of our time. Why is it, when there is only one standard of truth and one standard of justice for man and for woman, that a corrupted public opinion should have two standards of chastity? The woman's fault is held by all to be her ruin—her moral death-sentence. The same fault in a man brings him neither harm nor shame. Too often he glories in it as if his only consciousness of the holy gift of manhood was in the abuse of it. And that mysterious but equal fidelity mutually due between the betrothed, is it not subjected to contradictory and unjust judgments? Where is the young man, in whose bosom still remains some fibres of humanity, that does not demand of her who is to-day his betrothed and who to-morrow is to be his wife the jealous, implacable integrity of all her past life? But are there many that hold themselves bound to reciprocal fidelity? Do not the demands of such a morality—mystical, ascetic—bring to the lips of many a strange, incredulous smile?

You see how it is; morality does not always supply what is lacking in religion as an antidote to an incomplete and perverted science.

Look, now, at this young man—in many respects a noble young man; see him wasted on one side in sensuality, on the other side in abstraction, and yet called to appreciate and understand a heart—and what a heart!—called to love it, to honor it, to cultivate it, even; for it is in actual life as it is in the Bible story, that the woman, before she becomes in the fullest sense the man's wife, must be his pupil and his offspring.

And now over against this preparation of the young man, what is the preparation of the girl? In the seclusion of home, under the eye of her parents, in the intimacy of brother and sister, her heart, perhaps, will bloom alone, like some plant of genial clime that needs no human aid, but only the dew and the sun. But her reason—what culture will that receive?

Hear what Fenelon wrote, in the seventeenth century, in his "Treatise on Female Education": "Nothing," says he, "is more neglected than the education of girls. Everything is decided, in many cases, by fashion and the mother's whim. No one supposes that this sex needs much instruction." Has French society in this century made any very important advance upon that of the seventeenth? Is it quite secure from the strictures which he applied to his own century? He adds, some pages later: "Superstition is certainly a thing to be feared for woman, but nothing is better, to eradicate or prevent it, than solid instruction. Let girls, too credulous as they are by nature, be accustomed not too lightly to admit certain unauthorized legends, nor to devote themselves to certain religious practices that are introduced by an indiscreet zeal, without waiting for the approval of the Church." Fenelon could not have suspected that the day would come when such legends and practices would be approved by those who claim to be the representatives of the Church.

My friends, it does not develop the understanding of young women to drag their faculties to and fro over surfaces which they cannot penetrate. It does not enrich their memory nor elevate their thought to overload them with a mass of undigested facts and notions. What I ask, as a general rule, of the institutions in which they are educated, is this: Are you training up women capable, when the time comes, of becoming partners of a man's intellect, *confidantes* and counsellors of his thought, his reading, his work? Above all, are you giving them a religious belief and practice in which their brothers now, their husbands by and by, can take part without blushing for themselves, and without doing violence to their reason?

These two existences, so little fitted for each other, chance—I cannot bring myself to say Providence—presently brings together. A whim, or a calculation of self-interest—which of the two is the better, or rather which is the worse?—unites them; and on this union is to be built up that sublime trilogy, the individual, the family, society! "But they love one another," you tell me. And you call *that* love, in the true, moral, Christian sense of that great word! You call that love! Because upon this rock without soil, this sand without water, there has sprung up an ephemeral flower, deceitful to the careless eye, but having no brilliancy, no fragrance, no continuance, you declare that they love! Look, then, a few years later, and see what becomes of this union.

The young man has made an effort with himself to get control of his own heart that he may keep his hold upon the heart of his wife. Now, what sort of sequel follows at the end of one of these feverish days of our toilsome and democratic communities, when the man, weary from the conflict with his fellows and with himself, wounded, whether he be victor or vanquished, comes back to his home? "Now," he says to himself, "I shall have two or three hours, at least, of peace—two or three hours that will be like balm to my mind and heart. He sits down at his fireside, and feels quickening within him that which lies deepest in man—deeper than science and politics, deeper than business and the toil and tumult of modern life—the holy aspirations of human nature. He takes upon his lap his youngest child, and the little innocent strokes his face with happy hands—happy because pure. Dear little hands! how they fondle the wrinkles of his brow and the scars of old wounds! and in the breath of his child the father breathes, as it were, a breath wafted from paradise! He listens with delight to those simple but sublime prattlings that are uttered partly in the language of men, and partly in the speech of angels. Then drawing near the lamp whose shade seems to gather up the light and the thoughts, he speaks to his wife, and seeks to evoke from this pure and charming present the solemn but happy visions of the future. But she listens not, or listens only with a pre-occupied mind. Her thoughts are not with his, either on the present or on the future of their children. He opens a book—one of those grand books of history of which I have been speaking—a book of poetry or of philosophy. But poetry, philosophy, history alike divide them. She cannot have any complicity in his reading. He opens the Gospel, and this too they do not understand in the same way. He unfolds the newspaper; they cannot so much as read the newspaper together!

Alas! it is history that I am telling—a page out of the history of France more painful and dreadful than that of our civil discords and our military disasters.

The husband will come back to his home, at first less gladly, afterward less frequently. Then, in place of these visions of innocence and peace, his mind will begin to be haunted by recollections out of his reading or out of his past experience—the courtesans of Athens, the bayaderes of India. At last he will ask himself that fatal question, What is marriage, after all? what does it amount to, this union under a legal contract or a religious benediction, so long as the hearts are divided by an eternal gulf? Ah! my friends, if he be anything less than a hero, he will go on from that point in a course in which we will not follow him.

And now, as to the wife. I might depict her also a prey to

the same enticements, the same mistakes. I will not do it; I prefer to take only the gravest and saddest aspects of the picture. I think of her, then, as making every effort, despite the defects of her education, to bring her own mind and conscience into sympathy with those of her husband. But in her mind and conscience themselves she finds a limit to her good will. For if she has, I do not say superstition, but faith—if she has distinct and settled principles rooted in the soul by which to decide questions of duty and of eternity, and necessarily, therefore, questions of the present life in practice and in detail,—if, I say, in the convictions of her reason and the dictates of her conscience she comes to a barrier that she cannot cross, what is to become of her? Where shall she find counsel in the perplexing questions relating to her own duty or that of her children? Whither shall she turn for light, comfort, strength, in those inward struggles that come oftener to woman than to man, and in which man is her natural and providential helper? She has, I know, received from God these three gifts—purity, tenderness, patience. She loves the more because she is the purer, and she knows how to suffer because she knows how to love. But at last, just because she is under this law of love, she needs support from one that is stronger; she needs, in spiritual matters, to find him who, in these also, is “her head.” If she does not find him in her husband, if he cannot share her religious and moral anxieties, she will seek elsewhere. She will find what she needs in the Catholic priest, or if not, in that other representative of the gospel, the Protestant pastor; and if she does not find him in any of the official ministers of Christianity, she will look for it in some man of religious or philosophic conscience, some man of strength, gravity and purity, whom she will ordain by her prayers and tears to the priesthood of her conscience.

However legitimate this resolution of the woman, deeply misconceived, long and painfully gainsaid, the woman of whom the Scriptures seem to speak under the figure of the captive daughter of Zion, with tearful, backward-turning face, looking toward a past which was but a dream, and which never can return—however sacred the despair of the wife, of the mother, isolated in her conscience, and at the cradle of her child—after this, tell me, what is there left of marriage? The husband possesses nothing but a carcass. His wife’s heart, conscience, soul, are gone from him forever. The education of his children is no longer under his control; for this is the end of the pitiful drama—the moral divorce of the parents is consummated by this divorce in the education of their children. The children are divided. The sons follow the law of the father, the daughters of the mother; or, it may be, each of them will be divided in soul, and the variance which I have shown in the

parents will reappear in the children. Be they sons or daughters, they will retain from this contradictory education—I will not say faith enough, faith is too high and pure a thing for this—but superstition enough never to think freely as long as they live, never to make a strong and energetic decision in view of the great and solemn moments of existence—marriage, suffering, death—superstition enough for this; and at the same time doubt enough never firmly and joyously to believe in the religion which they practice, or at least do not repudiate. So it keeps coming back under all its forms—this variance that is tormenting and dividing us, and, unless we beware, will be the death of us. That is the great enemy of France.

And now, my friends, to point out the remedy. I have had much to say of Christianity; let me lead you, ere we close, to the heathen fireside—which is also ours. Christianity is a synthesis; far from rejecting, it calls to itself all the moral and religious elements of the inferior forms of religion. We are descended not only from Judea, through the apostles and the first disciples; we are descended from the Celts, the Romans, the Greeks. We belong to the old and aristocratic family of the Aryans. Now, in every Aryan region, on the shores of the Mediterranean as well as on the banks of the Ganges, each house had its altar—its real, material altar, and on that altar burned a fire. Woe to the family whose altar-flame should go out, were it only for an hour! Before this altar, cherishing this flame, there stood a man, the father of the family. He is the family priest, who pours the libations, immolates the victims, celebrates the rites, sings the ancestral hymns. And the day when the father—for this name, *pater*, was given to him among the Greeks and Romans even before his marriage; it was a name of honor, of royalty and priesthood—the day when the father would take to himself a companion, he separated her from the altar and the worship of her parents, and introduced her by a solemn ceremony into the house and the religion which she was thenceforth to share with him.

By whom has this altar, the sure defense of the community, been thrown down? Who quenched that flame? Who silenced those hymns? Don't tell me it was Christianity. Christianity has spiritualized everything, but destroyed nothing. The ruin came from another quarter. It is a part of that perilous crisis through which we are passing, and the issue of which no man can foretell. Family religion is no more. There is individual religion; and if you take the members of the family one by one, or the best of them, you will find in the secret sanctuary of the conscience a flame, or at least a spark. But there is no longer a family altar where they pray and sing together, or, if an altar, it is a hidden one, where the mother timidly gathers her brood in

the father's absence. Beware! there are two Christianities; one is manly, the other feminine, or rather effeminate. The second may kill the first, but cannot take its place.

The remedy, my friends, I know it, I offer it to you. Rebuild the family altar! Resume your priesthood! Have the courage to believe, teach, pray, to gather about you your wife and children. But what religion shall I follow, do you ask? Whatever your conscience chooses, were it the most incomplete of all. The poorest of all religions is better than nothingness.

For my part, I would rather the African negro prostrate before his fetish, than the man who has lost all, whether by his own fault or not, and who is groping in the night and stumbling on the brink of the abyss. This fetish is but a dry root or lump of shapeless wood, if you please. But once let a beam of the human conscience gleam upon it—let the radiance and the dew of the revelation from on high envelop it, and the blasted, mutilated wood shall bud like Carmel, and blossom and bear fruit unto the Lord.

Yes, the humblest of religions, only a religion! But the ancient forms of worship, however beneficent they may have been in their time, can never come back again. Neither can we look for new religions to appear. The last evolution of light among men is Christianity. True, Christianity may go on from glory to glory, but it can never surpass itself. Men's conception of it and realization of it may be improved, but it cannot change its nature nor cease to be itself—Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, forever.

Young men, and you of riper years, husbands and fathers, have, then, a Christianity strong, tender, religious enough to attach to itself your wife and hold your children. Have a Christianity enlightened, manly, progressive enough to abide in it yourselves, believing and practicing it with them.



Lazarus at the Table.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Archibald G. Brown, IN THE EAST LONDON TABERNACLE,
ENGLAND.

Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him.—JOHN xii: 2.

WAS there ever a more marvelous transformation seen on earth than this presented to our view in the text of to-night? What a perfect contrast it is to all that is recorded in the previous chapter! True, in both pictures there are the same personages, and the leading figures in both are identical; but how different their positions, and how changed their aspects. Prominent in both is the figure of our Lord, yet how altered His appearance. In the first picture we see Him standing, groaning in spirit, with tears running down His cheeks, gazing into an open sepulchre where corruption is doing its work. We hear Him also speaking with a voice that wakes the dead—"Lazarus, come forth!" But here, He is sitting calmly and quietly at the hospitable table of Mary and Martha in Bethany. We see no tears upon His cheeks; we hear no groaning. He is enjoying social intercourse with those whom He loves. Christ is in both pictures, but how different does He appear in the one to what He does in the other. In both we have Martha. She is a prominent figure in that first picture of the eleventh chapter. But then we see her with a countenance betraying in every line the conflict that is going on between faith and unbelief, as she says, "I know that He will rise again at the last day," and then, looking brighter as Christ replies, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." In the first picture we see her one moment looking almost blank with despair, as she says, "Don't roll the stone away. Behold, by this time he stinketh;" but here we find, in the 2d verse, that Martha served. All look of anxiety is gone; she has not even a passing thought about a sealed sepulchre or a dead brother. All she is doing is bustling about, just like her, seeing that her Lord and the companions of her Lord at the table are being well served and amply provided for. The third figure is Mary. We saw her in the other picture. There, poor Mary had her face clouded with sorrow, her eyes red and bloodshot with weeping. She had so often gone to the grave to weep, that when she rises hastily, her friends have no doubt as to the direction of her footsteps, so they only remark, "She goeth unto the grave to weep there." But see her now. She is sitting at the table—no, rather, she was—for now she has risen from the table and

is kneeling down at the feet of her Lord, anointing them with precious ointment. No sign of weeping in her eyes now. Mary's heart is filled up with joy to the very brim. Her dear Lord is happy, and so is she. She could not weep a tear now did she try. But the most marvellous figure, with, of course, the exception of our Lord's, is that of Lazarus. Talk of changes, or of startling surprises. Where will you find anything to compare one moment with this? We saw Lazarus in the other picture, tied hand and foot, and wound round, swathed in grave clothes, lying still as marble, on a stone shelf, and, for aught we know, in companionship with other corpses. But look now! Who is that sitting next to Christ? Can it be Lazarus? Yes, we recognize his face. It cannot be any one else, and yet how can it be he? What, Lazarus of whom Martha said, "Behold, by this time he stinketh!" Is that the same man sitting at the table, talking to Christ, eating the food placed before him, and the very joy of all the social circle? He has a smiling, gladsome face, and his flesh is like the flesh of a little child! Is that the man who was once a corrupt corpse? Yes, for our text says, "Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with Him."

Now, marvelous though this transformation is, it is not more marvelous—nay, it is not half so marvelous—as changes that are taking place every day. I pray God that such a transformation scene may take place, friend, in thy pew to-night. For, just as we showed you last Sabbath evening that the death of the soul is a more fearful death than the death of the body, because it is the death of a higher part, so the resurrection of a soul from its grave of sin is a more stupendous miracle than the bringing forth of a cold corpse from a silent grave; and when it can be said concerning any one, "And he who was dead is now sitting at the table with Jesus," we utter one of the most marvelous declarations of divine power that can be made.

We have in our text many things, but we shall only notice three. We have *a great wonder, a grand testimony, and a mighty power for good.*

I. We have, first, A GREAT WONDER. What a change in the man! One almost fails to recognize Lazarus in the 12th chapter, after we have looked upon him as described in the 11th. Let us see where this wonderful change lies.

And I would remark, first, the most wonderful change of all was *within the man*. Yes, although Martha shuddered at the outward manifestation of corruption, though her eyes went no further than the outside skin, and that made her say "Keep the stone on," the secret of decay was deep within. Inside that silent corpse corruption was busily at work, gradually eating its way out into the sight. Inside that man there was a heart quite dead, and yet fast breeding putrid life. Within

that cold breast there was a heart that had ceased its beating ; stagnant blood filled all the veins ; the thousand strings of the marvelous harp of his being were all snapped and broken ; death was reigning triumphantly, and corruption gradually carrying one position after another, until already it had begun to appear without. Now look at him as he sits at that table. The most marvelous change is not that which the eye beholds outside ; it is that which is within the man. That heart that was dead now swings as steadily as any pendulum. All the thousand and one strings that had been snapped by death have been restored. The blood flows coursing through the veins ; and, right to the very centre of the entire system of Lazarus, life dwells. When Christ said, " Lazarus, come forth ! " that voice of power went right through the deaf ear ; it penetrated to the very seat of corruption. It set the heart moving, the blood flowing, the pulse bounding. It restored all that which had been broken down by death. The man now looks healthy *because of healthy life within*. Is it not so with the man who is spiritually quickened ? God forbid we should say one word which could appear to deteriorate from the importance of the outward manifestation in a change of life. Bless God when the drunkard becomes sober, and when the swearer ceases his oaths, and when the impure man becomes chaste, and the hot-tempered man becomes loving, and the surly disposition becomes gentle. But you must remember that there is a more marvelous change within than anything your eyes can detect without. These things are, after all, only the necessary outcome of that which has been performed within. Inside the breast of that man who was once dead in sin, there now beats a new heart, and I can hear its throb. If you put your ear close to it you will hear that new heart beating, " Christ, Christ, Christ, Christ." Every beat of that new heart gives a new sound. There is a heart beating for Christ which was once not only still in death, but was the fountain of all evil and all corruption—a heart that bred every iniquity. Look again within that newly quickened man ; how entirely changed are all the strings of his inner being. His hopes, his fears, his longings, his aspirations, his prayers, his motives, his imaginations, his quiet thoughts—all of them are revolutionized ; the man has been changed *inside*. Oh, sir, do not be too proud of your outward life unless it is the manifestation of an inward change, and then there is no ground for pride, but only praise to God. Thou mayest after all be nothing more than a rouged corpse, simply painted death, ornamented grave-food. Oh, professor, unless there be, as there was in Lazarus, the principle of life imparted, all thine apparent reformation and thine apparent correctness of life is simply worthless ! " Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him." Oh,

wonder of wonders! Oh, marvel of all that is miraculous! But the greatest marvel of all was the inward change which had taken place.

But although the inward change was the chiefest of all, yet we must not overlook that there was a *great wonder to be seen in the outward alteration*. We have no desire so to speak as to make your hearts revolt and recoil from our words as we describe what Lazarus was once like. All we care to say is, that the horrible corruption inside had worked its way out to the surface—that even Martha, with all the love of a sister's heart, was horrified at the very idea of beholding it, and said, "Let the stone stop, for by this time he stinketh." But look at him now. Why, I see Martha, who said "he stinketh," stoop down as she serves, and kiss his forehead. You would not now mind his nursing any one of your children. He is sitting next to Christ; his flesh is as pure and clean as the flesh of any who sit at the table. You can hardly believe he ever was a corrupt corpse. You look at him in astonishment, and fail to grasp the fact that that healthy living man, who is talking and chatting with the Saviour, and turning around and smiling on his sisters, is the very man to whom the Lord said, "Lazarus, come forth!"

But oh, friends! I can show you a more marvelous change than this, and that is the change that takes place in a man's outward life when grace lays hold of him. We can see not a few specimens, thank God, even in this tabernacle this evening. There are not a few who are simply living wonders. May be there has strayed into this tabernacle to-night (which is not a very unlikely thing,) one who is not only ungodly, but who gives most unmistakable proof of it in his every-day life. Have him in your house? You would as soon think of asking the plague to come and be a lodger with you, as to ask him to come and stay beneath your roof. You would not let your children have half an hour's conversation with him for anything. You know he would be sure to contaminate them. Why, the whole man is given up to sin; there is an unholy fire burning in the eye; the conversation is tainted with oaths and impurities. The man's whole life is just a career of licentiousness, and, perhaps, if the hand of the law were to come upon him to-morrow, and put him securely into jail and shut a stone upon him, even a sister might say, "Well, it is about the best thing that could happen; at all events, he cannot corrupt others any more." And it may be that even those who love him best would say, "May the door not soon be opened upon him." And yet—you may stagger at the assertion if you will—let the grace of God meet with that man, let Christ say to him, "Come forth!" and he shall be as changed in life as was ever Lazarus in body. Oh, the alteration that takes place!

What a different light there is in the eye from the old mad fire that used to burn there. His conversation—why, he would sooner die than utter an oath now. All his life is metamorphosed. You look at him astonished, and you say, "Talk about a lion becoming a lamb? Why, it is nothing to what that man has become now; he who was all impurity, now pure, and he who was a dare-devil in sin, now the leader of meetings, pleading with God, taking classes in a Sunday-school." Oh, do you say that is an exaggerated picture? We are drawing from life. Why, thank God, in this place, within the last few weeks, we have had persons bless God for having saved them, who only a fortnight before were fighting in a theatre. We see these things week by week. God does change the life marvelously; and, sir, if your professed grace has not changed your life, it is a lie, and no true grace has been received. Unless there is an alteration without, what matters all you may say about an alteration within. If I had seen Lazarus all corrupt and putrid, and if, when I walked by him, I could smell the stink of death, do you think any argument in the world would prove to me, "Oh, he is really alive, only you cannot see it! He really is alive! There is the germ of life within him, only it has not yet been developed"? No, we should say, certainly it has not been developed. Outward corruption means inward death. Oh, sirs, if grace does lay hold of you, it will make an alteration! "What is conversion?" was once asked of a soldier. Said he, "It is a turn out, and a turn in, and a turn around." It is a turn out when the stronger than the strong one comes, and makes the old inhabitant leave, It is a turn in when Jesus Christ comes and takes up His abode in the heart, which had been like a cage of unclean birds. And it is a turn round with the man; eyes front, where the back used to be turned, that loved which used to be hated, and that despised which was once in highest esteem. "And Lazarus, also," who had once been a corrupt corpse, "Lazarus sat at the table with Him."

You see, then, there was a change within, a change without, and, I will add, thirdly, *a change in his circumstances*. Where was he a few days before? Lying, as far as his body was concerned, unconscious, on a stone slab, shut up in the dark, and, probably enough, in company with other corpses further decayed than himself. Where is he now? He is sitting next to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I think I can see Christ handing him food, and Lazarus handing Christ something; and as they eat together they talk together, and there is fellowship between the two. Oh, do you mark the point? When Jesus Christ quickens a dead soul He communes with him afterward. If He takes a man out of the grave He takes him to His table. If He puts life into a man, He is not ashamed to

call him brother. Oh, is it not a marvelous change recorded here in the circumstances of Lazarus? But listen, as I quote in your ear the text, "He hath taken the beggar from the dunghill, and set him among princes." The one who was all impurity Christ calls one of His priests; and he who reveled in the gutter in all kinds of filthy iniquities is now one of God's kings, with a crown on his brow, not the less royal because it is unrevealed to the eyes of the world. I bless my Master that when He quickens a soul He does not treat him like a dog. When He quickens a soul He does not taunt him with having once been a corpse. When He saves a man He does not fling it in his teeth, "Ah, think what you used to be! Go, find your companions amidst others, not with Me." Far from it. Christ says to the man who used to be a spiritual corpse, "Now come; sit down with Me; be My friend. Eat off the same table with me. Put your head—that head that used to have the corrupting cheeks—put your head upon my breast. I will talk to you. Do you talk to me." Believer, am I exaggerating? Is it not blessed truth? Has not Christ done that to you? Is not He doing it to you this moment? You and—I who were once dead in trespasses and sins—may it not be said of us to-night that we are among those who sit down at the table with Him? We have often sat at the table with Him on the first Sunday of the month. Oh, wondrous grace of God, that there should be round about His table a great gathering of those who once were corrupt, because dead in sins! There you have a great wonder.

II. For two or three minutes notice that we have in Lazarus A GRAND TESTIMONY, first of all, to the *reality of the miracle*. The Jews were only too quick to try and make nothing of anything that Christ did, and if they could have denied that a miracle had been wrought they would have done so; but they found that facts were stubborn things. What was the good of saying that Lazarus had not been made alive, when they could see him eating at the table? I pray you mark the point. *Jesus Christ is not afraid to let His handiwork be inspected*. If, when Lazarus had been raised from the dead, Jesus had said to him, as in all probability a Romish priest would, "Now go and shut yourself up in a cloister; do not let anybody see you: I have raised you from the dead, but you must not mix among your friends now. Go and live the life of a recluse. Do not let Mary see you, or Martha wait on you, or anybody talk to you,"—and if God had kept him safely locked up somewhere, the Jews would have turned round and said there was no reality in it. "If it is a real miracle, why does not Christ let us see him?" Christ says, "Come and see him, and then judge for yourselves. Take hold of his hand and see whether it is not warm with life; talk to him, and see

whether he will not answer you ; look into his eyes, and see whether there is anything of the glaze of death about them." The live Lazarus is a magnificent testimony to the reality of the miracle. Why does not Jesus Christ take His saved ones right off to heaven at once ? Why, because he would lack their testimony on earth, and therefore He says, " I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." Oh, fellow believer, your work and mine is to be a daily testimony, a living breathing testimony, to the fact that Jesus Christ can make dead souls live !

What a magnificent testimony it was to *the power of God's Word* ! Who could doubt it after that ? Think how all before had failed. If tears dropped at a grave were able to give life to the corpse within, Lazarus would have lived before four days had passed by. Mary often went and wept there, but, however fast her tears fell on that stone, they had no power to put life into the silent form beneath. No matter how often Martha, in her impetuosity, had called Lazarus: her voice availed nothing. But when Christ's simple sentence leaped from His lips—"Lazarus, come forth !" there is the result. Who can doubt the power of Christ's words when there is a live Lazarus to be looked upon ? You remember that the Pharisees could say nothing against the miracle of Peter and John, when the man who was healed was standing at their side. There is a great deal of talk in the present day about how old-fashioned preaching is dying out ; and the sooner it dies out, they say, the better. The gospel, it is stated, has become effete, a powerless thing. In its place, these clever people suggest a philosophical lecture. "Talk a little bit of science. Have a dash of Professor Huxley in your sermons. Go and tell people what Professor Tyndall thinks about this and the other ; try and look learned ; have a few novelties sprinkled through your sermons ; preach anything rather than Christ ;" yes, and then you will be thought to be a clever man, though God writes you down a fool. We are willing to have a preached gospel judged by the results that follow. Show us that philosophy will raise dead Lazaruses, and we will try to philosophize. We dare to throw the gauntlet down, and say, "Now, philosophy, pick it up if you can. Show the same results by your words, as we can show by the preaching of Christ. Now, science, show us the dead men that you have raised to spiritual life. Show us, indeed, your reformations. They are not many. Show us your impure men that have become pure. Let us see the happy homes that have been conjured up like the wizard's palace through the talking of your cultured men and polite infidels. Let us see the alterations in men and women. Show us your lions that you have turned into lambs.

Show us your angry, vilely living men that you have made chaste and noble and honorable. Where are they?" All that this wisdom of the world can do is to bark like a cur at the gospel. It can do nothing else. It has no power to reach the masses. But, do any say, "Where is the proof that your gospel is true?" Why, we say, "There, there, there, all around this tabernacle!" There is the proof of it. Every saved man is a proof that the gospel we preach is in accordance with God's mind, for whilst God uses the preaching of Christ to the conversion of men, we want no better demonstration that the preaching of Christ is according to the mind of God. Every saved man is a magnificent testimony to the power of Christ's word.

III. Lastly, here was a MIGHTY POWER FOR GOOD. If you look at the 10th and 11th verses of this chapter, you will see where we glean this thought from: "The chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus." I think this is one of the most beautiful bits of the whole of this inspired narrative. Here you have a Lazarus, who was once dead, being the means of bringing many other people to Jesus Christ; and he who was once a corrupt corpse is the means of leading numbers to the Lord Jesus, who gave him life. I do not wonder that the Pharisees wanted to put Lazarus to death. He was too good an advertisement for Jesus. All the people flocked to have a look at the man who was once dead and was now alive. All kinds of people, who did not care about Jesus, would come just to touch Lazarus, and see whether he was all right. They would take hold of him by the hand, and try whether he actually was alive. And then they argued and said, "Well, whoever can make such a wonderful change as this in Lazarus must be worthy of our faith;" and so Lazarus became the means of the conversion of many souls. God preaches through lips that were once dead, and all God's servants are those who were once found in the graves; and those who are now the angels of the churches are those who were once dead in sins, and of whom, perhaps, their nearest relatives said, "By this time he stinketh."

A word to you who think you cannot do much for Jesus Christ. It may be you are troubled because you cannot preach, and grieved you cannot speak in public, and you feel that your sphere is such a little one. I do not know whether Lazarus could preach or speak. We do not read that he was at all an Apollos. Perhaps all that Lazarus did was to sit still and let the people look at him. He was a sermon. There was not much need for him to say anything. Lazarus did not have to keep calling out all the day, "I am alive; I really am alive! I profess to be alive!" When people are alive they need not tell

everybody so. There will be the mark of life in the flush of health that is upon the man. Dear friend, it is not necessary for you to preach with the *lip*. Preach with the *life*. Be a live man in everything you do. Let the world see the proof of godliness within the heart, by every day's quiet living for God, and your life will not have been spent in vain. If an outside world sees a hasty spirit changed into a long-suffering one, if an outside world beholds a sulky temper turned into a gentle one, the world will mark the wondrous change; and when your head is placed beneath the sod it shall be found that you have not lived in vain; for many who marked the proofs of spiritual life in you, shall be led by those proofs to come and trust in Jesus.

Am I speaking, to-night, to one who thinks he is hopelessly gone—a sinner of the blackest sort, who has strayed in here? Well, sir, we thank God to see you here. We thank God that, at least, the stone is rolled away. God forbid that we should ever get so wonderfully respectable as we worship here that we cannot allow and even rejoice to see the off-scouring of the earth come in. If they cannot find any other seat, we will be right glad to let them have this chair. We want, as George Whitefield said, we want even the devil's castaways in here—those who are so bad that the devil himself could not make them much worse—those who are reeking with filth, and corrupt in iniquity. Now we say to the deepest-dyed sinner in this place, you are not too far gone for God to save. Do you say there, from the furthest part of the building, “Ah, sir, but I killed poor mother. She died of a broken heart through me.” Well, perhaps your moral life did so stink that your mother died of grief under its horrible influence; but God has only to say, “Lazarus, come forth!” Make the worst of yourself you can; paint your case never so black; yet, as the Lord of Hosts liveth, we declare there is salvation, full, free, present, for you, to be had this night by simple trust in Christ. May God the Holy Spirit, who is here this evening, speak now until your sepulchre rings with his voice—“Lazarus, come forth!” and it may be said of you, in the last great day, when all are assembled round the table of the marriage supper of the Lamb, “And Lazarus also who was dead is one of those that sit with Him.” God grant it may be so, for His name's sake. Amen.

Worship—Its Value in Its Use.

A SERMON

BY **Rev. M. C. Julian**, PREACHED IN THE TRINITARIAN CHURCH, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say ?—Luke vi : 46.

THERE are three factors in the history of man on earth. One is human nature, the second is environment (as outward circumstances are nowadays called), and the third is God, or the spiritual forces acting on both. The history of philosophy on earth is the attempt to harmonize these three factors. In the attempt to effect this reconciliation various systems of philosophy have been created. And these systems may be grouped in two great classes: those which admit all three, and those which deny or ignore one or other of the three. For each of these three factors—man, circumstance and God—have been barred out by single systems. Thus the fatalist ignores man, the idealist circumstance, and the atheist God. And all three philosophical schemes are shallow, because their authors were blind to the fundamental facts of life. There is more even of philosophical acumen in saying, "I do not know how to harmonize them," than in shutting our eyes to a fact in order to force a harmony. Now, these three factors in human history correspond to the three elements of human nature—mind, matter and spirit. Environment is mainly material. We work on this principally with mind, but on mind itself work the spiritual faculties. I have no new philosophy to present you to-day, nor even any old one. My purpose is not a *philosophical*, but a practical one. Yet I have stated the matter in this way in order to make the fact conspicuous, that in human nature and in history (which is human nature manifested) there are not only the material and intellectual factors, but the spiritual also. And so, when one looks back on human history at large, and considers how many philosophical systems have been wrought out patiently year by year and century by century, with hundreds of eager minds bent to the task; and how many religious systems have been builded up, each esteeming itself the nearest right; and how many conflicts and revolutions and overturnings there have been, consequent on the contact of these various systems with each other—it awakens sentiment and suggests lessons to us differing according to the peculiarity of our own temperaments or surroundings, or the prevailing impulse at the time. And the one which I would suggest to you for my purpose in this discourse is, that whether

any one of these systems be true or false, or whether (as seems more likely) *each* has elements of truth and falsehood above and behind all questions as to the systems themselves, they are each and all the exhibition of what may be called the religious instinct of human nature. The creed, the theology, the philosophy (in its limited sense) is just the outward expression of an inner force in human nature. Men may ignore or deny or oppose religion; and even if it were possible that there were no God or soul, no life beyond death, no foundation in outward fact for the moral sense, nevertheless you could not then destroy religion until you had first destroyed man. IT IS IN HUMAN NATURE. You can curse the churches, revile the creeds and damn the meetings, nevertheless you have got to annihilate yourself before you can escape the fact that you have the same spiritual instinct that everybody else has, and that your very curses are themselves but a perverse use of spiritual faculties. And, more than all, though you destroy this creed or that, disintegrate this church or that, you have not lessened one whit the exercise of the creed-making and church-building impulse of human nature. IT WILL go on. You or I can't help it if we would. It is just *conceivable* that the physical sense of *sight* in the race could be destroyed, that all men should eventually be born blind. But you can't do that to the SOULS of men, while on *earth* at least the *worst* that could be done would be to make them spiritually cross-eyed, that is, to *distort* the soul's sight. Let every church be razed to the ground and every sacred book destroyed, yet, generation after generation, some men would go on worshipping and others blaspheming.

You will remember the old story of Canute or Knut, the first Danish king of England, how he had his chair of state placed on the shore, and having seated himself therein, stretched out his sceptre over the sea and commanded it to roll back. But the waves rushed far up on the beach instead, and compelled king and courtiers to scamper away for their lives. You remember, too, how Xerxes, enraged at the sea for having in a storm destroyed his temporary bridge across the Hellespont, had the waves beaten with chains. The stories are, perhaps, apochryphal, but they are fair similes of the folly of those who try to shut their eyes to the fact of the spiritual instinct in human nature and human history, of which church and ceremonies and symbols and creeds are but the outward exhibitions. Years ago a Massachusetts poet wrote :

"Now at Xerxes and Knut we all laugh, yet our foot
With the *same* wave is wet that mocked Xerxes and Knut;
And we all entertain a sincere private notion
That our 'Thus far!' will have a great weight with the ocean."

And therefore I say that the man who ignores the instinct of worship in human nature is really more shallow and superfi-

cial than even the rude, uncultured man whose image of God is flawed and streaked and spotted with his own coarseness and vice. For the germ of truth is there, which is wholly lacking in the philosophy of the other. To look back on human history, and to note how the stream of human worship has flown on in spite of all the attempts of men and kingdoms to check its progress, brings to mind Tennyson's well-known and suggestive idyl of the "Brook":

"I wind about, and in an out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the *golden* gravel.
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

It is worship, therefore, that is my theme this evening, and I know no subject more practical, more directly affecting human life for good or evil, according as the sentiment which inspires it be high or base, according as the spring from which it flows be pure or soiled. As the centuries roll along, the ten thousand times ten thousand forces at work in the world—material, intellectual and spiritual—crossing and recrossing each other, dividing and multiplying, harmonizing, antagonizing and diverging, will continue to build up and pull down in the future systems and institutions, forms of statement and of application; but however barred by bridges, impeded by vegetation, crossed by mill-dams, twisted by obstructions or shattered by falls, the great stream of the united worship of human hearts will still flow on. And in the ages to come, as I would do this very Sabbath evening, men watching the signs of their own times will point out to the world the *value* of pure worship, and likewise warn men of the *dangers* which lurk in spiritual exercises as in everything else.

God only knows how the FORMS may change, but men must cease to be *men* before the FACT will be destroyed.

The words of the text are taken from Christ's "Sermon on the Mount," as it is called. Jesus spoke the words evidently to warn the people concerning the danger of the abuse or false use of worship, having in mind particularly the evil so prevalent and conspicuous in that very land and day of the formalism and hypocrisy of the Pharisees. In Matthew's gospel the words are more fully given. In the text Luke condenses it all in the brief question, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

Now, this text, and kindred ones in Scripture, are often seized

upon by superficial minds as an argument to prove the uselessness of what is called "religious profession," or the spoken witness of one's desire and resolve to serve the Lord Jesus. As Matthew gives Christ's words, they are, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven." Certainly it requires an amazing ingenuity to distort the words "not every one" into "no one." Or to harmonize any such foolish doctrine with the same Christ's solemn statement, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven."

There is a vast difference between condemning the worship which lies no deeper down than the mere passing emotions and the condemnation of *all* worship, all *outward acts* of God's praise. The abuse of forms of worship no more proves the evil of their use than the abuse of pleasure proves its wickedness. It was against the *abuse* of worship that these words of Jesus were uttered. The trouble with much of the controversy between sects who vary in their forms of worship, as also between those who defend and those who attack the creeds of churches, is that both parties are apt to be very superficial in their manner of looking at the question. Creeds and rites are both forms—the creed is the intellectual and the rite is the physical form; both are necessary to any profitable worship, and yet neither of them are that worship itself. So that when the eager defender of a ritual and the enthusiastic disputant on the philosophy of religion come to me with their arguments for or against this or that ceremonial and this or that religious concept, I say to each, "Dig deeper! Neither question is the important one." To speak frankly, brethren, the more I know of human nature and the more closely I study men, the more convinced I am that the bigoted ecclesiastic and the zealous liberalist are really more alike than unlike. The one man is fighting over a matter of institutions, and the other over a matter of ideas. Both institutions and ideas are useful in worship and in spiritual culture, but neither of them are religion. Some of the most formal men I have ever known were men who repudiated *all* rites and ceremonies, and some of the most superficial and bigoted men I have ever known were men who called themselves liberals in religion. And therefore I believe that men need to be warned against the spiritual peril of laying too great emphasis on their tastes concerning the *forms*, or their speculations on the *ideas*, of what the world calls religion.

In considering the real value of worship—(whether private or public, though the latter is my special subject to-day)—we must search deeper than either forms or ideas if we would find the true tests. I think we come nearer to the proper principles of measurement when we keep in mind these three truths:

First, that the value of worship is based not on the *forms* themselves, but on the spiritual *needs* of the worshipers. Now, I have already said that forms are necessary to any worship which is to be of real spiritual use to men. Whenever I hear a man say that he feels himself lifted above this necessity, or that forms are only necessary for the feebly developed, I set him down as a fool. And still further would I go in this matter of emphasizing the value of forms in worship—for I believe it to be an exceedingly important matter to discriminate between different *kinds* of forms. You will understand, of course, that when I say "forms," I include not only liturgical rites, but the *intellectual* forms of worship—ideas, sentiments, creeds and the like. And yet there is a matter more important than the forms—it is the spiritual use we put them to. So much more important is this that it is possible for men with the poorest forms—of rite or creed—to worship more truly, because more spiritually, than men who lack the spiritual desire and purpose, with more beautiful rites and larger conceptions of religion. So that, when sects and parties and institutions are compared, the man who distinguishes between them, or chooses which side to stand with, by such tests as the forms they use or the intellectual ideas they advance, is an exceedingly shallow man—even though he hold repute as a scholar. After all, merely intellectual culture is not very profound. I believe I know men who are very limited in knowledge and very narrow in their views and judgments who are really profounder than many who are learned in books and trained in logical thinking. The spiritual nature has depths which the intellect can only reflect, as the measurable sea does the illimitable vault of heaven. It is to the *spiritual use*, then, that we must look as the final measurement of the value of any form—physical or intellectual. In January, 1852, when the British captured Rangoon, there was a strange prayer-meeting held in one of the Buddhist temples there. All about the spacious apartment stood the grotesque images of their saints and deified teachers, and in the lap of each a lamp was set, to light the worshipping assembly. The crudest rites and the narrowest ideas known in civilized lands would seem far better forms and means of worship to us than those grim statues—yet there might be a use even for these, and that to a Christian assembly. And I think this a true illustration of the principle I have stated, that the value of worship is based not on the forms themselves, but on the spiritual needs of the worshipers. While there undoubtedly is a choice between forms, the really important question is, "Do we make them, whatever they are, *light bearers* to us? Do they *brighten* our worship?"

And the second truth which we ought to bear in mind in regard to worship is, that the value of its forms is to be meas-

ured not merely by the feelings excited, but *essentially* by the *purpose* we put them to. Now, emotion has a most important place in worship. If I did not earnestly believe so, I would not stand in a Christian pulpit. Experience has taught men that, so far as the great general fact is concerned, there is a direct connection between spiritual desire and emotional impulse. But experience also has taught us that emotion may be produced by lower and sometimes unworthy causes. It is even possible to produce emotion in one's self by *intent*, PURPOSELY ignoring any true spiritual desire—for emotional excitement is largely the product of temperament, while spiritual desire is wholly the product of character. That impulse of the spiritual nature *manifests* itself through the emotions, as one great channel; yet that excitement finds its value only in the *source* from which it proceeds. So while I earnestly commend the importance of emotion in worship, I would yet *more earnestly* warn you against the danger of looking no deeper than your feelings in worship. The shallowest part of worship is the outward rite, the next nearest the surface is the intellectual ideas suggested, below that are the emotions excited, and beneath all else (the final and essential test of its value) is the *spiritual experience*. What sort of work would the best sewing-machine ever manufactured do if there was no thread in the needle? You can drive the wheel, and the needle would do *its* part of the work assiduously; nevertheless, when you have finished the seam, you would merely have punctured the material—the *appearance* of the seam would be there, but not the *reality*. And when men or women with a mere taste for emotional excitement go to church, or study and discuss religious questions, or engage in any of the visible acts of organized religion on earth, they may think themselves religious, or believe that they have joined in worship, when the truth is the spiritual thread has been wholly lacking—they have merely been setting the *machinery* of worship at work.

And the third truth to be borne in mind is that the value of worship is based not on its use to *God*, but to *men*. No man whose spiritual nature is large and high enough to understand what the nature of sin is—(a fact which seems to be hidden from many a man of brains and culture, and revealed to many a man who lacks both intellectual strength and education)—will dispute the statement that the best man or woman of us all owes a debt to God which no amount of loving service can ever repay—for the gift of pardon through the Redeemer and the privilege of communion with the Father. But the very nature of that gift and privilege is evidence that God is not one who exacts worship as a matter of *pay*. It will do for *us* to stir up our *own* hearts with love to God, to remember the debt of gratitude we owe Him; but it will never do to impute to *Him*

any such sentiment in our worship, or else we fall back into the sad error of all the old Pagan religions, that God is one who gives gifts to men *for a return*—that worship is spiritual coin with which to buy favors from Heaven. Even were our worship sinless in sentiment and faultless in forms, how utterly poor and meagre a thing it would all be measured by the *gifts* we have received from the *Divine* hand, or by the *nature* of Him to whom it is offered! Nay! we worship God—if at all—not to pay Him back, but because we cannot *help* it. We praise Him—if at all—only because the full heart breaks out crying—"O, my Father, my Father, Thou art glorious beyond all that I can express!" "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." God is beyond all need (in the gross sense of *barter*) of our worship. Yet in the higher sense of the necessities which love—His very nature—imposes, God *does* need our worship. He needs it as a true father on earth needs obedience from his little child—not that the child's help makes him any the richer, but because the child himself is being trained by such exercises to grow larger and nobler. And the father's sympathy with and love for his child, makes that little one's good the *father's* joy likewise.

The story has come to us of the great Alexander, that one day he ordered a poor Macedonian soldier to drive a mule laden with gold before him to the royal tent, and that on the way the beast fell with his load, so that the soldier was compelled to take it on his own shoulders. But the way was long, the burden heavy, and the man's endurance failed him. He was sinking to the ground, when the King put new life and nerve into him by shouting, "Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it to thy tent, for it is all thine!"

And when the way of Christian service grows toilsome—as in the weakness of the flesh, the temptations of life and the pressing necessities of the world it is very likely to become at times to any one—it is a noble kind of selfishness which quickens us with the remembrance that the value and amount of the burden is also that of the reward. Worship ought not to be burdensome; but worship in the larger sense of service to God does actually become so at times to us. And we much mistake the nature of our Heavenly Father and of the true meaning of worship if we suppose that in the direct sense our words or acts are helping Him for His *own* sake. To test the value of any form of worship, then, we are to consider its fitness to meet *our* needs, not God's.

Keeping these three truths in mind, then, that the value of worship is primarily based, not on its forms, but our needs,—not on our feelings, but our spiritual purpose,—not on its use to God, but to us,—we may wisely guard ourselves from the ever-present temptation and danger to *abuse* the forms of worship

instead of *using* them as spiritual helps. Superstition, that foul mother of oppressions, is born of that abuse. Credulity never helps religion, even in its organized and visible forms on earth. It has ever been one of the worst *foes* of true religion—one of the greatest obstacles in its path. And when a man looks to the FORMS of worship only, whether rite or creed, and ignores its invisible spiritual nature, where all its *real* value resides, he throws himself open to superstition. It matters not which side he takes, for there is a superstition of *negatism* as well as the *positive* kind. And, frankly, I see little difference between a credulous, priest-ridden fool or a man who *wholly ignores* spiritual things—the one is the victim of his own imagination, and the other of his reason; and many mental philosophers put the imagination as the higher faculty of the two.

Hypocrisy in worship, also, is ordinarily merely the result of the abuse of worship. Very few men, comparatively, *set out* to be hypocritical in worship. Most persons who become such do so *gradually*, and the road they all take is that of confining (not the mere thought so much as) the moral intent to the rites and ideas, instead of using both these simply as spiritual helps. Crystallography is the science of determining the difference between minerals by the forms in which they crystallize. Every mineral has its *own* form—one is a cube, another a hexagon, and another still more complicated in form. So that a man read in the science could determine the name of a specimen, without regard to its color or cleavage, or any other test, by merely learning its shape. This is the *general* law. Yet there are formed in nature what are called pseudomorphs, or false crystal forms, which make the other tests necessary. These are the result of peculiar circumstances, as when one mineral in the lapse of ages has very gradually disintegrated, and another mineral carried in solution has as gradually been deposited, atom by atom, in the place left vacant in the rock by the first. As a consequence, the last mineral, whatever its own *proper* crystalline form, filling the place of the other as if in a mould, takes on the form of the mineral it has *displaced*. Every mineral collection has specimens of this phenomenon. Now, something analagous to this is true in the experience of worship abused. A man may come to church at first with the spiritual purpose, and if he suffers *that* to *decay* and dwells on the mere *externals* of worship—the rites, or the teachings and ideas—he fills the void with these outward matters, till at last, grown formal by degrees, he finds himself a hypocrite—a moral pseudomorph. Morbidity is another danger in the abuse of worship. Losing sight of the end of all true worship (our spiritual culture), almost unconsciously we drift into artificial ways of thought and feeling in re-

spect to religion. No worship is pure and inspiring that is not fresh-hearted. We worship the God that built the rugged mountains and the roaring seas, and the worship that is not in tune with nature is somewhere out of joint. The songs of the sanctuary ought to burst forth like the breeze that breaks the sea into white caps and surges through the pine tops on the mountains. The prayers of God's children ought to rise like the birds, heavenward—free of wing and singing joyously. The Christian heart ought never to grow old. Every hoary head ought to have a child-heart beneath it. This is what the Master meant when He said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise."

And finally, moral obliquity—the distortion of conscience and of spiritual sight and appreciation—is a danger to which every man subjects himself who makes his worship a question merely of rites, or of doctrines, or of religious ideas, orthodox or otherwise, it matters not which. An old writer (Spencer) quaintly says, "Most of our churches have two doors. Superstition crept in long since at the one, and profaneness at the other." And I think there is much wisdom in the statement, not only for *his* day, but for *ours*. There are these two abusers of worship, standing at opposite poles apparently, but in reality one—those who, seeing the *forms only*, regard them with slavish superstition, and those who, equally ignoring the one thing for which all religious things so-called are ever used, their *spiritual* purpose, treat creed and rite with a narrow, conceited nonchalance that is as bad an abuse as the other.

On the fact of the spiritual nature in man, *outranking* both the physical and the intellectual, stands or falls all worship. I protest, therefore, against *both* extremes of its abuse—the slave of formalism or the equally blind negatist. It is in the very *nature* of man to use forms in worship. Ideas and acts of praise to God are our only ladder of communion with Him. And because I love these things for their *use*, I warn you against the danger in which stand both the bigot and the liberalist so-called.

What is meant by the phrase, "*the worship of the heart*," is the spiritual purpose and desire back of the outward forms and ideas of worship. Do not merely gather the fruit for an hour's pleasure on the Sabbath, but take the whole tree, that you may have the *life power itself* from whence comes all the fruit.

Or else we are yet to hear the Master's voice rebuking us with the question, "Why call ye me 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things which I say?"

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"My Burden is Light."

A SERMON

By C. D. Wadsworth, D.D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Matthew xi : 29.

THIS is part of Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy-laden. At first the whole passage strikes us strangely, for it is an *invitation* to put on a yoke and take up a burden; and this should correct an error in this modern theory of a religious life without burdens. Accepting the inspired metaphor of a pilgrimage, yet we so modify it to accord with modern improvements in travel that the way to Zion, where the old saint walked with scrip and staff along sharp precipices or down into valleys where wild torrents roared, seems now a nicely graded road—the Slough of Despond bridged—the Hill Difficulty tunneled—along which the jubilant tourist is borne in a whirl of sensation, in a "palace-car," reclining on downy cushions, reading romances, regaled with luxuries, and having a gay time of it generally. Now, we are not thinking to question the truth that the way of holiness is pleasant (we shall see to that presently); we are only insisting on the serious fact which our Lord sets forth in the text—that in a Christian life *there are burdens to be carried*.

And these burdens are manifold.

(a) There is a burden for the intellect—a load of mysteries in the great doctrines to be believed, which demand the bowing down of man's carnal reason in profound submission to the Infinite Wisdom. While there is in them nothing repugnant to reason, there is in them much that is above reason; and yet for them all there must be a cordial faith, and the man of the most ambitious intellect must receive them as a little child, not because he can understand, but because Jehovah has spoken! *Unquestionably, Christianity has a burden of doctrine.*

(b) Meantime, as manifestly it has a *burden of duties*. Verily, as set forth by Christ, His discipleship was not a May-game, but a warfare; and so long as the child of God remains only partially sanctified, Christian life must be a battle with sin within and Satan without. And when we look back upon the lives

of old saints, and see Abraham with his terrible sacrifice, and Daniel cast to the lions, and Paul in his bonds and imprisonment, and John in his lonely exile, we not only see that Christ imposes a burden, but at first almost fail to see how "*that burden is light.*"

And yet such are Christ's words, and should serve to correct the opposite error of those who will have it that the ways of sin are pleasant, and those of wisdom only painful; who, not satisfied with wearing the easy yoke of Christ, are ever insisting on making the way to heaven a harder journey—paying freight on "extra baggage" of Pharisaism, and dragging heavy weights of sorrowful self-righteousness down through the Slough of Despond and up the Hill Difficulty; whose book of exodus records only the bitter waters of Marah, and the giants of Amalek, and the burning sands, and the fiery-flying serpents, without one word of thankfulness about the sweetening branch, and the heavenly manna, and the many blessed resting-places, with their green palms and bright waters, and the fiery, cloudy pillar, making the whole exodus a glory and a gladness; and who will have it that the great Shepherd of Israel hath opened all ways of pleasantness, through green pastures and beside still waters, to bears and lions, the foul monsters of iniquity, and delights to lead his chosen sheep down through the awful valley of the Shadow of Death.

Now, this blasphemous error our text serves to correct, asserting that while there are offenses to be endured and crosses to be borne in following the Master, yet it ever remains true that "*Christ's yoke is easy and His burden light.*"

This, then, is our theme to-day; and in considering it you will perceive several distinct points in our Lord's logic.

First: There is a thought of strong contrasts.

The text is not addressed to blissful and untroubled souls, but to men already weary and heavy-laden. And the point made is, that, compared with the sorrows and sufferings which sinful men endure, all these burdens of the believer are easy and light; and so indeed they are.

1. Take *this burden of doctrine*—the things we have already admitted that are beyond our understanding, and therefore hard to believe, in Divine Revelation, and we say that if you compare them with the hard things which the rejecter of the Bible accepts as true, the burden imposed on the intellect is exceedingly light. Begin with the fundamental contrast of atheism with theism, and tell me which is easiest to believe—that a personal God made all things, or that all things made themselves? To believe that an infinite, self-existent, all-glorious Spirit—a simple, unrevealed, incomprehensible, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, omni-operative essence or being such as all men in all times have more or less conceived of and be-

lieved in—that such a self-existing Spirit, in order that there might be objects whereon to lavish infinite love and reveal infinite glories, did (humanly to speak) "*distribute Himself*," working out His own beautiful and glorious thoughts in the forms and sounds, the systems and harmonies of the universe, and rounded this fair earth into beauty, and hung it amid the stars as the dwelling-place of a happy race made in his own image, whether, I ask, difficult, transcendental as this is, it be yet as hard to believe as that a chaos of dead matter, which had tossed about inert from all eternity, did at once become suddenly, and without cause, emulous of doing wonders, and omnipotent to do, and omniscient to know how to do, through certain mystic affinities, organizing a material universe, and by means of occult chemistries developing spiritual hierarchies, glorious intellects, a result of sea-water acting on sponges, and transcendent affections, produced by acids irritating brain-fibre; whether, in short, it is easier to believe that Nature, a wild wolf-nurse, has trained gibbering gorillas into glorious beings, aspiring to heavenly kingdoms and thrones, yet only to find in this magnificent universe a monstrous Aceldama, or that Almighty God, a tender and loving Father, is bringing many sons unto Glory to dwell in His home and inherit His Kingdom! We cannot pursue this thought; we only ask you to consider it at your leisure, assured that you will agree with us at last that all the hard things accepted by Christian faith are as nothing to these harder things believed by the infidel; so that he who rejects the Bible because it contains mysteries, proves himself thereby a very Pharisee of the Pharisees—" *straining at a gnat, but swallowing a camel*."

2. Passing this, take, secondly, *the burden of duties*—the things hard to do, or painful to endure in a Christian life, and you will find that, in contrast with those experienced in the ways of ungodliness, "*Christ's yoke is easy and His burden light*."

Take the principles which govern the men of this world, and are productive of more delight than those to which a child of God yields obedience—for example, (a) take the code of *honor*, that system which regulates man's treatment of his fellow-man. Now, Christianity says, "*Love your enemies*," "*Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you*," and do you think this a hard requirement? *You do!* Well, so do I. There is no doubt about it. To repress the fire that blazes in the eye at a gross insult, and relax the hand strongly clenched for a blow, and turn away from an insolent enemy with a gentle look and word amid the pity and contempt of a world for our seeming cowardice,—verily, this is a burden which upon a brave heart presses heavily, *heavily*. But then think of the contrast!—this

code of honor which says, Hate your enemy, Avenge your every wrong! If a man smite thee on the cheek, kill him, *kill him!* And now, look! Two men have met with weapons of death! Yesterday they were friends! But, in a moment of passion there was a rude word and a blow, and then this deadly encounter! And they *part*—how? See! Pressing down the bloody turf there lies the form of a dead man, his pale face turned upward to the blue heavens. And see the man who slew him, fleeing in terror, cursed and Cain-like, hated by the living, haunted by the dead, until every water of earth gives back as a mirror that victim's face, and every wind of heaven wails out or whispers his dying cry! And do you call that *easier?*

Or take (*b*) the code of *pleasure!* Christianity says, "Flee youthful lusts;" "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup." And is this requirement hard? Well, it seems so sometimes. When the young and joyous gather, sinful pleasures allure, and the eye blazes, and the heart bounds, and you are just lifting to your parched lips the cup of delirious delight—then, just then, to put it resolutely away, to dash it bravely to the ground—this does seem a hard Christian requirement. But then, is the law of unholy pleasure easier? "Let us have a good time of it! Let us forget God and eternity, and be merry! Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" And I ask, is all this easier and happier? Why, look yonder! See a man whom sinful pleasure hath transformed into a monster! As the Egyptian Queen dissolved the rarest pearl of her regalia, so hath he gathered into one sparkling draught all that can make life a blessing. He holds the awful chalice in his hand, and though therein have been melted a father's honor, and a mother's love, and a wife's suffering, and a child's shame—yea, dissolved in it is the imperial jewel of a higher life the soul's "pearl of great price"—yet, in the frenzy of that tremendous lust, he will lift that awful cup to his lips, and drink, and die! And do you call this an easier yoke and a lighter *burden?*

But you say, Christ sometimes has laid on his disciples a much heavier burden. Be it so. Take the heaviest of them all—martyrdom!—martyrdom in its most appalling aspects! Look yonder! The ruthless Inquisitor of Spain has seized his victim! See that fair patrician girl in all her matchless loveliness, turning away from the fair earth and the pleasant sun, and the loving ministrics of her blessed home, and led forth by armed men and bound by iron chains to the terrible stake, and in the midst of the roaring flame to endure all the agonies of such a death for Christ! Verily, this does seem a hard yoke—a heavy burden. It does! It does! Christ's bitter cup! Christ's fiery baptism!

But then consider the contrast! *Sin*, too, hath its martyrdoms, a thousand to one in number, and ineffably heavier. I need not tell you what and where they are. They are all around you this day. Years ago there sat in yonder house of God a fair young child; and when her mother brought her to the altar-side and the baptismal water fell on her bright forehead, and when later, in growing childhood, she came up on bounding feet to the sanctuary, and I heard her singing the sweet song, "I want to be an angel!"—my whole heart went out in benediction, and she seemed to me almost blessed as one of God's angels. But years afterward I saw her dying! Now haggard, desolate, despairing—the *past* torturing with its memories of a father's wounded spirit, a mother's broken heart; the *future* terrible with ghostly phantoms, a hopeless immortality! And thus in ineffable and convulsed agonies her spirit passed away! And then see the contrast—the flames that flashed round the young Christian martyr seemed blessed as the horses of fire that bore the prophet to glory.

Look yonder! A form is sitting in the gloom of a prison-house! He was once the favorite of fortune, flattered by the multitude—the idol of the household, his home a palace, his life a brilliant dream. But temptations gathered round him. Wild passions swept his spirit as mighty winds the sea, and to-day the guilt of a brother's blood is on his soul, and before him the terrors of an infamous and hopeless death! Look again! There is the grave of a suicide. On his early life fell the blight of disappointment, and instead of fleeing to Christ for consolation, he yielded at once to despair, and cut from these mortal moorings, like a phantom bark disappearing amid cloud and flame, swept outward to the doom of a hopeless immortality.

But I will not dwell on illustrations like these. The world is full of them. Human life is crowded with forms of ineffable agony endured by spirits which have turned away from Christian life because it seemed sorrowful. The martyrdoms of Satan are a thousand to one for all martyrdoms for Jesus! And as, in the blessed contrast, I listened in fancy to the death-song of the Christian, as it rose on the surges of flame and floated away through heaven as a trumpet-peal of victory, then verily Christ's yoke even of martyrdom seemed easy. I blessed God for the fire. I say, then, that even self considered, and all other things being equal, the yoke and burden of sin are heavier than any which the believing soul carries for the Master. But then, mark you, other things are not equal. Our text implies and indicates mighty differences. For here is,

Secondly, a thought of strong assistance.

Christ calls it *His* yoke—His own burden even when partially laid on the disciple. The metaphor is just that which

Paul uses, a "*yoke-fellowship*." The thought is, that Christ will help His disciples bear even their lighter burdens. Every grace of the new life is only another power for the service—an angel in Gethsemane with a gift of strength. So it comes to pass even naturally.

Love and hope—how mighty they render us! See yon weary pilgrim; how his flagging feet bound again as from the hill-side he catches a view of his cottage in the vale below! See yon woman in her feebleness; how like a giant she rushes into that burning house as she hears her child cry! Thus even natural feelings strengthen. But in Christian experience there is more than this. There is the supernatural power of a new life. We can do all things through Christ strengthening us.

We have no time now for the argument, but the world abounds with its illustration. The Christian takes joyfully the spoiling of his goods. The bereaved mourner lays the dead darling into the pitiless grave without murmuring. The dying saint feels the cold hand of death breaking his heart-strings, yet the while his eyes flash with heavenly light, and the secret of the wonder is, Jesus, the Master, is lifting the burden, making the load light. And oh! how full the history of God's people is of this touching truth! See the face of Stephen, even in that martyr's agony, as the face of an angel! Hark to the voice of Paul filling all the Philippian dungeon as with a great shout of victory! See the flashing eyes of John as he wanders over the desolate rock of Patmos! And what does it all mean? Why, only that Jesus is helping the over-weighted pilgrim to bear the great load.

Oh, heart-touching metaphor—Christ our yoke-fellow! And the same thought runs through all the inspired rhetoric. Christ is my "*shield*," my "*high rock*." But how does a shield protect me? By receiving upon its own broad bosom the arrow aimed at my heart. How does a rock shelter me? Only by enduring for me the fury of the billow and the blast. And therefore, if Christ be my Saviour, He not only *hath* borne my sins, but He *does* every day bear my sorrows. It is just as if He were even now weeping tears for me, enduring my agonies, dying my death. And so let the load which comes upon my poor, weak, sinful soul be terrible as it may, if I only hear the footstep of my gracious Master, I know that He comes to lift off my burden, and thus I experience another part of this text's meaning—my burden is really His burden, and therefore is light. There is a point even beyond all this. We have here,

Thirdly, a thought of evanescence—of brevity.

Throughout Christ's whole argument runs this thought of the future: "Ye SHALL find rest to your souls." As Paul puts it, "*These light afflictions which are for a moment*," and therefore trifling just because they are transient. And this,

after all, is the main point. Let the Christian's yoke be heavy as it may, *it is only for a season*, while the burden of unforgiven *sin* is forever and ever. The ungodly man carries his burden with him to eternity. The evil passion, as an undying worm, must torture him forever. But not so to the Christian. Let his load be what it may, death, death loosens it forever. There is no sin in heaven, and therefore there can be there neither suffering nor sorrow. They bear no burdens when the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne leads them through green pastures and beside still waters. The broad journeyings of a blissful soul through eternity are not of a pilgrim plodding on with weary feet, but rather those of a freed spirit mounting on exalting wings. And then, then! when like a freed bird, having cast off the burden of the flesh, it soars through the clouds and the rainbows that span the clouds, having warbled its sweet song round the eternal throne, it casts itself upon the bosom of infinite love, then, blessed be God, in the ineffable bliss of that divine rest and rapture it will find the full meaning of the text, that "*Christ's yoke is easy and His burden light.*"

Now this is the text's logic, simple as a child's, yet strong as an archangel's! And its great force is an invitation—Christ invites all poor, burdened, sinful souls to Himself with this blessed argument! "*Come*"—"Come, come, for my burden is light."

So my last words are unto the impenitent. We urge you to become Christians, not that you may take up but may cast off burdens. I know that some Pharisaic Christians will have it that they suffer great things for Christ, and they tell us how Paul often spoke of his own sore afflictions and tribulations endured for his Master. But we insist that Paul never puts the thing in this way. He does indeed speak of his manifold trials, and in words which, if uttered by one of those woe-begone disciples in plaintive tones and dramatic style, would melt a heart of stone. "Perils"—perils in waters; among robbers; by the heathen; in the wilderness; among false brethren; thrice beaten of rods; once stoned; three times shipwrecked; in weariness and painfulness; in hunger and thirst: in prisons frequent, in deaths oft—verily here are trials, and if Paul had rendered the recitation in the latest style, interjecting "Oh's!" and "*Ah me's!*" and "*Alas's!*" wringing his hands and rolling up his eyes as he walked backward and forward before them, would not the good people of Corinth have made a fuss over him as an overworked and a maltreated, persecuted, dear old saint, and sent him abroad at the church's charges to recruit himself among the sunny isles of Greece or the grand highlands of Macedonia? But this was not Paul's style; he was recounting his manifold trials as things that had done him

good and wherein he only gloried—as some mighty warrior, in exalting disdain of some passing annoyance he had felt in the triumphant press of the battle!

In the full strength and at the lofty height of his joyous Christian life he speaks of these tribulations as working out present Christian graces and future Christian glories—as if from the very gate of Heaven, casting a brief glance downward upon all that troublous sea of conflict and agony, "*These light afflictions which are but for a moment!*" and then lifting his jubilant hands and flashing eyes upward, crying, "*That far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*" Oh, no—no—no! Paul never thought of the cross of Christ as something very heavy to bear as he followed his Master! And these men only slander my dear Lord when they tell you that religion makes men sorrowful, that His burdens are heavy. They are only a tree's burden of branches, a bird's burden of wings. And tell me, O oak, standing as a diadem on yonder mountain-top, are your magnificent branches a heavy burden? O eagle, soaring in your pride of place, are your mighty pinions a burden? And yet such only are Christ's burdens. Here on the earth only a consoling overflow of grace, and yonder in Heaven only the blessed weight of white robes and bestarred crowns—"A great weight of glory!" Oh, poor, weary, laboring, heavy-laden sinner, come, come to Christ, not to be burdened, but to be blessed! You have come to God's house this Sabbath morning laboring and heavy-laden, burdened with life's common cares and anxieties. You are troubled about your business; you have lost property; you have lost dear friends; your bright hopes are withered; your brave hearts break!

Do not tell me that your life of sin is pleasant. Do not tell me that you are happy without Christ! I know better! Turn those bright eyes up to me! Ah! There are unshed tears in them! Your cup of joy is a cup of trembling. In the veriest riot and rapture of the dance and wine you are discontent, disconsolate. Over your couch of repose hangs suspended the glittering sword. Along the wall, over against the banquet, comes forth a phantom hand writing fiery words of doom! You want comfort, you want rest, and Jesus, my gracious Master, He alone can give them, and He is here to give them. Come to Him—oh, come to Him! And here, amid all these earthly sorrows, you shall have wonderful consolation! And there, there! above and beyond! oh! there before the eternal throne, in the midst of the golden city, exulting in the fellowship of the crowned creatures of the higher life, your brow all aflame with the diadem, your face in all heavenly beauty as the face of an angel, yours shall be the endless, ineffable, ever-increasing rapture and rest of the risen, reigning Spirit!

The Moral Crisis.

A DISCOURSE

By **Père Hyacinthe**, AT THE WINTER CIRCUS, PARIS.

[Translated by Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We reach to-day the end of this series of discourses. I do but act as your interpreter in tendering your thanks to the zealous and enterprising organizer of these great meetings, and the distinguished and obliging gentlemen who have presided over them.

I must thank yourselves, also, for the support you have given me by your presence and sympathy. This encouragement, if I have rightly understood it, is accorded more especially to my sincerity, and in this regard I do not fear to say that I am deserving of it.

I may deceive myself, gentlemen, but I would deceive no one else; and in the course of a life which, more perhaps in appearance than in reality, has been wanting in unity, I have at every successive juncture borne faithful witness to what I believed to be true and right. But your plaudits rise far above my mere personality. They greet in me two grand causes, of which I am but the humble champion—freedom of conscience and religious reform. Freedom of conscience, of which our honorable president has but now spoken with an eloquence which has perhaps affected me more deeply than any other of his hearers, I will add nothing on this point to what he has said.

As to religious reform, I very well know that this phrase will not convey to all of you precisely the same meaning as to myself; but I think I make no mistake in saying that the great majority of this audience recognizes in it a duty which becomes every day more urgent, in view at once of the future of Christianity and of the future of the country.

It is to your kindness that I owe this welcome on my return to my native land and to the privilege of public speech. I thank you for it. It will be my endeavor to make use of this privilege, and at the same time to serve my country. I do not know under what form this work will go forward; for really we have been beginning a work here, a work of reform, as I have said, consequently a work of progress; and at the same time, because it is a work of reform, and because it is a work of progress—a work also of conservation and of religious and social reconciliation—I do not know under what form this work will go forward; but I do know this, that, with God's help and your help, go forward it will.

To come now to my subject—the Moral Crisis.

If I were to define in a single word the moral crisis in which we are involved, I should say that it is the struggle between religious morality and a morality purely human—or, to call them by their right names, between Christian morality and independent morality.

You see it at a glance, the moral crisis is closely bound up with the religious crisis, and at bottom they are one and the same. Accordingly, I cannot treat my subject without speaking of both at once. I repeat once more, I shall discuss no religious dogma whatever—the law forbids it to me. I shall take sides on no political question. I am not competent to do it, and were I competent, I have no sort of disposition for it. I intend, nevertheless, to treat the moral question in all its religious and social amplitude, and accordingly I boldly take my stand with you on the ground of social philosophy. For these two adversaries are still too much abstractions—Christian Morality and Independent Morality. Behold them now taking bodily form in the two powers, of which the one calls itself Theocracy, the other Democracy. Religious morality is preeminently the form of God's supremacy upon earth. For God rules not like earthly monarchs, by arbitrary edicts or by political institutions, but by truth and righteousness, imposed primarily upon individual consciences, and through these upon the entire social order. But the representatives of religious morality too often confound their own personal dominion with that of the invisible Sovereign. This is theocracy, or, to speak more exactly, the abuse of theocracy. There arises a great outcry against the trade in consciences—against the domination of priests! But—let me be just, in face of the prejudices of the age—one excess provokes its opposite. The theorists of absolute liberty assert that democracy—their democracy—is incompatible with any authority superior to man, incompatible even with the Decalogue; so that it is no longer against the abuses of religion that they are pitted, but against the sovereignty and even the very conception of God. Such are the extravagances of democracy as opposed to those of theocracy.

You see now what is the nature of that perilous crisis upon which we have entered, chiefly within the last thirty years, and in which we are becoming every day more and more deeply involved. I agree with the enemies of the Roman theocracy—to call it by name—in recognizing it as a danger, an immense danger. But the means proposed for averting this danger, when they are not iniquitous or absurd, seem to me simply ineffective. I would like to bring you to see this with me.

Three principal solutions of the social-religious problem have been proposed—the first by scientific men, the other two

by statesmen. The suppression by science of Christian morality, and in a way more general still of religion itself, this is the first solution. Separation of Church and State, in the sense of separation between society and religion, this is the second solution. And finally—we need hardly discuss it, for it does not deserve discussion—the subjection to the State of the conscience and the Church.

When I have disposed of these three solutions you will not expect me, at least not now, to present my own. Mine would be directly religious, and I must remind you once more that I am not now at liberty to touch upon religion. But the inadequacy of other solutions will demonstrate at once the need of a better.

To resume. The scientific suppression of religious morality and even of religion itself. This I know is not the claim of all modern thinkers, but of such only as are more or less closely allied with a great school which we in France name *Positivist*, and which our neighbors across the Channel call, with a shade of difference perhaps, *Secularist*.

Some are surprised that in speaking of philosophy in my first discourse I did not even mention this school. It is because that, in my view, philosophy is nothing if not metaphysical, and the school in question denies metaphysics. Outside of experimental science it is skeptical. You know the theory of Auguste Comte and his disciples concerning what they call the development of the religious idea in human nature. They take man at the outset, when he is painfully extricating himself from the age-long grasp of mere animal existence and beginning to experience new wants, indicative at once of his greatness and of his weakness—those “growing pains” through which he must needs pass, but from which it will cost him so much to recover. To start with, they find him prostrate before his fetish. Later on, he rises into a domestic or patriotic polytheism, more enlightened, more generous, sometimes, as in Greece or Rome, even splendid. He advances still, impelled by the inexorable law of progress, and attains at length the heights of Christian monotheism. There, by virtue of its comparative elevation and purity, the religious idea undergoes a radical transformation. It ceases to be theological and becomes philosophic, and under this more humane form it continues to reign over the world of thought until effete metaphysics pass over to join the company of worn-out religions, and give place to the positive conception of the world, the final and settled condition of the human mind, in which the problems of the origin and end of things are recognized for what they are in truth, insoluble. If the human mind is absolutely and essentially impotent to find a solution for these problems, why should it persist in putting them?

There, according to the Positivists, lies the limit of civilization. Educated minds have reached it already, by progress slow but sure, and which is now beginning to rush headlong; the Western nations are nearing it every day, and consequently the true method of solving the religious question under all its forms, as well in the social order as in the scientific, is not to attack it directly, but to allow to it instead all the time necessary (and it needs no very long time) to find its own natural solution.

Meanwhile, all the efforts of men of progress should be concentrated upon this principal and double point to popularize and secularize education. To popularize it, to extend it by all possible measures, and make it penetrate to the lowest strata of society—on this point I am heart and soul with the Positivists; and to secularize it—here I make my reservations, large reservations—to secularize it, that is, to break the last remaining ties that connect it with religion.

Unhappily for itself, Positivism, which in theory condemns all hypothesis, makes, after all, very frequent use of it. It assumes to rest wholly upon facts, even when these make against itself. I will not here insist, as regards the theoretical part of the system, that, so far from following a course that leads necessarily upward, the manifestations of the religious sentiment often seem to obey a law of decay and degeneration; that, according to the more and more decided testimony of modern science, the most ancient period of the great Oriental religions presents a character far more elevated and purer than the later ones. Neither will I insist upon the marked exception of the monotheism of the Hebrews, which contradicts all idea of the natural development of mankind, and sets itself across the path of history as a moral miracle. No! I prefer to take my stand at the present epoch on the practical point which we are discussing. What! You assert that religion is just making its exit from the stage of history, when in reality, not content with simply holding her own against all attacks, she is making advances with growing energy and success! Look back to the beginning of this century, and see all forms of religious society quivering as under the breath of a new inspiration; everything taking on fresh vigor, in the sphere of labor as well as of thought; on all sides agitation, and the conflict becoming every day more fiery between beliefs and negations. Are these the signs of a power just vanishing away? But at this very moment what are these politics of yours, good or bad, from one end of Europe to the other? At Paris as at Berlin, at Madrid as at Rome, at Constantinople as at St. Petersburg, what is the profoundly knotty point—the tough, inextricable and sometimes bloody—of all political questions, if it is not precisely this same matter of

religion of which we are told that it is just giving up the ghost?

O ho! you are in such a hurry to have done with abstractions, and all the time you have missed the facts, and the first of all facts, the fact of your own nature! You have not understood that religion, whatever its form or its origin—grave questions on which I do not for the moment insist—that religion, were it eradicated from science, would find a sure refuge in human nature. You have failed to see that what makes the difference between the man and the brute is not speech alone, but also his burning, ceaseless interest in things beyond the grave. Look at the brute, our “lowly brother,” as St. Francis of Assisi calls him, he also encounters the problem of existence. He wanders sometimes in the freedom of the forest and the desert; he passes anon under the bondage of civilized society. He becomes acquainted with toil, with suffering; he is confronted at last with death. But what calmness, I had almost said, what majesty, in this being that observes all the laws which we violate, observes them without intelligence, it is true, but, without constraint also, under the ever constant impulse of his magnificent instinct! Such, then, is the brute. But what distinguishes us from him is this, that coming into this world and finding ourselves under sentence of death, we long to have this death give back to us in some other form the life which it takes away, and whether we will or no, unless we do violence to our nature, we keep coming back to this eternal problem. In a justly famous work, M. Pelletan, some years ago, uttered this phrase, which is as well worth remembering under the republic as under the empire: “We have had to take materialistic philosophy to the point of softening of the brain.”* But even when one has not softened his brain by materialism nor by skepticism, he has not yet done with the problem of the hereafter. And so it is that, how narrow and dark soever may sometimes be the inner recesses of the human conscience, there remains always a door of hope; as the prophet says, “I will give her in the valley of Achor a door of hope.”† There remains always a door which opens upon the forbidden world; death alone can altogether close or open it, but life leaves it ajar. Is it the door of reason—a reason superior to all reasonings? Is it the door of madness—a fatal madness? Does it open on a road that we may tread, or on an abyss into which we plunge? However this may be, an irresistible charm, an attraction sometimes gentle and sometimes terrible, brings back to this point the most powerful intellects, the thinker, the man of science, the poet, the deep souls who have known life in its two higher manifestations, of love and grief—the members of the human race that seem the feeblest, but are in truth the strongest, the

* “*La Nouvelle Babylone*,” p. 242.

† Hosea ii : 15.

woman and the child, and that marvellous compound of the woman's and the child's nature—the people! And here meet, mingle and clash the adorations and the blasphemies, the hopes and the terrors, the loves and the hatreds of humanity, religious or impious. This, then, is the opening which it is beyond the power of science to close, because nature, mightier than science, has cut it deep in our very being; this is the door by which it keeps coming back in spite of everything—that spectre that you are trying to exorcise—the spectre of the absolute. Yes, the spectre! not now the mysterious, but luminous and salutary vision presented by spiritual Christianity, but the fantastic, grotesque and hurtful spectre, conjured up by superstition and fanaticism.

The men who claim to represent science have asserted the absolute incompetency of human reason in matters of faith, and by an echo which has not been slow in replying to them, the men who claim to represent faith have proclaimed the same incompetency. The formulas are alike; it is only the conclusions that are different. The conclusion of positive or sceptical science is the absolute independence of the mind. The conclusion of superstitious or fanatical religion is the absolute submission, the blind obedience of the mind. Henceforth no more religion whose mission shall be to give inspiration to science! No more science whose mission shall be (I do not hesitate to say the word) to maintain a watchful control over religion! In those Middle Ages which we need not seek to bring back, but which we ought to judge with equity, yes, and whose work we ought to carry forward with intelligence—in those great ages that have been so traduced by their apologists, even more than by their adversaries—there was in every university of Europe a central and supreme science—the science of theology. Sprung from the intimate union of reason and revelation, half human, half divine, theology exercised an acknowledged sway over church authority itself to prevent it from lapsing into despotism or tyranny. The history of our great University of Paris is a monument of the fact. Theology forbade the traditions of orthodoxy from degenerating first into formalism and then into Pharisaism. It held back popular piety from slipping down the perilous incline of semi-paganism. We have no theology nowadays. Doubtless the blame of this lies with Ultramontaniam, which is incapable of retaining anything of theology but the name; how could a real theology be compatible with papal absolutism and infallibility? But the fault is quite as much with the tendency to positivism and scepticism. In one way or the other religion has been given up to the blind enthusiasm of the multitude eager for morbid superstitions, or to the impotent caprice of a man, who seems to lead, but is himself either led or driven.

Of old time there were great heights—God has ever loved the heights—there were high mountains on which He revealed Himself to man. Here it was, amid the thunderings and the lightnings, that He said I AM THAT I AM, and human philosophy can do no more than comment on that great Name. There it was that His Son died upon the cross, pouring out his blood, and lifting up His prayer for the redemption of all the guilty, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Now, just in proportion as superstition puts itself into the place of true religion, the people will go no more to Sinai nor to Calvary; they will scatter abroad as sheep without a shepherd, under the shadow of nobody knows what mountains, hunting for no one can tell what apparitions, listening for words not to be commented on, for they are an insult at once to the Heaven whence they pretend to come forth, and the earth which refuses to give ear to them.

The first solution, then, is inadequate—nay, it has aggravated the problem instead of solving it. The cry has been "Science, nothing but science, and let faith vanish away!" And faith has undergone a change, but religion has become, in some sense, stronger still, and by just so much more ruinous as it has become confused with fanaticism.

From the misguided hands of the men of science the problem passes to the hands of men of affairs—statesmen, legislators, rulers; and there have emerged these two solutions corresponding with the two great schools which share between them—happily in most unequal portions—the affairs of our time—the school of liberty and the school of authority. The Liberal school frankly declares for the separation of Church and State; the Authoritarian school tends more and more, but without venturing to own it, towards the subjection of Church to State.

I have no occasion to study in itself the grave question of the separation of Church and State. The only point at present is this: does it offer a solution to the religious and social crisis? I boldly answer, No. It may be legitimate, desirable, necessary even—I need not decide on these points. I only declare that it is incompetent of itself to put an end to the conflict between theocracy and democracy.

The separation of Church and State is one of those magical words the charm of which is not unattended with danger, because, although applied to just ideas, generous sentiments, needful reforms, it too often includes within its vague boundaries chimerical or contradictory conceptions. There is another formula which the great Italian statesman Cavour added to the vocabulary of Europe, but which he borrowed, as he himself acknowledged, from the most catholic pen of Montalembert—the phrase *Free Church in Free State*. Is the separation of Church and State another expression of the same idea? Does

it imply an adjustment of boundaries between Church and State, neither devised by trickery nor imposed by force, but dictated by reason and justice? Religious questions for the Church, political questions for the State; the State for the citizens, the Church for the believers. Louis XIV. said, "I am the State." We say, in these times, *We are the State*—we as citizens; and, *We are the Church*—we as believers. And we must have the liberty of free self-development in both of these spheres of activity. We must have nothing to fear, as citizens, from the excommunications of the Church, and as believers we must have nothing to dread from the injunctions of the State.

If the separation of Church and State expresses and realizes this mutual independence of the domain of faith and the domain of law, it is a great and needful step forward, and although we have not yet reached the goal, we are nearing it day by day.

But by separation of Church and State has often been understood the systematic mutual ignoring of the Church by the State and the State by the Church. I have even heard this definition attributed to a man for whose noble genius and large soul I have unbounded respect. I do not myself believe it to be Vinet's; at most it is the expression of some imprudent follower of his. In order that State and Church could ignore each other, nothing short of a total separation between religion and society would suffice. Heaven and earth cannot be put asunder. For the abode of man is needed this habitable and fertile globe, and around and over all, reflected in the atmosphere, the light and immensity of space. So in the moral world we need the earth, this noble earth of the home and the commonwealth, the sphere of our social activity, but also around, above, within, those mighty atmospheric currents, elevating, purifying, the aspirations and inspirations of the infinite.

Tell me, I pray, how can a Church—I do not say the Catholic Church only, but any Church—how can a Church consent to ignore the State, that is, in the widest and latest sense of the word, the country, society, the sum of those relations of justice and beneficence which unite mankind, and which it is the very mission of religion to guard, purify and develop?

At birth, marriage, death, the three chief events of human life, religion interposes with three solemn sacraments, and you bid it ignore the family! What! Ignore the family, which is the product of religion—our own religion—of religion that gave us our wives and our mothers! I know, indeed, that the Roman woman, the German woman, the Celtic woman have brought each her glorious contingent; but what has made the French woman the Christian woman is the Gospel, yes, and the Church. And you would have the Church ignore the family!

Ignore the State, ignore civil society, when religion (if we do but comprehend its noble function), so far from limiting itself to a mystical or ascetic morality, or shutting itself up under the splendid vaults of its cathedrals, there to display the poetry of its music and its ritual, has to preach social morality to society as well as private morality to the individual! When, without having anything to do with political parties, it has to say to the citizen, in this age of universal suffrage and universal conscription, "Weigh well your vote with a citizen's earnestness and conscientiousness before dropping it into the ballot-box; consecrate your blood with a martyr's heroism before shedding it on the battle-field."

Ignore the State, when it is religion that must teach the nations to respect the rulers of their own choosing, the laws of their own making! It is hard to respect the powers we have made ourselves. But the Christian is capable of seeing in the man or the law at once the creation of popular suffrage and the consecration of eternal justice. And you, rulers and legislators, learn to honor the justice which you administer, to honor the people whom you govern. Such is true religion.

And then as to the State. You would have the State ignore the Church, which is in many cases the richest and most influential landlord in all the country round—which is everywhere and in all cases the State's most useful auxiliary or most dangerous enemy—the spiritual power that sits in judgment on it at the inner court of conscience, the place where all earnest public opinion is formed—the parental and educative power which leaves on the successive generations as they go forth from its hands that first decisive impress which is never wholly lost! One of the least believing men of our age lately wrote, in a great Review, that there is not a day but he feels himself controlled in his life by the faith which he has ceased to hold.* Blind indeed is the State that would suffer itself to ignore a power like this, living and working in its own bosom.

I said at Geneva, nearly four years ago: "The legitimate and desirable separation of Church and State consists in the suppression of appropriations for the support of the Church, in the election of the pastors by the people, in the government of the Church by the Church. Thus understood, the separation of Church and State is the final outcome of the French Revolution."† Very true, but this is something very different from a solution of the dreadful problem that is keeping us in suspense. In all this I find no guarantee for the security of the State. The Church, on the other hand, will sway a greater

* M. Ernest Renan, in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*.

† Discourse on *Ultramontanism and the Revolution*.

influence, simply because, in becoming freer and worthier, it will become stronger. I do not fear to say that were it separated from the State throughout Europe and the world, the Church of Rome, supposing it to be animated by the spirit of fanaticism and domination, will hold out no less stoutly in its struggle with modern society, and will never lack the resources for a good fight, if not a successful one.

But, for that matter, the experiment has been tried. Leave theories aside and come to facts. The experiment has been tried on both sides the ocean, and that it may be the more conclusive, it has been tried at the same time in a Catholic country and in a Protestant one: in Ireland and the United States. In Ireland you know with what dignity of feeling and political good sense O'Connell and his friends refused the subsidies offered to their Church by the English Government. Has the Church of Ireland been the poorer for this? And, above all, has it been less free, less national and less powerful? And as to the United States, Roman Catholicism exists there under general law, without privileges, without State appropriations, without any kind of connection with the State; and yet the Church within a few years has become a power which the great republic is forced to reckon with, and about which it sometimes even appears uneasy.

Several years ago, when the temporal power of the popes fell to pieces, there were generous minds that exclaimed: "This is the end of theocracy; in future, religious and political questions will be separated the world over." You see how it has turned out. They never have been worse confused. I am no more a partisan of the temporal power than I am an opponent of the separation of Church and State; but I remember a word spoken then by one of the most energetic defenders of the temporal power. He defended it especially as a means by which statesmen might force the ecclesiastical authorities to terms. And this is the expression used by that illustrious and unbelieving advocate of the kingship of the Pope: "Given a Capuchin Pope without temporal power, and that fanatic would be master of the world."

I think the assertion extravagant, but it is not without force. In your universal suffrage there are questions which you have never perceived, or at least have never pondered; that, for instance, of the peasants, that of a possible coalition between fanaticism and the democracy of the rural districts.

Fanaticism, I say, not religion. The latter I accept, I serve, I love. For it I would live, and if needful I would die. Ah, my friends, let no man mistake me. I may be inconsistent; they tell me so every day; but I am at least sincere, and when I say I am a Christian it is because I feel myself a Christian; and when I say I am a Catholic it is because I feel myself a

Catholic, without the particular errors, with it the practical abuses—Catholic in the grand tradition of the primitive Church, Catholic in the manly spirit of Gallican and liberal France.

The time may come, as I was saying, when there shall be brought about a coalition between a certain theocracy and a certain democracy—an effort, at least, to realize one of the wildest and unhealthiest of the dreams of ultramontaniam. Has not one of the leaders of this party lately written that the holy Roman Empire used to be too often rebellious and impotent withal, and that it is time now to prepare for the coming of “the Holy Roman Democracy”? * There will be concessions, not to liberty, but to equality—to socialism, if need be, for there are already advances made in that direction. Thus they will succeed in making up, if not a ruling majority, at least a formidable minority. If they cannot govern, they will hinder the rest from governing. True, this sword has two edges: opposed to the peasants of the country are the artisans of the towns, and, if need be, the “Roman democracy” might be combated by the democracy of the Revolution. In the rural districts, too, there is an element of good sense and patriotism which would have to be taken into account. But you see what all this leads to—war, the worst of all war—war civil and religious. Some men, I know, have no fear of it; I am told they even long for it. I would not insult the great majority of Roman Catholics by imputing this solution to them; it is the property of a little sect of fanatics and a little clique of intriguers. Least of all would I insult this assembly by discussing it in their presence.

I have only a few words to add as to the third solution—the subjection of the Church to the State. Within a few years we have witnessed a singular reaction in public opinion. It seems ready to-day to pronounce itself against that separation of Church and State which yesterday it was praying for; at least it mistrusts it, and postpones it indefinitely. Meanwhile, it demands that those bonds, which were said to be worn out, useless, or even hurtful, be strengthened. At times, even, they would confound the union of the two powers with the subjection of the Church to the State.

Whether you see in the Church an institution of God or a creation of the human conscience, it is in either case a holy thing, albeit in different degrees and spheres of holiness. In either case, it is the highest fact in the world of mind. Thus the true thinker, like the true believer, will regard the plan of political subjection of the Church with a feeling like that which inspired in Dante the expressive line:

“Non ragionam di lui, ma guarda e passa.”

It is one of those doctrines which are not to be discussed.

* M. Louis Veuillot, in the *Univers*.

It is to the honor of the Roman Church that it has never consented to give over its spiritual power to the State; although it has delivered men's consciences over to the secular arm when the State was willing to become its instrument. It has desired to subject to itself both State and conscience, but it never has accepted the subjection of the Church to the State. I add that no church having any sense of its own mission and dignity will ever freely accept such a bondage. How, in fact, could it be persuaded to do so? By the promise of honors? But in a time of universal discussion and public opinion what are honors if they are incompatible with honor? And what is money, what power is there in a salary, large or small, to bind to the oppressing State any priest in the least degree worthy of the name? Ah! if among the lowest of the Catholic clergy a shameless government could pick up a few priests, a few Judases (it is the right place for the name), to betray for thirty pieces of silver, not their God, for they never had one, but the souls of the weak and ignorant, it would only have created a clergy that could not serve it—a clergy with no more influence than faith, capable only of sharing with it the public revenue and the public contempt. To a church taking its orders not in its conscience, but in the ante-chamber or office of some political functionary, a useless slave, costly and damaging, the day would soon come when the politician would kick it from the door with the cry, "Courtesan, begone!"

If seduction is powerless, will force be less so? I long shared the generous illusion that force not only had no right, that I still admit, but also that it had no influence over the conscience. In this last regard, a closer study of human nature has brought me to different ideas. Doubtless force can have no power over heroic souls; but these are ever the exception; the other sort surrender sooner or later, more or less completely, before an energetic and persevering employment of force. Then come new generations trained in a different education, growing up in a different atmosphere, and the persecuted faith of the fathers becomes nothing but a historic recollection.

Do not cite against me the history of Christianity! I know that, far from perishing under the sword, it grew beneath it; I know that it conquered the Beast without shedding other blood than that of its own martyrs. But more even than the Hebrew monotheism, Christianity is a moral miracle; it was founded in contradiction to the laws of history, and in virtue of an inspiration from above. Let us take an example, more recent, alas! and more human, an example which touches us all, Catholics and Protestants, the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

I open, in imagination, the religious map of Europe, as it was made at that period and as it exists almost unchanged to

our day. What then, tell me, has traced these boundaries if not the sword, and in what are they marked if not in blood? Yes, history bears witness, wherever political power resolutely placed its sword, or rather its two swords, that of the law and that of the soldier, at the service of one of the two religious parties which were contending for men's souls, the souls have belonged to that party, to Catholicism or to Protestantism—that is to say to force.

Cujus regio, hujus et religio.

Only observe, that to attain this result force must not stop half way, but continue to the very end, to proscription, to the gallows and the stake, to massacre! What was possible in the sixteenth century is no longer possible in the nineteenth. In that respect, at least, we are greater than our fathers. The principle of liberty of conscience is still imperfectly applied, but it is universally recognized; no one dares attack it without some manifestation of respect for it; and if one undertakes a hypocritical campaign against it, he cannot hope to carry it through. Thus it would be a signal service to fanaticism to make it the object, I will not say of persecution, but of petty annoyance from the government. The victims, real or pretended, would only be made of more consequence. They would be made really greater by the stimulus given to their moral force; and then, whatever their faults and errors, they would be made greater in the estimation of all that respect a conscience that will not surrender.

Everything, then, is powerless, force as well as freedom, and the crisis of the world remains unsolved. Misunderstood, misapplied, the religious principle still holds the mastery, simply because it is religious. It rules, or at least divides your homes; it threatens your communities; it troubles your consciences; and nothing prevails against it, neither the science of skeptics, nor the withdrawal of liberals, nor oppression of governments. The spectre is ever there, raising in spite of you and against you the depths of your own nature, and holding in suspense and confusion all the forces of your civilization!

Since, then, you cannot master from without that religious power which God has made invincible, reform it from within. Attack it, not on its divine, but on its human side. Mischievous as, through our fault, it has often been, Catholicism will grow beneficent again if you can but restore it to its proper nature. Then, and then only, will you have solved the question of our age, and extorted from the sphinx the answer to that threatening riddle which it is putting to parties, to governments, to the country, a riddle hitherto inexplicable, and which will end in our being devoured.

Religious reform, and (to describe it more exactly) Christian and Catholic reform—this is the solution. But between us

and it rises a mountain—a mountain of abuses, errors, prejudices, of impossibilities, piled up as much by skepticism as by superstition, as much by worldly hypocrisy as by religious fanaticism; a mountain of many centuries' formation, though but lately crowned. Who will overthrow it? Is it not wiser, after all, to choose a road which flanks it on the right by the subtleties of diplomacy, on the left by open and absolute revolt? No, no! neither to the right nor to the left! We now know but too well whither those two roads lead; we know at least that they do not bring us out. Whom have we, then, that can remove mountains?

“If ye had faith but as a grain of mustard seed, ye should say to this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and it should obey you.”

I believe the Master's word. I believe it literally. I believe that if it were needful to the soul, to Christian society, that the mountains should be transported by faith as they are transported by science, faith would work its miracles as science has. But leave the visible mountains where the hand of the Creator and the laws of nature have placed them. They stand there well in their calmness and majesty. It is the moral mountain which must be taken away, and, needful as it is, the miracle none the less transcends all human strength. But if we had a little of that faith which the Master requires, we should say to this mountain, “Be thou torn up from the earth, that Christian society and modern society, reconciled and liberated at last, may march forward to the future.” And the obstacle would depart from before us, and the mountain vanish in the deep. And thou Giant of souls,* Eternal, Infinite, in whose presence I have spoken, grant us, O God, grant us this power, most needful, most rare, most great: the power to believe in the impossible, to believe in it and to bring it to pass.

* “God is the Giant of Souls,” an expression of St. Theresa.

The Carnal Mind, and the Spiritual.

A SERMON

By **Charles F. Deems, D.D. L.L.D.**, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.

To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.—Rom. viii : 8.

THE Apostle makes a discrimination in the character and spiritual condition of men such as all of us must in some measure have noticed. We may not have been so distinct in our perceptions as he was, nor have given the same nomenclature, nor have been able to see the results as vividly, but the distinction cannot have escaped us. Not paying regard to where the light and shadow blended, making some uncertainty as to the character, the Apostle boldly classifies man as being *carnally minded or spiritually minded*, and he determines the character of each not by special acts of fitful badness or goodness, but by general principles and general life. The results in the one case are what all the world dreads, wretchedness and death, in the other what all the world wants, peace and life.

Let us endeavor to set this distinction plainly before our eyes. In general we see our fellow-men dividing themselves into two classes which we sometimes denominate very loosely as religious and irreligious. In both cases, especially the latter, we see instances of intensification—some religious men becoming so religious as to attract attention, and some irreligious men becoming so conspicuously wicked as to be actually shocking. In these instances our judgment and sentiment are not likely to be at fault, no nice discernment being required to form a correct opinion. It is where men are merely religious enough not to be noted as irreligious, or scarcely sufficiently irreligious to be separated from the people of the church, that we are liable to be confused in our judgment. Let us seek some aid in this investigation from the teaching of the Holy Apostle, and we shall probably find that his analysis is rigidly philosophical as well as morally sound.

At first the phrases appear in the one instance paradoxical, and in the other tautological. It seems like a paradox to say, "*carnally minded*," having a mind of flesh, and in the other a like unnecessary repetition, "*spiritually minded*," as *all* mind is of the nature of spirit. But, making a practical examination of human character, we shall probably find it difficult to discover epithets more strictly descriptive of characteristic differences than those used by the Apostle.

The composite structure of human nature is believed by all

but the rankest materialists, such modern Sadducees as believe that thought is only the finest product of the finest movement of the finest matter, as light is the product of the undulation produced by the pulsations of luminous particles. Of course we cannot carry these with us into our investigation. We address only those who believe not only that matter can exist without mind, but that equally mind may exist without matter. That is our belief. A man is a spirit clothed in a body. There being no spirit, there is no man; there being no body, there is no man. Can you conceive a man without some sort of a body? Is there in all the universe anything that thinks and feels that has no body, except the Supreme God? Try the experiment of conceiving such, if you would know the difficulty. Even if you should succeed, there remains this plain fact, that the men who have been born into the world and all that now are here have bodies, and must always be studied in relation to their bodies.

All our examination of the wonderful outward life produced by the more wonderful inner life, all study of the structure of the body and the constitution of the soul, must convince us that the soul is finer, higher, more elastic, more enduring than the body; that the body with all its rare apparatus is made for the soul and not the soul for the body; that neither produces the other; that the phenomena of human life are produced by the juncture of these two, and that this marriage of flesh and spirit is one of the grandest of all the sublime conceptions which make the poetry of the life of God. If this be so, or, putting it in the most prosaic way, if God made soul and body to be united, it is absolutely absurd to suppose that one necessarily injures the other—that matter is worse for spirit, or spirit worse for flesh. We ought not to have prejudices against the flesh. Flesh is good if spirit is better. It is a foolish old religious superstition that would lash and macerate the body and teach us that a man is a better man the less body he has, that there is something inherently evil in matter, and that if the creation of matter by Almighty God was not a blunder it was a remarkably perilous approximation thereto. I do not like to hear such irreverent intimations of the glorious and good Creator and Father of us all.

But, then, everything is good in its place and bad out of its place. It is not the existence but the displacement of what God has made that gives us all so much trouble. As these two are together, flesh and spirit, one must have been made to have the rule and be the head. That is God's plan. He does not make equals. The man is the head of the woman or the woman of the man; the parent is the child's superior or the child the parent's. The body was made for the soul or the soul for the body? Which? You will not hesitate to assign the superiori-

ty to the soul. It has all the attributes of rule. The real life is in it. It grows while the present outward body perishes, and will seize and hold *some* body, more or less perishable—this body of humiliation which we now see, or something the Apostle calls the spiritual body; but in any case the soul shall be charioteer and the body the chariot. In the preservation of the adjustment originally instituted by Almighty God lies the great art of grand and beautiful living.

Then I should say, my brethren, that a man is carnally minded whenever at any time he makes his intellectual and spiritual faculties the slaves of his flesh instead of keeping these the best friends of his body.

1. We instinctively think, first of all, of the abandonedly profligate, drunkards and licentious people whose lives have gone into utter grossness of all filthiest indulgences. And we may as well contemplate this for a season, as it is the form which all the finer shapes of the carnal mind are perpetually seeking to put on, their tendency being strongly that way.

It is amazing to what depths a man may descend who yields his soul up to his body. We speak of "beastiality" when we desire to designate some utter lowness of character or life; but we do injustice to our fellow creatures among the brutes. No process has yet been discovered by which any brute can be degraded to the depth into which a human being falls when he becomes thoroughly carnal minded, having abandoned all the restraints which the soul can impose. The brute has not the capabilities. Examine the case of the drunkard. His is simply the case of a man who, having intoxicated himself, has an uncontrollable desire to poison himself again, and to keep himself poisoned, for intoxication simply means poisoning. A poisoned man cannot exert his intellectual faculties nor control his physical powers so as to be useful or agreeable to himself or to any one else. He breaks all his pledges to society. He lays the strain of an intolerable load on all the chords of human affection, so that he is a burden to his parents, his wife, his children and his friends. He receives no physical, intellectual or moral pleasure or profit from drinking. He neither enriches himself with money nor crowns himself with honor. He knows the whole wrong of it and the whole ruin of it. He acknowledges them. Yet he goes forward. The case is that of one whose mind is so in the grip of his flesh that the mind does the bidding of the lusts against all its own interests and desires. The man does not want to be a drunkard. But what is he to do? He tells you that if a glass of spirits sat there, and a cannon were planted yonder, and any plank in all the floor might touch a spring which would discharge the contents of the great gun across his path, he would nevertheless take the risk and run across the floor for the spirits. He knows the

whole unmanliness of it: yet he does it. His flesh has taken the mastery of his soul. Did you ever know a brute that was so degraded? Did ever Arabian horse, or Nubian lion, or Bengal tiger, or Durham bull, or Newfoundland dog, or Maltese cat, or any individual of the lower breeds of these animals ever degrade itself to this extent? Fitfully the beast of the jungles may flame with such tropic heat and madden into such uncontrollable rage as to do violence to its higher instincts of self-preservation, but it does not so habitually as the man does who walks after the flesh. When you once commence the descent, remember that you must be above or below the brute. You cannot reach his platform and remain with him. You cannot among all the beasts find a mate for a confirmed drunkard suffering with *delirium tremens*.

2. But the carnally minded are not merely those whose licentiousness have made them hideous spectacles, rotting in lazar-houses, or raging in bagnios, or rolling in the mud in helpless drunkenness. Nor are these really the most dangerous forms. They are so terrible that they frighten. What we must specially guard ourselves against is a species of refined sensualism which seems so compatible with good and unsuspected positions in society, with high aim and cultivated taste, but which attacks the soul like a species of dry rot.

It is possible to maintain one's position in the church, and yet—such are the concessions which the church makes to the world—to do many things which, in ourselves and others, tend to give the mastery to the flesh over the spirit. At the risk of being voted impolite, I mean, this morning, to be quite candid with you. I mean to bear my testimony against the vicious arrangements of society in our midst. To my own people I can say these things freely, because they must know now how I love their souls, and not one of them can suspect me of Puritanism. Believing in being and making happy, discouraging all gloomy views of life and of religion, encouraging all innocent and healthful recreations, I can frankly make my utterance against what seems wrong in this direction. I lift my voice against all late entertainments, parties that assemble near midnight and continue to near daybreak, interspersed with the eating of such solids and the drinking of such liquors as heat the blood, and with such dances of both sexes as inflame the lusts of all the dancers. These are plain words that every man and woman who has ever been so engaged knows their truth. Deacons, elders, office-bearers in the church may have such entertainments, but that does not reverse the laws of nature. Flesh and blood are flesh and blood in bishop's houses as in brothels, in drawing-rooms as in sculleries. You cannot excuse yourselves by saying that your place of residence and your connections being in fashionable circles you must con-

form. Govern them, do not let them govern you. Yielding to them you are not only carnally-minded, but are training your children and the children of your neighbors for such courses as must sink their souls in the mire of carnality.

Under this condemnation fall such theatrical and spectacular exhibitions as unduly excite the spectators. I did not join the hue and cry against the "Black Crook," by name, when it was in full headway in this city, merely because it seemed to me the proprietors could have found no better advertisement than the pulpit gave them, and I for one would not help. But now I solemnly warn against all such corrupting exhibitions. They find their support in the multitudes of church people who are fleshly minded. Every man of you that went the second time knows that he went because of the excitement produced by seeing pretty women shamelessly nude. And he came away with his soul a greater vassal to his body. We turn with horror and disgust from the lowest forms of female degradation which are reported to us by the Moral Reform societies, and do not reflect that thousands of church members, by their late suppers, unwholesome dances and patronage of the ballet, are contributing annually thousands of dollars to make the beginnings of those results which appear so fearful in the purlieu of the Five Points.

3. Then there may be what is much removed from all these grosser things—a fine and cultivated and tasteful devotion to the flesh, which absorbs all the time, commands all the faculties and exhausts all the life. It may be in man as well as in woman. It never exists among the lowly. It has the basis of wealth and leisure. It has also the plea of caring for the health, "which is a duty, you know." A man of means has no business, no need of conducting a business. He studies his comfort, his dress, his diet, his sleeping, his baths, all his appointments. He will not be detained by any sermon in a church or by any play in a theatre that is not exactly warmed and precisely ventilated. He studies the thermometer and barometer. In short, his whole life is occupied in settling questions of his personal conduct. He has no business. He never exerts himself. He does no good, belongs to no aggressive party or organization. A few such men I have met in American society, not many; but they will multiply with the growth of wealth. Already there are more such cases among the women, who add the delicacy of their sex to all other considerations. It would shock the nerves of such a lady dreadfully if some John Knox should go to her and blurt out, "Madam, you are carnally-minded." "I? why, there's nothing gross about me. I never eat too heartily, but still enough and healthfully; I never remain late at entertainments, I do not allow myself to become heated, and I never waltz. I bathe con-

scientifically, and am daintily neat. Everything gross offends me. How can you say that I am carnally-minded? I keep my fancy filled with the purest poetic images. In every sense your rude charge is unfounded." Pardon me, madam, perhaps John Knox has some ground. Allow me to ask you, When you have done all this for your body, and have brought it to the sweetest and most wholesome condition, do you then employ it as an improved instrument for the use of your soul? Do you more easily, more skilfully, more firmly bring an equally cultivated soul to bear upon the world? Is this rare physical *cultus* a means or an end? If an end, then perhaps more accurately and more philosophically may the term *carnally-minded* be applied to you than the most degraded of your sex. She, poor thing, has scarcely any mind at all. But you have a fine intellect, variously developed by study and society and travel; and you devote your whole spiritual powers to the sole and solitary work of caring for your body. If your body should suddenly evaporate your poor soul would stand in utter confusion, having nothing in the universe to care for, having never cared for itself. It is really time for close self-searching. So insidious a leaven is the carnal mind that it may invade our sanctuaries without our knowledge, and blight our souls with no more warning than the pestilence gives.

4. I must sound the alarm in the ears of another class who are not self-indulgent, not dainty, not drunkards, not licentious. They are hard-working, aggressive, always ready to *do*. They have barely time to wash their faces and hands once or twice a day, and perhaps take a bath on Saturday night or Sunday morning. They never waste time or money upon theatres, and would as soon think of walking the slack rope of a circus as of engaging in a social dance. They are all energy and all business. They despise a dandy more than they do a poodle puppy. They are never drunken nor debauched. Up early, down late, always paying their debts promptly, always liberal in a good cause, they have not had time to inquire whether they were carnally-minded or not. When they have heard the phrase in church or met it in the Bible, they have hurriedly supposed that it meant drunkards and men of that kind, and never dreamed that they might be included.

It is not pleasant, my friends, to disturb your quiet on this subject, seeing that your busy lives give you other manifold disturbances: but I must. Take a few minutes in church this morning to examine your own hearts. Let me help you. *For what* are you managing this great business? What is the *end* of the great exertions of intellect you make? What will you do with the money you are now so rapidly accumulating? Give yourselves a quite honest answer to those questions, and perhaps you will then see your lives in a new light. If it be to

develop your intellect for greater efforts in behalf of your race, or to discipline your own soul for a state of existence higher and grander than that upon earth, then you are safe, so far as that is concerned. But is that so? Is not the dominant reason of all your exertion that you may have larger means to indulge "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life"—in yourself, or in your wife and children? If so, then do you not see that you are carnally-minded? Will you put all your great powers to the doing of that which is to *end* in the flesh? That seems to me to be the final test.

In all these cases the Apostle declares the end to be death. And so it must be. When all the streams of life are turned away from the spiritual part of man to irrigate and enrich the body, the soul must perish—in this sense, that the man ceases to have interest in spiritual things, ceases to feel the importance of cultivating, strengthening, purifying his soul. The really best part of a man is in the soul. If a man cease to use his left arm, his left foot, his left eye, they will wither and become helpless, and to all intents dead. And then, it is such a perversion of nature that it must breed disorders which are deadly. It is subverting God's ordained order in the universe by making that to be master which he designed to be servant. In any engine of human contrivance destruction must follow such a mad undertaking.

It is ruinous to character. When a beast employs all his instincts and capabilities to nurture his body, he acts in exact accord with the intent of his creation. The best of him is his flesh. His highest pleasures are to be found in his flesh. The good the world gets out of him is what the flesh affords. His highest culture must be made upon the basis of his flesh. But exactly the reverse of this is true of a man. *His* highest pleasures must be found in his soul, *his* highest culture is the development of his soul, and all the very best gifts he makes to his race are those which his soul can bestow. To be carnally-minded is to smother the purest fire of his life in the horrid mire of fleshness, and spoil the whole human character which was given him to develop and improve.

It is the death of peace. The consciousness of the offence against God, against society, against one's self, this friction and commotion caused by an interruption of the normal processes of the universe, this collision against the laws of life, must break a man's peace thoroughly.

And then the *whole man* is sunk into the flesh, which perishes. The mortal is not sublimed by the immortal, but the immortal is dragged down by the mortal. The flesh must perish. If then the man has embarked all in that, if the whole life has been invested in the flesh, if the power and gifts and properties of the man have been emptied into the body, when *that* perishes

the man dies, dies the unutterable death. Think of it, you that every day and every night spend all your hours and all your powers in making provision for the flesh, how you are dropping rarest and most costly gems down a gorge, down a shaft, down a chasm, from which no divers can ever bring them; that all that is done for the body beyond what is necessary to render it a fit instrument for the soul is just that much utterly perished, gone irretrievably. And if *all you have*, if intellect and soul and time be given to the body, then you throw away your whole estate. And thus, in a terrible sense, to be carnally-minded is death.

The other class the Apostle describes are those who are *spiritually-minded*. Let us see what this means. The apostle cannot be supposed to mean anything which implies the neglect of the body, of which he teaches that great care should be taken because it is the temple of the Holy Ghost. He does not mean a state of mystic rapture in seclusion from the world. He was too earnest and energetic a man to inculcate anything like that. A man of affairs from his youth and always crowded with business, he could have looked with little favor upon anything like monastic life. Modern pietists who think that they can promote their spirituality by neglect of their persons, believing that holiness is a plant that thrives in dirt, making loud and long exercises in public meetings, leaving their children at home unkempt, unwashed and uncared for, their expenditures overrunning their incomes, their creditors dunning them, while they are off to "meeting" enjoying themselves hugely, being as they call it "above the world"—such people are a mere caricature upon the idea which the Apostle had of being spiritually-minded.

Let us see if we can make a reasonable sense of these words.

If to be carnally-minded means to give the thoughts up to the flesh and run the whole life in that channel, to be *spiritually-minded must signify to give the thoughts and efforts of the life up to the culture of the spirit*, to mind one's spirit, to watch its wants, to nurse it, to have the special cure of one's spirit, and use the intellect and the flesh for it.

A man who does this will value his soul at an incalculable price. He will not sell it for any conceivable thing. His crown, his glory, his chief possible distinction in all the universe he will believe to reside in the fact that he has a soul. He will make measure of himself not by his physical or intellectual size or power, but by the purity, sweetness, strength and loftiness of his soul. His pecuniary circumstances, his bodily health, his social position, will all seem quite small matters in his eyes compared with the state of his soul before God.

Such a man will not be neglectful of his body, his intellect or his business, but he *will* care for all these as the precious

and useful servants of his soul. In that it seems to me the great distinction lies. To be a little more specific :

1. He will *not pamper his body*, but will keep it groomed into excellent working order. He will neither throw away nor regard it as the instrument of the highest class of pleasures he can enjoy. He will neither scorn nor worship it. To be spiritually-minded does not imply that a man will take no pleasure in his body, that he will despise the pleasures which the appetites in their reasonable indulgence were intended by the Almighty Father to bring to His children. The case is this : The body is the most useful vehicle for the soul that can be conceived : God in infinite wisdom saw best to make it with a tendency to decay, and so constituted it that it should be kept in repair and working order by certain processes which are known to us as eating, drinking, digestion and the like ; and that men might not neglect to discharge these duties to the body, He has made them a pleasure and a delight. Now, as a carnally-minded person is one who is *content with the processes* and has ceased to have interest in the result, a spiritually-minded person is one who *enjoys the processes but is not content therewith*, but eats, drinks, sleeps, bathes, dresses and uses every appetite as a help to his soul. In the world beyond the grave he will have pleasant memory of his body, *as of a beautiful ship that has carried him over a stormy sea*, a ship which he used on the voyage, but which he did not allow to cleave to him as a part of himself. And be ye well assured, dear brethren, that to have the best and sweetest uses of the body, a man must be spiritually-minded in Paul's sense, not in the sense of canting religionists. You can get nothing good out of the soul when you make it the slave of the body, and nothing good out of the body except as you make it the servant of the soul.

2. The spiritually-minded man will apply the same process of thought to his mind. He will not despise the intellect nor the results of intellectual effort, whether in himself or in his fellow-men. But he will not feel that all the world was made for the mind, that a man is to be measured by his mind, and that the mind does its whole will solely for itself. Into these errors do they run who do not "mind the Spirit." But the spiritually-minded man will more conscientiously than others devote himself to the culture of his intellect, because thereby he may aid the growth of the power of his soul. If he does not live to eat, but eats to live, so he does not live to think, but thinks to live. He uses the mind as a higher servant than the body, but still as servant. There is just where the difference exists between the two classes of people of culture : the one is engaged in intellectual pursuits for the mere pleasure or praise which such pursuits yield ; the other is engaged in intellectual pursuits with direct reference to fitting them to be better ser-

vants of God in this world or in any other to which the Divine Power may introduce them. Taste, judgment, reason are precious to them as instruments by which they may extract from this world what will feed their souls to greatness.

3. As to the ordinary affairs and employments of this life the spiritually-minded man will be "not slothful in business" while he is fervent in spirit. It is an injurious mistake to believe that business is detrimental to the soul's health. Men sometimes make a plea for neglecting business that it interferes with what they call their "spirituality." In every case where I have had time to examine this matter I have found it to grow out of the *laziness* of the complainant or his *incompetency*. I do believe that Wall Street and Pearl Street, the money market and the cotton market, are just as good for spiritual-mindedness as the Union Theological Seminary or the monastery at Fordham places of quietness and study. In these soft retreats the carnally-minded *will* walk after the flesh, and in those busy marts the spiritually-minded *will* walk after the spirit. But while they plunge into business and are just as energetic and pushing as others, the results they aim at are not the same. They do their work as they make their prayers, for their soul's sake. They are not sustained and animated by pictures of fleshly or wordly enjoyment which they shall have from the money they make—they regard their own soul's growth in the processes and the good they may do other souls in the results.

And now, dear brethren, if I have rightly apprehended and clearly set forth the Apostle's distinction, you must see that there is a profound truth in his saying that "to be spiritually-minded is life and peace." It must be peace, because the whole man is in harmony with the highest laws of the universe, has no collision with law, or life, or God, and is pursuing that course of culture which he knows must issue in the advancement of his supreme interest, *whatever may be the state or termination of his outward earthly affairs*. It must be life, for it gains both worlds. It reaps the longest, largest, sweetest uses of the flesh, the loftiest and the most lasting results of the mind, and whatever is best and most desirable in the business projects and achievements of this world. To be carnally-minded is condemnation and death. There must always be a painful sense of humiliation to the spirit—so fine, ethereal, immortal a thing—to be degraded into slavish subjection to the flesh, a kingly personage doing menial service for his lowest slave. There cannot be comfort and peace there. And it must be death. The carnally-minded person loses both lives, the outward and the inward, the life that now is and that which is coming. He loses his soul's life by crushing it under his flesh. He loses the best life of the flesh by not employ-

ing it in the service of his soul. And all the while the poor man is befooling himself with the belief that he is "seeing life," "enjoying the good things of life."

Let me ask you, dear brethren, not to forget that the Apostle speaks of these two characteristics *not as indicating a fit or paroxysm of goodness or badness*, but as the style of the life and the method of the man's progress, as *walking* after the flesh or *walking* after the spirit. A spiritually-minded man may have his lapses, his obscurations, his troubled times when the flesh is too much for him, but his *tendency* is to rule his body under his soul; his direction is toward the port, however dragged now and then from his courses by violent squalls or storms, or miscalculations; while the carnally-minded man may have now and then in church, or in affliction, a temporary desire to purify himself even as God is pure, but his walk, his tendency is downward, is to bring all the powers of the soul into a final subserviency to the body: he is a helmless and steamless ship, drifting, making no special headway, now and then flung on some miles in the direction of the port, and then a hundred miles away, until his rocked timbers loosen and dispart, and he sinks away into brokenness and utter wreck.

Finally, dear brethren, remember that the "law of the spirit of life is in Christ Jesus," that you cannot recover yourselves from the power and dominion of the carnal mind except as you are in Christ Jesus, that to be spiritually-minded is to have "the mind that was in Christ." As a man comes to love Jesus with a holy passion he ceases to care inordinately for the things that perish, and more and more his soul, for which Christ died, comes in the light of that cross to be inestimably precious, life to be grand as it prepares for the spiritual life which has no decay, and all efforts and burdens endurable as they make one more and more ready to enter upon the duties and enjoyments of the highest form of spiritual activity. "There is therefore now no condemnation," and there never can be any condemnation, "to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Vanities and Verities.**A SERMON**

DELIVERED BY **C. H. Spurgeon**, AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON, LONDON, ENGLAND.

We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.
—2 Corinthians iv : 18.

THE apostle Paul was by no means a stoic. He had not conquered all human feeling, and rendered himself a stone man. On the contrary, he was exceedingly sensitive. You can see abundant evidence, not only in the Acts of the Apostles, but also in the tone of all his epistles, that he has a very tender spirit. He feels acutely any unkindness. If a friend forsakes him, he mourns it; or if friends oblige him, there is genuine emotion in his gratitude. He is sensitive, too, to poverty, sensitive to shame; sensitive to all those griefs which he has to bear for Christ's sake. He feels them; you can see that he does. He is not an invulnerable man in armor, he is a man of flesh and blood, whom the arrow pierces and pains. Yet how bravely he sticks to his work; he faces every danger and never dreams of flinching. Never for a single moment does he seem to take into consideration what he may have personally to suffer for the testimony of Christ and the triumph of the gospel. He remembers the pangs when they are past; he looks on the scars when they are healed, and he sometimes gives a long list of the perils and privations he has had to endure, thus showing that he was keenly sensitive; but he never tries to shelter himself from any sort of suffering if it is necessary to accomplish his life-work. Thus he pressed steadily on through evil report and good report, through honor and through dishonor, enjoying the love of the churches at one time, and at another time smarting under a cruel suspicion of his apostleship even among his own converts; now the hero of unbounded popularity when the people crowd to do him honor, and anon the victim of public hatred and frenzied riot when he is dragged out of the city to be stoned to death. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me," he could well say. He seemed as if God had thrown him forth from His hand, even as He hurls a thunderbolt, and he stayed not until he reached the end towards which the power of God was urging him. He cried, "The love of Christ constraineth us." He reckoned himself, therefore, dead to all but Christ. Well may we be curious to know what supported so noble a man under his trials, and developed such a hero under such a succession

of oppositions. What kept him so calm? what made him so self-possessed and intrepid?

How was it that when cast down he was not destroyed—that when troubled he was not distressed? What sustained him? He gives us the key to this fortitude by telling us that he counted his afflictions light because they were, in his estimation, but for a moment; and they were working out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. He was calm and happy midst rage and tumult, violent prejudice and adverse, and even disastrous, circumstances, because, in the language of the text, he looked not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen, reckoning that the things which are seen are not worth looking at, so transient are they, while the things unseen are of priceless worth, because they are eternal. This is our subject at this time: Firstly, *things not to be looked at*; and, secondly, *things to be looked at*.

The text wears the shape of a double paradox. Things that can be seen are, naturally, the things to be looked at. What should a man look at but what he can see? And yet the apostle tells us not to look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. How can things invisible be looked at? That again is a paradox. How can you look at what you cannot see? This is only one paradox of the Christian life, which is all paradox, and the riddle lies rather in the words than in the sense. We shall soon discover that there is no contradiction or incongruity, no difficulty whatever.

I. First, then, let us LOOK AT WHAT CAN BE SEEN, and ask, what are we to understand by this protest: "We look not at the things which are seen"? The word for "*look*" is used, I think, six times in the New Testament, and is translated in four or five different ways. I do not intend to keep to those translations, but to work them into the explanation of what is meant by not looking at the things which are seen.

It means, first, *lightly esteeming both present joy and present sorrow*, as if they were not worth *looking* at. The present is so soon to be over that Paul does not care to look at it. There is so little of it, and it lasts such a brief time, that he does not even deign to give it a glance, he looks not at it. Here he is persecuted, despised, forsaken. "It will not last long," saith he. "It is but a pin's prick; it will soon be over, and I shall be with the goodly fellowship above, and behold my Master's face." He will not look at it. He ignores it. Thus it behooves us to do if surrounded with trials, troubles, present sorrows; we should not think so much of them as to fix our attention, or rivet our gaze on them. Rather let us treat them with indifference, and say, "It is really a very small matter whether I am in wealth or in poverty, in health or in sickness; whether I am enjoying comforts or whether I am robbed of

them. The present will be so soon gone that I do not care to look at it. I am like a man who stays at an hostelry for a night while he is on a journey." Is the room uncomfortable? When the morning breaks it is of no use making a complaint, and so he merely chronicles the fact, and hastens on. He says to himself, "Never mind, I am up and away directly; it is of no use fretting about trifles." If a person is going a long distance in a railway carriage, he may be a little particular as to where he shall sit to see the country, and as to which way he likes to ride; but if it is only a short stage—between, say, the Borough Road and the Elephant and Castle—he does not think about it. He does not care in whose company he may be, it is only for a few minutes; he is hardly in before he is out again, it is a matter not worth thinking about. That is how the apostle regarded it. He reckoned that his present joys and present sorrows were so soon to be over that they were to him a matter of indifference, not even worth casting his eye that way to see what they were. "Doth Jesus bid me go to Rome?" says the apostle. "Then I do not look to see whether I shall be housed in Nero's hall or caged in Nero's dungeon. It is for so short a while that if I can serve my Master better in the dungeon than I can in the palace, so let it be. My casual lot shall be my well-contented choice. It shall be a matter, if not of cool indifference, yet still of calm serenity, for it will be soon over, and gone into history. A whole eternity lies beyond, and therefore a short temporality dwindles into an insignificant trifle." What a blessed philosophy this is which teaches us not even to look at passing, transient troubles, but to fix our gaze on eternal triumphs.

He meant more than that, however. He meant that he had learned not to regard the things of the present as if they were at all real. He did not look upon them as substantial or enduring. Like as clouds when they float overhead assume divers shapes but change their form while we are gazing at them, so events as they seemed to be transpiring were to him no more than apparitions. When a man looks on a dissolving view, knowing that it is going to dissolve, he does not regard it as being other than an illusion. It is a shadow cast upon a sheet; there is nothing substantial in it. It may please his eye, but he will say, "The subject upon the sheet is not the real thing. The view before me is not the scene itself, and if I turn my eyes away from it, it will have melted away into nothingness in a little while; so for all its charms or its terrors I will not fret myself." You know how Paul explains his own words in another passage when he says, "Brethren, the time is short: it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they

that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away." That is so with the earthly joy of the best of men. He should say to himself: "This is a dying joy; these will pass away; I look at it as a shadow." Is a child born into your house? Read across its brow the word "Mortal," and when it dies you will not be disappointed or be anything like so sad as if you dreamed that you were the parent of an immortal; such a thought *must* be a dream, since *your* little one may be taken from you as well as the child of another. When you have riches do you say to yourself, "This is a solid treasure; this is golden gain"? Ah, then it will be your god, and if you lose it the loss will eat like a canker into your spirit. But if you say, "These are fleeting things; they take to themselves wings and fly away; I will not consider money to be treasure, but only look upon it as a shadow and hold it as such—as a thing not to be reckoned with substances, because it is seen and temporal"—that is the way to do with every one of our joys. Do not look upon them as though they were substantial, for they are not. They are a part of this life-dream, this empty show; they are nothing more at their very best. Oh, how often do they prove to us, painfully, that they are unsubstantial! Look in the same way upon your circumstances. Say, "Well, I am in poverty, but this is not real poverty, because it is not lasting poverty. In a short time I shall be among the angels and walk the streets of gold, and be as bravely clad as any prince among them; therefore will I not fret and worry, since my poverty will soon be over." Aught of loss or suffering that you are called upon to endure, always look upon it in the light of time, and see what a fleeting thing it is, and bear it bravely like a man—nay, like a Christian man—because you have in heaven a better and an enduring substance. These transient things are not worthy to be considered. Look upon them as if they were just nothing at all. So the apostle did.

Again, I find the word sometimes translated "*mark*." "Brethren," saith the apostle, "mark them that are unruly." The word is the same as that which is here rendered "look." Dear friends, we are not to mark the things which are seen as if they were worth notice. You know that little children, when you give them a new toy or a new frock, clap their hands and otherwise express their delight. That is because they are children. Be not children in knowledge, but quit yourselves as men; and as to the things of this life, look on them as toys. Do not act toward them as children do, but as men. "Oh," says the young man, "I have taken my degree at the university to-day." How he exults! What high importance he attaches to it. He wishes to get the newspaper to see if it is recorded there.

It is to him an event as great as anything in history. We per-adventure are rather amused at his excitement, for we do not consider anything of this sort worthy of marking down. Another man finds that he has made some considerable gain, and he, too, reckons as a red letter day the day in which he seized these accessions to his fortune. If thou art doing so thou art making sorrow for thyself, for as surely as joy becomes too sweet, sorrow will become too bitter. If I care nothing whatever for man's approbation, I reckon little of man's disapprobation; one getteth to be brave in that way. It is not good to be much elated or depressed by the joys and sorrows of life. If you are overjoyed, if you mark down certain matters as the very essence of happiness, and begin to exult and revel in the things which are seen, then, mark you, when the untoward things come to you and blight your hopes, you will find that you have rendered yourself too sensitive, and you will feel the smart far more keenly than you would have done if you had exercised wisdom enough to forbear reveling in the sweets. Look at the wasps and flies in the summer. They will see placed for them by your kindness sweet liquor in which to catch them; sugar or honey is employed to hold their wings. The wise fly sips a little and away, but the unwise insect enjoys the sweet and wades in farther and farther till he clogs his wings, and he it is who will suffer when you come to destroy your prey. It is a blessed thing to be able to sip of this world, and no more, for to plunge into it is death. Avoid the sweets of this world when they begin to tempt thee. Say of them, as Solomon did of wine: "Look not upon it when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, for who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contention, who hath babbling, who hath wounds without cause, who hath redness of eyes?" Surely the men who make this world to be their highest joy find at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth as an adder. They indulge their passions to the destruction of their souls. Do not, therefore, mark carnal joy as specially to be desired.

But are we never to have anything special to mark? Oh, yes; carefully mark down the eternal things. Did the Lord appear to you? Mark that down. Did you win a soul to Christ? Mark that down. Did you have sweet answers to prayer? Mark that down. Those are things of special note, as I am quite sure Paul thought. Though he would not say much about the discomforts of the dungeon of the Prætorium, he marked down its consolations. When Onesimus came to hear him, he made a note of it. It did not matter to him whether he was assailed with stones or surrounded with applause. Whether he lodged in a palace or slept in a prison was to him no more than the incident, or say but the accident, of the hour; he made no account of such trivialities. He never

marked those things down: the eternal was what he marked, but not the transient.

Another meaning is, *take heed*. You must put all the translations together to get the meaning. In the gospel according to Luke this word is translated, "Take heed." The apostle meant, no doubt, that he did not take heed of the things which were seen. He did not exercise care, thought and anxiety about them; but his care, thought and anxiety were about the things which are not seen. "After all these things," says Christ, "do the Gentiles seek." So they do. They are always seeking after the world; from early morning till late at night it is the world they are after. Well, let the Gentiles follow their pursuits; but the child of God should not, for our Lord says unto us, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed." He bids us cast our care upon Him, and cease from all anxiety. "Seek ye," says he, "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." So the apostle Paul tells us not to care, not to worry or trouble ourselves about things which are seen, whether good or bad, prosperous or adverse—never suffering them to eat like a corrosive acid into our spirit. We are to spend all our heed upon our walk with God, our obedience to His command, our fulfilling His will, our spreading His kingdom, our getting ready for the coming of Christ, our being prepared for judgment, our being prepared to dwell eternally with God at His right hand. About these we ought to take heed. This is our business, but, alas! our thoughts naturally drift the other way. These temporalities are wont to absorb us. There are some who not only apologize for themselves, but justify their worldly-mindedness. Fitly, therefore, doth the Lord Jesus Christ, by the mouth of His apostle, recall our thoughts from grovelling themes, and bid us take heed of the eternal, and let the secular sit lightly on our minds.

Paul in the Epistle to the Galatians uses the word in the sense of *considering*, "considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." We shall dive still more deeply into the meaning if we understand how in certain conditions, the present, the transient, the things most palpable to the senses are properly left out of all consideration and not taken into the reckoning. For instance, if the apostle knew that he should glorify God by preaching the gospel, what would it matter to him if friend or foe should say to him, "Paul, you will risk your life by attempting to do so"? Live or die, he would be bold to preach. He never took their caveat into his consideration. And if they had said, "If you state such and such a truth, or administer such and such a reproof in a certain church, you will be sure to lose their respect; you will lose caste among them," again he would

have smiled. It would have had no more influence upon him than it would have upon a merchant should you say to him, "If you go into such a district you will have to encounter clouds of dust." He would reply, "Why, if I can net a thousand pounds, what do I care about dust or no dust?" If it be my object to ascend a mountain, am I to be deterred by a few cobwebs across my path? What are tiny obstacles to a strong man? So Paul did not consider the things which are seen to be worth a thought, though there be puny folk who value nothing else. The cost to him seemed so little that he would let it go into the scale or not, as men pleased. "I reckon that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Are you not sometimes placed in this position? You know you ought to do right, but you fear that if you do so you will lose your situation. Well, now, if God's cause be uppermost in your estimation, you will not consider your loss as the first matter. You will rather say, "I can lose anything sooner than lose peace of mind and miss pleasing God." Or there is some duty which you know you ought to perform, and you are told, "Well, if you do that you will lose your old uncle's love. He will strike you out of his will. You must think about it." What is the use of thinking about it? It is only an earthly, transient thing; and what are these transient things, be they what they may, compared with the eternal weight of glory? O brothers, if men lived in the light of eternity, and judged their position accordingly, how differently would they act! But instead of so doing we begin weighing those trifles which we may have to endure for Christ's sake, and making much of them. This is playing the traitor to Christ, and forsaking Him when we ought to be most firm. Shame upon us if we thus requite our Lord. Eternal contempt awaits such cowards. From this time forth may we never look upon the things which are seen as substantial, but put them down as vanity, and let the things which are not seen rise before us in all their supremacy of value.

Perhaps you may get a still clearer perception of the meaning of the text if I tell you its full interpretation. By "not looking at the things which are seen" we may understand *not making them our scope*. That is the nearest English word I can find to interpret the Greek. Let not these visible objects be the scope of your life; for, alas! there are many whose whole scope of life is that they may prosper in this world. The next world may go as it will; their scope ends here. To win the esteem of God seems a trifle to them. That they may live at ease, enjoy the comforts and, if possible, the luxuries of this life, is their sole aim and object. As for the eternal things of

heaven, they seem dim and unsubstantial. Now, it must not be so with us. We should say, "The things eternal I pursue. I am no more a citizen of this world, but a pilgrim bound for the celestial city. When I passed through Vanity Fair, they asked me to buy this and that, and I said, 'I buy the truth.' I must go through the Enchanted Ground, but I will not sleep there, for this is not my rest. Whatever I see which is enchanting to others shall have no power over me, for the scope of my soul's desire and life-work is eternity." Would to God we all had invisible joys for our object!

To sum up the whole, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, look not at the things which are seen. Do not look upon your comforts as if they were enduring. Do not dote upon them. Do not think of them as if you had them otherwise than on loan, or as if you had any right to them. Be thankful to God for them; but, because they will so soon pass away, do not set much store by them. Build not your nest on any of these trees, for they are all marked for the axe, and ere long they will all come down. Say not of any mortal man, or woman, or dear child, or worldly possession, or knowledge, or pursuit, or honor—"This is much to me." Let it be little to you. Put the gifts of God far down in the scale compared with Himself. Try, when you have your comforts, to find God in all; and, when you lose your comforts, then just change the words, and try to find all in God; for, remember, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live."

You have not to live on the creature comfort; you are bound to live on the living word of the living God, and you will never be fully happy until you do this. A man who goes to a town and chooses a house that is dilapidated, the foundations gone and the beams decayed, may say, "This is a very comfortable house." But *you* would not think so highly of its charms. "Nay," you would be ready to say, "I cannot be comfortable in it. The rich hangings and costly furniture do not hide the serious defects; it may come down at any time about the heads of the sleepers. This is not a house for me." You know this is the case in daily life and common experience. Well, it is just similar with regard to the things eternal. Say, therefore, to yourself, "I must repose my soul upon that which is true, real, well founded, and imperishable; earthly things are too transient to afford me any solace or security. I dare not set my soul upon them. I cannot drink water out of these broken cisterns; I must go to the fountain whence all-satisfying, trust-worthy supplies flow."

You must do the same with regard to your sorrows: although it looks rather hard, yet it is the wiser way to take them cheerfully, rather than to exaggerate their weight by murmuring at them. If a man has grace to live above his joys, that same

grace will enable him to live above his sorrows. As I said just now, when earthly joys enchant you too much, then should earthly sorrows overtake you they will make you sorely despond. Your wisdom is to live above them both, above the glee of prosperity and the gloom of adversity. Dear brother, what ails you? Have you lost a child? Lost! Why, you will be where that dear one is within so incredibly short a time that you need not worry and fret. Coming down from such a domestic grief as that to a commercial anxiety: you have had a sad loss in the city, have you? Some of your comforts will be curtailed. But if you get nearer to the heart of your Lord, and love Him better, and walk in the light of His countenance more than you did, you will never know you had a loss. You will be so much richer in the fine gold of His comfort that you will scarcely miss the silver of this poor world.

And so, too, if you lose credit or are discountenanced by old friends, or are deprived of aught which men are wont to make great account of here below; if you do but remember that it was only a bubble, and it has burst, you will not be broken-hearted. Say, "It never was more than a bubble, and I ought to have known that it would soon be gone. The comfort I had was never anything but a temporary loan, and I ought to have remembered that it was borrowed." If you get into that mind you will live above the cares of this life. May God help you so to do!

II. Now, for a few minutes let us address ourselves to the second point—LOOKING AT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN. How can we do that?

Well, first, *realize them by faith*. We believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in the judgment, and in life everlasting, according to the teaching of the Word of God. Try to look at these things—to look at them as present facts. Some will never do so. They will tell you that they could not see them if they tried; but that is just what we, who have been taught of God so to look at the things which are not seen, can palpably discern. Oh, to look beyond death to "the home over there," beyond the swelling flood where souls that were loved of God from before the foundation of the world are safe with Jesus! I invite you to do so, especially if you have some dear ones there. Do you see them? Do you hear their music? Do you behold their joys? Are you going to be troubled about them any longer, after having realized their certain happiness? By-and-by there cometh the resurrection, and the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised. The very body over which you wept because it was to be given to the worm shall rise in matchless beauty in the likeness of its Lord. Will you not wipe your eyes dry now and submit to the Divine will, for surely the hope of the blessed resurrection makes amends for the loss by death?

Then there is to come the judgment, and you and I will be there. A soldier, some time ago, was in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where, according to tradition, the feet of the Messiah will rest in the day of judgment, and he sat on the stone and said, "And shall we all be present? I will sit here in that day." And there, absorbed with the thought, he looked up to the sky, and so distinctly did he realize the majestic vision of the day of judgment that he fell to the ground in amazement, oblivious of everything that was transpiring around him. Ah, if all of us were living in the light of the day of the Lord, what trifles these ebbs and flows, these ups and downs of passing circumstances would seem! How lightly we should bear sorrow, and how little we should reckon of earthly fortunes and misfortunes if we could actually forecast the tremendous day when, with angels for witnesses and Christ for our Judge, we shall have to stand and be judged according to the things done in the body! Realize heaven, brothers and sisters, the heaven of the perfected manhood after the resurrection, the heaven where we shall see the Beloved's face, and day and night extol Him for ever. Oh, what is it to be poor? What is it to be sick? What would it be to go through a thousand deaths if we may but at last behold His glory, world without end? And think of hell, ye that forget God and revel in vanities; as your trembling spirit best may, think what it must be to be driven from His presence—to hear Him say, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire in hell." Ah! gilded world, how thou dost lose thy lustre when once I see the lurid glare of Tophet! Oh, painted harlot, how I see thy haggard ugliness when I hear the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of those who chose the broad road and let the Lord the Saviour go! How I despise thee! As the vision opens before the eyes of faith, what zeal it kindles in my breast! Would to God I could induce some careless person here, who, nevertheless does believe the Scriptures, to sit down, if it were but for one half-hour, and try, believably, to picture these things to his mind's eye. This sacred volume is full of pictures—pictures of things that shall shortly come to pass. Oh, that ye had the discernment to see them, not as weird fancies, but as veritable facts—the true sayings of God! The real thing is what you do not see to be real. The fiction is that which you account a solid fact. We are going down, each one of us to the grave, but God liveth for ever and ever. As for that body of yours in which you are sitting in this house, it is not a substance which shall abide, but it is a shadow which shall dissolve, mouldering into dust, and exhaling into water. Yet there lives within you what you cannot see—the real and true self; and that true self of yours will pass into another state, and through it into yet another, which shall be everlasting. And, oh, may God grant that your lot

may not be everlasting sorrow, but endless joy! In either case the things which are not seen are eternal. Gird up your loins and look at them like a man who will have ere long to dispel the illusions of sense and confront the verities of eternity, whether he will or no.

The Christian learns to *look on these things with the eye of delight*. Is it not to you, my dear brother in Christ, a delight to see God? I should not like to go to any place where I could not see my God. Yet He is not seen. Is it not a delicious thing to look forward to the heaven that is above—to the city of the blest? When the Lord indulges our faith with a view of that eternal joy—and some of us have known what it is—it has been too much for our weak capacity. We can laugh in our sleep when we dream of heaven, and we can sit down in the midst of pain and sorrow and feel as if we could not experience more joy than we possess, because our souls have looked on the pinnacles of our Father's palace, and seen the gleaming radiance of the twelve bejeweled foundations of the eternal city, where there is a house and a crown and a harp for every believer among us. The poor girl who goes home from this joyous place of worship to her own little cheerless room would feel miserable indeed if she looked at the shady side of her condition; but she says, "My Lord is in this room," and the place glows as if it were made of slabs of gold. She settles down and begins to think of the heaven that is hers, and she sees herself to be a king's daughter, a true princess, for she possesses in the glory-land a crown that no head can wear but hers, and there is a mansion provided for her which none can tenant but herself; happy, therefore, she well may be. Oh, beloved friends, learn to look at these things with intense delight, because they are ours in reversion now, and are soon to be ours in possession.

On the other hand, if you are not converted I would urge you to look upon the eternal future—for it is all eternal—with an intense dread, for without Christ what is there for you among the things which are not seen and are eternal but that which will make you wring your hands for poignant grief and gnash your teeth for bitter self-reproach if you are resolved to live and to die as you now are! You see not yet the future state of woe, but, like all the unseen things, it is eternal. There can be no termination to the misery of an immortal soul when once banished from God. I see no "larger hope" revealed in Scripture. Let my philosophical brethren conjecture what they will, where God speaks not I am silent; but I do see the dread forebodings of a death that never dies, and a fire that is never quenched. I would have every man who will not have Christ, or who dilly-dallies with salvation and runs risks with his soul, to look at what he risks. Face your future, O you who choose

your own destruction! That was a solemn morning's work for Abraham when he went to the place where he was wont to meet with God, and looked towards Sodom, and saw the smoke thereof going up as the smoke of a furnace. O Christians, you do well sometimes to look that way. Such a contemplation is not pleasant to flesh and blood. No, but it will do you good and make you feel fervent emotions of gratitude for your own redemption, and intense desires for the salvation of others. But come thou here, sinner! Come thou here! I must have thee here. Look, dost thou see it? Dost thou see it—the smoke of the flame which burneth for ever and ever? That flame is for thy burning if thou repent not. Dost thou see it as it reddens the heavens? That fire burns for thee if thou believest not in the Lord Jesus Christ. Wilt thou not look? If thou wilt not, thou wilt have to feel it! Thou canst not mitigate those woes by refusing to believe in their existence. It is the silly trick of the ostrich, so they say, when the hunter pursues it, to burrow its head in the sand and fancy itself safe; and this is what you are doing, with more than equal folly. I would fain recall you to reason. Look at the things which are not seen, for they are eternal. I met with a remark the other day which struck me forcibly: If a man had no worse pain than the toothache, if he knew that it would last for ever, he would desire to die that he might escape from it. When we have to endure any acute pain for a little while we begin to cry out for relief, and find it hard to be quiet, but were any pang to last eternally, the horror of such an expectation would even now be overwhelming! By the dread thought of eternity I implore you to see to it that your salvation is secured at once. Escape for thy life, my friend, and look not behind thee, for unless thou escape in time thy fate will be sealed for ever and ever. Those things which are not seen are eternal, and hell is one of them. Except thou escape now by faith in Jesus Christ thou never wilt escape. There is no reprieve nor respite in the world to come; pardon, therefore, should be sought at once.

By looking into the things which are not seen, Paul doubtless meant that *he looked to them with hope*. To his view the harvest was ripe, and he was eager to reap it. I invite all believers to be looking with ardent hope for the things that are eternal. Long for the bright appearing of the Lord. Long for your translation unto the city of glory. Expect it: watch for it. It is on the way. You may be much nearer than you think. You may be in heaven before next year; indeed, you may be there before to-morrow morning. Light is fading from the earth. Dear friend, look toward heaven. Look toward eternal things. Make it a point to look unto thy future home. Should there be any young man here who is not twenty-one,

and he knows that when he comes of age he is to be squire of a village, own a park and enjoy a rich heritage, I will be bound to say he has often forestalled the time because he is sure of his title. If any one of you had a legacy left him of a large estate, he would be off this week to have a look at it. One likes to look at one's own. Christian, be sure to survey thine own possession in the skies. Read much the book of God, which tells thee of thy future inheritance. Say to thyself, "This is all mine. Why should not I begin to enjoy it? Did not the Israelites fetch bunches of the grapes of Eschol before they entered Canaan? And why should not I?" I hope you will full often enjoy foretastes of bliss, till you can sing with John Beridge,

"Too long, alas, I vainly sought," etc.

What a sanctifying influence such anticipations would have upon you! "Every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself." Pursue eternal things with concentrated mind. You must look right on to the end of the race for the prize. The runner does not cast a glance to the right or to the left, or to the flowers which bespangle the pathway, but keeps his eye on the prize, and that helps him to run. He stretches every nerve to reach the end and win the prize. Brothers and sisters, make eternal things the scope of your life at all times. This I have told you is the literal sense of the original Greek. Make them that for which you plot and plan; that for which you think and consider; that for which you live and act: throw your whole being into eternal things. Are we, therefore, to neglect business, you may ask? God forbid! Serve God in business. To leave business or to do business as if it were not a part of your religion would be a departure from your Master's will and not a fulfilment of it. Sanctify your commonest action to the glory of God. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Have an eye always to eternity. Keep your thoughts upon that. Eat and drink as for eternity, remembering that what you eat and drink perisheth, and he that eats will perish too. It is "earth to earth" whenever we eat, therefore let us not make gods of our bellies. When thou enjoyest any earthly thing, do it as in the light of eternity, and say, "I am plucking a flower that must fade. This is not a diamond that will remain with me, always glistening; it is only a bright daisy; it looks very pretty at the moment, but it will soon fade. The children gather it, but soon let it fall, and so do I." Put not thy soul into that which is sensual, at thy peril. See that thou pursuest with all thy might things spiritual. As for things transient, commit them to God's providence. Do thy best to honor God in the use of this world's currency, but make it not thy wealth. Look at Jonah sitting under his gourd which screened him from the scorching sun with its broad

leaves. Think of Jonah as he said to himself, "How happy I am under this arbor! How cool it makes me!" He was content and comfortable, but God prepared a worm. The worm destroyed the wretched gourd. Though it seemed so beautiful before, it soon became only fit to be pulled down and cast upon the dunghill. It may soon be the same with your earthly comforts. If you make your gourd your god it will do you no good. Gourds are well enough, but they are not good when you put them in the place of eternal comforts.

I finish with this. Treat the things present as if they were not, and live thou like an heir of heaven's invisible but substantial joys. Higher and better things are in store for thee. God bless thee by his blessed Spirit with blessed foretastes of the blessed hereafter. **Amen.**

The Burial of Sarah.

By Joseph Parker, D.D.

Gen. xxiii.

IT has been remarked as a singular circumstance that Sarah is the only woman whose age is mentioned in the Scriptures. At the time of her death her only son Isaac was thirty-seven years old, she herself being ninety at the time of his birth. We know little about Sarah except that she was comely to look upon, somewhat severe toward Hagar her handmaid, and that she was the mother of Isaac. This seems quite little when mentioned in one sentence, but really it comes to a great deal in the full working out. Her good looks made traveling rather dangerous for Abraham. Her conduct toward Hagar showed her temper and moral quality, and her motherhood of Isaac made her the mother of all believers—(1 Peter iii: 16). How large an oak may come out of one acorn! As we are about to attend the burial of Sarah, we should reflect a little upon the lessons of her life before we leave the cave of the field of Machpelah, which is in Hebron in the land of Canaan.

Some of us have to live in a kind of reflected lustre and fame. We are next to nothing in ourselves, but our brother is famous, our uncle is influential; we have not seen the Queen ourselves, but we have seen a man who has seen her. Sarah was not much in herself, but she was the wife of Abraham. The window of your cottage is a very small one, but it looks out upon a park three thousand acres large. Some of us get our lustre at third or fourth hand, and of course it gets paler and paler as it comes along. John Stradwick kept a shop on Snow Hill; John Stradwick was the first deacon of one of the London Congregational churches; John Stradwick let a room or two above his shop to lodgers; one of his lodgers was called John Bunyan; John Stradwick had a daughter, and that daughter married Robert Braggs, and Robert Braggs was one of the pastors of this church! I like to think of one of my predecessors and his wife being with Bunyan in his last illness, and getting a grip of the tinker's hand now and then.

This is a long way to have to fetch one's water, I admit; but when it is brought to me it is like water from the well of Bethlehem, and there is none like it! After all, it is something to be in the tail of a kite if the kite be beautiful and a good flyer. Even Boswell has become as one of the rings of Saturn. I should account it a fine thing if I could have an hour's talk with one of Shakespeare's servants, or spend a whole day with Luther's sexton. If I made right use of my time, I should feel that

I had been in high company and had touched the threshold of immortal fame. Now, these are only the lower applications of a principle universal in its operation and influence, and which reaches its highest point in Christian fellowship. I can come to One in the touch of the hem of whose garment there is eternal virtue! Poor though we be and nameless, yet if we be in Christ Jesus, we come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. Nothing in ourselves, we are yet kings and priests unto God! Our torch is lighted at the sun.

Some people have to wait a long time for their blessings. Sarah was ninety years old when Isaac was born. This thing itself is merely accidental, but the principle which is under it is living and beneficent. If we have the true life in our hearts, not one of us has yet seen his best days. Physically, we may be on the wane; but spiritually we may win our greatest victories actually on the day of death. You have not yet got the best your brain can give. There is a finer wine in your heart than has yet been crushed out. Do not close the shutters; rather break out another window, for the light of the sun is yet plentiful. You may bring forth fruit in old age, and be fat and flourishing until the last. You have not got God's best. He keeps the good wine for by and by. I hear your sigh and your groan, and for every one of them you shall yet have a hymn or a loud psalm. Your great prayer shall be answered; the prayer that drags your heart out in passionate entreaty for the runaway boy, for the lost girl, for the healing of a wound in the spirit never told of to mortal ear! Live in this hope, and this hope will keep you young. Sarah laughed at ninety, and made all her friends laugh in her late-come joy.

And now that Sarah is dead, Abraham came to mourn and to weep for her. But was not Abraham a man of faith? Yes; but he was a man of feeling, too, and his piety did not make his heart hard. But was not Isaac, his son, alive? Yes; but a love ninety years old, and tested in many a sharp flame, was not to be given up lightly. It is a hard thing to part with those we have known longest and best. When such parting comes, "'tis the survivor dies"; memory is quickened into strange vividness; the past life comes up and passes its days before the eyes in all their variety of color and service. I hear Abraham talking to himself: "Oh, how sad is this loneliness; how awful is the stillness of this silence! I can talk to Isaac, but not as I did to his mother: there are some eighty years of life that he knows nothing about. Sarah and I wandered together, talked out our hearts to one another, planned and dreamed and suffered in one common experience, and there she lies, a stranger among strangers, cold and silent forever!

And Abraham wept ! The man who slew the great kings wept ! The man whose name is to endure as long as the sun wept ! *Jesus* wept ! Blessed will those of us be who have not to weep over neglect, harshness, bitterness ; over speeches that made the heart ache, over selfishness that hastened the very death we mourn ! If you would have few tears by and by, be kind now ; if you would have a happy future, create a gracious present. Make your homes happy ; banish from the sacred enclosure of the family all meanness, hardness, suspicion and unkindness, that when the dark day comes, as come it will too soon, your deep and tender sorrow may not be mixed with the bitterness of self-reproach.

This is a sharp variety of experience for Abraham. In the last incident how brave he was, and what a kingliness dignified even the stoop of his sorrow as he went with Isaac to the altar ! What is the difference between his case then and his case now ? It is the difference between *doing* God's will and *suffering* it. A wonderful difference, as we all know ! So long as we have something to do, something to call us from pensive meditation and set us to hard strife, we bear up with hopeful courage ; but when the strife ceases, and we are left alone with the wreck it has wrought, we often express our emotion in tears which never came during all the battle. Such an instance as this goes far toward proving that Abraham's faith was as human as his sorrow. If we can join him in grief, why not in faith ? If we thought him nearly divine on Moriah, we may see how human he is in Hebron. As for ourselves, we can fight resolutely ; can we suffer patiently ? We are heroes whilst the sound of the trumpet is maddening the air ; what are we when laid up as wounded soldiers ? The patient, uncomplaining sufferer, who for months or years has been waiting for her Lord without ever suggesting that His steps were tardy, may have as strong a faith as Abraham had when he held the knife over his son. All the world's faith is not historic. To-day has its chronicles of trust and patience and hope quite as instructive and thrilling as those which are recorded in the Bible. It is too early to read them through, or to comprehend all their sad yet glorious meaning ; but every syllable is accepted and honored of God. We often wish that we were as good as the holy men of old ; it will be a poor thing, however, if we are not better than the best man in any earlier dispensation. Among all that were born of woman there had not appeared a greater than John the Baptist, yet the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than he. So may we be greater than Abraham, by reason of Jesus Christ's promise that we should not only have life, but have it "more abundantly." That some of the older generations might have greater gifts is not denied ; but none of them had opportunities of having greater graces. They

had special inspiration, we have the general baptism of the Spirit; they saw the unrisen light, we see the sun in a cloudless zenith. My opinion is that God never had better children upon the earth than He has at this moment; never was there such force of life, never such loyalty to the kingdom of heaven. We do not, then, set forth Abraham as a divine model; we call up his history to see its points common with our own, to study the unchangeableness of God, and to take an estimate of the development of human destiny.

Look at Abraham buying a grave! True, he buys a field and a cave, and all the trees that were in the field, and in all the borders round about; but, expand the list as we may, it was all for the sake of a place to bury his dead. The good man is forced into such commerce as well as the bad; the best man of his age is here bargaining for burial ground. I need not remind a Christian congregation of the advantage which a good man enjoys under such circumstances. To him the place of Christian sepulchre is not a wilderness given over to the desolation of everlasting winter; it is a garden, full of roots, that shall come up in infinite beauty in the summer that is yet to be. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." The law of mortality will operate until the close of this dispensation; all lower life has been given over to death; but death itself has been devoted by an unchangeable covenant to be destroyed by life. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Meanwhile, we require graves. Our houses are overshadowed by a temporary destroyer; we are smitten and impoverished by the angel of death. All this we know as a matter of fact; in talking thus I trouble you with the tritest truisms; but have we turned our knowledge to account? Have we read the meaning of the shadow that lies along the whole path of life? Have we so balanced our proportions as to give to each its honest due? Have we not, on the contrary, forgotten our own mortality even in the very act of talking of other men's death? What need there is then that we should see this transaction between Abraham and Ephron: listen to the words of the covenant, and ponder well that in return for four hundred shekels of silver Abraham gets a burying-place!

"From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountains's brow,
From childhood's song, and affection's vow,
From all save that o'er which the soul bears sway
Breathes but one record—passing away."

The manner in which the children of Heth answered Abraham should attract the most appreciative notice: "Hear us,

my Lord ; thou art a mighty prince among us ; in the choice of our sepulchres bury the dead ; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." How these incidental strokes of pathos attest the oneness of the human heart ! Circumstances test the true quality of men. Irreverence in the presence of grief is an infallible sign of the deepest degeneracy ; it marks the ultimate deterioration of the human heart. On the other hand, to be chastened by sorrow, to be moved into generous pity and helpfulness, is to show that there is still something in the man on which the kingdom of Jesus Christ may be built. Never despair of any man who is capable of generous impulses. Put no man down as incurably bad who will share his one loaf with the hungry or give shelter to a lost little one. Poor and crude may be his formal creed, very dim and pitifully inadequate his view of scholastic theology ; but there is a root in him which may be developed into much beauty and fruitfulness. For this reason I cannot overlook the genial humanity and simple gracefulness of this act of the Hittites.

Man's final requirement of man is a grave. We may go down to the grave in one of two very different ways. Our grave may be respected, or it may be passed by as a dishonored spot. We may live so as to be much missed, or we may live so as to leave the least possible vacancy ; whichever way it be, we should remember that there is no repentance in the grave—the dead man cannot obliterate the past.

Abraham mourned for Sarah. What then ? Consecration to God's purposes does not eradicate our deep human love ; say rather that it heightens, refines, sanctifies it ! Every father is more a father in proportion as he loves and serves the great Father in heaven. We should be on our guard against any system of religion or philosophy that seeks to cool the fervor of natural and lawful love. It may be very majestic not to shed tears ; but it is most inhuman, most ungodly. We have heard of Abraham mourning, of David crying bitterly, of the Saviour allowing His feet to be washed with a sinner's tears, and of Jesus Christ weeping ; but who ever heard of the devil being broken down in pity or mournfulness ? Christianity educates our humanity, not deadens it ; and when we are in tears it helps us to see through them nearly into heaven.

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Jesus Christ, the Revelation of God.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Joseph T. Duryea, D.D.**, IN THE CLASSON AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

[*Who being*] the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, [and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.]—Hebrews i:3.

THE discourse of the author of this epistle institutes a parallel, and sets forth a contrast, between the revelation of God in connection with the mission of the ancient prophets and the manifestation of God in the last times in the person and by the ministry of His Son. It maintains that both, proceeding from the same source and tending to the same end, are in substantial agreement, and yet abundantly shows that the latter surpasses the former in the fullness of its substance and the excellence of its form. The first was the shadow, the second the reality; the one was the illustration, the other the fact.

The grandeur of the latter discovery of God was derived from two views of a person. This person was not only a revealer, as all prophets were revealers of God, but he was in himself the revelation of God. The prophets spake concerning God and a coming Messiah. He spake concerning God and himself. Rather, he also spake of God when he spake of himself. Nay, more, when he did not speak, but simply stood forth and wrought, so as to be seen and known, even then he most fully disclosed the nature and the character of God. He had only to say, "I and my Father are one," "Whoso hath seen me hath seen the Father," and then to stand still or move along before the eyes of men to be looked upon, in order to make manifest to men all of God that they could comprehend.

This person was known in heaven and from eternity as the Son of God; on earth and in time as Jesus Christ, the anointed Saviour of men. The writer first exalts the gospel above the law by setting forth the exaltation of the Son of God, its messenger and its message. He is above Moses, a faithful servant in God's house, because He is a Son in his Father's house. He is above angels, because He hath a more excellent name than they;

because He is set forth to be worshiped by them; because He is Lord in the kingdom in which they are but ministers, even as the winds and flames of fire, to do His bidding; because He is Creator, and they are creatures; because He is Eternal, and they are the offspring of time. But in this chiefly is He above all men and all angels, that He is the brightness of the glory and the express image of the person of God. It is to this view of Him that we now direct our thoughts. The Hebrew word which we translate glory signifies that which is heavy, massive, and grand and sublime. It conveys a conception and feeling of the majesty of God. The Greek word for the same expresses that which one thinks of another, and so his estimate and appreciation of him. It then comes to signify the ground of this estimate, the excellence, honorableness of another. This word, therefore, conveys the notion of God's excellence.

In both the old Scripture and the new, whatever may be the word for the divine glory, its symbol is always light. God is light, He is a sun, He dwelleth in light, He clothes Himself with light as with a garment. The light in the cloud was the token of His presence, the light of the Shekinah was the proof of His indwelling, the light in the temple was the sign of His majestic appearing to the prophet. Then, again, in the New Scripture, God is light, He is the father of lights, a sun without variableness or shadow of turning, the effulgence that causes the night to cease in heaven and the sun to be needless to the eternal day. From this symbol of the divine grandeur and excellence we receive our expressive word glory. It conveys the conception of outshining splendor.

Gathering together all the thought in these associated words, we conceive God as grand in His nature, perfect in His character, and beautiful in every manifestation of Himself to the view of intelligent and sensitive beings. The grandeur of His nature consists in His being an eternal and infinite spirit, limitless in presence, in knowledge, in wisdom, in power. The perfection of His character consists in His righteousness, His goodness, His truth. His beauty is that undefinable yet most real quality of His variously manifested excellence which is discovered by the subtle sense, and felt in the peculiar sensibility with which God has gifted all spirits. It is the cause of profoundest joy to all who know and love and worship Him. Of this glory of God, "Jesus Christ, his Son," is said to be "the brightness."

The original word is formed from a verb which signifies "*to flash out.*" It may be interpreted accordingly as "an out-flashing." The glory of God is as light, and the Son as its flash forth into view. You will get the idea if you conceive an intense light enclosed in a dark lantern, which is suddenly opened so that the rays dart out into the surrounding black-

ness. The flash is not something different from the light, but the light let out of limits and acting on the darkness. The Son of God is not represented as uncovering the glory of the Father. He is not the mere hand which draws the slide of the lantern so that the light breaks through. He is the light. It is not said of Him, "who" disclosing or showing, but "who *being* the brightness of His glory." Expanding the idea, the ancient creed declared Him "light of light," "very God of very God."

But there is yet another expression, the meaning and force of which we need to understand and feel. "The express image of His person." For the phrase "express image" there is a single word in the original, a word transferred and familiar in our own language, viz., character. It is formed from a word signifying to sharpen, then to scratch or furrow with a sharp instrument, to write, to engrave. Our term, therefore, means a writing or engraving, and in this sense we often use it. So also as a form is engraven on a seal and then stamped upon wax, the word indicates a figure enstamped upon wax or soft metal. The figure impressed is precisely like the graving which determines it. The word accordingly signifies likeness. Then, from the notion of likeness, it extends to that of sameness, so that we say of one's combined qualities, they constitute his character, and more emphatically the character is the man. It is the man revealed and known.

The Son of God is, then, the revelation of the person of God. And to this term person, in the language of the New Testament, we do not attach the later metaphysical notion. It is simply equivalent to "self."

We have now the whole thought in this pregnant phrase: Jesus Christ is God's very self revealed and known. He could say of Himself truly, as He said, "He that seeth me seeth Him that sent Me." Paul declared Him to the Corinthians, "the image of God," and to the Colossians, "the image of the invisible God." And all this was but a repetition of the witnessing of the Baptist when he "cried, saying" . . . "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him," or, in his own expressive utterance, "led him forth" to view.

The sum of the whole, then, is this: the glorious nature of God is perceived and known in Jesus Christ. He is simply "God manifest in the flesh."

We are by no means to forget that there is a person—God, our Father. We are not to cease to seek, to know, to love, to worship and obey Him. The Son has come to make Him known; to stand as a mediator between Him and us; to reconcile us to Him by His blood, to adopt us into His family, and to inspire in us the spirit of adoption by the Holy Ghost. The manifestation of Christ to us is ineffectual, His work for

us is incomplete, if we fail to come to God by Him, crying, Abba! Father! But this we must remember, that God can only be known in and by the Son. We can behold "the glory of God" alone "in the face of Jesus Christ." "He is the true light, which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

Does any man say, God is seen and known in nature? We must respond, something, nay, much of God may be perceived and felt in the earth and the heavens. "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." But who "laid the foundations of the earth," who "stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and spread them out as a tent to dwell in?" Who "hath created these things," who hath "brought out their host by numbers?" "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thine hands." So answers the Father, addressing the Son, "by whom He made the worlds," the word made flesh, "by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made."

But some man will say, God is seen and known in His providence. This we must concede. To those who look for Him He will be manifest in the stability of things, the order of the seasons, the life of nature, the course of events, the history of men. But who sustains the fixedness of things, and moves the circles of nature, and guides the current of events, and shapes the destinies of peoples? Let the word of truth answer: "By Him all things consist, who, upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, who hath given Him to be the head over all things to the church."

Yet, however clearly God is manifest in the works and providence of His Son, He is not seen. When men knew God they glorified Him not as God. They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. They "changed the truth of God into a lie; they worshiped and served the creature more than the Creator. And God gave them over to a reprobate mind and to vile affections, until darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people." A revelation was needful, a manifestation of a personal God. A light supernatural must shine into the dismal blackness of the natural. God must come out of His hiding-place. The light of nature covered Him as a garment. The vesture must be rent, and the brightness, the out-flashing of His glory must be seen; the character of His person, Himself, must be manifest.

But more than this we must assert. Even if man had preserved an open eye, an attentive and understanding mind, a sensitive, responsive heart, the whole of God could not have been seen and felt in His works and His providence. His

moral nature could not be set forth in material products, in the developments of the life of men. Nature could not reveal His justice, the whole of His goodness. Providence could not demonstrate them in its progress, and if it might reveal them in its winding up, it would be forever too late for the benefit of man. How do we stand confused, amazed and dumb before God's dealings with the full light of revelation blazing on us—faith our only resource, hope in the final issue our only comfort! There must be more for men than the science that interprets nature, the philosophy of history which unwinds the thread of providence, if they shall ever know the character of God.

And yet more. And here we touch our inmost sensibility and express our profoundest need when we say, there is nothing in nature, there is nothing in common providence to offer hope to man the sinner. Study nature as you will, it returns you nothing but force and law. Obey its law, and its force will serve you. Disobey its law, and its force will smite you. The man who walks obeys the law of gravitation, and gravity sustains him. The innocently mistaken child who steps from the window disobeys the law, and gravity dashes him to pieces on the stones below. There is no appeal from law to favor. There is no mercy to weaken or annul or counteract the force. Transgression is ruin.

So in common providence. There are laws and forces. The keen-witted perceive the laws; the practical connect their projects with the forces, and they are lifted on to success. The ignorant and unwise, the incautious and the reckless, miss the rule and cross the path of the power, and are hurled to the earth and traveled over. There is no elasticity of law, there is no grace in force.

Let a man bring this interpretation of God into the moral sphere. Let him know the law that will not cease to rule in his conscience and in his spiritual nature. Let him learn by experience that obedience is joy and disobedience is suffering. Then let him feel that there is no appeal from law, there is no removal of destructive power from its awful work within his soul, and all his knowledge must conduce to terrible, irremediable despair. There is no revelation of mercy in nature to the sinner. There is but one awful inference from nature for the sinner. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." If God shall be known as a God merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgressions and sin, He must come forth in person, show us His glory, cause all His goodness to pass before, and proclaim His name, "Jehovah! Jehovah! God merciful and gracious!" This God has done, but ever by the person and the word of His only-begotten Son. He alone hath

declared Him. The Jehovah of the olden time was therefore the Son of God. The Jesus of the latter time was proclaimed at Jordan the Son of God. The Lord Jehovah, and the Lord Jesus, one and the same, is the radiance of the glory, the character of the person, of God."

We come, then, to this most practical point. You who will know God seek Him in His Son. Behold Him walking as the angel Jehovah in the ancient church, behold Him walking as the Christ in the midst of His disciples. God is not other than you see Him here; God is just what you see Him here. There is no hidden element of the divine nature slumbering in the Father in heaven while other elements are manifest in Jesus Christ. Mysteriously, yet most really, is the Father in the Son and the Son in the Father.

"Here the whole deity is known." You who will know what God is to the sinner, seek Him in His Son. There is not a hidden mind in the Father and another in the Son. There is not one heart in the Father and another in Jesus. Whatever disposition in look, or word, or act Jesus Christ has ever shown toward sinners is the entire and entirely fixed disposition of the whole nature of God to you.

This is a truth we need constantly to affirm to you. You are wont to think of the wrath of God against sinners as somehow held in reserve in the bosom of the Father, and the love of God as throbbing in the bosom of Jesus. You seem sometimes to feel that Jesus, as mediator dying a sacrifice, as intercessor urging an appeal, is somehow in antagonism with the Father, and the Father hiding His face from the persistent and unrepentant sinner as in opposition to the Son. You think you see all the severity in the one, all the goodness in the other. Make haste to be undeceived. As the God of our faith and the Son of His love are indivisible in being, so are they blended in feeling.

Do you say God has stern regard for His law? So has Jesus. Did He not reaffirm the law? Did He not whet the second blade of it in its interior demands, and make it the two-edged sword piercing even to the joints of our inmost frame, and touching the marrow of our thought and feeling? Did He not declare that until heaven and earth pass, not one jot or tittle of it should fail till all shall be fulfilled? As for Himself, He was made under the law; He magnified it and made it honorable. Knowing it could not be recalled, rather than it should be violated He invoked justice to transfer its condemnation from His people to Himself, to recall its curse from them and expend it to the full on Him, to lift the shaft of vengeance glittering in wrathful light above their heads and thrust it deep within His heart.

Do you say God is severe to mark iniquity? So is Jesus Christ. Bring before your mind the group of sullen Scribes and

Pharisees, scowling upon Him in the cruel hatred of unveiled hypocrisy and crushed pride and fathomed shallowness, and hear His burning words of conviction, recrimination and doom: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Do you remember that "God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil"? Then remember also that it is the Son of man who is to come in His glory and sit upon His throne, and gather all nations and separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. It is He who shall say, Depart, ye cursed. Do you feel that God will pour out His wrath upon the ungodly on the great day? You may read in the gospel of Jesus Christ of the wrath of the Lamb and of the great and terrible day of the Lord.

In a word, there is no manifestation of the nature of God in opposition to sin and in retribution against the incorrigibly ungodly so calm, determined, decided, severe and awful as that which is made in the words and yet will be made in the person of that Man by whom He will judge the world.

And in like manner, on the other hand, the Father is in fullest sympathy with the Son in every expression of His divine-human mercy, compassion, tenderness and grace to repenting, returning and pleading souls. If the Son of God from the beginning longed for the salvation of men, God the Father from eternity loved the world. If the Son of God so loved the world that He gave His life a ransom for the many, God the Father so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but might have everlasting life. If Jesus suffered unutterable agonies on the cross for us and our salvation, God the Father witnessed and felt the sacrifice. If Jesus Christ spoke words of ineffable kindness and gentleness, how often and how emphatically did He declare, "The words that I speak I speak not of myself," but "as my Father has taught me, I speak these things"? If Jesus Christ wrought innumerable works of mercy and grace, how constantly and decidedly did He affirm, "The Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works," "I do always those things that please Him"? If His life of teaching and example and suffering was one continuous surrender and employment of Himself for our eternal salvation and blessedness, did He not close it to ascend to His Father, crying, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do"?

Yes, in the person and mission of Jesus Christ, whatever in God is arrayed against the sinner, and whatever is patient, and long-suffering, and merciful, and gracious, and helpful, and saving for the sinner, is manifest equally and as fully in Jesus Christ.

“Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The Justice or the Grace.”

But we are not yet exposed to the severity of justice ; we are invited to the leniency of grace. Let us behold, then, the grace of God in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Can you even doubt the willingness of God to save you when you behold the Son, in human flesh, humbled by the fellowship of our nature in its narrowness and feebleness, exposed to the penalty of our sin in its guilt and shamefulness, agonizing in the garden of Golgotha, mantled with shame in Pilate's hall and dying on the cross ? Can you doubt the willingness of God to receive you when you hear his Son inviting, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” ; telling with divinely human pathos the story of the prodigal son ; when you see Him looking with sad reproof on the erring Peter, and behold the smile of pardoning love illuminate the face shadowed with sorrow as it turns to the penitent thief ? Can you doubt the gentleness of God when you behold His Son sitting at Bethany with Mary at His feet, and at supper with John on His bosom ; when you gaze with wonder on the submissive surrender of His feet to the tears and kiss of the woman which was a sinner, and hear His benediction on that other woman who touched the hem of His garment, and His eulogy ever memorial of that other one still who would not ask the children's bread, but the waste and fallen crumbs of blessing ? Can you doubt God's readiness most freely to forgive when you hear echoing forever through the gospel those eager words of Jesus, “Son, daughter, go in peace, thy sins be forgiven thee” ? Can you doubt God's willingness to forget the past guilt and shame of your sinful life when you see the Son of man appearing to Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, and hear his call to the chiefest dignity of the apostleship, and see him thenceforth the most cherished and blessed among His servants, and regard him now as the immortal teacher of the truth, the equal of the beloved evangelist, and second only to the Lord in the memory and reverence of all spiritual souls ?

If you have ever risen from the perusal of the gospel, saying to yourself, I could go to Him, if He were only here I would dare to confess to Him all my sin and shame, and hope in His mercy and grace, expect His sympathy and support ; then know, that as you would come to Him were He on the earth, so may you come to Him now, and when you come to Him, you come to God by Him. There is nothing concealed, there is nothing partially revealed in Him. He is the brightness of the glory, the character of the person, of God.

Who, then, conscious of his sin, judging his ill-desert, ashamed

of his defilement, will yet be afraid of God? Who need be afraid of Emmanuel, God with us? Who need reluctantly approach the Lord of Mary and the Syrophenician woman, of Saul and the penitent thief?

Is there one trembling soul in this place to-day thirsting after God and yet striving to hide from His face for fear of Him? Is there one orphaned spirit here longing for the Father's love and the Father's house, and in sad misgiving still wandering in a far country? Oh! look into the face of Jesus Christ and be reassured, and make haste to rise up and go to your Father, and say unto Him, Father, I have sinned! I have sinned!

And with the glowing picture which our Lord has lined upon the imagination of man forever, radiant with promise and welcome in your view, believe that, while yet a great way off, the Father will have compassion on you, and be swift to meet you and ready to cover you with the new robe of the Saviour's righteousness, and put upon your feet the sandals of prompt obedience, and set upon your uplifted hand the signet ring of heirship, and spread before you the festal board of welcome and of joy!

I seem to hear the voice of Jesus saying, Come! As an ambassador for God I stand, beseeching you in Christ's stead, and echo, Come! The Spirit in your heart is whispering, Come! The bride, the Church, is crying, with myriad tongues, Come. Hark! there are voices in the air, as of the multitude of the redeemed, shouting, Come! Floating on outspread wings around this hallowed place, ten thousand thousand angels are singing, Come! We pause, we wait, we listen! From the stillness of your yet reluctant soul shall we not hear the plaintive but confident response, I come, I come?

The Crowning of the Year.

A SERMON

By J. H. Rylance, D.D., NEW YORK, ON THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 29, 1877.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Psalms lxxv : II.

WE have been called once more by the joint authority of the State and National Governments to acknowledge through the public offices of religion "the good hand of God" which is still over us for good. With many, perhaps, the occasion will be observed merely as an hereditary custom, while by others the day will be spent, probably, in merely pleasurable indulgence or in riotous dissipation. Yet, in its ultimate moral effect, Thanksgiving Day never fails, I believe, to exercise a salutary influence upon the public temper and conscience, regarding it simply as a national proclamation of our faith in God and of our dependence upon His goodness and power; while its influence as a witness to our common Brotherhood as a people, is every year more widely felt, there is good ground to hope.

The recurrence of the festival carries our thoughts back to a period of Christian faith and simplicity with which our own age compares unfavorably, I fear. God was very near to men, and their sense of dependence upon His power and goodness was deep and real, when they instituted thanksgiving days and observed them in the spirit they did. I question if the political and philosophical faith of our own day would ever give birth to such an institution. Professing to believe in God in a polite and conventional way, we have come practically to deny Him by placing between Himself and us so many second causes, which we endow with an independent efficiency, and in which we place our trust rather than in God. Of course, no one can deny the presence of such second causes, for the Divine Being does not work visibly and directly in the government of the universe. There is a mysterious chain of dependence running up through every department of creation, the course and subtle connections of which it is the office of science to discover. All that the Theist or the Christian believer holds more than this, is the faith that the first link of that chain is anchored in the throne of God. To fix our gaze upon what are mere instrumentalities, and to revere and worship them as God, is a blunder we should pity in the savage, who, on beholding the busy whirl of a vast and complicated machine, ignorant of the skill that planned, constructed, and still controls it, should take the shafts and levers and pulleys to be so many automatic powers. But

all who substitute the *laws* of nature for the *God* of nature are guilty of such a folly. They are atheists in *word*, at least; if not in faith and conviction.

"The philosophy of the Holy Scriptures is of another character. Does the rain fall? It is 'our Father in heaven' who sends it 'upon the just and upon the unjust'! Is the earth robed in the garments of a varied beauty? It is God 'who so' clothes the grass of the field! Do day and night succeed each other? It is 'He that turneth the shadow of death into morning, and maketh the day dark with night'! Do the elements rage? 'Flames of fire are his messengers, and stormy winds fulfil His word'! Am I sick? His 'rod is upon me.' Am I in health? 'He healeth all my diseases.' All things serve Him, run on His messages, fulfil His commands, execute His counsels."—*Watson*.

The text recognizes this immanent presence and power of God in all the economy of nature. "In Him we live and move and have our being." "Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights." We cannot pause to vindicate such an assumption now, nor need we attempt it. Our presence here this morning, in the attitude of worship, declares our faith in the fatherhood and providence of God, who "crowneth the year with His goodness."

And since Thanksgiving Day was instituted first and chiefly as a sort of national "harvest-home" celebration, and considering the importance of our varied agricultural produce to our well-being as a people, we may fittingly mention, as the *first* occasion or ground of gratitude this morning, the abundant rewards with which Providence has again blessed the labors of the husbandman. We may fail to be moved by such benedictions, dwelling as we do amid the whirl of mechanical industries and the activities of commerce; yet *these* are very intimately and vitally dependent, as we know, upon what, after all, is the deepest fountain of our wealth and welfare—namely, the culture of the soil. For wheat, or bread, is emphatically "the staff of life," as we call it in familiar speech; insomuch that if famine, only in this one item of public sustenance, should ever visit us, wailing would go up from every cottage and mansion in the land at the overwhelming calamity. If we had ever beheld maddened crowds of men and women and children clamoring for bread when the supply had failed or been cut off; could we have seen, for example, the misery and the desolation which famine wrought of late in certain sections of India, where the soil was almost literally covered with the emaciated forms of those who had perished through want, we should have learned that *bread* is that one simple, permanent, universal necessity without which all our wealth were but rubbish; while in its social relations, this question of bread underlies every other. You cannot proceed to consider a second till this is provided for. All other material comforts and necessities even wait upon this; for you must *feed* the body

before you can lay plans for clothing it, for the gaudiest attire sits uneasily on an empty stomach, while all the higher questions of education and the finer virtues are out of sight till this stubborn and insatiate appetite for food is still. It wakes into life with the newly-born infant, and death is near our doors when its cravings are no longer felt. It is the root of animal strength, which does all our rough, heavy work, without which the world of fine sentiment and taste would starve. You have the first condition of manipulating and educating a people into something better than brutes when you have plenty of cheap, wholesome bread within reach. "Man does not live by bread only," I know; nor will bread, with all the material accessories you can supply, lift him very high in the scale of civilization. But as long as the spirit is embodied in flesh, bread is a condition precedent, which, when fairly met, you can proceed to work of a higher order. As a rule, all the finer senses are shut till this low, rude, restless sense is appeased.

Before I leave this topic let me ask you to observe and to reflect upon the fact how that our whole service for Thanksgiving, as it stands in the Prayer-book, is shaped and toned from beginning to end by this one idea of plenty in "the fruits of the earth" and the increase of the soil; there is a sweet, tranquil, pastoral simplicity pervading every part. The very first sentence opens with a reference to the "first fruits of increase," and "barns filled with plenty," and "presses bursting with wine;" while the invocation to praise calls us to consider the heavens "covered with clouds" and the "rain prepared for the earth," and the grass growing on the mountains, and the beasts and the ravens that are fed by God's hand. Then follows the first lesson, with its glowing praise of the land which the Hebrew held to be the glory of all lands, with its "brooks of water, of fountains and depths which spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive and honey; a land wherein one might eat bread without scarceness; whose stones were iron, and out of whose hills men might dig brass." And then we have the special thanksgiving for "the clouds which drop down the dew," and for "the return of seed-time and harvest; for the increase of the ground and the gathering in of the fruits thereof;" and so on throughout. There is the imagery, and the rural simplicity, and the almost jocund spirit of a service for "harvest home," as it was kept in the olden time. Now, much or all of this seems strange and foreign to us because of the little practical contact we have with such things. But the most affluent springs of our wealth, as I just remarked, are not here in New York, nor in all of our great cities together, but in our oil springs and in our mines, and,

above all, in the vast, far-reaching valleys and plains, where the cattle are grazing or the plowman is driving his plow. Cut off those supplies, and the red man may come back to his haunts on these shores. It is the wealth which comes out of "mother earth" which is at the foundation of all our gain and material contentment; and it is well, therefore, to make grateful mention of these benefits on a day such as this. It is the perennial supply of such natural wealth which has stood us in such good stead in bearing the burdens imposed by our fearful civil war, which has maintained our credit abroad, and which is slowly restoring confidence and prosperity at home. God has indeed crowned the year with His goodness in abundant harvests, out of which not only have our own wants been supplied, but commerce has been busy in transporting the surplus to the remoter markets of the world; in exchange for which we have received the gold we so much need, or commodities which we must otherwise have paid for in gold.

And this fact furnishes a good ground of confidence for the future; for this continent will be for long, in all probability, the Egypt of the world to which men will come "to buy corn." Not only so, but this country is fast taking first-class rank among the *manufacturing* powers of the world. Our late Exhibition elicited a very general acknowledgment of the fact, which is rapidly bearing fruit in the revival of our domestic industries. Converging lines of evidence, coming from all parts of the globe, tell us very plainly that the mechanical skill of this country, will soon be able to bear the severest competition with the best productions of other lands. For good wages have tempted the best craftsmen to come hither from abroad, while native ingenuity has enriched the world in a multitude of useful and beneficent inventions. It may require a readjustment of some of the laws which hamper or facilitate international commerce to give us the full benefit of our natural and acquired advantages; but that will not be denied very long under the growing demand for American productions. Our constantly improving financial condition will soon allow of a freer intercourse in commerce between this and other lands, to which we may hope our statesmen will turn their attention as soon as they can spare time from sectional and party wrangling. With only fair opportunities afforded, this country is destined to be one of the great workshops of the world, and that is saying, in effect, that it has a great future before it. And from this assurance we may well take hope. Let none of us indulge the suspicion that the depression and stagnation of the last few years is the normal condition of our country for the future. The tribulation has been much longer than that which has attended other panics or periods of depression in our history; but the causes which produced this last were much deeper and

more difficult to eradicate than any we had ever known before. It was not speculation simply, or an imprudent resort to the credit system in business, or a wanton extravagance on the part of many who had not the means honestly to indulge such appetites or tastes. All these have contributed to our present depressed and demoralized condition, no doubt; but these were not the primary causes. The land was flooded with fictitious money, which the struggle for national existence had required, while much of the money disbursed by the Government was not paid for services which produced an increase of the nation's wealth, but for services which destroyed wealth on a vast and an appalling scale; so that, while everybody for the time seemed richer, in reality we were every day and every hour poorer, which fact was sure to make itself felt one day to the dismay and ruin of many. Now, from that hollow, dissipated life and the consequent diseases we are slowly recovering. Prostration was sure to come. Never nation yet passed through such an experience without reaction. Look at England at the close of the great anti-Napoleon struggle in 1815. The condition of Great Britain at that epoch was far more desperate than we have ever known; but she had a basis for recuperation in her, and she rallied. And let no one doubt of our own recovery. We have been desperately sick; some may have deemed us at the point of death; but to-day we are manifestly convalescent, and ere long we shall feel the pulsations of a lusty health through all the veins of the national life. Meanwhile, let us remember what a wise physician often says to a patient: "Keep up your spirits—do not yield to despondency; for that hinders recovery, while it sometimes produces relapse." Yes, hopefulness is the feeling to be encouraged just now, I believe, especially among Christian people. For God Almighty has greater things in store for this New World, surely, than the infantile results of our first hundred years. "A land of wheat and barley," and vineyards; "whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass;" nay, not brass only, but *gold*; with a cosmopolitan population having qualities in it for the grandest material and moral achievements; with a pure and vigorous Christianity penetrating its domestic and social life; none but a morbidly distempered soul will say, surely, that all this is to end speedily in miserable failure. There is a good deal to favor and to foster such despairing views, I know, in the life which is reflected in our newspapers. But evil is like scum—it floats on the surface; and so you see it, or hear of it through the public prints. But the newspaper tells you very little of the deep, quiet, solid life of truth and love which men and women are living all around you, but which creates no sensation, simply because it is not a disturbing force in public affairs. Make allowance, moreover, for the fierce

temptations which have sprung out of the abnormal conditions of recent years, but which have now well-nigh spent their force, we may hope, and the most despondent among you may take heart again at the brightening prospect of our national life. One thing is clear, at all events: that our adversities have been due to our own sins, while the goodness of God has never failed us, but has crowned every year with richer and more abundant benedictions.

But graver grounds of disquietude are discovered by some men among us as existing in the structure of our political polity. And by such men it is more than doubted whether our institutions can very much longer bear the stress put upon them by a partisan selfishness, and by the blind and vicious use of the citizen suffrage. Whatever we may think of these things in the abstract, however, it is too late to reorganize our system of government upon a more intelligent basis. The evils resulting from investing the ignorant and reckless among us with political power are glaring and deplorable, especially as seen in our large cities, degrading and contaminating the whole administration of public affairs, tempting good men to stand aloof from all association with the base and the bad, who push their way into places of power. Yet, in the community as a whole, we have hitherto found that there is a vast amount of sober and conservative good sense; and we have seen our worst days, I believe, in grappling with the evils incident to popular government. If only education and Christian culture can maintain and extend their dominion among us, the perils which surround us will prove comparatively harmless, I am fain to hope. Compared with past periods in our history, the present is hopeful and the future bright with promise. Spite of the animosities and bitter contentions which mark the hour in the political arena, the nation responds in its heart, I believe, to the resolve of its Chief Magistrate to purge out the old leaven which has so long corrupted the administration of affairs. I say not this from any sympathy I may cherish for this party or for that; but the conscience of the country will demand, I trust, that it shall be done, or that a stern condemnation shall rest upon those who hinder it. Whatever may be our preferences in what we call "party politics," moreover, I doubt not but that we all sympathize with the yearning that is in the air, so to speak, for the reunion of the long-divided and sometimes embittered hearts of two great sections of our country. The task has been heavy and difficult to readjust the columns of the national temple, which were but lately so rudely cast down; but the promise of success is daily and hourly brighter. Time has done much to heal the wounds inflicted by civil war. Upon many a battle plain, where the iron hail plowed deep furrows in the soil, and all the fair face of nature was gashed and scarred by war-

rior hosts; where the land for miles around, when the tide of battle had rolled past, was lifted into rude heaps where lay the shattered remains of the noble dead; even there nature has spread a mantle o'er the ghastly scene, and the husbandman pursues his peaceful industry, and the quiet, patient herds wind along the slopes of hills or browse in pleasant pastures where then the air was thick with a "confused noise" and the earth was "rolled in blood"! Even so has time laid her soothing hand on bruised and broken hearts, and hid, to some extent, in a merciful oblivion the memories of the bitter past. May the reconciliation of the too long alienated affections and interests of the land be perfected. There is every providential occasion to favor such a consummation. No longer is there any organic element in the national compact to be made the cause of sectional hostility or of hate. It only needs that those who shape public sentiment shall be honest and discerning and just; and that those who are set to rule shall be faithful to their delegated duties, impartial to all sections and interests, having grace "to execute justice and to maintain truth," that this great national household of ours may long "dwell together in unity." We need no imperial gifts, neither vast attainments of learning, in those who guide affairs. We need no more than good common sense, inspired and controlled by purity of purpose. May, then, the mutual confidence and co-operation, the inception of which we have seen, grow purer and deeper and broader between all the members of our political fellowship, till every scar of the old conflicts shall disappear, and the cluster of States composing this great commonwealth shall henceforth provoke one another "only to love and good works." Almighty God has been manifestly disposing many minds to this end of late. And for every honest endeavor to attain it, by any man or by any party, we are ready, I am sure, to give God thanks this morning, who alone "maketh men to be of one mind in a house."

In view, then, of all the blessings with which the heavenly Father has crowned another year of our national life, let our song this morning be "of the loving-kindness of the Lord." "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion: for He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates, He hath blessed thy children within thee; He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat." Amen.

A Sabbath-School Sermon.

A SERMON

By C. H. Spurgeon, AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON, ENGLAND,
OCTOBER 28, 1877.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—
Isaiah xl: 11.

MINISTERS all over England have been specially requested to assist in exciting a spirit of prayer in connection with Sabbath-schools to-day, and I feel that the training of the young is so important a part of church work that it would be almost sinful to decline the seasonable request of the Sunday-School Union. Therefore have I selected this subject this morning in the hope that God, the Holy Spirit may bless it, not only to those who are teachers, but to those who ought to be, and afterward to those of us who may be otherwise occupied in the Master's vineyard, that we also may be led more earnestly to pray for our brothers and sisters who are watching over the lambs of the flock.

The words of our text are spoken of One who is in the tenth verse called "The Lord God with strong hand," and of whom we are asked in verse 12, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" It is a wonderful proof of the tenderness of God that very generally when He is spoken of by His glorious titles, and is described in the infinity of His power, we are before long assured of His great gentleness by having some special deed of kindness ascribed to Him. He is the Lord God with strong hand and ruling arm, but He carrieth the lambs in His bosom; He bringeth out the starry host by number, He calleth them all by names in the greatness of His might, and yet He "doth gently lead those that are with young." How condescending it is on the part of the great Lord that He should come to shepherdize men! How marvelous that it should be said of the Almighty God, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd"—shall act the shepherd toward His chosen among the sons of men: guiding, feeding, protecting, nourishing and healing them! It is Jehovah Jesus, who, though He accounted it not robbery to be equal with God, yet came down to earth that He might be the shepherd of men. A shepherd bears among his flock in wonderful conjunction the offices of ruler and of servant. He rules and guides and controls his flock, but at the same time he waits upon them as the servant of all. Be-

hold, in the Lord Jesus you see one who was justly recognized by His disciples as their Master and Lord, and yet, as the servant of servants, He washed the feet of His disciples. He came as God to be a Prince and a Saviour, but He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant. He bowed Himself to save His people, to help their infirmities, to sympathize with their sorrows, and even to suffer for their sins. Behold what manner of love the great Shepherd of the sheep has manifested toward us.

It is notable that to accomplish this work the Lord is represented as coming with strength: "Behold the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him." From which I gather that the work of saving men is one which requires the putting forth of strength, even when he who undertakes it is divine. He is mighty to save, for it requires might to save a soul. If you and I, under God, are called to attempt the work of soul-saving, we must certainly borrow divine strength if we are to succeed, for what power to save can dwell in an arm of flesh? Nor must we ever treat the work of caring for the souls of men with indifference, nor go about it with carelessness. It is not a secondary work, to be pursued at leisure as a species of amusement; it filled the Saviour's heart and hands so that the zeal of it ate Him up; and unless you have the same power resting upon you which also dwelt in Him, and something of the same fervor, you will never be able to perform it aright. O servant of the living God, see that your loins be girt with omnipotence for such a task as this, for to save the soul of the smallest child in the Sabbath-school will need the same power that raised Christ from the dead.

The Lord would also have you feel that soul-winning can only be done in earnest: it requires energy and fervency. We must exercise every faculty, use all our intellect, arouse all our affection, and continue laboring with unbounded perseverance if by any means we may save some. When I behold the Lord coming forth to save, even the Lord who made the heavens and the earth, I know what a work it must be; and when I see even Him coming with a strong hand making His arm to rule for Him, I comprehend that it is no child's-play to be a soul-winner. If God Himself putteth on strength, then you and I must ask for power beyond our own that we may be useful in this heavenly service.

Beautifully does our text set forth not only the great power exerted by our Lord Jesus, but also His tender love, for not only does He come forth to care for men as His sheep, but He undertakes work among the lambs, among the feeblest, the smallest, the youngest. No part of this work is beneath Him: He does all the work of a good shepherd. It is supposed by some that it needs greater genius and ability to care for the

sheep than for the lambs: I have even known preachers speak of bringing their minds down to the comprehension of children. They know little of the matter, for to preach a child's sermon or write a really good child's book is a very difficult task and requires the highest ability. Jesus evidently thinks not lightly of the little ones nor of the service which they require. His shoulders may suffice for lost sheep, but His bosom is reserved for the lambs; they need and shall have our Lord's best. With divine sweetness and tenderness the Redeemer carries the lambs in His fond embrace, and lends both His heart and His arm to cherish and protect them.

We have before us in the text a *lovely outline portrait of the Good Shepherd*. Let us look at the picture and notice its main beauties, and when we have done so sufficiently let us see therein *an example for the church, and a model for the teacher of the young*.

I. We have to examine A PORTRAIT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. Let us study it with care. "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in His bosom." What see I in this picture? First, I see the Lord of angels *condescending to personal labor*. Jesus Christ Himself gathers with His own arm and carries in His own bosom the lambs of His flock. He doth not commit this work to an angel, nor does He even leave it to His ministers; but He Himself, by His Spirit, still undertakes it. He cared for the lambs while He was here below. He suffered the little children to come unto Him, and He took them in His arms and blessed them. He spoke very plainly, so that the young could understand His words, for He cared for their souls. We have frequent indications that He was often followed by a great company of young people; and we know that they were ready to give Him their hosannas with eager enthusiasm. After He had risen from the dead He did not forget the young of the flock, for He said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." He was the holy child Jesus Himself all His days, and He was a dear lover of the little ones, the true "children's friend." The Spirit of the Lord was upon Him, for the Lord had anointed Him to preach glad tidings to the meek and the poor who are as lambs in the flock. He condescended to look after the feeble and weak of the flock Himself, toiling many a weary mile and pleading through many a chilly night on their behalf. Now, though He reigns in heaven, His divine Spirit looks after the young converts, and causes them to grow up in His fear. Many are the Timothies taught from their youth to know the Scriptures whom His grace meets with and saves, and when they are saved, being still His lambs, He watches over them, trains them, instructs them, confirms their faith, guides them in His way, and preserves them to the end. All our mercies, as believers, we owe to our Lord's personal ser-

vice, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on a tree." Not by proxy did He save either His sheep or His lambs; He did not stand and bid others do it and Himself merely give the command, but He Himself here below spent thirty years of personal service among the sons of men. At this moment He is personally pleading for His own, and personally ruling providence on behalf of His little ones. He gathers and He carries still. And if, dear brothers and sisters, we are to be at all like Jesus, we must not merely write tracts about how Sunday-school work is to be done, nor stand on an eminence like a commander-in-chief and give orders, but we must each one personally bend our back and stoop to the lambs; we must put out the strength of our own arm to gather them, and then carry the blessed load of infirmity in our own bosom. We must render personal service if we are to be like our Lord, who gave Himself for us. The first line in the portrait is well drawn, and adds much to its manly beauty: He condescended to personal labor.

The second noteworthy line in the portrait seems to me to be that Jesus was *earnest to save*, and earnest to save little ones. The text doth not merely say that He carries the lambs in His bosom, but that He gathers them. It were great love that He should carry those who come; it is greater love that He gathers those who do not come. Constraining grace goeth out into the midst of the world to fetch in the wandering sheep and lambs, and therein the greatest love is revealed, even the love which puts forth its strength while yet we go astray. The Good Shepherd sees that even children's hearts are far off from Him, and will remain so unless His effectual grace shall go forth to reclaim them from the error of their natural estate; and, glory be to His love, He still doth fetch this one and that one in early days to Himself; not waiting till they come, but going after them, even as the parable of the good Shepherd sets forth, for there the shepherd leaves the ninety and nine in the wilderness and goes after that which is gone astray until he finds it. Brothers and sisters, if we are to be like Christ—and I hold the picture up that we may endeavor to copy it—we must not only rejoice when children are saved, and encourage them when we see signs of grace, but we must go after the little tenants of the street, the little disorderly members of our class, the young rebels of our family, and "compel them to come in." It must be the aim of our teaching that children, as children, should become children of the living God. For this we should pray, for this we should seek to be anointed of the Holy Ghost, that we may bring in these lambs from the dark mountains to the green pastures. Whereas they are wayward, inattentive, difficult to rule, forgetful and inapt in spiritual things, we must with great patience gather them, win their hearts, im-

press their minds, and introduce them by divine grace into the fold of love. Look at the picture before you, and you see that your Lord is earnest to save. His face, His hands, His feet, His side, all prove what an eager Saviour He is. He does not tarry at home till wanderers of their own free will seek His face, but He goeth forth to seek the lambs which lie about neglected in these great wilderness cities; He finds them in the fields of ignorance and under the hedges of vice, pining and perishing for lack of knowledge, and He gathers them with His arm.

Thirdly, a very superficial glance will show us that our Lord is *willing to receive*. If He be so eager to gather those who do not come, depend upon it He is willing to receive all who do seek Him. There is never a heart that yearns after Christ, though it be the heart of a little child, but Jesus Christ delights to note those early desires. There is little knowledge as yet in the child's heart about the Lord, and little knowledge as yet of the evil of sin, but Jesus does not expect much from tender youth. Only a feeble ray of light has gleamed into the soul, only a gentle breath of the divine wind has turned the little soul towards Christ, but our Lord perceives it and delights therein. It were well if we could copy this trait in our Lord's character. I am afraid we are not very quick to notice the first impressions of boys and girls, or else we harshly judge that such impressions are writ in water, and having been frequently disappointed we have grown incredulous of children's convictions and children's faith. But it should not be so, for if our Lord gathers the lambs, it is clear that He is willing enough to receive those lambs when they come; and if you are to be like your Master I would exhort each of you to receive with gladness even the least among your scholars when they come to tell you of their new-born faith in Christ. Do not quench the sparks, but fan them to a flame; never crush the bruised reeds, nor throw them away as useless, for with a little care they may be so bound up that your Lord may get music out of them to His eternal praise. Despise not the day of small things. Look not for ripe graces and mature judgment in the early spring of youth, but rejoice in the buds and blossoms. Receive the lambs as lambs, though they are the weakest and most troublesome of the flock. See what your Lord does. The loving tenderness of Christ, and His willingness to receive those who seek Him early, should make our hearts willing to believe in childish piety, quick to perceive it, and ready to rejoice in it. Wisely may we receive those whom Jesus receives; if they are capable of coming to Him and lying in His bosom, they will do no dishonor to the bosom of the Church.

In this portrait I see a fourth beautiful feature, namely, that He is *careful to protect* the feeble lambs. Gathering graciously and receiving kindly, He next guards securely. To this end the

Shepherd places the sickly lamb in His flowing garment, close to His bosom, and carries it there. He will not let it try to walk, for it is as yet too weak; He will not even put it in the fold and leave it with the old sheep, but He must Himself, while it is in a critical state, carry it where it shall be at its ease, and secure from trial or toil. Here in His bosom it will not be pinched by the frost, His heart will keep it warm; here it will not die of weakness, His own life will flow into it and fill its little struggling heart with vitality; here the wolf cannot touch it, for unless the wolf could rend the Shepherd, it certainly could not destroy the beloved burden which He carried on His heart. How carefully doth Christ watch over the lambs! He is lovingly watchful over the entire flock, for not one under His care shall perish; but towards these His tenderness is more manifest, for they need it more. It is with Him even as with a mother who is more anxious concerning her little babe or her sick child than concerning the strong of the family. Where the need is greatest the love is most fervent. Christ carrieth the lambs in His bosom because the greatest need requires the most luxurious resting-place and the most calm repose. Beloved friends, we must be very careful to protect young Christians if we would see them become strong in Christ. We should anxiously endeavor to keep them out of temptation, and since they must be tempted more or less, we should endeavor to strengthen them to endure the various forms in which it assails the young. Let us lead them away from habits which debase and amusements which degrade. Let us try to keep from them many of those sinful doubts which have perplexed ourselves, and those heresies which have been a snare to others; above all, let us, by a pious example, endeavor to preserve them from the corruption that is in the world through lust, carrying them in our bosoms to the throne of grace, to the house of God, and to everything which is pure and holy and acceptable to God. As Mr. Greatheart is described by Bunyan as conveying the women and children to the celestial city and fighting the giants for them, even so should we. We must, in the name of the Lord, watch for their souls as those that must give account, keeping guard from week to week lest our hope should be disappointed. Thus shall we be like the Good Shepherd, who is ever careful to protect His own.

"Shepherd of the chosen number,
They are safe whom thou dost keep;
Other shepherds faint and slumber,
And forget to watch the sheep;
Watchful Shepherd!
Thou dost wake while others sleep."

But our Lord's act means more than that, for He might have put the lambs on His shoulders if mere safety were all that He designed. We see by the picture before us that He is *tender*

to cherish the little ones. It is said that He carries them: this is mercy; but this is not all, for He carries them in His bosom: this is tender mercy. To carry is kindness, but to carry in the bosom is loving-kindness. The shoulders are for power and the back for force, but the bosom is the seat of love. Jesus would warm, cheer, comfort and make them happy. The Lord wishes all His people to be happy: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." It is a worthy object to try and make any Christian happy, but especially a young believer, whose weakness needs great gentleness. To clothe religion with gloom is to slander the name of Christ. We should always be most eager to prevent young believers from imagining that to follow Christ is to walk in darkness, for, indeed, it is not so. Hath He not Himself said, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness"? Did not the wise man say concerning wisdom, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace"? The good Shepherd looks to the comfort, peace and enjoyment of His lambs, and He carries them where they will be most happy. If you are to be like your Master, you will try to take away from young believers' hearts all temptation to despondency; you will set before them the richness and freeness of the gospel, the "exceeding great and precious promises," the oath and covenant, and stability of the engagements of God; yea, you will try to let them see the preciousness of Christ, and tell them how exceeding faithful and true you have found Him to be in your own experience. All this will help them to ride at ease on the breast of Jesus' love, if the Holy Ghost graciously assists your endeavors. Do not sow mistrust in their hopeful nature, nor instruct them to be as unbelieving as their fathers. Do not sternly judge and condemn them. Cruelty to children is the worst of cruelty, and unkind and harsh judgments upon inexperienced believers are barbarous and unworthy of the Christian name. Endeavor to comfort and not to distress, to cheer and not to censure, to gladden and not to discourage the babes in grace, for they are dear to the heart of Christ.

Once more, dear friends, you see in the text that Christ the good Shepherd is *loving in His estimate* of the lambs. Men carry in their bosoms their gems, their jewels, and so doth Christ carry the lambs of the flock, regarding them as His peculiar treasure. He knows that in themselves they are nothing worth, but then He puts an estimate upon them according to His own relationship to them. He prizes them because His Father gave them to Him of old to be His portion. The little child that believeth in Christ was given to Christ before the foundations of the world; therefore doth He look upon it as a choice treasure, and it is exceeding dear in His eyes. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me," saith He. He knows, too, what the child cost Him, for to redeem a little child from

going down into the pit he must needs bear the penalty due to justice, and suffer even unto death. He sees the purchase of His agonies in every youthful believer. For Him the precious blood flowed from the Redeemer's own heart and bought the child to be His own redeemed forever. He recollects, moreover, what that child will come to if He does not save it by carrying it in His bosom. It has sinned, it has knowingly and willfully sinned, and therefore it lies under the curse of the law, and Jesus mourns to see a soul in that condition, obnoxious to the wrath of God. A soul is a precious thing to Christ, for He believes in its immortality. We know He does, for He speaks of a place "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched," and He it was that told us that the wicked will be driven away into "everlasting punishment." Hence He values souls at a rate unknown to those who dream that men are mere animals, and will one day cease to exist. If they are to pass away and be no more, like things of the dust and of the mist, why should He die for them at all? Why should He care to gather them? But because no diamond can ever equal in value the soul even of a beggar's child, therefore does Christ carry His little ones in His bosom as exceeding precious to Him.

And He knows, too, what may come of that child if He saveth it, for the possibilities of blessing within one little saved child who shall estimate but the Lord who knoweth all things? I read the other day a pleasing anecdote of what one lamb may come to. A ewe brought forth three lambs, and the brutal shepherd threw the third into the hedge that there might be the more milk for the other two. A poor woman passing by begged for the thrown away lamb, employed her utmost care in nursing it by means of a sucking bottle, and reared it till it could eat grass for itself. She turned it upon the common, and in due course it produced her twins; by care she at length raised a whole flock of sheep from the single ewe, and in process of time she became a woman of considerable estate. See what one poor half-dead lamb may yet produce. Who knows what one poor trembling soul may yet bring forth? Jesus knows that perhaps a boy may be here who will be the spiritual father of scores and hundreds of thousands ere he dies. There may be in the congregation of to-day a Chrysostom or an Augustine. Right among us may sit a little Whitefield or a young Luther, or some other of honorable character who shall lead many to Christ. There was a dreadful snow-storm one Sabbath morning when Dr. Tyng of New York set out to preach, and when he reached the church there was only one poor little girl there. Most preachers would have gone home when one child made up the whole of the congregation; but Dr. Tyng went through the service as earnestly as if the pews had been crowded. He preached to the little girl, and God gave him that girl's soul,

and never was he better repaid. To his knowledge she had been the means of bringing some twenty-five to the Lord Jesus, and among them was one of his own sons. The greatest orator, the most spiritual teacher, the most useful evangelist may not dare to despise one of Christ's little ones. It were worth while for all the ministers in England to journey round the world to save the soul of a single shoeblack or of one girl in the workhouse. Value the little ones by their possibilities, and you will reckon one lamb to be an untold treasure, worthy to be preserved in the casket of your loving care. Luther's schoolmaster always used to take off his hat to his boys when he entered the schoolroom, because he said he did not know what they might become, and had he known that Martin Luther had been there he could not have done better than he did. Jesus Christ knows what He can make of little children in heaven, and so He carries them in His bosom because they shall be forever near the Father's throne to behold His face. He has learned to estimate them at their eternal value; a value which His grace has put upon them and which He never forgets.

Now, if there were time to take my text and handle it in another shape I should divide my subject thus: first, here are *two evils* about young believers and young children, and these are—wandering and weakness. They are far away from God by nature, and when they are brought nigh they are very weak as to divine things. Secondly, there are *two attributes* in the Lord Jesus to meet with and overcome the two evils: here is strength to gather the wandering with His arm, and here is love to cherish weakness till it forgets itself and becometh strong. Thirdly, here are *two operations* performed by the two attributes to meet the two infirmities—here is gathering and here is carrying. It is very delightful to note how our blessed Lord, whose marred face I seem to see at this very moment, does the gathering and the carrying with equal ease. Even now by faith I see His pierced feet pursuing the truant lambs, His wounded hands laying hold upon them, and His bosom, so full of the divinest love, receiving and bearing them. Do you not hear the sweet accents of His voice saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"? He is still gathering and still carrying by His word and Spirit, and so will He do until He shall come. God help us in this to imitate Him to the end.

II. Let us now remember in our text we have AN EXAMPLE FOR THE CHURCH. There are two great things which a church ought always to have, namely, an arm to gather with and a bosom to carry in. I want to speak to you members of the church now not merely about the Sunday-school, but concerning every other part of our soul-seeking and soul-saving

work. I want you all to try in the name of God and in the energy of the Holy Ghost to be the arm to gather with. "He gathereth the lambs with His arm." They are scattered now; the blood-bought, the ordained of God unto eternal life, are scattered hither and thither and know not the Lord. We are bound to gather them from all places into which they have wandered. They will not come of themselves. The mass of them despise even the outward means of grace. We want a strong arm to gather with, so that they may be compelled to come in. The church's arm is partly the ministry of the Word in her midst. Preaching should be attractive enough to gather the people together, for how shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear if they will not gather around the preacher? Though certain wise persons pretend to despise the power to gather the multitudes to hear the Word, you and I need not mind their decrying it, since we shrewdly suspect that their depreciation of the gift is caused by their not possessing it themselves; the grapes are always sour if they hang above our reach. But we know who hath told us that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. If it be the gospel that is preached, we should rejoice that by any means the people can be gathered to hear it; and it is plain as a pikestaff that a part of the preacher's aim should be so to preach that men may be gathered to the hearing of it, for if he preacheth and none gather to hear, to what end doth he preach? He might as well get him away to the woods or to the wilderness and there repeat the gospel to himself in solitude, if he hath no desire that men should listen to him. The preacher's voice is to gather, but then, amid such teeming multitudes as those of London, the few preachers can never be expected to be the arm of the Lord to gather alone. We must gather the young by Sabbath-schools, and endeavor to retain them when they grow up. We must gather them by the distribution and sale of good books and other pure literature; the colporteur has, in this respect, his work to do to gather in the villages and hamlets. We must gather them by visiting from house to house; your tract distributors, your city missionaries, your Bible women, these must be the arm of the Church to gather many; but still the work will not be done unless we have more help than all these. Every Christian must be a gatherer, each one gathering his one. In the power of the Holy Spirit we must all seek out the wanderers. If you cannot bring sheaves, you must glean ear by ear; if you cannot preach to hundreds, you must endeavor to gather individuals by your holy conversation, by your pious lives, by the orderly ruling of your family, and by using every occasion that God gives you to speak a good word for Christ.

Gather. I give you this word, all of you dear members of the

church, as your watchword. Gather ye, gather ye, gather ye the people together. Bring them in where Jesus is uplifted and His gospel sounded forth. Try and find them out in the lonely places whither they are scattered in the cloudy and dark day. There are many of you, and you can go into all sorts of nooks and corners, for you dwell in all sorts of places. Let no spot be unvisited in your mission of love. Go, ye rich, and gather in from the parlor and from the drawing-room; go, ye poor, and gather in from the cottage, and even from the work-house. Go, you who labor, and gather amongst the sons of toil; go, ye that toil not, neither do ye spin, and spend your ample leisure in winning souls from among those with whom you associate. So shall the blood-redeemed ones be fetched out and formed into a goodly flock, and Christ by you shall gather both lambs and sheep with His arm.

But the Church's second work is to carry in her bosom. Those who are brought to Christ need nurture, instruction, example, edification. "Feed my sheep," saith He; and yet again, "Feed my lambs." The preacher should try to do this, suiting his discourse to the weakest and feeblest lamb; but since he is but one, and taketh not upon himself the responsibility of others, the whole Church should try to be a nursing mother unto those who are born unto her. Beloved, carry the young converts; take the convinced of sin and pity them, cheer them, fight against their despondencies, battle with their doubts, enlighten their ignorance, and so bear them in your bosom. And then, when they begin to grow strong and work for Christ, encourage them, carry them in the bosom of your earnest prayer, asking God to make them workmen not to be ashamed, doing the Master's work right wisely and well. When they succeed in their service, carry them in the bosom of your loving admiration; and when you see them grow in grace till they are strong, carry them in the bosom of your fellowship, remembering that no child of God can afford to be unloved and lonely. Those who do not need your help will need your love; those who do not require encouragement will nevertheless be glad of your sympathy. Carry all your brothers and sisters in your bosom. You will be Christlike if you do so. It is the Church's work in this to imitate her great Lord, and let the beloved of Christ be carried in her bosom of affection. May your arm always have strength to labor, and your heart love wherewith to cherish; may this church never lack for arms that shall encompass the neighboring population, and never lack for a heart that shall be warm towards those who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Hand and heart must go together; by these two our work must be fully done. May they be both evermore in full activity, even as they are seen in Christ, our blessed exemplar.

III. We shall close with a practical word or two upon THE MODEL TEACHER. He who gathers the lambs with his arm and carries them in his bosom is the model of a Sunday-school teacher. In what points? First, there should be about the teacher attractiveness in order that he may *gather*. You cannot gather hearts and spirits by force. The Board School may gather its children by law, but you must gather yours by love. You cannot keep a class of children around you by the fear of punishment. It must be by some attraction which will hold them with the cords of love and the bands of a man. Our Lord Jesus gathers with His arm because He is so full of love and of that which wins love. His character is so amiable that it draws men to it as a loadstone draws the needle. This is the arm with which He gathers. Oh, that all teachers had more of it! A little child one morning was eating her breakfast with a spoon, and the sun shone in upon her little mess of broth, and as she lifted a spoonful to her mouth she said, "Mother, what do you think? I have eaten a spoonful of sunshine." I recommend that diet to all Sunday-school teachers; take a great many spoonfuls of sunshine into your nature, and let it shine in your very face and glitter in your talk. Your Master had it. The people loved to listen to Him. They felt when they drew near to Him as if they were like a ship that had entered into port and could cast anchor. Even when they did not receive all that He said, there was a charm about His manner, His spirit and His tone. Ask, O ye teachers, ask for yourselves that God would give you that holy charm which gathers, and pray that He may deliver you from the angry spirit which scatters. Let your charm lie in this, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Carry the love of Christ with you, and you will not fail to gather the lambs with your arm.

The next thing is, after you have attracted, *uplift*. He carries the lambs in His bosom, and therefore He must lift them up. They were on the ground till He raised them. Everything about a teacher should tend to raise the children. You are to go down to the child first, and make yourself understood, but you are not to keep down, and become yourself childish. To tell children a lot of tales merely to amuse them is but to roll in the dust with the lambs, and not to carry them. You may tell the tale, and so come down to the lambs, but it must have its holy lesson with which you lift the lamb upward toward better things. Do think of this, and let your whole life act in that direction. Your example, your temper, your very dress must be a lift up for the child. How often in this evil city do home influences drag the child downward; the habits and manners and customs with which it is surrounded tend to make it grovel in the earth!

You have to lift it up, dear teacher, as the great Shepherd of the sheep did, away from its childishness, away from its worldliness (for it gets to be worldly even while a child), away from its sin, away from the corruptions of the wicked. Ask for grace that every time you see your children you may lift them up, God the Holy Spirit lifting you up all the while. Lift up your heart, or you cannot lift up your child.

The third thing to be noticed is, that when He lifted up the lamb He *laid it on His heart*. Oh, Sunday-school teacher, this is a very material point with you! If you are to bless the little ones, they must lie on your heart. You must make them feel the life of your religion—there must be a heart and a bosom to it. Let them know that there is something in your religion which looks toward them; that you love their souls, that you sorrow if they neglect the great salvation, and that you will rejoice exceedingly if they be brought to Christ. Uplift them, and then lay them on your heart, and let that heart be warm with holy love.

Next, *bear them forward*. The lamb is put into the shepherd's bosom, not that he may stand still with it all the day long, but because the sheep are going this way and the lambs must go that way too, and therefore he carries it. It is of no use to lay a child upon a cold heart; your own heart must be glowing, or it will not be a fit candle for a babe in grace; and then the bosom will be of small service unless the teacher is active as well as affectionate. A child in the bosom of a sluggish teacher will make no progress. You must be always going forward yourself if the child is to go forward with you. I do not believe that any preacher will have a growing congregation if he does not grow himself, nor will any teacher have an advancing class if he or she is not advancing too. Advance in holiness, advance in communion with Christ, advance in perfect consecration to your Lord, and as you do so the dear little children who lie in your bosom will, by God's grace, be carried with you.

The next word is, *guard* the children. Did we not say that Christ placed the lambs in His bosom to protect them? Good Sabbath-school teachers, try to keep your children out of sin and out of harm's way on week days as well as on Sundays. Spiritual teachers of the noblest order want to know what the children do on ordinary days; they try if they can to be their guardian angels from the Monday morning to the Saturday night; they never relax their endeavors to lead the children away from the terrible temptations which surround them in this huge Babylon.

The next word is *cheer*. Did I not say that the Good Shepherd laid the lamb in His bosom to keep it warm and cherish it? So should the good teacher always have a smile for the

children and a word of encouragement for them in their little life-battle, for to them it is a great one. Beloved, do all that you can to comfort the little hearts of the young converts. Help them to believe as God helpeth you. By the divine Spirit try to lead them on in holy joy as the Spirit leadeth you. So shall you be imitators of "that great Shepherd of the sheep," who

"Gently leads the wearied dam,
Gently binds the bruised limb;
And His bosom bears the lamb
Like an infant dear to Him.

"He the simplest thoughts instills,
He the mildest rules imparts,
Arms with power the weakest wills,
Fills with joy the saddest hearts."

And, last of all, *delight* in them. That tenth verse with which I shall conclude has a great charm for me. "The Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him: behold, His reward is with Him and His work before Him." Well, what did He have before Him but the sheep that He went forth to find, and the lambs which He gathered and carried in His bosom? They were His work, but they were also His reward. Teachers of Sabbath-schools, your work is before you in your class; your reward is before you too. These boys and girls are to cost you service; do not grudge it, for they will be your reward. Look them in the face and know that they are immortal, and that these are they whom God is able to win for His Son through you, to be the jewels of His diadem and to be your crowns of rejoicing. The harder and more stubborn a human heart, the more honor it is to win it for the Lord Jesus. The less attention you get at first, the higher will be your reward, if, winning the attention, you shall by and by win the soul. I reckon that your Master will count you to have served Him all the more faithfully if you bring from the ragged-school the most degraded, the most ignorant, the less taught and the most depraved. To bring to Christ the children of godly parents is a thing worthy of any one's ambition; but to gather to him the children of the back slums, the children of the debauched and the depraved—this seems to me to be a more illustrious ambition still. Therefore do I say to you, as you traverse these streets of London, Christian men and women, your work is before you, your reward is before you; the teeming masses are at once your sphere of labor and your recompense. There is the soil you have to sow, and there is the harvest which you have to reap. The fields are white, but they are white for the harvest. God give you faith in the gospel that you teach, faith in the Master who taught it before you, faith in the Master who teaches it with you, and go ye forth one and all, each one according to his ability and calling, and gather with your arm, and carry in your bosom, those for whom Christ died. Amen.

The Background of Mystery.*

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Henry Ward Beecher.

Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure, which He hath purposed in Himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Him.—Eph. i. : 9, 10.

One great difficulty in understanding Paul's impassioned writings lies in the fact that when his nature kindled it moved so high into the very neighborhood of the spiritual and the invisible that in his own mind figures were obscure, and could not but be. It was one of the evidences of elevation. It brought him nearer to the preaching of Christ than any other apostle except John. It is difficult to interpret, because there are so few of us who ever rise into that region so as to be familiar with its phenomena.

In this passage Paul speaks of mystery; but what the mystery was to which he referred is only very dimly hinted at in the tenth verse—namely, the purpose of God, in the future, "To gather in one all things in Christ." You will observe how extremely vague the statement is. There are no limitations, no definitions, no specializations, no ideals, except a faint flash of foreseeing that the time was coming in which this distracted and dislocated world was to come into a perfect harmony in Jesus Christ. How that time should come, or what it should mean, he does not undertake to say. This mystery he speaks of not only here, but in many other places.

Now *mystery* means hidden things; and it therefore means unknown things. Technically, as interpreted, for instance, by the primitive Greeks, it signifies a certain form of association with things purposely hidden from the great crowd outside, though the initiated were permitted to know them; but to us generally, in our usage, *mystery* means things unknown.

Not that we are necessarily incapable of comprehending elements that belong to the great unknown; but we have not yet traveled far enough to comprehend them. Whether we fail to

* The great interest awakened by this remarkable sermon of Mr. Beecher (especially the portion relating to future punishment) has prevailed upon us to depart from our rule: not to publish in the PREACHER what has been previously published in America. We are indebted for the report of this sermon to the *Christian Union*. We must remind our readers again that the only relation we hold to the sermons we publish is that of a reporter, and we are not responsible, in any sense, for the thoughts they contain.—ED.

comprehend them because we are not sufficiently advanced, or because they are beyond the reach of finite intelligence, makes no difference. The background of all theology, as treating of the nature of God and of the divine moral government, is mystery. The abyss that lies back of human knowledge is simply infinite—an abyss of mystery.

And yet, this is the region not only where men's fancy has been the most discursive, but where men have been the most despotic. About things in regard to which we have definite knowledge men are careless; but when they have gone into a realm that is infinitely remote from their positive knowledge and where the rarest intellects are mere explorers in the night, as it were, there they have made faith in abstract doctrines to be the most cogent, determinative of moral character, and the condition of religious organization. On the nature of God, the methods of divine moral government, the great destinies of the future—subjects about which men know the least, the slightest aberration is counted damnatory. In one period of the world it was punished with physical pains and penalties; in our time it is punished only with moral pains and penalties—the transgressors being marked in order that they may be disesteemed by the faithful.

Men learn, and *must* learn, of God, of the divine government, and of the future, through their own experience. There is a species of anthropomorphism which is the indispensable door or avenue to knowledge on these subjects. It implies that men's essential faculties are, not in scope or perfectness, but in quality, the same as the divine attributes. If you deny this, you deny all possible knowledge of the invisible realm. They do deny it who embrace materialism in its various forms. They say that God is unknowable. But if God is unknowable, then to all practical intents He does not exist. That view is practical Atheism. Not to poetic natures; but we are not all poetic natures. A poetic nature, though he may not know about God, may have a consciousness of the great "over-soul"; but most folks are not poets.

And as to loving a God that is inconceivable, unthinkable, unknowable—it is preposterous. A morning-glory wants something that is solid to run up on. It wants to twine; but it will not twine on a shadow. It must have something that is substantial to twine on. Human nature, too, must have something substantial to twine on. And if you proclaim an immanent divinity, a kind of soul of the world, that has reason, though not anything that we understand by reason, that has justice, though not anything that we understand by justice, and that has goodness, though not anything that we understand by goodness, what a confusion you throw men into! If when I say, "I love the truth," there is no correspondence

between my sense of truth and truth as it exists in God, then the term "truth" is perpetually binding and enslaving me.

What if men should employ terms of description in this way? Suppose we should say to a child, "I am going to take you to your grandfather's, and you are going to see a most magnificent horse, only that it is not like any horse that you ever saw. It has no eyes, no ears, no mouth, no legs, no mane, no tail, and no skin and bones; but it is a horse. And a saddle will be put on him; but it is not a leather saddle, and it has no stirrups, and its framework is not like that of any saddle that you ever saw; but it is a saddle!" What sort of a horse would that be that had neither legs, nor eyes, nor mouth, nor ears, nor mane, nor tail? And what sort of a saddle would that be that had no stirrups, that was not made of leather, and that differed in its framework from all other saddles? It would simply be cheating the child to tell him of such a horse and such a saddle.

And to say that justice in the Divine nature does not answer to our conception of justice, and that truth in its quality and essential nature is one thing in God and another thing in men, is to falsify the whole sphere of human nature. It is true that the wisdom of God, in so far as purity and extent are concerned, is very different from our wisdom, just as the experience of a wise father is vastly greater than the intellectual operations of his little child; nevertheless, the little boy of four years old, on his father's knee, has the same quality of thinking that the father has, although in the father it has grown and ripened to a degree that the child cannot comprehend. Notwithstanding the difference which exists as to development, there is identity of substantial radical quality.

Therefore, in order that men may have a conception of a personal God, it must be assumed that their essential moral faculties and intellectual structure constitute a just foundation for a comparison with the ideas which they form of God. Our conception of what is true may not be so large as the whole truth, and not as fine as the highest truth, but it differs from conception of truth in its fullest and most perfect form only as the taper differs from the sun. The difference is not in quality, but in degree or extent. No man would hold a candle out of the window and say that it was sunrise; nevertheless, the fire in the candle and the fire in the sun are the same in their essential nature, though they are not the same in magnitude, nor the same in power of heat or illumination.

The same is true in regard to the Divine nature, the foundation, and the only foundation, for understanding which lies in a species of regulated anthropomorphism—the teaching of God in man, or human life, which is the signification of the term. But this, of course, is subject, as I have already intimated, to the perpetual correction which lies in the thought

that while we have elementary faculties and feelings which define for us the Divine nature, those same feelings and faculties exist in God in such rarity, in such scope, in such combinations, and they act after methods that so transcend their action when limited to an organization of the flesh, that there is always a vast background of mystery beyond them. We know, as it were, the alphabet of the Divine nature; but the library, the literature, the learning of the Divine nature we do not know. That lies back of all our possible thought when we are thinking toward God. We strike the elemental forms of the nature of God, and gain some definite conception of what is mercy, of what is gentleness, of what is love. When we have gained this conception we have only gained so large a conception as is possible to the limited operation of those elements in human conditions; but God is free from such conditions; He stands above them and beyond them; and in Him those qualities take on forms so large and so intense that, after all, the background of every one of our thoughts in respect to the nature of God and the divine moral government is simply untraceable by human imagination or thought. The mystery of which the Bible so often speaks—the mystery of holiness; the mystery of the mercy of God, through which He is going to include all Gentiles as well as Jews in His Church; the mystery which is spoken of in the text, of “gathering together in one all things in Christ”—all things in the heaven above, on the earth beneath, under the earth and throughout the universe—this mystery coheres with that philosophical principle which I have stated to you.

Consider, for a moment, what there is in the teachings of the Word of God which transcends human experience. Spirit-life must be incomprehensibly different from life in the body; and yet you will take notice that whenever spirit-life is interpreted to us by spiritual teachers it is done by bringing back to us human forms, human thought and human action. The whole literature and lore of spiritualism, in our day, is a confession that men cannot understand spirit. It frees man from bodily conditions, and throws him into a higher sphere by imagination; but then he is just the same that he was, only he seems to be made up of cloud instead of good, honest flesh and bones; and he thinks, and hears, and feels, and talks, and walks just as he did before.

Swedenborg has a whole world in which men are divided into classes, tribes, groups, in the other spheres, and all goes on there as it does here, except that they have a sort of effluent bodies—bodies that you can see through, as it were. Diaphanous, translucent creatures they are, with material bodies of a little finer form than those which they inhabited on earth, though substantially the same. So nearly identical are they with their

former selves that their very mistakes and errors have come with them. Now and then Swedenborg hits the truth exactly. He relates that in one of his visions he saw in heaven, or rather in the other life, a man who had been dead twenty years and did not yet know it! It goes far to confirm my faith in Swedenborg, for I see such men among us in our day. They are dead, and have been for years, and do not know it, though everybody else knows it! According to Swedenborg, the other life is a reproduction of this life, with merely a little poetic fringe about it.

A man never understands anything of which something has not been in him. Of everything that we can comprehend there is the germ, the possibility, the potential cause in ourselves; and beyond that we cannot go in this state of being. You can think of a spirit as you can think of a dream, or as you think of a cloud which is rarefied and made so tenuous that it just appears, so that a little light comes from it to the physical eye; but the moment you think of a thing which is so tenuous that you cannot see it, it is gone; rather, you cannot think of such a thing. The moment that, in your conception of existence, you come to that which your senses cannot interpret, that moment it vanishes from your sight and eludes you. The whole philosophy and art of spiritualizing consists in selecting such forms of matter as are the least opaque and cumbersome, and that have the most of levity, of lightness and of conspicuity in them; but they are all radicated in matter; they all come from matter and go back to it; and to conceive of absolute, pure spiritual existence, even in saint or angel or divinity, transcends the power of any human intellect.

The conditions of spiritual life are relative to those of time by reason of the limitations of matter. Divisions of time were invented to express the succession of events. Abstractly, time has no existence. It only exists as we can measure it by seconds and minutes, and hours and days, and months and years. Time is marked by interspaces between positive occurrences. It is nothing but interspaces which separate events or phenomena. Men live under the operations of time because they live in the realm of matter, where things are measured by intervals between fact and fact. Time is calculated according to the motion of the moon around the earth, according to the motion of the earth around the sun, and according to the motion of the sun around, I know not what—the center of some other great system (for the sun is as busy as the earth). To us time is real, because we are in the realm of matter; but if we were in the spirit-life it would not necessarily follow that we would be cognizant of time. We do not know that there is in the other world any such time regulated with interspaces as that which exists among us here on earth. To God a thou-

sand years are as one day, and one day is as a thousand years.

According to the very terms by which spirit is defined, it is something antithetical to matter. Men that are in a state of limitation by reason of the flesh, and that are under the dominion of ideas caused by the mutations of matter, are limited by necessities that presumptively do not exist in the other life. So when we come to judge of things which belong to the upper realm by our lower and crude measures; when we bring to the infinite superiorities of the other life measures that belong only to the elements of time, to the transient and to the visible, we do that which is not warranted by the existing condition of things. The point of view on the part of men and the point of view on the part of God, as revealed in the truth of Scripture, are such that we are liable to fall into continual mistakes. If you suppose that when God, who knows all things in their infinite relations and not in their limited time relations, who sees the end from the beginning, who lives in a largeness of which we have no conception, who is in a sphere removed infinitely further from us than we are from the beetle that burrows under the leaves, or that comes out at night from under the bark—if you suppose that when He attempts to teach men who are shut up to matter, enclosed in the flesh, He will address them from His standpoint, you have no true conception of the Divine procedure. His standpoint of truth is one and ours is another; and we must judge by that which is taught us in our circumscribed sphere, in the realm of our limited knowledge, while He judges by His boundless knowledge in a sphere which is no less in extent than the universe itself. Though it may be compatible for us to have the beginnings of an understanding of the Divine nature, it is impossible for us to have such a conception of it as God Himself has. The difference between a pure spirit in the spiritual realm and a soul in the body, surrounded by immutable physical laws, is one which leads to endless mistakes, unless we are willing to accept rudimentary, alphabetic ideas with humility. And yet it is on these very points that men insist on the perfection of their knowledge with the most ferocious confidence.

If you undertake to deny the Trinity—in which I believe; if you undertake to deny the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one Godhead, what an uproar you make in the church! Men say, "If you do not believe in that fundamental doctrine you must go out, and go out at once!" As if any human being, whether St. Augustine, Jonathan Edwards, or the farthest-reaching mind that ever lived, when he came to a measurement of the Divine Being, was competent to understand anything about it!

You may say, "How do you believe it, then?" I believe it

in this way : I find it easier to accept the statement or theory of the New Testament, that there is an invisible, a mysterious, union of three persons in one Godhead, than to adopt any other view. But if you ask me a step beyond that I cannot answer you. When I strain my thought to look into this subject, I can see analogies which point toward Trinity in unity. I see that being begins at unity, and goes on, by multiplication both of organs and functions, until there is an animal system that is more or less complex ; that when you rise to human beings there is not simply one faculty, and there are not merely single faculties, but there are groups of faculties superinduced one over another ; that there are animal passions and social affections, and moral sentiments, and over them all imagination and reason ; and as the last of these stages is a vast reach from the beginning, so I can conceive that the same tendency may go on beyond this world, units and groups being combined to form personalities, and they in time combined in One Being. I can understand that this mode of development has not exhausted itself in men, and that it may go forward into the other life, and that there may be not only groups of faculties, but groups of personalities. The thing is distinctly "thinkable," according to the German phrase. Therefore I am not turned back from believing in the Trinity on account of the impossibility of my comprehending it. When you ask me as to the *quo modo*, the method, of the Trinity, I am obliged to confess that I do not understand it. But should this be a bar to my going into the church ? A certain phrase of orthodoxy says, "You must subscribe to the Trinity, or not come into the church." What is the law on which it proceeds, and by which it judges a man ? Is it simplicity ? Is it transparency ? Is it loveliness ? Is it that on which the fifth chapter of Matthew is founded ? No. Men go into the most unfathomable realms of human thought, take the most difficult of all conceivable speculations, and make them the condition of church membership ; and if a man believes in them he may be in the church, but if he does not believe in them he shall not be in the church.

Take, again, the element of Time. When God speaks of the duration of His own nature, are we to suppose that our limited notions of time are fit instruments for the interpretation of it ? Is it to be presumed that a man understands exactly what time means in heaven because he understands what time means on earth ? Is it to be taken for granted that he knows what the measurements are in the spiritual realm because he knows what they are in this material world ? And yet how positively men claim to understand the facts of the Eternal and the Infinite ?

But there is no accounting for the folly of men when they

have undertaken to regulate other men's consciences and beliefs. When a man thinks that he is a celestial hound set on the track of heresy, with his nose for a conscience, and scents his prey afar off, and starts off with tail up and ears set, farewell sense, farewell honor, farewell humanity, farewell everything!

This exceeding difference which exists between the truth as it is seen from the spirit side, or the side of perfection, and as it is seen from the human side, that is relative and imperfect, throws light on many dark problems of life and thought.

First. One of the corroborative testimonies of the divinity of Christ is afforded by a consideration of this difference. The teaching of Christ, especially as it is represented in John (not exclusively, for there are traces of the same thing in all the Evangelists, but in John it is more marked than anywhere else), is mystical, as it is said. It is mystical, at any rate, in the sense that it is a teaching which brings into view both the elements that belong to the upper sphere and those that belong to the lower sphere. It is the teaching of one who has the knowledge that is of the heavenly sphere, but who is engaged in the conditions of men on earth. He finds difficulty in expressing his thoughts in human language, and still more difficulty in making it palpable to those to whom he speaks.

Therefore, you find in the teaching of Christ paradoxes and forms of statements that, so far as exact truth is concerned, are extravagances which go beyond the point of our thought and experience. Especially you will find in His teaching fictions; for it is a truth that, in the lower sphere of human life, not infrequently falsity addressed to the imagination is more true than truth itself. The evolution of truth in the human family on earth has been through fictions. Frequently, to state the truth exactly is to lie, and to state it without a particle of coherence to real facts is to tell the truth.

For instance, you want to produce in your child's mind a conception of justice, and you make animals talk. You say: "There was a lion—one of those *good* lions, my dear; and he was walking one day in the woods; and what did he see? He saw a poor little innocent lamb by a stream; and there was a wolf—a bad wolf—and the wolf was saying to the little lamb, 'What are you drinking out of this stream for?' and the little lamb said, 'I did not know I was doing any harm.' 'Yes,' said the wolf, 'you did know that you were doing harm, too, and I will tear you all to pieces.' And the lion walked up and said to the wolf, 'Stop! you shall not hurt that lamb; he has rights as well as you;' and the lamb was saved."

Thus you show the child how a just monarch protects innocence on the one side from craft and violence on the other. Yet there was never a lion that did so, and never a wolf that

stopped to argue with a lamb before eating it up. He addresses his victims not with his tongue, but with his teeth. But that fiction conveys to a child's mind a vivid conception, such as you could never give him by any abstract statement of equity between man and man, between the strong and the weak, between the high and the low.

And Christ employed that mode of teaching. He taught by fiction. His parables are pictures addressed to the imagination; and they produce in the minds of men more correct impressions of the truth than any mere statements of fact could produce. There is a constant play in Christ's teaching between light and dark, between knowing and not knowing, between the infinite and the limited.

Now, if Christ was only a great man, we should not expect that to be the mode of the working of His mind. We should not expect that there would be this play in His teaching. You do not see it in the writings of Goethe or Shakespeare, except when they are describing it in others as the fruit and product of inspiration. If the Lord Jesus Christ had squared and jointed everything by rule and law it might have been said, there is one who works like a man in the limitations of the earthly sphere. But He does not; He acts as one who is subject to limitation, and recognizes it; He has mystery above Him, and speaks truths that are out of our reach; He gives evidence in His appearance, in His conversation and in His discourses of being one who is familiar with the upper, spiritual and invisible sphere, and who is attempting, by His life and teaching, to interpret it in the lower, physical and visible sphere. So there is in the life of Christ a manifestation of divinity; a double consciousness; a sense of things in this world, and a sense of things infinitely beyond this world, with thoughts and feelings playing back and forth between heaven and earth, like a shuttle in a loom carrying a golden thread, the upper part of the fabric being invisible, and only the lower part, where it touches Him, being visible.

Second. This difference between the spiritual and the earthly point of view affords a partial solution of and relief from many of those questions which trouble men, and which have troubled me exceedingly.

Do you think because I preach positively that I have no doubts? Oh! what nights I have gone through! What uncertainties! What jeopardies! I understand what Paul meant when he said, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men the most miserable." My head has reeled. And yet I am put here of God not to blench. Wherever men think, there I am bound to think. Wherever men forge weapons to destroy the faith of man in God and virtue, I am bound to know of what material those weapons are made, and whether they have celestial or infernal temper.

To part with many cherished associations of youth; to see the truth as the blind man saw men, "as trees walking"; to perceive a thing to be true and not to know, if you teach it, what will become of the morality of the generation; to feel the responsibility that lies on a man who loves his kind and his God—this is a preparation which perhaps no man would covet, but it is a preparation which few who are going to teach the way of God to men can avoid.

The law of the universe is *suffering*. There is no mother who does not suffer for her child. There is no child that has a good send-off in this world without being made to suffer. No man can accomplish that which benefits the ages and not suffer. Discoverers do not reap the fruit of what they discover. Reformers are pelted and beaten. Men who think in advance of their time are persecuted. Men who would lead the flock must fight the wolf.

It is not an easy thing, then, for a man to preach the gospel in regard to uncertainties. There is great joy in preaching, to be sure; but it has its difficulties. It is a hard matter to take out rotten timbers and replace them with sound ones, and not stop the onward course of the ship. One is often sorely perplexed as to what he ought to preach and what he ought not to preach. Some men make easy work of it by saying, "Whatever is in you to-day give it out to-day, and what is in you to-morrow give out to-morrow, and let Providence take care of the result." It is as if a doctor should say to a mother, "Let the children take medicines just as it happens. If the first thing they get hold of is quinine, let them take that; or if it is corrosive sublimate, let them take that, and you will find out whether it is good for them or not, and so will they." What sort of advice would that be?

There are a great many slumbering ministers who do not have any trouble; but their people are full of trouble. There come to laymen questions which they cannot solve, and they are like persons groping in dark passages. For the most part they go with their mouths shut. If now and then one ventures to come to his minister, he is told, "You are straying into by and forbidden paths. Let such matters alone and attend to your duties." That is all very well, provided one can do it. If a man has no wings, he can; but if a man has wings, he will fly. You cannot make an eagle run round and round a barnyard like a hen. Men who have minds of their own will think; and when they think, is there to be nobody to interpret their thoughts to them?

Do you say that this is unsettling? So it is; but experience unsettles more than teaching does. Life beating on human nature unsettles men. Oftentimes the foundations are undermined, and the tower falls before it is known that the mischief

is being wrought. Do you say that it leaves all religious truth nebulous, mystical, uncertain, dependent on feeling, and mood, and mental and spiritual temperament and development? In the sphere of the eternities religious truth is nebulous and mystical; it has a deep background of mystery; but it is not so in the sphere of time and earth.

The New Testament Scriptures are indefinite when they are teaching of things invisible and ineffable; but yet when they teach of things visible and tangible, of things within the bounds of time, they are not indefinite. Take the personal duties of men. Collect all the teachings of the New Testament on the subject of personal morality, and you will find that there is not a link missing; every stone of the arch is there; the structure is perfect. The duties of patience, of forbearance, of honor, of justice, of truth between man and man; the duty of submitting one to another; the duty of the strong to put themselves under the weak, that the weak may rely on them; the duties of philanthropical benevolence; the whole round of duties such as these are as clear in the Word of God as the angles of a crystal. There is not, after two thousand years of study and experience, a book of ethics that can for one moment equal the New Testament in the lucidity with which it teaches social duties.

Now, compare the teachings of the New Testament of things in the spiritual realm with its teachings of things in the physical realm, and see how different they are. They differ from each other as much as clouds differ from corn, or wheat, or granite rocks, or stone walls. The teaching of the Bible in regard to civic duties is perfectly clear and understandable. The coherence of its ethics on the subject of personal duties is perfect, is without a flaw. But, on the other hand, the presentation in the Scriptures of the spirituality of the Christian faith is like the cope of heaven above the solid earth, which is real, but which is separated from us by vast spaces, and is removed far beyond any power of comprehension which is given to mortals in this lower sphere. The one we are to understand. We are to recognize the background of mystery in the other.

Third. Consider more in detail a single phase of religious doubt and difficulty in the light of this essential difference between the spiritual and the earthly sides.

It seems to many men very strange that the world was created as it was. To many men it seems very strange that the human race were created on a scale so vast and with so little provision for their development. It is said in the catechism that our first parents were created righteous; that they fell from their original state, and that their posterity fell with them. Science teaches us that the human race sprang, I will not say how far back, but certainly as far back as the savage condition.

This is the modern testimony of science, and it is not contradicted by the catechism. So far the catechism and science agree.

Now, that the race should be put in this world at so low a point would not be strange any more than it is strange that a man cuts a little twig off from a rose-bush and puts it in a thumb-pot one inch across, and sets it on a table in a propagating house, with bottom heat, if the moral problem were the same as the physical one—where there is the instrumentality for germinating the twig, where there is a gardener to take care of it, to shift it, to develop it, to give it room and opportunity for growth and maturity. But that has not been the history of the human race. Mankind are thrown abroad on this continent in myriads, and we know that not only their happiness but their morality largely depends on their knowledge of how to use their bodies, and how to control the natural laws that surround them; but on these subjects not a word nor a syllable is told them. It is said that there is a revelation from God; but we should expect, if God has made a revelation to the nascent race, that He would have told them how they are made, what connection there is between their faculties, and what relation they sustain to the world outside of them; but they went on propagating one thousand years, two thousand years, three thousand years, without receiving any such information. The sweep of the populations that have swarmed on the globe is simply inconceivable. Not all the waves of the ocean that have beaten on its shores during all the centuries of time contained drops enough to equal the number of human beings that have come into this world and gone through life throbbing, striving, blundering, and died and passed out of sight. So many have there been that all the sands of the seashore, all the stars of heaven and all the figures of arithmetic would not be enough to measure the preface even of the book of the history of the creation of the race. And during three-fourths of its history the race was without an altar, or a church, or an authorized priest, a revelation, or anything but the light of nature.

If now you tell me that this great mass of men, because they had not the knowledge of God, went to heaven, I say that the inroad of such a vast amount of mud swept into heaven would be destructive of its purity, and I cannot accept that view. If, on the other hand, you say that they went to hell, then you make an infidel of me; for I do swear, by the Lord Jesus Christ, by His groans, by His tears, and by the wounds in His hands and in His side, that I will never let go of the truth that the nature of God is to suffer for others rather than to make them suffer. If I lose everything else, I will stand on the sovereign idea that God so loved the world that He gave His own Son

to die for it rather than it should die. Tell me that back of Christ there is a God who for unnumbered centuries has gone on creating men and sweeping them like dead flies—nay, like living ones—into hell, is to ask me to worship a being as much worse than the conception of any mediæval devil as can be imagined; but I will not worship the devil, though he should come dressed in royal robes and sit on the throne of Jehovah. I will *not* worship cruelty. I *will* worship Love—that sacrifices itself for the good of those that err, and that is as patient with them as a mother is with a sick child. With every power of my being will I worship a God of love such as that.

But has not God justice also? and is He not of purer eyes than to behold iniquity? Yes. And the distinctions between right and wrong are as eternal as God Himself. The relation between sin and retribution belongs not to the mere temporal condition of things; it inheres in the Divine constitution, and is for all eternity. The prospect for any man who goes out of this life resolute in sin may well make him tremble for himself, and may well make us tremble for him. But it is not true—the Scripture does not teach it, and the whole sense of human justice revolts at it—that for the myriads who have been swept out of this life without the light and knowledge of the Divine love there is reserved an eternity of suffering. In that mystery of the divine will and work of which the apostle speaks, in the far-off dispensation of the fullness of times, there is some other solution than this nightmare of a mediæval theology.

“Well, then,” it is asked, “how do you get rid of the difficulty that there is this population on the globe, and that they have been living in such a deplorable state so long?” How is it that a world so full of suffering should be continued under the administration of a parental God of infinite wisdom and infinite power, who could, if He would, change it all? The history of the evolution of the human race upon the earth, as described by the apostle, has been, “The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now.” When the acute moral and benevolent sympathies of the soul are laid bare to the vast proportions of the race, and to the rain of sorrows that pour down like a tropical deluge, and to the gulf streams of misery that flow through time; when one considers, not what is the condition of things about him in Christian families, but what is the condition of the human race; when one does that by the human race which Christ did—joins himself to it and comes into sympathy with its whole throbbing and groaning life, then the question of reconciliation with the Divine love is one that must be answered. Either God does not exist, or He has not the power, as Mill says He has not, to do what He pleases, or else Infinite benevolence has a wider, larger, grander

scope than we are accustomed to imagine. If we look at the phenomenon of suffering from the earthly point of view, and with the limitation of our faculties, and from our limited knowledge of moral uses and ways, darkness and doubt are not only extremely natural, but inevitable. But if it is true that all this vast multitude of human creatures are in the garden of the Lord, and that they are being treated according to their various conditions, and that they are to have some chances besides those which they have on earth, that they are to go up through other schools than those of time, then the whole aspect of the case is changed. That which makes the dealing to which the race are subjected so hard to bear is not that some men are ignorant (we are all ignorant), or that they are limited (we are all limited), but that they are seemingly neglected, and are denied such opportunities as we enjoy. It is this that makes the phenomenon of the world such as to stagger strong men, and make impossible, to many, faith in the loving, self-sacrificing nature of God. Take away the doctrine of the finality of things at death, conceive a final end to be accomplished by all this misery in the universe, and that it will be so transcendent that when you come to see the outcome of it all the foregoing suffering will be seen to have been insignificant, not worthy to be compared with the eternal weight of glory produced by it, and the trouble ceases.

Once, when a boy, I stood on Mount Pleasant, at Amherst, and saw a summer thunder-storm enter the valley of the Connecticut from the north. Before it all was bright; centerwise it was black as midnight, and I could see fiery streaks of lightning striking down through it; but behind it again—for I could see the rear—it was bright. In front of me was that mighty storm hurtling through the sky; and before it I saw the sunlight, and behind it I saw the sunlight; but to those that were under the center of it there was no brightness before or behind it. They saw the thunder-gust and felt the pelting rain, and were enveloped in darkness, and heard the rush of mighty winds; but I, that stood afar off, could see that God was watering the earth and washing the leaves and preparing the birds for a new outcome of jubilee, and giving to men refreshment and health. So I conceive that our human life here, with its sorrows and tears, as compared with the eternity that we are going into, is no more than the breath of a summer thunder-storm; and if God sees that our experience in this world is to work out an exceeding great reward in the world to come, there is no mystery in it—to Him.

Then next will come the question, Why were there such long delays on the part of God in making known the way of salvation to the world? And here may be propounded, with great fitness and power, the inquiry, What do you mean by delay?

The child is fevered, and, hardly knowing what it does, it says, "Mother, give me some water;" and the mother rises to get the water; and it says, "Quick! quick!" and thinks she delays, though she does not; and this thought in the mind of the child is relative to the soreness of its nerves. And even when the mother does delay, it is because she thinks delay is best for the child. It seems hard to the child, but the mother knows it is wise.

Now, what is time to men is not time to God. As we have but threescore and ten or fourscore of years to live, and as we have much to do, and as what we accomplish must be crowded into those years, we are in a hurry; but God dwells in eternity, He has time enough, He never needs to hurry; and that which, because we are in physical conditions, seems to us delay is not delay to the Divine mind. In the vast scheme according to which He works, a million years, or ten million years, do not seem long to Him; nor will they seem long to us when we are on the other side. The trouble with us is that we are bringing time-measures and flesh-measures to bear on themes to which only spirit-measures are adapted. But the great background of mystery comes in for our consolation; and it matters not if the race have been here twenty or thirty thousand years, provided they are going forward on a system which will in the end bring all things in heaven and on earth into one in Christ Jesus. This thought takes out of human life that bitter element which carries poison through it from end to end. The sense of divine universal justice, confidence in God, the feeling which enables one to say, "Wait, Lord, as long as thou wilt: if a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night, then let a thousand years measure the periods of human ascendancy; only, in the far future, when the world that has groaned and travailed in pain so long shall have forgotten the cries of sorrow and sighing, and learned the notes of gladness and joy, and at last the ransomed of the Lord shall have returned and come to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads, then let every sentient creature, in heaven, on earth and under the earth, join the shining crowd, and lift up his voice and help to swell the triumphant chorus that shall fill the infinite space of heaven"—*that confidence takes away, with me, the mystery of the slow and long-delayed operations of this mortal life.*

A child at the foot of a mountain and the father at the top cannot see alike. The child is embosomed in shrubs and trees, and is enveloped in darkness; and the sun comes up in the valley where he is long after it strikes the mountain-top; and it passes from the child's sight far earlier than it does from the father's; and the view of the surrounding country which the child gets down there is not to interpret that which the father

gets up there. So our conception of finite love is not to interpret God's conception of infinite love. Why, what is love? What do we know about it? With us it appears as self-love; and with us at best it is restricted and imperfect. It is most beautiful, to be sure; yet it is uncrowned. But what is the love of the Infinite? What is love to a heart that can take in ages and the race? What is that love which is unfathomable, and which includes infinite tenderness and infinite compassion?

Said Christ, as he bent to wash the disciples' feet, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." When He stoops and lifts out of the cradle my beloved child and disappears from the door, I hear the whisper in the hush of the air, "What I am doing you know not now, but you shall know hereafter." When His hand separates between husband and wife, and one stands, like Niobe, in utter woe, from overhead comes down a voice saying, "What I do you know not now, but you shall know hereafter."

We are told, "All things work together for good to them that love God;" and, "No affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." These assurances take away the mystery of life. The mystery of the life to come cures the mystery of this life. The unknowable and inexplicable there sends explanation and definition back here. And we can say with the apostle, "We walk by faith, not by sight." We live not by sense, nor by sensuous reason. We are children of the Ineffable and the Invisible. And Christ says to us, "In my Father's house are many mansions (apartments); I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." And then there is that other love token: "Having loved His own, He loved them unto the end."

Even so, Lord Jesus of love, we are patient, we are contented with weariness, and we count all things blessing which shall bring us finally to thy presence and to the joy of the heavenly land.

Eternal Punishment.*

A SERMON

PREACHED BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D. (CANON OF WESTMINSTER), IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 11, 1877.

For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead.—1 Peter iv : 6.

WHEN I spoke from this place last Sunday on the question, "Is life worth living?"—when I preached three Sundays ago on heaven, some of you may possibly have thought, "This is all very well for true Christians—all very well if, in this world, there were only saints ; but the saints are few in number, and the world is full of sinners. See what a spectacle it presents ! Look at the coarseness and the foulness exhibited at every turn in the streets around us ! Walk at night in squalid purlieus, not far even from this Abbey, where glaring gin-palaces are busy, and, amid the reek of alcohol, you may hear snatches of foul oaths and odious songs—streets where women sit shuddering in wretched garrets, to think of the brutal hands that will strike, of the brutal feet that will kick them when the drunkard staggers home, and where the young lads of the schools, over which we spend so many millions of money, are being daily ruined and depraved by being lured into low haunts of gambling and degradation. Or walk, again, in the thronged haunts of commerce, where myriads are utterly and recklessly absorbed in that hasting to be rich which shall not be innocent ; or judge, from the stage and the opera, that vice in higher places is none the less dangerous because it is more gilded and perfumed. Look at all these facts, and then tell us—not in an ideal world, but in this world which looks too often as though it were a world without souls—in a world where there is so much of cruel selfishness, of degraded purpose, of serpentine malice and insane desire—oh ! tell us, in such a world as this, how does all this that you have said apply ? Alas ! the vast majority of men and women whom we see are not saints but sinners, and too often contented with their sins, and living in their sins and covetousness and drunkenness and lust, and lying and dishonesty and hatred, claim each their multitudes of votaries and of victims. Have you, then, any right to paint the world in rose color ? Is it not mere insincerity, mere clericalism, to shut your eyes to patent

* This sermon of Canon Farrar has created a great stir throughout England because of its assault on the doctrine of Endless Punishment. We intended to publish in this number a sermon affirmative of the doctrine, but were delayed in securing copy. It will appear in our next issue.—ED.

facts? We who, by our very presence in this sacred place, show that we do not belong to the classes openly and flagrantly irreligious, are yet, many of us, great sinners. Even when there is no dread crime upon our consciences, many of us are far from God. Our hearts are stained through and through by evil passions. We are tied and bound with the chain of our sins. You bid us repent; but how many do repent? You, the clergy, who stand often by the bedsides of the dying, who know how men live, and that in nine cases out of ten they die as they have lived, if your theory of life is to be entertained, if it is not to be a mere professional sham, what do you think about the future? Tell us about the lost."

My brethren, you have the fullest right to ask these questions, and it is our bounden duty to answer them; and I, for one, in all deep humility, yet now and always asking God for fearless courage and perfect honesty, will try to give you such answer as I can. If it be but the fragment of an answer, it is because I believe it to be God's will that no other should be possible; but, at least, I shall strive to speak such truth as is given me, and to answer no man according to his idols. Those who take loose conjectures for established certainties, those who care more for authority than for reason and conscience, those who pretend to dignify with the name of Scriptural argument the ever-widening spirals of dim and attenuated inference out of the narrow aperture of single texts, those who talk with the glib self-complacency of an ignorance which takes itself for knowledge, as though they alone had been admitted into what, with unconscious blasphemy, they call the council-chamber of the Trinity, they, perhaps, may speak readily of fire and brimstone, and may feel the consolatory glow of a personal security as they dilate upon the awfulness and the finality of the sufferings of the damned. But those whose faith must have a broader basis than hollow representation—than the ambiguousness of opposing texts; those who grieve over the dark shadows flung by human theologians over God's light; those who believe that reason and conscience and experience, no less than Scripture, are also books of God, and that they, too, must have a direct voice in these great decisions, they will not be so ready to snatch God's thunder into wretched and feeble hands. They will lay their mouths in the dust rather than make sad the hearts which God hath not made sad. They will take into account the grand principles which dominate through Scripture, no less than its isolated expressions; and, undeterred by the base and feeble notion that virtue would be impossible without the horrors of an endless hell, they will declare their trust that even after death, through the infinite mercy of the loving Father, the dead shall be alive again, and multitudes, at any rate, of the lost be found.

I cannot pretend, my brethren, to exhaust in one sermon a question on which, as you know, whole volumes have been written. There are some of the young in this congregation—many of you, I regret to see, are standing. I am reluctant ever to trespass too long upon your attention, and I cannot, therefore, profess to-day to meet and to silence all objections. But one thing I can do, which is to tell you plainly what, after years of thought on the subject, I believe, and what I know to be the belief of multitudes, and of yearly-increasing multitudes, of the wisest and most learned in our Church. What the popular notion of hell is, you, my brethren are all aware. Many of us were scared with it in our childhood. It is that the moment a human being dies, at whatever age, under whatever disadvantages, his fate is sealed hopelessly and forever; and that, if he die in unrepented sin, that fate is a never-ending agony, amid physical tortures the most frightful that can be imagined; so that, when we think of the future of the human race, we must conceive of a vast and burning prison in which the lost souls of millions writhe and shriek forever, tormented in a flame that never will be quenched. You have only to read the manuals—you have only to look at the pictures—of the Roman Catholics on the one hand and of Nonconformists on the other, to see that such has been and is the common belief of Christendom. You know how Dante, in his vision, comes to a dark wall of rock, and sees, blacker in the blackness, the chasm of hell's colossal portal, and over it, in characters of gloom, the awful line, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." And how, passing through it, they reach a place where, in this mere vestibule, sighs and wailings tremble through the starless void, and the sound of voices, deep and hoarse, and hands smitten wildly together, whirl always through that stained and murky abode. But it is even more awful to find these things in our own great writers, who had no belief, like Dante, in that willing agony of purgatory into which poor souls might gladly plunge, assured that they, too, redeemed and purified, should at last pass into their paradisaal rest. Read how the great Milton, after telling us of the super-eminence of beatific vision, plunges at once into this dreadful sentence—that "they who have been wicked in high places, after a shameful end in this life, which God grant them, shall be thrown down eternally into the deepest and darkest gulf of hell, where, under the trample and spurn of all the other damned, and in the anguish of their torture, they shall have no other ease than to exercise a bestial tyranny over them. They shall remain in that plight forever, the basest, the low-est, the most dejected, the most underfoot and down-trodden vassals of perdition." Or read Bishop Jeremy Taylor's sermon on Christ's advent to judgment, and see how his im-

agination revels in the Tartarean glare which he pours over his lurid page, as he tells us how God's hand shall press the sins, and the intolerableness, the amazement and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow, and the guilt and the pain of all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits. Or, once more, read in Henry Smith, the silver-tongued Platonist of Cambridge, how, "when iniquity hath played her part, all the furies of hell shall leap on the man's heart as on a stage. Thought calleth to fear, fear whistleth to horror, horror beckoneth to despair, and saith, 'Come, and help me to torment this sinner.' Irons are laid upon his body like a prisoner. All his lights are put out at once." Can we wonder that, receiving and believing such doctrines as these, one of our poets wrote:

"Place me alone in some frail boat,
Amid the horrors of an angry sea,
Where I, while time may move, shall float,
Despairing neither land nor day.
Or under earth my youth confine
To the night and silence of a call,
Where scorpions with my limbs may twine,
O God, so Thou forgive me hell."

Or that Shakespeare exclaims:

" 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed earthly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we dream of death."

Well, my brethren, happily the thoughts and hearts of men are often far gentler and nobler than the formulæ of their creeds; and custom and tradition prevent even the greatest from facing the full meaning and consequences of the words they use. When Milton talks as I have read to you of hell, he is but giving form and color to his burning hatred of irresponsible tyranny and triumphant wrong; and when Jeremy Taylor and other great thinkers and poets write thus of it, they give us but the ebullient flashes from the glowing cauldron of a kindled imagination. What they say is but, as it were, the poetry of indignation. It is only when these topics fall into the vulgar handling of hard and narrow bigots—it is only when they reek like acrid fumes from the poisoned crucible of mean and loveless hearts, that we see them in all their intolerable ghastliness. I know nothing so calculated to make the whole soul revolt with loathing from every doctrine of religion as the easy complacency with which some cheerfully accept the belief that they are living and moving in the midst of millions doomed irreversibly to everlasting perdition. Augustine dared

to say that infants dying unbaptized would certainly be damned, though only with *ævisissime diminutio*. Thomas Aquinas lent his saintly name to the abominable fancy that the bliss of the saved may be the more keen because they are permitted to gaze on the punishment of the wicked; and another writer talks of God as holding up the wicked in hell with one hand and tormenting them with the other. Now, even when a saint of God speaks like this he sins, and no language can be stern enough to reprobate the manner in which these elder brothers of the prodigal have turned God's gospel of plentiful redemption into anathemas and all but universal perdition.

Which of us has not heard sermons or read books to the effect that if every leaf of the forest's trees and every grain of the ocean's sands stood for billions of years, and all those billions of years were exhausted, you would be no nearer the beginning of eternity than you were at first; and that (pardon me for reproducing what I abhor) if you could conceive of an everlasting toothache, or an endless cautery, or the incessant scream of a sufferer under the knife, that would give you but a faint conception of the agony of hell; and yet, in the same breath, that the majority of mankind are doomed to hell by an absolute predestination? Which of us has not heard teaching which implied, or did not shrink from even stating, this? and dare any one of you regard it as other than blasphemy against the merciful God? If you are not unaffected when the destitute perish of hunger, or the dying agonize in pain, is there any human being worthy of the dignity of a human being who does not revolt and sicken at the notion of a world of worm and flame? Some one, who is not of us, wrote yesterday to the *Times*, how—standing in that Parisian prison where the Girondists held their last supper, whence Danton passed to the scaffold, where Robespierre lay, on the night before his execution, in his blood, where Marie Antoinette poured out her soul on the last evening of her life—he saw an exquisite crucifix of ivory left since she had left it there. That queen and mother had taken to it all night in her last agony. And he then adds that, “in such a scene all logic, doctrine, politics, severity of judgment are hushed and human nature asserts its pre-eminence, and claims the whole field of thought for pity. In presence of that agonizing figure upon the cross, the whole soul revolts against judicial terrorism in whatsoever name, by whatsoever tyrant committed.” He is speaking, of course, of earthly tyrants; but, my brethren, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” And shall the image of the crucified Redeemer inspire in one who rejects His divinity the noble pity which seems as if it were alien to many of His sons? I can at least sympa-

thize with the living poet who cries in contemplation of such thoughts:

"Were it not thus, O King of my salvation,
Many would curse to Thee, and I, for one,
Fling Thee Thy bliss and snatch at Thy damnation,
Scorn and abhor the shining of the sun,
Ring with a reckless shivering of laughter,
Wroth at the woe which Thou hast seen so long,
Question if any recompense hereafter
Waits to atone the intolerable wrong."

If St. Paul again and again flings from him with a "God forbid" the conclusions of an apparently irresistible logic, we, surely, who have no irresistible logic of any kind against us in this matter, but only in great part spiritual selfishness and impenetrable tradition, do we not, in the high name of the outraged conscience, of humanity—nay, in the far higher name of the God who loves us, of the Saviour who died for us, of the Holy Spirit who enlightens us; do we not hurl from us representations so cruel of a doctrine so horrible, that every nerve and fibre of our intellectual, moral and spiritual life revolts at it? Ignorance may, if it will, make a fetish of such a doctrine; Pharisaism may write it broad upon its phylacteries; hatred may inscribe it instead of holiness to the Lord; instead of all the sacerdotalism in which it simulates and degrades the name of love; but here in the presence of so many living, and in this vast mausoleum of the glorious dead—here amid the silent memorials of the men of fame and the fathers who begat us, of whom many, though not saints, were yet noble though erring men; and whom, though they and we alike shall certainly suffer, and suffer bitterly, both here and hereafter, the penalty of unrepented sin, we cannot and will not think of as condemned to unutterable tortures by irreversible decrees. I repudiate these crude and ghastly travesties of the holy and awful will of God. I arraign them as mercilessly ignorant. I impeach them as a falsehood against Christ's universal and absolute redemption. I denounce them as a blasphemy against God's exceeding and eternal love. More acceptable, I am very sure, than the rigidest and most uncompromising orthodoxy of all the Pharisees who have ever judged their brethren since time began—more acceptable by far to Him who, on His cross, prayed for His murderers, and who died that we might live—more acceptable, I say, than the delight which, amid a deluge of ruin, hugs the plank on which itself alone is saved, would be the noble and trembling pity which made St. Paul declare himself ready to be anathematized from Christ for the sake of his brethren—which made Moses cry to God at Sinai, "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin; yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written."

But I would ask you to believe, my brethren, that I speak now not with natural passion, but with most accurate theological precision, when I say that, though texts may be quoted which give *primâ facie* plausibility to such modes of teaching, yet, to say nothing of the fact that the light and love which God Himself has kindled within us recoil from them, those texts are, in the first place, alien to the broad, unifying principles of Scripture; that, in the next place, they are founded on interpretations demonstrably groundless; and, in the third place, that, for every one so quoted, two can be adduced on the other side. There is an old, sensible, admitted rule of theology—“*Theologia parabolica non est demonstrativa*”—in other words, that phrases which belong to metaphor, to imagery, to poetry, to emotion are not to be formulated into necessary dogmas or crystallized into rigid creeds. If this rule be used to test them, nine-tenths of the phrases on which these views are built fall utterly to the ground. But even were it otherwise, once more, in the name of Christian light and Christian liberty—once more, in the name of Christ’s promised Spirit, I protest against the ignorant tyranny of isolated texts, which has ever been the curse of Christian truth, the glory of narrow intellects, and the cause of the worst errors of the worst days of the most corrupted Church. Ignorance has engraved texts upon her sword, and oppression has carved them upon her fetters, and cruelty has tied texts about her faggots; and ignorance again has set knowledge at defiance with texts woven on her flag. Gin-drinking has been defended out of Timothy, and slavery has made a stronghold of the Epistle to Philemon. The devil, you know, can quote Scripture for his purpose, and quoted texts against Christ Himself; and when St. Paul fought the great battle of Christian freedom against the curse of the law, he was anathematized with a whole Pentateuch of texts. But, my brethren, we live under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, and our guide is the Scriptures of God in their broad outlines—the revelation of God in its glorious unity, the books of God in their eternal simplicity, read by the illumination of that Spirit of Christ which dwelleth in us except we be reprobates. Our guide is not, and never shall be, what our Saviour called “the letter that killeth”—the tyrannous realism of ambiguous expression, the asserted infallibility of isolated words.

But if this great and awful doctrine of the state of the dead in the future is to be made simply and solely a matter of texts; if, except as a dead anachronism, you do not really mean what you say when you say, “I believe in the Holy Ghost”; if we prefer our sleepy shibboleths and our dead traditions to the living promise, “I will dwell in them and walk in them”—then by all means let this question be decided by texts alone. But then, first, you must go to the inspired original, not to the

erroneous translation ; and, secondly, you must take words and you must interpret words in their proper and historical significance, not in that sense which makes them convey to you a thousand notions which did not originally belong to them. Now, I ask you, my brethren, very solemnly, where would be the popular teachings about hell if we calmly and deliberately erased from our English Bible the three words "damnation," "hell," and "everlasting"? Yet I say unhesitatingly—I say, claiming the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge—I say, with the calmest and most unflinching sense of responsibility—I say, standing here, in the sight of God and of my Saviour, and, it may be, of the angels and spirits of the dead, that not one of those words ought to stand any longer in our English Bibles, and that being, in our present acceptance of them, simply mistranslations, they most unquestionably will not stand in the revised version of the Bible if the revisers have understood their duty. The verb "to damn" in the Greek Testament is neither more nor less than the verb "to condemn," and the word translated "damnation," or rather the two words, are simply the words which, in the vast majority of instances, the very same translators have translated, and rightly translated, by "judgment" and "condemnation." The word *αἰώνιος*, translated "everlasting," is simply the word which, in its first sense, means "age-long," and it is, in the Bible itself, applied over and over again to things which have utterly and long since passed away ; and, in its second sense, it is something above and beyond time—something spiritual, as when the knowledge of God is said to have eternal life. So that when, with your futile billions of years, you foist into the word *αἰώνιος* the fiction of an endless time, you do but give the lie to the mighty oath of that great angel who set one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and, with one hand uplifted to heaven, swear, by Him that liveth forever, that time should be no more.

And, finally, the word rendered hell is in one place the Greek word "*Tartarus*," borrowed, as a word, for the prison of evil spirits, not after, but before the resurrection. It is in five places "*hades*," which simply means the world beyond the grave, and it is in twelve places "*gehenna*," which means primarily the Valley of Hinnon outside Jerusalem, in which, after it had been polluted by Moloch worship, corpses were flung and fires were lit ; and, secondly, it is a metaphor, not of final and hopeless, but of that purifying and corrective punishment, which, as we all believe, does await impenitent sin both here and beyond the grave. But, be it solemnly observed, the Jews to whom, and in whose metaphorical sense, the word was used by our blessed Lord, never did, either then or at any period, attach to that word "*gehenna*," which He used, that meaning of endless tor-

ment which we have been taught to apply to hell. To them, and therefore on the lips of our blessed Saviour who addressed it to them, it means not a material and everlasting fire, but an intermediate, a metaphorical and a terminable retribution.

Thus, then, my brethren, finding neither in Scripture nor anywhere anything to prove that the fate of every man is at death irrevocably determined, I shake off the hideous incubus of atrocious conceptions attached by false theology to the doctrine of final retribution. But neither can I dogmatize on the other side. I say nothing to uphold the Romish doctrine of purgatory. I cannot accept the spreading belief in conditional immortality. I cannot preach the certainty of what is called universalism—that is, the view that all will finally be saved. That last doctrine—the belief that good shall fall at last, far off, yet at last, to all—does indeed derive much support from many passages of Scripture; and it, or a view closely analogous to it, was held by Origen, the greatest and noblest; by Gregory of Nyssa, the most fearless; by Clement of Alexandria, the most learned; by Justin, one of the earliest of the fathers. It was spoken of in some places with half approval, and in others with very modified reprobation, by theologians like St. Ambrose, St. Irenæus—even, at his better moments, by that man who has cast so dark a shade over theology, St. Augustine himself; and in modern times, among many others, that doctrine has been held by grand and most orthodox theologians like Bunsen and Tolke among the Germans, and by saints of God among ourselves like Thomas Erskine of Lanathan and Bishop Austin of Argyle. And, further, whatever may have been the motives which influenced them, it is, at any rate, a fact that the Reformers struck out of the Prayer-book that article which originally decreed “All men shall not finally be saved.” I care but little for individual authority in such matters; but thus much is proved, at least by these different theories of wise and holy men: that God has given us no clear and decisive revelation on the final condition of those who have died in sin. It is revealed to us that God is love, and that to know Him is life eternal, and that it is not His will that any should perish; and that “as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive”; but how long, even after death, man may continue to resist His will, how long he may continue in that spiritual death which is alienation from God, that is one of the secret things which God has not revealed. But this much, at any rate, that the fate of man is not finally and irreversibly and necessarily sealed at death, you yourselves—unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less certainly—admit and declare and confess every time you repeat the Apostles’ Creed; for there you say that Christ descended into hell; and the sole passage which proves that article of the Creed is the passage

in which St. Peter tells us that Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison who sometimes were disobedient. St. Peter tells you in so many words, in the passage which I have chosen for my text, that the Gospel was preached to them that are dead; and if, as the Church in every age has held, the fate of those dead sinners was not irrevocably fixed by death, then it must be clear and obvious to the very meanest understanding that neither of necessity is ours.

There, then, my brethren, is the sole answer which I can give you to your question, What about the lost? My belief is fixed upon that living God who is the Saviour of all men. My answer is, with Thomas Erskine of Lanathan, that we are lost here as much as there, and that Christ came to seek and to save the lost; and my hope is that the vast majority of the lost will at length be found. If any hardened sinner here, shamefully loving his sin and despising the long-suffering of his Saviour, trifle with that doctrine, it is at his own deep and awful peril. But if, on the other hand, there should be souls among you (and are there not?)—souls very sinful, indeed, but yet not hardened in sin—souls that feel, indeed, that ever amid their failing they long, and pray, and love, and agonize, and strive to creep nearer to the light, then to you I say, Have faith in God. There is hope for you—hope for you even if death overtake you before the final victory is won; hope for the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; hope for the mourners, for they shall be comforted; though you, too, if you should continue in sin, may have to be purified in that gehenna of *αἰώνιος* fire beyond the grave. Yes, my brethren, “Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him.” But say also, as Christ’s own apostles said, that there shall be a restitution of all things, that God willeth not that any should perish, that Christ both died and rose and revived that He might be the Lord both of the dead and of the living; that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; and that the day shall come when all things shall be subdued unto Him that God may be all in all.

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Eternal Punishment.

A SERMON

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Fill their faces with shame; that they may seek Thy name, O Lord. Let them be confounded and troubled forever; yea, let them be put to shame, and perish; that men may know that Thou, whose name alone is JEHOVAH, art the Most High over all the earth.—Ps. lxxxiii: 16-18.

Some men would make sin a very light thing, and so count all teaching of everlasting punishment a monstrous error, wholly incongruous with our ideas of a just God. Others would make God the author of everything, sin included, and therefore responsible for all sin's enormity, and hence count the everlasting punishment of man an outrage on justice. God's revealed word strikes away the foundations of both these philosophic theories. It declares sin to be rebellion against the Holy Ruler of the Universe. It describes it as corrupting the whole being of man. It shows it to be abhorrent to a righteous God, putting the sinner out of all connection with the purity of heaven, and bringing necessarily upon him all the woes that separation from God implies. It further teaches that God in no sense whatever is the author of sin, that He never decreed it or encouraged it or connived at it, but that it is the offspring of man's unfettered will, and that on man alone is the responsibility. This world of mankind is not a machine made to go as it does by God's decrees. It is a world of independent wills, made independent in the likeness of God at the creation. God made man upright, but man sought out the many inventions of sin. God brought up and nourished children, but they rebelled against Him. To say that all this was pre-arranged and effected by God Himself is to say that His word is all a sham, and that His expostulations with the wicked are all gross hypocrisy. God declares that He wishes all men to come to repentance. What does this mean, if it does not mean that God both has no hand whatever in their sin, and also has offered His grace to all as far as He consistently could.

We are to take things as we find them, and not philosophize against facts and revelation. There is a war against God. The human heart is engaged in that war, and is an enemy to God.

All questions as to the origin of this war have nothing to do with altering the fact. War against God must be the most awful fact in the universe, and those who war against God must occupy the most fearful position imaginable. Now, all sin must be brought to this standard, and rank in this category, and all sinners must be seen in their true position before we can judge about the righteousness of eternal punishment. Know what the infinite holiness of God is, and know what war against that holiness is in the human heart, and there will be found all possible congruity between eternal sin and eternal punishment. The alienated race of man, as such, must suffer eternal death—that is, eternal banishment from God. The only exception is Christ Jesus, the only sinless man and those who are in Him. The hand on the head of the sacrifice betokened this union from the beginning. He, as sinless, could suffer for all those who would unite themselves to Him and receive His Spirit. There is nothing strange in eternal punishment, but something very strange in salvation. Men talk about eternal punishment as if it were an *ab extra* work of God forever scourging souls for past sins, and so they very naturally conclude from these premises that God might stop scourging if He wished to, and let man up, and then man would be happy. But this is a very erroneous notion of the punishment of hell. The sinners' torture is the operation of their own sin. "Where *their* worm never dies and *their* fire is never quenched"—the worm and the fire are not in God's hand, but in the sinner's heart. The sinner could not be happy because he hates God and holiness. If he could not be attracted to holiness in this world, he certainly cannot be in the next, where every passion must be intenser in the developed powers of the soul. So the next world to the sinner must be just what his conscience here gives forebodings of—a world of sin and agony forever and forever. Some, who see this must be so if the sinner is to survive, jump to the conclusion that he will be annihilated as by a merciful act of God. But this is a mere fancy, and proposed directly against God's revealed word. Eternal *punishment* is not annihilation. If it be punishment at the moment of annihilating, it certainly is not punishment afterward. You cannot punish a being who does not exist. Destruction and death do not mean annihilation, but the ruin of the soul away from God—its misery and torture. The view of Dives in hell shows us what the destruction and death of the wicked are.

If annihilation were the issue, *dying in one's sins* would not be so awful a thing as Christ held it up to the Jews to be. But apart from Scripture, if God is too good (for that is the cant phrase they use) to punish, and therefore will annihilate, why does His goodness allow Him to see men suffer such torments as many do in *this* life? Why does he not annihilate all who

otherwise would be wretched at their birth? You see what folly all our reasoning *à priori* about God's ways will land us in! We go back to His word, and there see that as the righteous go into everlasting life so the wicked go into everlasting punishment. The same word is used for both. It is the word of all others that would be selected for the idea. No human word can express *eternity* as we approximately conceive it in our minds. The very word "eternity," when etymologically analyzed, only means "a very long time." That is owing to the weakness of human speech, as the offspring of a weak and finite mind. Just as we say "*infinite*," that is, "not finite," which is as near a term as we can get for the idea, so we say "*eternal*," that is, "*very long*," for the idea of that which never ends. This very word "*never*," which I have just used in the definition, is open to the same analysis. So exceedingly foolish is it to argue on this subject from the weakness of the word "eternal." There is too much readiness in some quarters to correct God's Word, as if little man, who only sees what is just about him, could legislate for the universe and for eternity, and determine what ought and what ought not to be. The humble heart will search God's Word thoroughly and take what God says, finding there a safe foundation which it cannot find in human speculation. It is the proud heart that recoils from God's Word, as it constantly shows the fearful and deadly character of sin and the responsibility of man. It is because of the frightful doom of the sinner that the Word of God holds up so clearly the future, that man may be warned and fly to the only refuge, even to the arms of the Divine Redeemer. The imprecatory Psalms are a part of such warning. They are the inspired foretokeners of the awful consequences of sin; and not only are they warnings to the wicked, but they are comforts to God's people as showing them the end of the contest against wickedness and the triumph of holiness over the foes of God. They are terrible in their language, because they treat of terrible truths. Scoffing men love to say that they are vindictive and cruel, forgetting that they are the utterances of God through His prophets against the persistent criminals at His bar, and hence all that is cruel is made so by their own guilt. When an earthly judge says of a notorious murderer, "Let him be hanged by the neck till he is dead," is he cruel? Is he not using the language of justice which finds an echo in every conscience? And shall not the Judge of all the earth do *right*? Shall He not pronounce the sentence sin demands? Or shall He confound sin and righteousness together by a mercy which would itself only be weakness and sin, and treat the stout rebel as a tender and contrite child?

When God speaks it is not man with his envies, jealousies, hatreds, anger, selfishness and sin, but it is infinite purity,

holiness, truth, righteousness, goodness and love, and His words are not to be judged by a human standard. *Sin* is the awful fact with us, and we must humbly bow before God as He defines it and declares its doom. Blessed be God that we have a secure shelter in the Lord Jesus, a covert from the tempest, an ark of salvation, where we can hear the threatenings of justice with calm and peaceful minds!

In the text five points of doom are specified. The ungodly are to have their faces filled with shame; they are to be confounded; they are to be troubled; they are to be put to shame; they are to perish. What is meant by these particulars?

(1) *To fill their faces with shame* is to write their wickedness on their persons, so that all can see what their character is. Here on earth men are hypocrites and hide their true character. Under the aspect of gentleness they conceal a heart at war with God. But some even here break through the disguise, and their depravity shows itself already to all. That which is done partially here will be done thoroughly hereafter. The secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest. The enemy of God shall have his name emblazoned on his forehead, and all shall see the fitness of his doom.

(2) *To be confounded* is to be filled with dismay and terror—to lose all their self-confidence—to realize their true situation, which they had hitherto succeeded in concealing from themselves; when engaged so absorbingly in their own schemes against God they hide God's justice and its progress from their own eyes; when their own schemes ultimately fail and they can no longer hide their attention in *them*, their helpless and hopeless condition as aliens from God in affection and character, in a confirmed growth of sinfulness, ever augmenting itself, will strike them with appalling fear—not a fear that leads to repentance, softening the heart and humbling it before God—they have gone too far for that. Moral character hardens into adamant with its practices, whether good or evil; and when a man has persisted in revolt against God he at length becomes unchangeable in his opposition to holiness, so that the terror that then may come upon him at sight of his peril is one that would lead him to cry to the rocks and the mountains, but not to God.

(3) *To be troubled* is to feel the workings of sin in all their fulness, unrestrained by the divine grace, which in this world is generally more or less active in the hearts and lives of the wicked. *Sin is trouble*. It is the action of every faculty of the soul, contrary to the design of the Creator, producing a spiritual friction and pain in each. Now, when this becomes thoroughly developed the soul experiences unutterable agony. Even in this world there have been innumerable instances where hell has begun on earth, and the fierce tortures of the

spirit have turned the man to a demon, or driven him to suicide, as if he could kill the soul when he should kill the body.

(4) *To be put to shame* is to feel no longer the lofty defiance which for a time made headway against rebuke, entreaty and correction, but to feel the contempt of one's own soul so as to endeavor (all in vain) to hide from one's self. A Christian, when abhorring himself, can fly to God, but the wicked soul abhorring itself has no whither to fly. It is doomed to stay in its own dreary company and bear the distressing weight of its own shame. An eternal conviction with no conversion—what can be more terrible than that? It is being chained fast to everything we loathe, held in the embrace of all that excites our disgust.

(5) *To perish* is to continue *forever* in the conditions just described. The word in the second clause is the echo of the word "forever" in the first clause. The two parts answer to one another. "Let them be confounded and troubled forever; yea, let them be put to shame and perish." The "being confounded" and "being put to shame" (as we have seen) are analogous, dismay and disgust being the two sides of the same wretched, godless experience; and so the "being troubled forever" and the "perishing" are analogous, representing the internal workings of depravity, with a pang in every stroke. In vain do some strive to explain such words as *perishing* and *destruction* by *annihilation*. The Scripture explains itself. It speaks of a *torment day and night forever and ever* (Rev. xx: 10), and tells us of those who shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb, the smoke of whose torment ascendeth up forever and ever. That this is a figure is very evident, but it is equally clear that it figuratively pictures to us a punishment that never has an end.

But, say some, why dwell on such horrid topics? Why not preach the love of Christ? We must do what God's Word does. We must preach the love of Christ, and also show the frightful truth of eternal misery. The gospel is a savor of life, and also a savor of death. It saves and it hardens. It takes to heaven and sends to hell. Before the great and awful fact of sin it can deal in no compliments and pretty things. It is a question of eternal life or eternal death—of everlasting joy through Christ or everlasting wretchedness through sin. The gospel, moreover, warns *in order to save*. "That man may know that Thou, whose name alone is JEHOVAH, art most high over all the earth." These are the words of the text. The word of God would have men see the wicked go down to doom in order that God's grace may be accepted and the wretched procession cease. Even here on earth the spectacle of men given over by their sins to stolid indifference or persistent atheism is an enacted warning to others lest they too sin away their

days of grace. The phrase in the 16th verse has the same bearing, "Fill their faces with shame that they may seek Thy name, O Lord." The last verb is impersonal. The phrase is, "Fill the faces of the rebellious with shame, that men may seek Thy face, O Lord." Let the sin and wretchedness of their hearts be so inscribed on their lives that men may take warning and avoid their doom by yielding to the mercy of God, which is in Jesus Christ, who is the *name* of God as He is the *word* of God. There is a written gospel to which we are to give heed, but there is also the illustration of that gospel in the Church of Christ, on one hand, finding peace and joy, and in the wicked, on the other, who have no peace, but are ever restless and unsatisfied, anticipating their doom in the disquiet of their souls. He is the wise man who opens his eyes to these illustrative facts, and casts his lot with those who accept the gospel and its redeeming grace.

There is one other aspect of these imprecatory Psalms to which we must allude before closing. *The imprecations are in man's mouth.* How can that be, without making man a mere curser of his brethren? The answer is this: That as men draw near to God they see things as God sees them. The holier the heart is, the more it is struck with abhorrence at all persistent enmity to God's holiness. It ranges itself on God's side, and sympathizes with Him in His justice, and so invokes in His name the curse that holiness must bring upon sin. It looks forward to the final triumph of truth over falsehood, of righteousness over wickedness, and in the spirit of prophecy it calls down the final doom upon the ungodly. There is no personal revenge or low human delight in misery in such an attitude, but an identification of the soul with all that is pure and true. It is a false religion that paints everything rose color, and salves over sin with sentimentality. It is a false religion that does not see the storm as well as the sunshine, the lightning bolt as well as the serene sky. Men are ever trying with their conceited philosophies to do away with everything that is hard and repulsive. *They forget sin.* While sin lasts there must be the harsh and the repulsive. There must be judgment and wrath, there must be misery and anguish. And if they can show us how sin will end, we may be ready to hear of some limit to the misery and anguish. But that they cannot do while God's Word is clear and distinct in its terrible utterances of eternal banishment from the presence of God into the outer darkness, where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. If there is a soul here to-day who has not fled for safety to the only Saviour, I call upon him now, while this dreadful subject is before him, and while God is waiting to be gracious, to yield at once to the call of the Most High. Delay to-day may harden your heart and seal your doom. Come unto me, says our dear Lord, and I will give you rest.

Christ, the Restorer.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

He restoreth my soul.—Psalms xxi: 3.

The twenty-third is everybody's favorite among the Psalms. There are certain chapters in God's Word that seem to link themselves to almost every human heart, having an adaptation to every line of life and every description of circumstances. So it is that from childhood, on even to gray hairs, there is no one Psalm so often read, so often prayed, so often sung, as this shepherd's Psalm of David. Nay, it is a sort of nightingale among the minstrels of the Psalter; for, as it is the habit of that bird to sing amidst the silence and darkness of the night, so it seems as if this exquisite little psalm makes itself heard in the gloom of the Valley of Death, and makes its nest, as it were, in these deep gorges of life, so that those called to walk there not only have the rod and the staff, but the sweet note of Heaven's love sounding in their ears. One of the sweetest, one of the richest, of these God-given songs in the night is this twenty-third Psalm, the pastoral chant of the shepherd David. And have you not observed that it comes right after the twenty-second, which I am inclined to think is something more than a mere coincidence? The twenty-second is the Psalm of the Cross and of Redemption. In the twenty-second we have Christ crucified; then, when the way is prepared by this Messianic revelation, then it is that we are brought into this beautiful study and enjoyment of Him as the Shepherd and the Restorer of the soul. For I shall speak this morning of Jesus as the Restorer; not vaguely of the restoring love of God, but specifically of Jesus Christ as a Restorer, bearing in mind all the while that Jesus appears to us as the Shepherd, for that was His own description of Himself. "I am the Good Shepherd; I lay down my life for the sheep." All that chapter in the book of John, in which Jesus Christ describes Himself as the Good Shepherd, flows right out of this twenty-third Psalm as the natural New Testament sequel; so that to-day let us think of Jesus as the Shepherd who restores the wanderer, as the Shepherd who puts back in the fold what has gone astray, as the Shepherd who guards and feeds, as the Shepherd who will finally bring home His own flock into glory.

Then, in the first place, let us talk and think of Jesus as the home-bringer of the wandering sheep—for the original mean-

ing of the Hebrew word is to *bring back*. "He is bringing back my soul" is the Saxon translation, and the closest, probably, to the original. Bringing back implies wandering, a far astray condition of the heart, a dwelling in the "far country" of sin, so that Christ goes out to seek and to save the wandering soul. Oh! how beautifully comes in here that passage, "All we like sheep have gone astray; every one of us had turned to his own or her own ways," and then God laid on the Shepherd, the Restorer, "the iniquities of us all."

Three features appear conspicuous here under this head. The alliteration will help you remember them. These are, RUIN, REDEMPTION, RESTORATION. Every one of us was ruined through wandering; every one of us was in a state of guilt hereditarily and afterwards by actual transgression. That state of guilt in which you and I were by nature was a state of alienation from God—a state in which there is an entire loss of original righteousness—a state in which the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint by corruption—a state of exposure to the justice and wrath of God here, and to the pains of perdition hereafter and forever. That is the state of ruin—just such ruin as a voluntary transgression brings. It is a ruin from which no one ever yet recovered himself any more than the fallen pillars of Balbec could by their own power put themselves on their vacant pedestals to-morrow morning—nay, any more than you would expect a resurrection in Greenwood Cemetery this hour. Bear in mind, in the first place, that the ruin by sin is complete.

The next point is *redemption* through Christ. It is purchasing by Calvary's blood salvation for the wandering sheep—making it not only possible that the wandering soul *may* be saved, but certain that the wandering soul *will* be saved when it is once in the hands of Christ. Oh, I have no patience in preaching an atonement which barely makes salvation possible! If redemption by the blood of Calvary means anything, 't means the positive and everlasting recovery and security of all those for whom Jesus shed His blood; and all those that accept that blood and put themselves in the Shepherd's hands for restoration are forever safe. And how this doctrine gushes out with tenderness! Full of sweetness is it, like a honeycomb; how it drips with love! It is a redemption, not for angels, seraphim and cherubim, but for beggars, outlaws, and willful, disobedient, ungrateful rebels. That is what redemption means. It means that the worse a man is, the more God pities him. The very murderers that put Jesus to death had the very first offer of His love; as if Christ had said to them: "Go to Jerusalem and tell them they can get at my heart in a better way than with a spear. They need but to come with the prayer of faith and they shall **be** saved." This love is

lavished even upon the wanderer. I have heard the story of a father whose son, having had too much to spend at home for his own good, ran away, after the fashion of the Prodigal Son, and led a wild, reckless career in California. Report came to his father from time to time of bad things, of worse things, and of still worse; letters were sent to the erring boy, which remained unanswered, until, finally, the father, meeting a man who was going to San Francisco, gave him his son's address, and said: "Look him up, and just tell him that his father has never ceased to love him as much as ever, in spite of his sinful course." The man hunted San Francisco through, until he found the young man one evening in a gambling-house. He beckoned him out, and in the street he told him his name, when he had left his father, and why he had sought him. "Your father," said the gentleman, "said I should look you up here, and should tell you from him that *he loves you yet!*" The young man dropped his head and the tears started. "Oh, my God!" said he, "did my father say he loved me yet?" How many an one has laid his broken heart upon the mercys-seat and cried, "O God! canst Thou love me again?—me, the sinner—me, the rejecter of Thy grace—me, the trampler on the blood of Thy Son—me, who have done despite to Thy Holy Spirit—canst thou love me yet?" Yes, Christ, the Restorer, does love and redeems by love, and recovers such by the power of His love.

That is the third "R"—Ruin first; Redemption, by the blood of Christ, second; and, third, Recovery. Restoration is the word more in the line of our text; and this restoration, by Jesus Christ, restores to God's favor one who has wandered from Him. It restores what was lost in Adam's fall—righteousness; it restores what we never could regain but through Christ. It restores hope, spiritual life, and heirship of heaven.

Now, then, if such be Christ's work as a Restorer, who are these that He restores? "He restoreth *my* soul." Oh, how much turns on the word "*my*" in this passage! How different this would read "He restoreth souls," or "everybody's soul"! He restoreth *my* soul. When Spurgeon went down one day into his Orphan House, where he found from day to day the friends of the orphan children sending them money and giving them cake and contributing to their pleasure, one little fellow came up to him and said: "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose you were a poor boy here, and hadn't any uncles, nor aunties, nor sisters, nor friends ever to send you any spending money or candy, or even to remember you through the year? *Because that's me!*" Spurgeon says, "I handed out the silver in my pocket very soon to that lad." "That's me!" If you cannot read of redemption and say, "That's *me!* I am the needy one; I am the guilty one; the blessing is offered to

me," this gospel is practically to you a mere abstraction. It is when you can put the personal pronoun into your religion and into God's promises and into redeeming love that it becomes to you a power and a joy.

The next point I would present is, that Christ is a Restorer to health. That touches all the diseases of Christians in this congregation. Let me feel your pulse this morning, brother! I am afraid it beats low. There are too many whose pulses beat low. The first inquiry of the physician when he comes in the sick-room is made at the wrist. He always explores the wrist for the pulse. He wants to know how the "regulator" beats. Christ is putting his hand often to thy wrist, brother, to see how the pulse moves—how many strokes to the minute there are. Is it so slow that He shakes His head sadly? How is thy appetite for the Bible? What was thy appetite for prayer last week? What is thy hunger for spiritual blessings? The pulse is one indicator; the appetite is another; the strength of the limbs is another. How nimble art thou, brother, in the path of obedience? How large is thy activity for the Master? All spiritual diseases come from the heart's wandering from God; for the source of the backslider's disease is from the *heart*. Christ can heal that, but He never will until you come to Him and ask Him. Haven't you observed how Christ, when He was upon earth, went hither and thither, according as He was invited or beckoned? Christ goes when He is sent for. If thou longest for the Master's coming to thee to restore thee He will do so, but there must be a prayer on thy part and a deep desire. You have got to desire this, and to lament your backsliding, or you will never be delivered from it. But as soon as you ask Christ's love to come in, and Christ's power to be extended, then you will feel the quickening at once. For another meaning of the text—(and it is the meaning that Albert Barnes gives to it)—is that Christ *re-invigorates the life*. He restores tone and vitality to the blood, imparts strength to the muscles and vigor to the footsteps—a re-invigorating process. That is a very legitimate meaning of the text spiritually—whatever may be the original meaning of it in Hebrew. But you must come back to Christ as the first thing. You must return to Him to be restored to your former condition as a Christian. Do not stop with only the restoration to a former condition. Try after something better than that. This is the mistake with many a backslider. He says, "Oh, if I could only go back where I was! If I could only put myself in the condition I was in ten years ago—or even last year!" That is not the point. It is to get closer to Christ, with a new experience of that love and a new abhorrence of sin and a new diligence in duty; not comparing yourself with a former self, but praying to be better than you ever were

before, even in your very *best* days. That prodigal son could not be restored to his father's love and the vacant seat until he set his footsteps towards home. There was no blessing for him in the "far country." Nothing could possibly be done for him while he was in the swine-yards, or holding in his filthy hands the wretched husks. He was a swinish creature while he was there. First it is "I will arise; I will go"; then restoring love meets him outside the gate and brings him in to the fatted calf, the ring and the table. That parable of the Prodigal Son has a world of sound theology in it. No restoration to the prodigal until he himself comes back, and no recovery to the backslider until he comes to pray for mercy and sets his face towards Christ, and with tears begs to be restored again to the love of Him whom he has betrayed!

I might dwell for a moment (as a third illustration) upon the office of a picture-restorer. He takes an old painting, which might have been quite a masterly production, which may have been a masterpiece of Guido or Correggio or Raphael, and which had been cast aside. The colors had lost their brightness and had grown dim, and the painting seemed to have lost all its comeliness. The restorer sets to work and removes the over-laying dust and accumulation of dirt, and he brings out the colors vividly again—a delicate process, and one by which sometimes a valuable picture starts into new life and beauty. Oh, brother! does not the canvas of thy heart and daily conduct need that kind of restoration? Are not the hues getting dim, the colors losing their brightness? Is not the resemblance to Christ overlaid, and to a great degree hidden out of view so that it is not distinguishable? Oh, if Jesus Christ would come in as a Restorer, bringing out again the lineaments of holiness, there would be a great many of you that would need to "sit to Him!"

The sin of backsliding is an awful sin. It figures so prominently in the Word that, turning to a Bible text-book recently, I was startled almost to see the large number of cases recited, and the maledictions pronounced upon it. Then, too, in studying the narratives of backsliding in the Bible, I discover this, that men often break just where they seemed strongest. For instance, Noah was a Puritan; yet Noah lies on his back drunk. Moses is the synonym of meekness and patience; Moses grows enraged, and smites the rock too often. Solomon is the synonym of wisdom; yet he plays the fool with women and the wine-cup! John is the representative of love; and John it was that asked Christ to bring down a shower of fire on the little Samaritan village! Peter is the brave, heroic disciple; but Peter turns coward at the sneer of a servant-girl. All these men broke right where they thought themselves strong. Christians sometimes do the same thing. Where they think

themselves strong the enemy breaks through. All those men I have spoken of were restored. I hope poor old Solomon was. I think he must have written the book of Ecclesiastes after he was restored. But for this restoration the Master goes out on errands of kindness, as the father sent the man to California to seek his son, almost as one would go to a morgue to see if a certain one was alive or dead! It must have been hard for Christ to go out after such lost, sinning children as He did—but he still does it! He goes straight after them and restores them; and if backsliding is a terrible thing, it is a glorious thing that there is a backsliders' Restorer in Christ Jesus.

Well, to what does Christ restore the backslider when he is penitent and seeks recovery? He restores him to his true place, which was vacant. He restores him to usefulness. The man is ready again for duty, and feels like living a life of some value to himself and to others. He restores to him peace of conscience. No inconsistent church member ever had any peace of conscience. I tell you, young people, you may run away from a prayer-meeting to a ball if you choose; there will be a sting and a prick the next morning when you wake up and think, "Last night I deliberately denied my Lord and Master, and did what He disapproved." When the sound of the revel has died out, another sound—that of conscience—will come in and say, "You know you did wrong, and Christ knows it." Peace of conscience never comes to a man out of the path of duty. Those fallen men that have been lately brought to the tribunal of civil justice had been tried and punished fifty times before in the court of conscience. That was only the external pronouncement from the tribunal which conscience had already brought in a hundred times. There is no peace in wickedness to the wicked-doer, whether he be a church member or not; but peace of conscience comes through pardon and a voluntary return to the place once forsaken. Oh, what joy there is in coming back to health when we have lain a long time on the sick bed, until we pitied our own poor thin fingers and pale lips! The street was strange to us, and our deserted place in the counting-room or at the fireside was like a foreign country. The first time we come out in the air what a tingle it has! and when we meet our friends again for the first time we feel as if just introduced to them. We are restored. Would that every backslider that has come to this church this morning sick, sick, sick, would feel so sick of *himself* that he would put out his hand to Christ and go home again in the first stages of restoration! "Restore unto me the joys of Thy salvation." That is the fourth point I speak of. The restored backslider goes back to his peace of conscience and to his old place of duty, and once more has the joys of salvation. And he has no power for good while in a state of backsliding. He

is of no use while in that state. He not only has no inward peace, but no external influence. The result is that a church full of backsliders is just as inefficient as ten thousand invalids in a campaign. The general may call the muster-roll; he may send orders to "advance"; but if half his men have deserted and the other half are in the hospital, what chance has he in the field? Just so the Master may be calling His people to a life of activity, but if a part have deserted and a part are on their backs in a spiritual decline, there is no response and no out-coming. First of all, there must be restoration. The deserter must come back to his post, and the invalid must stalk out of the hospital; then the army is fit for service. How many deserters are there here this morning? How many that feel the whole head and the whole heart sick with sin? Jesus alone can restore you.

Now, then, I would address a word to those yet unconverted. I have said so much in reference to backsliding members of Christ's Church, because I feel how vital it is that they should realize their need of restoration, and how important that they should be directed to Christ as a Restorer. They should feel also a longing to be restored, which must be bred from deep disgust and dissatisfaction with themselves. If we would direct half the censure which we pass upon the frailty of others towards *our own* weaknesses and besetting sins, and our own cowardice and neglect of duty, you may depend upon it we should be the healthier and the happier. I want to turn you in upon yourselves this morning in the attitude of self-condemnation, that you may be ready to say, "Oh, blessed Jesus, come to-day and recover my soul!" The only hope for every unconverted person here for restoration from the ruin of sin and for recovery from the guilt of sin is in CHRIST. Again and again I proclaim this. If you want to try another method, you will try it to your sorrow. You will come back to it finally; and you may as well start with this idea, that Christ only can forgive your sins; that Christ only can give you power to resist sin; that Christ only can save you. And if you are ever restored, it must be *in this world*. The very word may suggest this idea to you, "May not Christ restore all or any in eternity to heaven? Does not that word have a squinting towards a restoration in eternity?" No! I do not see the faintest grounds for it. A perversion of this text in the direction of that error has, rather more than usual, thrust itself towards the front lately. I know nothing about eternity, and you can know nothing about eternity, but what is revealed in this divine Book. I find the Lord Jesus Christ presented from beginning to end as a Restorer of human souls in this world on the two conditions of repentance and faith. I find not a hint of any restoration from the realm of darkness to the realm

of everlasting glory. Probation is in the fore-front of God's Word for this world. I find no hint of a probationary state in the world to come. If I do not find the doctrine of future probation here, it is of no account to me that any speculative theologian may evolve it out of his own brain. If it is not in God's Word, that is enough. Now, on the other hand, I open this Book and find some very sharply distinct assertions that when death leaves us judgment finds us, and probation is ended. I discover when I look at these pages—(and I think we ought to read them tremblingly as God's loving utterances of warning)—I discover that future punishment is spoken of invariably as *without end*. I am not going to speculate this morning on what it is or what its character is, but it is spoken of in the Word as a penalty laid down upon the transgressor as a banishment from God, as the suffering due to the sinner. It is declared that "the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment"; and there are several other passages of the same solemn purport. Not one of them gives any hint that after the banishment cometh a restoration to final blessedness. Nay, more, I find a direct condemnation of that modern theory in God's Word, where our Saviour drew that most pathetic and powerful picture of the wrath of the world to come, and described Lazarus uplifted into the bosom of the Patriarch Abraham, and the man that had the good things of this world (and grew worse by means of them) crying out in torment. The poor rich man is asking that he may be restored to some small comfort. He puts the doctrine of "restoration" there to practical test; but the answer is, "A great gulf is fixed, so that they who would go from you to us cannot cross." If Jesus Christ knew everything (as He did), He must certainly have known such a tremendous truth as that that "gulf" would yet be *bridged*, and that He was to bridge it! If this Book is so full of salvation for this world, why is there not one line revealing salvation from hell in the world to come? Can it be possible that a doctrine on which thousands hang their hopes of eternity has not a single line here hinting it, when the Bible is so full of rich offers of restoration and salvation in this life?

But imagine a man restored from hell after he had been punished for centuries according to this theory. He is ushered into heaven. They are chanting the song of redemption. He hears them sing, "Worthy of the Lamb that is slain." He has no word of praise for Christ. Jesus has done nothing for him. He has "served out his time" down there, and Satan has been purifying him for hundreds of years, until he has got him in a fit state for heaven. What does that soul owe to Christ? He owes all rather to him who has been putting him through this purifying process in hell, and making him fit for the "better country, even the heavenly."

Charles G. Finney, in one of those tremendous philippics of his against error, used sometimes to describe a "jail delivery" from the world of woe, when a multitude of spirits blasted and blackened came up to the gate of heaven and clamored for admission! The archangel, looking over the gate, inquires, "Who is there? Why is this uproar?" And they reply, "We are from hell! We have *served out our time!* Let us in!" That is the doctrine of restoration! Who here expects to hang his hopes of eternity on that? Who will take the cross of Christ that is put right before him, trample on it in his folly and his madness, and then risk salvation in eternity? Oh, brethren, there is a Restorer *here!* There is a Restorer here! But I know of no restorer beyond the grave.

I sometimes take up and read in that beautiful book of my friend Kennan that description of a scene away off in Kam-schatka, where a portion of their company had been lost in the snow for weeks. He and a few others set out on a journey of two hundred miles to find them. Mr. Kennan tells us that the very feet of the dogs left blood prints on the snow. They pushed on two hundred miles toward the Anadyr River, by the light only of the aurora borealis, hoping to find them. He was seeking to save the lost. He tells us, in an Arctic midnight, when the thermometer was 40 degrees below zero, when they had endeavored to get a little warmth around the fire of a few roots gathered by the way, he heard a sharp halloo across the waste of snow. "We quitted the little fire and hastened in the direction of the sound, and we found one of our guides standing by a little iron pipe thrust out of the snow-bank. I hurried up to it, leaned over it and shouted down that pipe. Listen! Up from beneath the snow I heard, in my familiar native tongue, the words, 'Who's there!' Then," adds Kennan, "when he told us how to find our way into that temporary place in which they were hidden under the snow, and we entered the cavern and saw my companions gathered around the fire in that spot, so near to perishing (where they would have perished if I had not reached them), my nerves had got strung up to such a state of tension during the long journey that in fifteen minutes I was as powerless as a child, and sunk back unable to speak or move." The tide of joy broke him down. There is many a soul whom Jesus has rescued from death, and in his first glimpse of glory he has broken down like my friend Kennan. Why, if you would not think me irreverent, I would say there must be a time when the Lord Jesus Himself would be ready to "break down with joy"! May there be such a breaking in our hearts this morning when we beckon for our loving Lord, until we can exclaim, "Oh, the Restorer is *come!*" Then each one of us can say, "He restoreth my soul! He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake." To Him, and to Him alone, be all the glory!

Is Life Worth Living?*

A SERMON

By F. W. Farrar, D.D., CANON OF WESTMINSTER, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
Nov. 4, 1877.

So we Thy people and sheep of Thy pasture will give Thee thanks for ever: we will show forth Thy praise to all generations.—Ps. lxxix: 13.

As the first day of this month was the grand festival of All Saints, so in past centuries the second day of November was set apart in commemoration of All Souls. The motives which led to the abolition of the festival were doubtless adequate; but yet we may well be allowed to regret its abandonment. No doubt, on the whole, there was a certain grandeur, a certain catholicity, a certain triumphant faith, a certain indomitable hope in that ancient commemoration of the departed. It was the feast of All Souls;—there were no exceptions made of all the souls; of all the souls of all the innocent little ones that have passed away like a breath of vernal air since time began; of all the souls which the great and the wise and the noble have sighed for after great and noble lives; of all the souls of all the fishermen in all the seas; of all the souls of all the hunters of the boundless prairies, and of those who have spent their lives amid the ice-flows of the northern seas; of all the souls that have passed weary and heavy-laden from these city streets; of all the souls whose tides have ebbed away in the angry waves; of all those who have passed “unknelled, unconfined and,” save to their God “unknown”; of all the souls made reckless by misery, of those who have rushed unbidden into their Maker’s presence. It was a day of commemoration of all these; because these, too, are all souls which God has made; into these, too, He breathed the breath of life; and all these lie in the hollow of His hand like the water-lilies, whether white and immaculate, or stained and smirched! Yes, there is a thought of sublimity in the thought of *all human souls*; and a day might have been set apart in humble reverence and commemoration of their immortality. Our finite imagination might grow dizzy at the thought of this infinite multitude of human souls who at each ticking of the clock pass away from the land of the living; and all the tribes of all the centuries, the millenniums of the past, are but the leaves, green or fallen, on the tree of existence; the wave after wave of its illimitable tide!

* This sermon is the one alluded to by Canon Farrar in his sermon on Endless Punishment, which we published in our January number, and belongs to the series.—ED.]

When we think of these we recall the language of the poet of the "Inferno," and seem to be gazing on the wild, rushing tide of life, sweeping on to an horizon of infinite extent—infinite, multitudinous and innumerable as the motes which people the sunbeam! All calculation is lost. Human calculation reels at it; but it is not so with Him to whom is known the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the sea, and by whom every leaf in every nook, every wave in every brook, is heard as they sing forth their unending pæan all the day long!

And knowing this we are not appalled at the thought of those vast multitudes—"multitudes in the Valley of Decision"—whose days are now in the bosom of the solid earth; and though they have passed away we can say with the Psalmist of Israel—"Oh, let the sighing of the prisoners come before Thee; according to Thy power preserve Thou those that are appointed to die. So we that are Thy people and sheep of Thy pasture shall give Thee thanks for ever and will always be shewing forth Thy praise from generation to generation."

But if we cannot say this at all, how does life appear to us then? There are many who have lost their faith in God; my brethren, it is not for us to judge them or to blame them. Nay, we most heartily pity them; not, believe me, with any supercilious sense of superiority, not with any pharisaic taint of pride, but for their own sakes, and in sincere and humble brotherhood of sympathy. Even if they reject and despise such sympathy, yet, knowing how terrible, how irreparable would be the loss of such faith to us, we pity them, and pray that they no less than we may be folded at last in the arms of God's infinite mercy, and led at last into the radiance of His eternal light! Oh, seeing that the faith of their childhood and of their fathers has suffered shipwreck; seeing that they think, or think that they think, that there is no God, and that we die as the beasts of the field—can we then wonder that they ask themselves whether life be at all worth living? Nay, we are glad that they should face such questions; because the deeper their bark sinks, the more sure are we that they must come at last to that bed on which the ocean rests—that God, whose offspring we are, and "in whom," whether we deny Him or whether we believe in Him, we all "live, and move, and have our being."

But since the question is now being deliberately discussed, Is life worth living? we are not, as Christians, to pass it quite lightly and thoughtlessly by without consideration. It is not desirable that we should separate the pulpit from the thoughts of the week-day world, or avoid the questions which men who scorn religion discuss among themselves. I do not believe, my brethren, in the faith which can only be maintained by fall-

ing back upon an isolated clericalism, I desire that the creed of a Christian should be a manly creed, which need not be shirked or spoken with bated breath. I desire that our faith should be no mere exotic, covered with a glass lest the winds of heaven should visit it too roughly; but rather it should be like the green blade of corn, on which the rain may descend, and the snows lie, and the scorching sun shine, and the winds blow, but which, because God's sun does shine on it, and as a result of that, has a vital power; then, not in spite of, but because of these influences, should still grow up to the tiny blade, the tender ear, and to the rich, ripened corn.

Is this life worth living? life, I mean, regarded by itself; life on this earth, life apart from God; life—your life, my life, human life in general—considered under its purely earthly aspects and relationships? Let us, it must be inadequately, it may be mistakenly, it must be quite superficially, yet let us, with perfect honesty, glance at this this afternoon. And let us in nowise exaggerate; let no personal circumstances, let no melancholy temperament, no pressure of immediate passing trials bias our verdict. Let us, so far as we may, look at it steadily, and look at it as a whole.

It is not all darkness; it has its crimson glows and its golden sunsets. It is not all clouds; and even those we have have their silver linings. It is not all winter; it has its summer days on which it is a luxury to breathe the breath of life. Life has its May when all is glorious. Then the words are vocal, the winds breathe music, the very breeze has mirth in it. Ask the little child, with its round cheeks, and its bright eyes, and its flaxen curls, with the tender love and care which enfold and encircle it, and smooth its path the whole day long. Ask the happy boy, tingling with joy to the finger tips as he roams through the fields, in generous friendships, in strong health, in freedom from all cares, in the confidence of all happiness, with his will as free as the wind's will, when all the days are long! Ask happy lovers, when all the days are bright, and they are all in all to each other, and in their gaze a lovelier emerald tinges the grass! Ask brave soldiers on the field of victory; ask some of the great thinkers when some new truth dawns upon them; ask the father and the mother when cares do not press, and the little ones are gone to bed, and they sit together by the fireside quietly the evening through; and at such times perhaps they will all be ready to answer that life *is* worth living; and though darkness comes alike to all, yet we all have such periods—call them intervals, at least—between storm and storm, interspaces of sunlight between the breadths of the gloom, until over every one of us the night at last sweeps down!

Yes, my brethren, let us acknowledge, let us cherish, let us

be grateful for, let us, as far as we may, without selfishness, multiply these natural pleasures, these innocent and simple and holy joys! Let us admit, too, that God is very, very good to us; and that the lesser evils of our lives are often only in anticipation, or of our own making, not of God's. The Christian is no pessimist, to encourage in himself a view of life needlessly discouraging; no ascetic, thinking that God cares for pain and sorrow for sorrow's sake; no optimist, dwelling in the groves of myrtle. Yet, if I ask if these colored threads are strong enough to weave the warp or the woof of life, I think I know what your answer must be.

Let us grant that childhood, keen as are its little trials, can hardly be otherwise than happy, and that its tears are dried as soon as the dew upon the rose. Let us grant that boyhood—although St. Augustine says that the boy's sufferings, while they last, are as keen as those of men are—is happier, happier certainly since the day when Arnold purified and ennobled the schools of England; since the days when Shelley loathed and scorned the treatment he received at Eton; or the gentle Cowper dwelt here at Westminster.

And sometimes also life—life has saddest memories, and we are too often forgetful of the inevitable incongruity between fruit and seed; and when swiftly and imperceptibly boyhood passes into youth, and youth merges into the manhood which is upon us, and the golden gates close silently behind us, and we step forth into the thorny wilderness; when the splendid vision has faded into the white light of noon-day; when the brilliant ideals and the enthusiasms of communities have been smirched and dimmed; when not one single ray of enchantment rests for one instant over the black hills and the barren path of life—and we are men, yea, we are men who must work; and beside us are the women who must weep—brothers, how is it with us then?

I will not take any of the great crimes of life as they are sometimes revealed to us when the light of day falls for us upon some suburban villa or small farm. Clergymen especially know these are too common; and I feel there are some here on whose bosom is lying like lead the awful burden of some undiscovered sin. Still I will not take these great crimes into account, for sin tries to creep upon us all, silent and tragic and stealthy as a serpent's sting, or to bound upon us with irresistible force with a tiger's leap; and although there must be some here who have been struck with that poison or seized by that tiger leap, I will not take the case of one sunk into shame unutterable, who has come to a felon's end; or that one who has lived honorably before men but has been tempted by fatal men to take crooked ways, and comes to plead with tremulous voice against a sentence which, to him, is the agony of death!

I will not take the too common case of a man who wakes to the consciousness that he is under the fatal spell of drunkenness or any other such sin. Which of us can say he is quite safe from such sin as this? I will not take those great crimes or the great tragedies of life. Who has not known a case in which a man has been suddenly beaten down to earth, bruised and beaten under the shock of some wholly inexplicable and quite intolerable catastrophe? Who has not seen—certainly I have—families bright and happy, but their whole happiness shattered, aye, in a moment, by the crash of doom? Who shall say, “I am safe from such ruin as this”?

But I will only take the common cases of life—its daily fevers, its necessary trials. Our sorrows are quite different sorrows; but which of us all here, be he rich or poor, be he noble or insignificant, be he senator or shop-boy, is exempt from them? Take pain; is there one of us here who has not known the throbbing head, the aching nerve, the sleepless night? Take health; are there not some here who rarely know what perfect health is? Take reputation; have you not been in anguish when cruel and untrue things have been said of you, and not the less cruel and none the less painful if true? Take households; is there no household whose “graves are scattered far and wide”? Is there no father who has seen the dust sprinkled over the head of his bright, happy child? Is there no mother who has seen the rose of her family suddenly wither and fade from view? Is there no father whose life has been darkened at a stroke? No man whose friends have been taken from him in a moment, and their loss marked by gravestones? No parents whose sons wrung their hearts by folly and ingratitude, or who have, in some far land, a prodigal who will come home no more? And of all the hundreds who are listening to the voice of a weak fellow-sinner like thyself, are there not some, perhaps a great many, whose lives seem to dwindle as life goes on, on whom no morning dawns but it dawns with heavy cares as they think with a sigh of the dreary routine before them, of the insufficient means, of the debts which hang like a mill-stone round their necks, of the chill burden of poverty? And are there not some who are looking forward almost with agony for the day of death—not for themselves at all, but because they think how they must leave their dear ones, left sorrowful, and little sons and daughters unprotected and unprovided for, left to the cold pity and grudging charity of a frosty world? Indeed, many of us could say with the poet by the seashore:

“Alas, I have no hope, no rest, nor peace within,
Nor calm of mind, nor passing health, nor contemplation kind!
To me that cup hath been dealt in far other measure.”

Ah! my brethren, I have not time to say anything like the

worst. A man may bear up bravely—he may be a man—against sorrow; he may think it no great matter whether he be happy or unhappy; and if life be bitter and not sweet, he may find it still to be borne; and if he be a true Christian he may say, “I have received the cross; I have received it at Thy hands, and I will bear it even to the death.” But when to these sorrows sin is added; when calamity meets an accusing conscience; when a man has a sense of wasted opportunities, the shame of forsaken ideals, the sting of evil memories, the plague of polluted and polluting thoughts; when he knows and feels at the best that in this or that act or phase of his life he was unloving, or ignoble, or uncandid, and not what he ought to have been, not what God would have had him be—is there no sorrow or anguish in thoughts like these apart from all deeper and darker errors? A sense of duties unfulfilled, of days and opportunities unused, of affections trifled with, of light turned to darkness! Oh! when with our souls “the treacherous dealers deal very treacherously”—and we have been the most treacherous dealers to ourselves—does life seem worth living then, or must we not all say,

“Alas for earth, if this were all,
And nought beyond, O earth!”

So, then, when I look at life I say,

“Lead, lead me on, my hopes!”

But if you ask me whether life without God in the world and no hope beyond the grave is worth living, I answer, “No;” and not I only, but all the best and wisest of mankind. Ask all the kings and queens; ask all the poets and scholars; ask all the warriors and statesmen whose dust you are treading upon. Was Elizabeth, was Spencer, was Chatham, was even Newton, happy? Over the volumes of human history is written “Vanity of vanities!” and the knell of lamentation, mourning and woe; and the very Scriptures are the record of human sorrow.

I am well aware that there are those who would rob us of our human hopes; who would take our Lord out of the sepulchre and not tell us where they had laid Him; who would change our God into a stream of perplexing tendencies; who would turn our God into an empty face with no eye-socket, from which no eye of love and mercy ever beamed over us. But if they want to take our fine gold from us we do not want their dross or tinfoil in its place; nor for diamonds will we take imitations in glass and paste! We, some of us, will cling to duty though it be lost of sanctions, and to virtue though she have lost her oracle; but we do not need sham gods or mock eternities. And as for the world, if Atheism reign, it will go on its way picking and stealing, chambering and slandering, till the pit swallow it up! This is what is openly proclaimed by the

German corypheus of atheism, by the extinction, the annihilation of the human race!

But (if you will listen to me for one moment more) how, when touched by one ray out of God's Eternity, does this grotto of icicles in the Valley of the Shadow of Death melt into mud and nothingness! How does this glaring figure of the Colossus with the head of Atheism crumble into impotence when struck by the stone of Divine Truth! If there be no God, no heavens unseen; if there be no atonement for intolerable wrongs; if praying nations lift up their hands in vain; if hollow echoes are all the answer which follows Christ's words upon the cross, then life is a make-believe which nothing can save from intolerable weariness. But let but one sound from God's voice thrill through the deafened ears; let but one ray flash upon the blinded eyes, one hand hold to us one green and healing leaf from the Tree of Life, and how all is changed! How can we then thank God "for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life"! How can we then say, with bursts of exultation, "Thou, O God, art our Father, our Saviour, our great and merciful God; and we that are Thy people, and the sheep of Thy pasture, shall give Thee thanks forever;" so that, if our thoughts have come to us this afternoon clothed in a cloud, let them depart encircled with a rainbow! That rainbow may seem but a watery thing, but still it is sufficient in this life to arch the spray of the cataract and to shine upon the menace of the storm! Sorrows? We shall all have sorrows; but if we exercise due faith we shall find them but mercies in disguise. Sins? Ah! yes; we have all committed sins, and shall fall into them again. But we have a Saviour; and if we trust in Him and seek Him, they shall be forgiven and cast away!

Is life worth living? Ask the Atheist; and if he tells you his real thought, that thought will be the one of the English poet:

"Count all the joys that thou hast seen;
Count all the tears from anguish keen;
And know, whatever thou hast seen,
'Twere better never to have been;"

or, with the Greek poet, that the best thing of all is not to have been born; and the next best thing, to pass away as soon as possible! But ask the Christian, and he will say, "Yes, life is infinitely worth living, and death is even infinitely more worth dying; for 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' To live is to have faith in God here; and to die is to be with Him forever hereafter! Death is the veil which they who live call life; we sleep and it is lifted!"

The Resurrection an Essential Fact of the Gospel.

A SERMON

BY H. P. Liddon, D.D. (CANON OF ST. PAUL'S LONDON).

If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.—1 Corinthians xv : 14.

Last Sunday we were looking at the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from the garden of the sepulchre, and with the eyes of St. Mary Magdalene. The first lesson of the morning service of to-day carries us at a bound over a quarter of a century, to listen to discussions about the resurrection in one of the active centres of Greek life and thought. The text takes us to the Christian schools of Corinth, and St. Paul is pointing out to some ready but not very far-sighted disputants the consequence of their denying the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. "How say some among you," he asks, "that there is no resurrection of the dead?" To deny this doctrine in the block, so the apostle argues, is to deny that Christ himself has risen, and, if he has really risen from the grave, it is impossible to say absolutely that there is no such thing as a resurrection of the dead, since here we have a representative instance of it. There were, it would appear, at Corinth some who did not shrink from encountering this argument by denying that even Christ our Lord Himself had really risen, and to these persons the apostle points out that, however unconsciously, they were, in point of fact, giving up Christianity altogether. If Christ was still in His tomb, the errand of the apostles to the world, and the obedience of the faithful to the doctrine which the apostles preached, were equally based upon a vast delusion. "If Christ be not risen, our preaching is vain; your faith is also vain."

It is pretty certain that the persons with whom St. Paul is arguing this matter were not converts from Judaism to the faith of Jesus Christ. A religious Jew, a Pharisee—whatever may be said of those Jewish free-thinkers the Sadducees—had no difficulty whatever in professing his belief that the dead would rise. He had believed it before his conversion. How strong, how clear, this Jewish faith was in a Jew before the coming of our divine Lord we see from the account of the martyrdoms in the Book of the Maccabees. Those pious Jews died under the hand of the Macedonian persecutor, firmly believing that they would rise again. And when St. Paul was arrested in Jerusalem and placed before the Sanhedrim, he

knew how to strike the chord which would at once enlist the sympathies of a good half of his hearers. "Men and brethren," he cried, "I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee; of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question." And the appeal was successful. "The scribes that were of the Pharisees' part arose and strove, saying, We find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God." On the other hand, to the pagan Greek the idea of a coming resurrection of the dead was not merely novel—it was unwelcome; it was opposed to the current Greek conceptions about the condition and the destiny of the dead. It would have seemed to a Greek a materialistic way of stating the very shadowy possibilities, which alone presented themselves to his mind, of any future existence. So palpable, so literal an assertion that man would live once more an un mutilated life, with body as well as spirit hereafter, would have repelled the Greek, since the immortality of the soul itself, although an original truth of what we call natural religion, appears in Greek literature only as a fugitive speculation, however elegant and pathetic its rendering at times undoubtedly is.

The resurrection of man's body lay altogether beyond the frontier of customary Greek habits of thinking. When St. Paul began to preach the resurrection at Athens his hearers missed his true meaning so entirely as to suppose that the word which expressed it was the name of a new deity. "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods," they said; and this because he preached unto them Jesus Christ and the resurrection. And these deeply-rooted prejudices were carried by converts from Greek paganism into the Church of Christ, and they contributed largely to form the systems of error which took definite forms in the second century after Christ, and which are collectively described as gnostic. Ten years after, writing to the Corinthians, St. Paul mentions to his pupil, Timothy, two Greek teachers at Ephesus, Hymeneus and Philetus, "who concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection is passed already." These persons would seem to have wished, on the one hand, to keep to the language of the apostolic Church, but, on the other, to get rid of its meaning and substance. They accepted a resurrection, but only a resurrection in the past—not a resurrection in the future—only a moral resurrection of the soul, not a literal resurrection of the body. This, you observe, was the Greek feeling, still in rebellion against the faith, but not now wishing to come to an open rupture, and so attempting a sort of explanation which might hold on to the terms of a Christian profession, and, at the same time, rejecting realities which those terms were meant to convey.

Now, in Corinth we see the same sort of feeling at work,

but then the Corinthians were recent converts, and they did not all of them know what rebellion from God meant and involved. They thought that it was something like one of their own philosophies—something to be reviewed, discussed, partly accepted, partly rejected, quite at their pleasure. There was much in Christianity that they liked, and that they accepted without difficulty—nay, with enthusiasm; but the resurrection of the dead, some of them, at any rate, could not tolerate. They asked in sharp, contemptuous scorn, “How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?” as if such questions had only to be raised in order to show a sensible people how absurd it was to expect an answer. Their difficulties about the resurrection arose partly out of their physical speculations—out of their theories about the universe—out of their ideas as to the nature and the destiny of being, but they did not imagine that in denying the resurrection of the dead they were breaking with essential Christianity, or doing anything more or worse than rejecting a crude dogma of Jewish origin.

This was the state of mind with which St. Paul is dealing in the text, and his first object is to oblige his readers to understand what their words really come to. In all matters, to some extent—in religious matters especially—people use language without weighing its meaning—without asking themselves how much it involves and whither it will carry them. The Corinthians who denied the resurrection of the dead would like to have confined themselves, no doubt, to discussing the presumed physical impossibility of anything of the sort. But St. Paul cuts them short by saying, “If you mean what you say, you do mean that Christ Himself never really rose.” Some of the Corinthians were prepared, it would seem, to accept the consequence; but then they did not see why they could not deny even the resurrection of Jesus Christ and yet continue somehow to be Christians. They did not wish in terms to give up Christianity. They flattered themselves that they still retained a firm hold upon all that was really essential in it—that they had only given up legendary additions to the simple story of the life of Christ—additions which their Greek science had pronounced impossible. They were still willing to believe in a Christ who displayed before the eyes of men a perfect moral example—who did many works of love, if not works of wonder—who taught a doctrine which they recognized as heavenly—who died a cruel and a shameful death. But that, being dead and buried, He rose again the third day according to the Scripture—this they deemed a superstitious apostolic addition to the simple truth. It was no part of that particular fragment of Christianity which approved itself to their order of intelligence as really fundamental, and so they rejected it without

any kind of hesitation. It is to these persons that St. Paul says solemnly, "If Christ be not risen, our preaching is vain; and your faith is also vain." St. Paul, you see, will not allow that this faith in a Christ who has never risen from his grave is any Christianity at all. According to him, if it is a religion at all, it is another religion; it has nothing to do with the faith which is preached by the apostles. These Corinthians might still talk about our Lord Jesus Christ; they might still claim the honors and the risks of the Christian name; they might even imagine that they differed only from the apostles in being more clear-sighted and better informed without being less tender-hearted and less devout. But St. Paul will allow nothing of the kind. He did not let them—that is, his motive—did not let them deceive themselves in a matter of such momentous import. To deny Christ's resurrection is to abandon Christianity outright; it is to give up the core and heart of the faith. The beliefs that still remain may have an interest of their own, but it is the interest which is inspired by a corpse—which may, indeed, recall the past, but which has no longer its place in the land of the living.

"Why," it may be asked, "why should this be the case? Why cannot a man still be a Christian believer who rejects the resurrection of Jesus Christ? How is it that the rejection of this truth can make the faith which still clings to much else, but denies this particular doctrine, vain or empty?" The answer is, "Because the resurrection of Christ is the foundation-fact upon which the Christian creed rests in an intelligent and believing soul." If any one of the apostles had been asked how it was that they knew that Jesus Christ was the promised Messiah—the eternal Son of God—the Saviour of the world—by whose teaching and example mankind were to be enlightened—by whose blood men were to be redeemed—to whom all the children of men were bound to pay the homage of their obedience and their love—the answer would have been, "Because Jesus Christ rose from the dead." Read through those sermons, when you go home, which are reported at the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles, and observe how one after another they base the claim of Jesus Christ to love and obedience upon the fact of the resurrection—the fact to which the apostles themselves, while they were preaching, bore a personal witness. In the eyes of the apostles the resurrection of Jesus was God's visible interference designed to certify the true mission and the true claims of Jesus. Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself had appealed beforehand to this very certificate. The sign which He had given to an unbelieving generation—the proof that He came from God—was that He would raise the temple of His body from the dead in three days, and, therefore, the apostles began with preaching this

fact of the resurrection. They virtually said to their hearers, "You see He has been as good as His word. He has risen from the dead; therefore let us believe in Him." And thus, as St. Paul observed, He was proclaimed to be the Son of God, with power according to His holy, divine nature by the resurrection from the dead.

But the resurrection does not merely, as the apostles handle it, light up the past. It is an earnest of the future: it is the warrant that He who rose will come to judge us. When St. Paul has told the Athenians that God has appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained, He naturally reflects that a critical and skeptical audience will ask what proof there is to be alleged in favor of so startling an announcement. Accordingly he adds, "Of this God has given assurance unto all men in that He has raised Jesus from the dead." The apostles, in preaching the faith, are like those architects who make a stone roof of wide area depend for its support upon a central pillar. They know that the pillar is strong enough for its work. They were themselves appointed to be witnesses of the resurrection. They never met the world without bearing their testimony. They knew that, if the resurrection was sincerely believed, all else in the Christian creed would hold good. They knew also that if the resurrection of Christ was rejected, nothing else could be, in the long run, received at all.

Suppose, for instance, that one of these Corinthian disputants had said, "I do not want to believe in Christ's resurrection, but I do not wish to reject the benefits of His death." The apostle would have asked, "What benefits do you mean? What becomes of the death of Christ if it was not followed by His resurrection?" It at once descends to the level of a purely human event. It is in no way more remarkable than the death of any other high-minded and disinterested man for a cause to which he is attached. It may have—it undoubtedly still has—the importance of a high moral example of devotion to truth, to charity, to justice, but the language which the apostles use about it, and which Christendom has ever believed, becomes at once unmeaning. Why should the death of a mere man whose body has mouldered in his grave be a power on earth and in heaven, mighty to cleanse from guilt and to secure divine pardon? St. Paul's bones rest somewhere in, or near, the great city where they slew him some thirty-five years after his Master's death, but who could speak of Paul as dying for his followers, or for the ungodly—as bearing their sins in his own body—as being set forth as a propitiation through faith in his blood? Who would dare to say that Christians are reconciled to God by the death of St. Paul, or that by him they had received the atonement, or that Paul is

a propitiation for their sins, and not for theirs only, but also for the sins of the whole world, or that Paul gave himself a ransom for all? Every Christian believer feels the shocking profanity of applying this language to any other than the divine Redeemer. But why, I ask, is it so profane? Because it is the divine person of Christ who died on Calvary which gives such meaning to His atoning death. "Ye were not redeemed," exclaims St. Peter, "with corruptible things as silver and gold"—(he might have added, "or with the blood of a merely human victim")—"but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and immaculate." "If God," argues St. Paul, "spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" But, then, how do we know that the sufferer on Calvary was God's own Son. The answer is, "By the resurrection." The resurrection, if I may dare so to speak, put the death of Jesus Christ before the world in its true light. It was an immense reversal of the *primâ facie* appearances of the event. What had looked like a defeat was soon to be a triumph. What seemed the execution of a condemned criminal was recognized as an awful transaction having immense results on earth and in heaven throughout all time. If Christ was crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God. This was the key-note of the apostolic teaching. The resurrection had lifted His death to a higher, or, rather, to an altogether different level from that of any human sufferer. But then, if the resurrection is denied, all the apostolic language about the atonement becomes a tissue of mystical exaggerations, which, as applied to the death of a mere man, are worse than unintelligible. This consequence the Corinthians might not have seen at once, but, at any rate, their faith in the atonement was already undermined by their disbelief in the resurrection of the crucified Christ.

But suppose the Corinthian objector to say, "Very well, we will give up the atonement, but we will continue to believe in the beauty of Christ's language and example. This, after all, is, in our opinion, the really essential thing in Christianity. The rest may go, and we shall not, perhaps, be the worse for losing it." Here St. Paul would have explained that in order to recognize the beauty of Christ's language and example there was no necessity for faith, properly so called, at all. Faith is an acceptance of the unseen upon sufficient testimony. Faith is an effort of some sort: it is a venture. Its proper object is a something which does not lie within the range of experience. You and I do not need faith or anything but ordinary judgment and common moral sense in order to do justice to the good sayings and good actions of any one among the many excellent people who may be named as hav-

ing died some twenty or thirty years ago. We knew enough about them on very good evidence to enable us to give full play to our admiration: we admire them accordingly. It would be absurd to call them objects of faith. This is what St. Paul would have said—that faith, which is an instrument of the soul's spiritual life, is not wanted for any such purpose as the Corinthian objectors might have pleaded. But might he not, would he not, have gone a step farther? Must he not have pointed out that to deny the resurrection and, at the same time, to profess to admire the words of Christ, or the example of Christ, was really impossible. Did not our Lord, more than once, when challenged for a sign or warrant of His claims, say that He would be put to death and rise again the third day? Remark—the third day. There is a precision in the announcement which forbids figurative interpretation of the language, as if, forsooth, such language could be satisfied by the remote triumph of Christ's name or doctrine while His body mouldered in the grave. No, it is impossible to admire some of His best attested words if His resurrection be denied. Let me add, it is impossible to admire His example. Upon what kind of ground can we explain, or justify, His inviting the love and trust and homage of all those pious and tender souls who thronged around Him, if, in reality, He was no more than one of themselves—if He had not in Himself some source and supply of strength which was more than human? "We preach not ourselves," says His apostle. But *He*, the Master, says, "*I* am the way, the truth, and the life. Come unto *Me*, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden. *I* am the light of the world. *I* am the true vine. *I* am the good Shepherd. All that ever came before *Me* are thieves and robbers." The constant reiterated self-assertion of Jesus Christ in the face of His own precepts about the beauty of being humble and self-forgetting and retiring is to be explained by the inward necessity laid upon Him by His consciousness of His divine personality of which His resurrection was the visible witness to the world. Deny His resurrection, and His character, as we have it in the gospels, requires nothing less than reconstruction, if it is not to be met by the moral sense of men with some very different judgment indeed from that of sympathy and admiration.

These, then, are some of the grounds on which St. Paul would have maintained that if Christ be not risen, the faith of Christians is vain.

But observe the character of his argument—an argument from the consequences of rejecting the resurrection. Elsewhere he proves the resurrection directly. It may be inferred, not merely from the words of Jesus—from the language of prophecy—but especially, and above all, from the actual experience of eye-witnesses who might be counted by hundreds,

and many of whom were living when the apostle wrote. Here St. Paul says: "See what will happen if you reject Christ's resurrection. You will have to give up Christianity altogether. If Christ be not risen, our preaching is vain; your faith is also vain. You Corinthians are in a dilemma. You must go forward or you must go back. You must either believe with us apostles in the resurrection of Christ and in the resurrection of the dead, which is its consequence, or you must fall back into the darkness from which you emerged at your conversion." This is a kind of argument which, if it were not being handled by an inspired apostle, we should describe as trenchant. Plainly it is intended to cut discussion short—to bring matters to an issue by a short and easy method. St. Paul feels that something must be said which will not be forgotten. He feels as he felt when he told the Galatians, "If ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing"; or, "If we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let Him be accursed"; or when He said to the Corinthians, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." It was in the same state of mind—with the same general intention, namely, of rousing dull minds by some vivid expressions to see how matters really stood—that he wrote, "If Christ be not raised, our preaching is vain; your faith is also vain."

It may be said—it has been said—that arguments of this kind are inconsiderate and unsuccessful—first, that they crush out with their relentless logic the still surviving faith of weak but inconsequent believers—that they forget the divine injunction about not quenching the smoking flax or breaking the bruised reed; and, secondly, that they do not always succeed—that they rouse opposition, almost resentment—among persons of independence of character, who, because independent of character, are not therefore hostile to religion; that in some cases they entirely defeat the object with which they are used, as of the alternatives presented the one is taken which is really designed to enforce the other. The lever breaks in the workman's hand just as it is being applied.

And this, it must be granted, is true enough of the employment of such arguments in a great many places among ourselves. No doubt there are writers and talkers who take pleasure in forcing people, as they say, to be logical and consistent. Whatever may be the sort of consistency that is enforced, these writers and talkers are like a reckless man riding at full tilt down a street full of children at play: they are thinking only of their own feat and prowess—nothing of the consequences. Often, indeed, we must know—some of us—that the employment of such intellectual weapons is very cruel. They leave wounds and doubts in tender minds which are healed only

slowly, or never healed at all. They may be very fine feats of reason, but, like the sports of ancient kings, they are indulged at the cost of the defenceless and the weak. Too seldom, indeed, do many speakers and writers, in private and in public, track out the effect of their reckless words in the shattered hopes, in the distressed consciences, in the weakened resolves, which are really caused by them. But granting all this, it does not by any means follow that arguments like that of St. Paul—"You must believe more than you do or you certainly will cease to be a Christian"—are not sometimes necessary, aye, charitable. They are like those critical operations in surgery which no man would undertake or undergo without adequate necessity, but which are sometimes necessary to saving life. Everything depends upon the spirit in which—upon the purpose with which—an argument like this is used. It may be used as a vain display of personal power—as a means of achieving intellectual victory. In this case nothing can well be more criminal. It may be used in a spirit of true charity in order to save a soul which has got into a dreamland, and which mistakes the picture formed in its own fancy for the eternal truths. In this case nothing can be more charitable. The knife may be employed by a scientific surgeon to save a patient's life by a timely operation, or by a bungler who is thinking of his professional reputation, or by a burglar to cut a man's throat. St. Paul, who watched with such tender solicitude over the scruples of the weak brethren in Rome and in Corinth, would never have forced his hearers or readers to choose between the acceptance of one particular doctrine and the rejection of the Christian faith, except under the pressure of the sternest necessity. He, we may be certain, had fully counted the risks. He knew what the effect would be on those whom he addressed. He would never have placed them in the dilemma unless he had been satisfied that they loved their faith better than their speculations—that they would accept the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ when they found that to reject it was to reject Christianity. A serious logical operation was needed. The apostle knew that the patient could bear it.

In conclusion, there are two practical considerations to be carried away.

First, brethren, reflect how dangerous it is to pick and to choose in the things of God. It is not too much to say that some persons who would be distressed at the idea that they are bad Christians have no adequate notion at all of the truth that the Christian revelation, if accepted at all, must be accepted as a whole. They believe and think as if, in approaching the truths which God has set before us through his blessed Son and in His Word, they were, like intending purchasers entering a shop, perfectly at liberty to choose whatever might

strike their taste and fancy, and to reject the rest. The question of believing or of rejecting belief appears to them to be a matter to be decided mainly by personal bias or inclination, although, of course, it is in reality as unreasonable to do this as it is irreverent. "Unreasonable," I say, because all really revealed truth rests exactly on the same ground, and recommends itself equally to a perfectly balanced mind; and irreverent because to reject any part of revelations is, virtually, to tell the divine Revealer that He has set before the mind of His creature that which is either unmeaning or incredible. At the same time it is true that some truths may be rejected with less ruin to the entire fabric of faith than many others, just as certain limbs of the human body may be amputated without destroying life, although they impair its perfectness, while others—the head, for example—cannot be parted with without instant death. Thus two mistakes may be made about the doctrine of grace—about the meaning of large portions of Scripture—without necessarily leading to fatal consequences; but to reject the resurrection is to cut at the very root of Christian belief; it is to cease, as far as thought and feeling go, to be a Christian. A Christ who never rose from His grave is not the Christ of the Bible—not the Christ of Christendom. Such a Christ has nothing in common with our divine Saviour but the name.

And, secondly and lastly, ask yourselves, each one, "What does the resurrection of Jesus Christ mean to me? How much of my life, of my thought, of my resolve day by day, is influenced by it?" Put to yourselves the supposition—for a Christian, the dreadful, the impossible supposition—that the resurrection should be shown to be untrue. What would you have lost? Try to estimate the difference in your thoughts and lives which the loss of this truth would involve? We know what the death of such and such a relation would mean to us. We can calculate almost the exact effect by thinking over our habits of life throughout one day. We know what the reduction of our means of living to such and such a sum would involve—in the loss of comforts—in the means of doing good. What then would be the effect upon us of the withdrawal—if we could conceive it possible—of the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the creed and from the Bible? How would it touch our hold of the other Christian truths? How would it change our thoughts about the future—about the dead—about the world unseen—about our own death, and all that will follow it? How would it touch our thoughts and feelings throughout the day as, if we are Christians, they move around the person of our unseen but never absent Lord and Saviour? If we get this question honestly answered, we may form a tolerably fair estimate of the value of our faith in Christ's resurrection at this moment. If we do indeed believe that He has risen, that stu-

pendous faith does and must mould thought, feeling, resolve in all kinds of ways. If we do believe that He is risen and living, then we know that to part with this faith would be to the life of our spirits what, if the thing were possible, the extinction of the sun's light and warmth in the heavens would be to all beings that grow and breathe upon the surface of the earth.

If Jesus Christ risen is indeed the object of our faith, then our religion is not merely the critical study of an ancient sacred literature; it is a vitally distinct thing from that. It is the communion of our spirits with a divine and everlasting being. It is faith in the resurrection which marks our present relations to Jesus Christ as something altogether different from those which we have to the famous dead who have in past years filled the thoughts and governed the history of mankind. At the beginning of this century—(it is natural to remember it within these walls)—Nelson and Wellington were names second to none among those who claimed the attention of the world. Where are they now? Their dust moulders beneath your feet. Where are they now? Their disembodied spirits are waiting, we know not exactly where, for the hour of the judgment. But where is Jesus Christ? He, risen from his grave—arrayed in His glorious manhood—is seated on the throne of heaven. He is the mid-point—the centre of the great empire of living souls. He is in communication, constant and intimate, with myriads of beings to whom, by His death, and by His triumph over death, and by His enduring and exhaustless life, He is made wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. Yes, to believe in the risen Jesus is to live beneath a sky which is indeed bright. This is to believe that He is alive for evermore, and that He has the keys of hell and of death.

A Word in Season to Him that is Weary.**A SERMON**

PREACHED IN THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON, SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 25TH,
1877, BY Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

Almighty God, it is our joy to know that Thou givest power to the faint, and to them that have no might Thou dost increase strength; the bruised reed Thou wilt not break, smoking flax Thou wilt not quench. Thou dost gather the lambs in thine arms and gently lead them that are with young. Thou art patient and gentle beyond all motherliness, and as for Thy love, it hath no measure; it is as Thy mercy, enduring forever, and all mankind shall speak of Thy goodness when the world is enlightened with Thy glory. Thou dost wait for us on the hard road; Thou dost not chide us beyond our strength; Thou dost tarry and linger long like a good shepherd waiting for the flock that cannot move quickly. This have we known ourselves and it is no mystery to us, for every day Thou dost nourish us and cherish us and wait for us and expend upon us the love that redeemed the universe. Thou art so mighty and yet so gentle. The voice of the Lord is powerful; Thy voice divideth the flames of fire, and yet it is a still small voice, finding out with infinite tenderness the broken heart, the wounded spirit, the weary pilgrim, and speaking music to those that have no hope. Thy voice indeed is like the voice of many waters: when Thou dost speak in Thy Judgment Thou dost make the cedars of Lebanon skip like lambs, yea Lebanon and Sirion like young unicorns. Still Thy voice is tender and gentle—Thou dost attemper the wind to the shorn lamb; though Thy mighty tones divide all the thickets of Kadesh, yet doth the Lord give strength unto His people and bless His saints with peace.

Is it not in Thy power alone to give peace? What have we but a truce in the midst of war if we have not Thy will wrought in us as it is wrought in Thy host above? Thine is an unspeakable peace, a peace which passeth understanding; not as the world giveth dost Thou give unto Thy children when Thou dost breathe upon them the benediction of peace. Great peace have they that love Thy law. Oh, that we had hearkened to Thy commandments, walked in the way of Thy statutes; then had our peace flowed like a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea.

Thou knowest our frame, Thou rememberest that we are dust; Thou wilt not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; with every temptation Thou dost make a way of escape. Pity us in our littleness. When our infirmities gather themselves together into a great humiliation and press us down to the dust with infinite distress, then let the Lord's Almightyness be our defence, and the power of the Lord the sanctuary wherein we rest. We are weary men, we are all tired, we feel out-worn and overdone, the world is too much for our little strength. So we come to Thee, the Almighty, for renewal of power, the Allwise for the rekindling of the lamp of our wisdom. Jesus knows what weariness is, and He, great High Priest, is no stranger to pain. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been Himself in all points tempted like we are. Jesus of Nazareth, Christ of God, Man wearied with His journey, sitting on Jacob's well—do Thou look upon us, a multitude of weary travelers, sitting here awhile that we may obtain quietness and get our breath again; that we may by the study of Thy word and the worship of Thy name be better prepared for to-morrow's discipline and for the burdens we have to bear. Oh, come to us—spare us every one—breathe into our needful hearts all the promises that can sustain and inspire and make the mighty thundering of Thy word soft and gentle and tender, lest it break us by its infinite power when Thou dost mean to recover our strength and to make us still hope in Thee. Amen.

SERMON.

The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.—Isaiah 1: 4.

Shall I be very far wrong in my estimate if I take you to be, as I myself often am, all weary? Probably there are some young hearts here who will hardly allow themselves to be included in that somewhat mournful estimate, but I think I am speaking along the line of fact, and actual and most painful experience, when I assume that nine men out of every ten in this great multitude know personally, humbly, the meaning of the word *weary*. Some are weary of labor, some are weary of waiting—weary of suffering, weary of the cruel pain that never ceases to gnaw the poor heart. Just in proportion as you understand the meaning of the term “weary” and all that it implies will you enter into the poetry, the genius, the divinity of this exquisite text, “The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.”

The power of speaking to the weary is, then, according to this text, nothing less than a divine gift. As you see the divinity in your gifts will you be careful of them, thankful for them: every gift seems to enshrine the giver, God. But how extraordinary that this power of speaking to the weary should not be taught in the schools! It is not within the ability of man to teach other men how to speak to the weary-hearted, the wounded in spirit, the sore in the innermost feelings of the being. But can we lay down directions about this and offer suggestions? Probably so, but you do not touch the core of the matter. There is an infinite difference between the scholar and the genius. The scholar is made, the genius is inspired. Information can be imparted, but the true sense, the sense that feels and sees God, is a gift direct from heaven.

It is a common notion that anybody can sing. Why can you sing? Why, because I have been taught. That is your mistake. You can sing mechanically, exactly, properly, with right time, right tune, but really and truly you cannot sing. Here is a man with his notes and with the words; he sings every note, pronounces every word, goes through his lesson, finishes his task, and nobody wants to hear anything more of him. Another man takes up the same notes, the same words, and the same hearers exclaim, “Oh, that he would go on forever!” How is that?—the words exactly the same, the notes identical—how? Soul, fire, ever-burning, never consuming, making a bush like a planet. The great difficulty in all such cases is the difficulty of transferring to paper a proper or adequate conception of the power of the men who thus sway the human heart. There are some men whose biographies simply belie them, and yet every sentence in the biography is true in the letter; but the biog-

raphy is little else than a travesty and a caricature, because the power was personal—it was in the face, in the voice, in the presence, in the gait, in the touch—an incommunicable power; the hem of the garment trembled under it, but no biographer could catch it in his scholarly ink.

It is a common notion that any man can visit the sick. Let me tell you that very few ministers can enter a sick chamber with any probability of doing real and lasting good. They can read the Bible and they can pray, and yet, when they have gone, the room seems as if they had never been there. There is no sense of emptiness or desolation. Other men, probably not so much gifted in some other directions, will enter the sick-room, and there will be a light upon the wall, summer will gleam upon the window-pane, and angels will rustle gently in the air, and it will be a scene of gladness and a vision of triumph. How is that? The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I might know how—*how* to speak a word in season to him that is weary. The Lord God hath not only given me a word to say, but He hath given me learning to teach me how to speak it. Place the emphasis upon the *how*, and then you develop all the mystery, all the tender music, all the infinite capacity of manner.

You may say the right word in the wrong tone, you may preach the gospel as if it were a curse. The common notion is that anybody can go into the Sunday-school and teach the young. I fancy that it would be well if a great many persons left the Sunday-school all over the world. Teach the young—I would God I had that great gift, to break the bread for the children, and to be able to lure and captivate opening minds, and to enter into the spirit of the words—

Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

Why, it requires to be father and mother and sister and nurse and genius to speak to the young. They may hear you and not care for you: they may understand your words and be repelled by your spirit. You require the tongue of the learned to know how to speak, and that tongue of the learned is not to be had at school, college, university—it is not included in any curriculum of learning: it is a gift divine, breathing an afflatus, an inspiration—the direct and distinct creation of God, as is the star, the sun.

The speaker, then, is Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the representative of the Father, the incarnate Deity. He it is who is charged with the subtle learning, He it is whose lips tremble with the pathos of this ineffable music.

Though the gift itself is divine, you must remember that it is to be exercised seasonably. The text is, "That I should know how to speak a word *in season*." There is a time for

everything. It is not enough to speak the right word; you must speak it at the right moment. Who can know when that is? You cannot be taught. You must feel it, see it hours beyond; nay, you must know when to be silent for the whole twenty-four hours, and to say to yourself, "To-morrow, at such and such a time, I will drop that sentence upon his listening ear." "The day after to-morrow he will probably be in circumstances to admit of this communication being delivered with sympathy and effect." How few persons know the right time—the right time in conversation! Some people are never heard in conversation, though they are talking all the time. They talk so unseasonably, they talk when other people are talking, they cannot wait, they do not know how to come in along the fine line of silence; they do not understand the German expression, "Now an angel has passed," and they do not quickly enough follow in his wake. Consequently, though chattering much, they are saying nothing—though their words be multitudinous, the impression they make is a blank.

I have a ripe seed in my hand. As an agriculturist I am going to sow it to-night. And any laborer in the field can tell me that I should be acting foolishly in sowing it just now. Why? "It is out of season," the man says. "There is a time for the doing of that action; I will tell you when the time returns—do it then, and you may expect a profitable result of your labor."

Then I will change my character and be a nurse, and I will attend to my patient (perhaps I will over-attend to him—some patients are killed by over-nursing), and I will give the patient this medicine—it is the right medicine. So it is, but you are going to give it at the wrong time; and if you give the medicine at the wrong time, though itself be right, the hour being wrong, you shall bring suffering upon the patient, and you yourself shall be involved in pains and penalties. Thus we touch that very subtle and sensitive line in human life—the line of refined discrimination. You may say, "I am sure I told him." You are right—you did tell him, and he did not hear you. You may reply, "I am perfectly confident I delivered the message—I preached the exact words of the gospel." So you did, but you never got the hearing heart, your manner was so unsympathetic, so ungentle, so cruel (not meant to be unconsciously so), that the man never understood it to be a gospel. You spoiled the music in the delivery, in the giving of the message. The Lord giveth the tongue of the learned that he to whom it is given may know how to speak—how to speak the right word—how to speak the right word at the right point of time. You want divine teaching in all things, in speech not least.

Why, this is a curious word to find in the Bible. Does the

Bible care about weary people? We have next to no sympathy with them. If a man be weary, we give him notice to quit; if he ask us to what place he can retire, we tell him that is his business, not ours. Now, the tenderness of this Book is to me one of the most telling, convincing arguments on behalf of its inspiration and its divine authority. This Book means to help us, wants to help us, says "I will try to help you, never hinder you; I will wait for you; I will soften the wind into a whisper; I will order the thunder to be silent; I will quiet the raging sea; I will wait upon you at home, in solitude, at midnight, anywhere—fix the place, the time, yourself, and when your heart most needs me I will be most to your heart." Any book, found in den, in gutter, that wants to do this should be received with respect. The purpose is good; if it fail, it fails in a noble object.

Everywhere in this Book of God I find a supreme wish to help me. When I most need help the words are sweeter than the honeycomb. When other books are dumb, this Book speaks most sweetly to me. It is like a star—it shines in the darkness, it waits the going down of the superficial sun of my transient prosperity, and then it breaks upon me as the shadows thicken. This is the real greatness of God: He will not break the bruised reed. I have reminded you before that because the reed is bruised, therefore the rude man says he may break it. His argument in brief is this: "If the reed were strong, I should not touch it; but seeing that it is bruised, what harm can there be in completing the wound under which it is already suffering? I will even snap it and throw the sundered parts away." That is the reasoning of the rude man—that is the vulgar view of the case. The idea of healing is the idea of a creator. To destroy is the work of the brute beast; to gather up the poor little wounded child, and hug it to a motherly breast, is a bit of God. That instinct comes out of the Creator: He who creates also heals. Herein we see God's estimate of human nature; if He cared only for the great, the splendid, the magnificent, the robust and the everlasting, why then He would indeed be too like ourselves. The greatness of God and the estimate which He places upon human nature are most seen in all these ministrations in reference to the weak and the weary and the young and the feeble and the sad. Made originally in the image of God, man is dear to his Maker, though ever so broken. Oh! poor prodigal soul, with the divinity nearly broken out of thee, smashed, bleeding, crushed, all but completely damned and in hell—while there is a shadow of thee outside perdition, He would heal thee and save thee. Thou art a ruin, but a grand one—the majestic ruin of a majestic edifice, for knowest thou not that thou wast the temple of God?

When I am weary, even in my weariness God sees the possibility of greatness that may yet take place and be developed and supervene in immortality. How do we talk? Thus: "The survival of the fittest." It is amazing with what patience and magnanimity and majestic disregard of circumstances we allow people to die off. When we hear that a million of them have perished, we write this epitaph on their white slate tombstones: "The survival of the fittest required the decay of the weakest and the poorest." We pick off the fruit which we think will not come to much. The gardener lays his finger and thumb upon the tree, and he says, "This will not come to much"—he wrenches the poor, unpromising piece of fruit off the twig and throws it down as useless. In our march we leave the sick and wounded behind. That is the great little, the majestic insignificant, the human contradiction. We go in for things that are fittest, strongest, most promising, healthy, self-complete, and therein we think we are wise. God says, "Not a lamb must be left out—bring it up; not a sick man must be omitted; not a poor publican sobbing his 'God be merciful to me a sinner' must be omitted from the great host. Bring them all in, sick, weary, wounded, feeble, young, illiterate, poor, insignificant, without name, fame, station, force—all in: gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." I will go to that Shepherd—He will spare me and love me. When my poor strength gives out, He will not set His cruel heel upon my neck and kill me; He will gather me up in His arms, and make the whole flock stand still till He has saved His weakest one.

Oh! poor worn heart, didst thou but know the name for thy pain, thou wouldst call it *sin*. What dost thou need, then, but Christ the Son of God, the Heart of God, the Love of God. He will in every deed give thee rest. He will not add to the great weight which bows down thy poor strength; He will give thee grace, and in His power all thy faintness shall be thought of no more. Poor soul, I can well feel for thee, for I know how dark it is when the full shadow of our sin falls upon our life, and I know how all the help of earth and time and man does but mock the pain it cannot reach. Say not that Christ will not go so low down as to find one so base and vile as thou: I heard Him calling for thee; I heard His sweet voice lift itself up in the wild wind and ask whither thou hadst fled, that He might save thee from death and bring thee home. My yearning, silent one, I see thine upstarting tear, and I know what it means, for I, too, have had baptism of that same dew. My life for it, if it be not every whit the very truth of God, that Christ wants thee, and will save thee. I will go with thee, step by step, as far as man may go, for I have been there before and know the way of Christ with men. There is no wrath in

His face or voice, no sword is swung by His hand as if in cruel joy, saying, "Now at last I have my chance with you." His eyes gleam with love; His voice melts in pity; His words are gospels, every one. Let Him but see thee sad for sin, full of grief because of the wrong thou hast done, and He will raise thee out of the deep pit and set thy feet upon the rock. I wait for thee, poor, poor soul, that we may go hand and hand to Christ this night. Thou knowest that I am no fierce preacher of malediction and curse upon the poor trembling penitent. I search my heart for tender speech, for gentle word, and I ask Heaven to bless me with the gift of the persuasive tone, that I may call thee by name, sweetly as a mother might call a runaway child back to her side. Say, poor black soul, with stains upon thee like wounds, say, "I will arise and go to my Father." I cannot try. How can I? Try: the saying of it will do thee good. Oh, if I could get some throats so to open as to express this prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," the very opening of the throat, the very opening of the lips would do that soul good! The saying of it will be like the first breath of the spring wind, melting the bands of frost and bringing up flowers and birds—flowers that cannot die, birds that bring their own light with them.

Many a time I should have sunk right down without hope
of rising again but for this sweet couplet—

Christ is strong to deliver and good to redeem
 The weakest believer that hangs upon Him.

I am not triumphant always, sometimes much broken, and the darkness is round about me like three-fold, seven-fold night. God I have none, nor Christ, nor hope, nor Heaven—nothing but a memory black as darkest night. What can I do then but remember that the Bible was made for the weary, and the poor, and the sick, and the lame, and the halt and the blind, and the maimed—for the infirm, for those that have no friend and no helper; a book for the wilderness, not for the garden. You know you will fall back again if you do come? Well, still come. Do we not all fall back?

Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love:
 Take my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

What said He? He said, "If thy brother turn again, saying, I repent, forgive him, even until seventy times seven." If He laid down that measure for us, what must be the measure of His own pardoning mercy? I want victory to-night, surrender on the part of human hearts. If I could take thee, sinner, with me now, I should feel like a king who has won his last battle, and thou wouldst feel like a slave breathing the first breath of the living air of liberty.

"Are there few that be Saved?"

A SERMON

PREACHED BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,

(Canon of Westminster)

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18TH, 1877.

Then said one unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And He said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate.—Luke xiii: 23, 24.

This passage, my brethren, gives us the very essence of our Lord's teaching respecting the present and the future. Since He had dwelt so often on the difficulty and narrowness of the up-hillward path, and on the few who toil in it, whereas we see many rushing along the broad road that leadeth to destruction, some one who perhaps had more spiritual, speculative curiosity than moral earnestness, wanting to know the issues of this conflict, asked Him the plain, direct question, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" Now, supposing that it was so—supposing that, as thousands of theologians have taught for thousands of years, the vast majority are, in the next world, forever lost, would it not have been only fair to admit it? Would not our Lord's teaching have gained terrific force from admitting it? Had the answer to the question been a plain, "Yes, only few are saved," and had that view been as essential to morality as some assert, surely it would have been worse than dangerous—it would have been (be it said with reverence) wrong to suppress it. But what is the answer of the Divine Wisdom? Is it some glaring deluge of fire and brimstone for billions of years? Is it in that style in which the coarse terrorism of the Puritan is at one with the coarse terrorism of the Inquisition? No; but it is a refusal to answer. It is a strong warning to the questioner. It is a tacit rebuke to the very question. It is the pointing to a strait gate and to a narrow way whereby alone we can enter into the kingdom of God. In this sad world it is but the few who find that way, and until they find it they cannot see the kingdom of God; but there is not one word here about an irreversible doom to material torment. If we still yearn for any nearer answer about the future, we may find it perhaps in the glorious words of the prophet Isaiah, "Fear not, for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west: I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: Bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." Or, in the dazzling vision of the seer of the Apocalypse, "I beheld,

and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." Or, again, we may find it in those calm words of our Lord's own promise, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you." But the spirit of the answer of our blessed Lord on this occasion is this: "The fate of the souls whom He hath made is in the hands of Him who made them, and not in thine. Enter thou in at the strait gate."

It was in that spirit, my brethren, that I strove to speak to you last Sunday, believing that much popular teaching about the awful subject of future retribution—its physical torments, its endless, and necessarily endless duration—gives us an utterly false picture of the God of love, which, though it may find warrant in texts wrongly translated or ignorantly misunderstood, finds no warrant either in the general tone of Scripture or in God's no less sacred teachings through our individual souls. And if some would represent such a view as dangerous, I reply that my only question is, Is it true? It is falsehood which is always dangerous, but truth never. It is not for us to construct, after our own fashion, the unseen world. Things are as they are. Theologians may go on spinning their systems until the world's end; but things are as they are, and they will be as they will be; and for us to misrepresent them by the fallibility of human system, or, worse still, at the bidding of human expedients, is a blasphemy against truth and against God. What is dangerous is to drive some into indignant atheism and to entangle others under frightful superstition, and to crush yet others with a horrible despair, by representing to them Him whose name is Love as a remorseless avenger, instead of as a Father gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, "neither keepeth He His anger forever." You think, perhaps, that men will not love God without the terrors of an endless hell. So thought not David. He said, "There is mercy with Thee; therefore shalt Thou be feared." Evil souls and foolish souls, I know, make any doctrine dangerous. St. Peter tells us that they wrested the writings of St. Paul, as they did also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction. Would you, therefore, have had the Scriptures *unwritten*? Ought St. Paul never to have taken to his pen? Some of the fathers, I am afraid, held what I believe to be truth in this matter, just as hundreds of our best clergy I know hold it at this day, but fear to preach it. But the greatest and best of the fathers did preach it, and many of the saints, at whose feet I would gladly sit, have preached it in this age. And if we see a truth are we to be orthodox liars for God by suppressing it, because those think it dangerous who believe

in no more potent motive for virtue and the love of God than a ghastly fear? Are we to come before the very God of truth with a lie in our right hands? Richard Baxter—a saint of God, if ever there was one—avowed his belief that even a suicide, if hurried by sudden passion to self-slaughter, may be saved. "And if," he nobly added, "if it should be objected that what I say should encourage suicide, I answer I am not to tell a lie to prevent it." But oh, my brethren, I am not afraid, and I shall never be afraid, of doing harm by asking you to think noble things of God. I am not afraid to bid you plead with Him, in the spirit of righteous Abraham, with "Be it far from Thee, O Lord! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Or to say of Him with holy Paul, "Shall there be injustice with God? God forbid." I am not afraid to plead with Him that syllogism which, as Luther said, sums up all the psalms of David, "The God of pity pities the wretched. We are wretched, therefore, not surely in this short world only, but forever, God will pity us."

Punish us? Yes, punish us, because He pities; but God judges that He may teach; He never teaches that He may judge. He will, indeed, condemn us; it may be hereafter, and it must be, if we die in willful sin, to His *αιωνιος* fire; but it is the fire of love. It is to purify, and not to torture; it is to melt, and not to burn; and we would be melted by that fire of love, by flames far fiercer than are blown to prove and purge the adulterated silver ore. God Himself tells us that He afflicteth not willingly, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness; but it would be the utter contrary of this to torture us forever in a hopeless hell. And shall we believe His own words? Our Church, thank God! wiser than her wisest, tenderer than her tenderest ministers, speaks otherwise in her burial service; and I, who believe in a God whose name is Love; who rely with all my heart on the mercy of the Merciful; who put my whole trust and confidence in that loving God who is the Saviour of all men; who think that the key to all the dreadful perplexities of life and death lies in the belief that Christ lived and Christ died—I say God forbid. I would far rather trust to the instinct of the Christian, and to the Christian poet or saint, than to the pedantry of the Pharisaic dogmatist. I would rather accept, as reflecting the mind of God, the broad humanitarian charity—the keen and tender sensibilities—than the hard systems of heartless theologians. And our greatest living poet writes thus in the very spirit of my text:

At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer pealed from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand.
And on the glimmering summit, far withdrawn,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

Dismissing, then, all controversy, which I never wish to introduce into this or any pulpit, not deigning to answer mere angry ignorance or raging prejudice, but realizing, with deep responsibility, the sacredness of this place, and desiring, in deepest humility, to lead aright the thoughts of men and women with open minds and loving hearts, I will ask you to glance a little closer with me at God's ways with man; not in idle speculation; not in the interests of any dogma; but because a few years hence death stares us in the face, and because faith in the future may beneficially influence our work in the present. Let us for a few moments glance at what we are, and at what we may hope in the future for others and for ourselves.

There are, in the main, three classes of men. There are the saints; there are the reprobates; there is that vast intermediate class lying between, yet shading off by infinite gradations from these two extremes. Of the saints, my brethren, I shall not speak. Their promise is sealed, their lot is sure. Beautiful, holy souls, into whom, entering in every age, the Spirit of God has made saints of God and prophets! They are the joy of heaven; they are the salt of earth. We, every one of us, are better for them, as the dull clods of the earth are better for the snowy hills whence the rivers flow, as the stagnant air of earth is better for the pure winds which scatter the pestilence. Oh, what would the world be, what would England be, what would this great oppressive city be, without them—without the ten righteous, the thirty, the forty, the fifty righteous, for whose sake the heavens do not burst to drown with deluging rain the feeble vassals of lust and anger and wine, the little hearts that know not how to forgive? What would this city be if it were nothing more than sin? Greedy coil of jarring slanders, of reckless competition, of selfish luxury, of brutal vice. Many, we know, are the sinners, and few, we know, are the saints of God, and they are mostly poor, and very often despised; and yet it is they alone who save the world from corruption by the gangrene of its own vices, and from dissolution by the centrifugal forces of its own hate. Their gentle words break upon our wranglings with the balm of love. Their calm faces look in upon our troubles with peace and hope.

"Ever their statues rise before us—

Our loftier brothers, but one in blood.

At bed and table they lord it o'er us,

With looks of beauty and words of good."

A millionaire—a successful man—though the world may crawl at his feet, is but as the small dust of the balance; but, O God, give us saints! About them we have no controversy. We know that they shall be happy. We know that God will treasure them in the day when He maketh up His jewels. We

know that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived what God shall give to them that love Him."

But if they, the unassailably secure, be eternally happy, what of the other extreme? What of the reprobates? We see sometimes an heroic virtue; would to God we never saw also a brutal vice! Not far from this place is a vast prison holding some twelve hundred criminals. Every time the great clock of Westminster booms out its chimes to the tune—

"Lord, through this hour be Thou my Guide,
So through Thy power no foot shall slide"—

those prisoners hear it. Among them are some who have got within the arm of the law, but are hardly criminal at all, and these might even be liberated. Others there are who have fallen into crime only from surrounding temptations, and from natures weak, but not depraved; these might be reclaimed. But some there are whom those who know them describe as filthy, cruel, brutal, irreclaimable, and whom society gives up. It is thus, though I have been obliged greatly to suppress and soften his words, that one of the greatest of our living writers speaks of them. "Miserable, distorted blockheads," he calls them, "with faces as of dogs or oxen—angry, sullen, degraded—sons of a greedy, mutinous darkness—base-natured beings, on whom, in a maleficent life of London scoundrelism, the genius of darkness has visibly set his seal—who," he asks, "could ever command them by love? A collar round the neck, a cart-whip laid heavily on the back—these in an impartial and steady human hand? Or what should be afforded them?" And he proposes, with all speed possible, to get rid of them at once. Well, my brethren, the punishment of all crime is just, and society has a right, by a stern punishment, to protect the innocent, and yet I rejoice with all my heart that the Saviour of mankind never spake in terms like those. I rejoice that He rather said that He came to bring sinners to repentance—to seek and to save those that were lost. And if you ask me whether I must not believe in endless torments for these reprobates of earth, I answer "Ay, for them, and for thee, and for me too, until we have learned with all our hearts to love good and not evil; but whether God, for Christ's sake, may not enable us to do this even beyond the grave, if we have failed to do so on this side the grave, I cannot say. I know that God hates sin, because He loves the soul that it destroys. I know that the path of that hatred is as the path of a flaming sword, which he who hath eyes may see, divinely beautiful and divinely terrible, everywhere burning up as with unquenchable fire the false and death-worthy from the true and life-worthy. Yet I know also that for these reprobates Christ died. The bigot may judge their souls if he will, the Pharisee may consign them with orthodox equanimity to end-

less torments; but I cannot, will not "forbear to judge" said the wise and holy king by the awful death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, when he died and made no sign—

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all :
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.

Born and bred as these have been, surrounded as they have been with sights and sounds of degradation, what should we have been—what wouldst thou have been, O comfortable bigot? What wouldst thou have been, O prosperous Pharisee, if thou in this world hadst had no more chance than these? Pointing to a murderer as he went on his way to execution, "There," said a good and holy man, "there, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford." If, as we look into the abyss of our own hearts, we see infinite potentialities of guilt and vice, so, as we look on these, we see in them, in spite of all their shame and stain, the infinite potentialities of virtue; and is it not almost blasphemous to suppose that He who created human beings with such rich capacity as these, should throw them from Him forever into everlasting darkness? Not mine, at any rate, shall it be to close against them, with impetuous recoil and jarring sound, those gates of hell, lest they should be more justly closed upon me; but I commend them, with humblest hope, even after this life of hopelessness, to Him who did not loathe the whiteness of the leper, and who suffered the woman who was a sinner to wash His feet with tears. That without holiness none can see God; that every guilty deed of every sinner, if unrepented of, must bring a just and awful retribution; that for every impure and for every cruel soul there remaineth, if it repent not, even behind the clouds of this world, the dark night—that I know; but when I remember that even these reprobates had been known to burst into tears at a mother's name, that even these have been known at times to flash out into high deeds of momentary heroism, I say that God's spirit has nowhere taught us that He who gave cannot give back; that He who once made them innocent children cannot restore their innocence again; that He who created them—He who wills them to be saved—cannot recreate them in His own image—cannot obliterate all their vileness in the blood of Christ, and uncreate their sins. At any rate, no arrogant word, no theologic dogma, no acrid prejudice of mine, shall ever utter to them the language of despair, or stand between these and God's light and His love. The Good Shepherd Himself has told us, and must we not believe His words, that He will not cease to search for these, the lost sheep, until He find them? Here, again, the Christian poet teaches us far more truly than the hard theologian:

"Still, for all slips of her,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of her,
Oozing so clammy;
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast—
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.

But, my brethren, lastly, the vast, vast mass of mankind belong to the third class. They are not utter reprobates; they are not perfect saints. They may rise to the one, they may sink to the other, but for the most part they are, like all of us, undecided. They try to face both ways. They halt between two opinions. They are neither cold nor hot. They have not closed heart and soul with good; they have not abandoned themselves utterly to evil. They want to be pardoned, yet they want to retain the offence.

They shudder to be in a state of sin, yet they attain not to a state of grace. There is the temper in them, and there is Christ. Now they sin with reckless abandonment; now they repent with bitterest remorse. The angel has them by the hand and the serpent by the heart. To how many of us here will these words apply? We break no law of man; to the eye of man it might seem that we break no law of God, but, oh, what would be thought of us if we were all seen as we are—if our hearts were naked and open to each other as they are to God? And it is those who do try to be God's children who most realize their own exceeding sinfulness. This is why the cry of remorse and anguish which springs from the lips of a Fenélon or a Cowper is far more bitter than any confession which is ever wrung from a Richelieu or a Voltaire. Many, many of these better and saintlier and tenderer souls have been, I believe, utterly and hopelessly made wretched even to madness, as poor Cowper was, by that false view of God which is given by the pitiless anathemas of man. To all this comes the cry, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith our God." Your own holier instincts tell you so. Son or brother or friend or father dies—we all have lost one. It may be that they were not holy, not even religious, perhaps not even moral men; and it may be that, after living the common life of men, they die quite suddenly and with no space for repentance; and if a state of sin be not a state of grace, then certainly, by all rules of man's theology, they had not repented; they were not saved. And yet, when you stood, O father, O brother, heavy-hearted by their open grave, when you drank in the sweet words of calm and hope which our Church utters over those poor remains;

when you laid the white flowers on the coffin; when you heard the dull rattle of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," you who, if you knew their sins and their failings, knew also something of all that was good and sweet and amiable and true in them, dared you—did you, even in the inmost recesses of thought, consign them, as you are honestly bound to do—as you ought to do if you held the creed which you sometimes profess to hold—dared you and did you consign them, even in your thoughts, to the unending anguish of the popular creed you teach? Or did your heart, your conscience, your sense of justice, your love of Christ, your faith in God, your belief in Him of whom you sing every Sunday that "His mercy is everlasting," rise in revolt against your nominal profession then?

You can bear to think of them as you can bear to think of yourselves, suffering as they never did on earth the aching glow of God's revealing light, the willing agony of God's remedial fire. We should all desire—we should even pray for that. It is the natural consequence of our own alienation, meant, not to torment us, but to profit. An arbitrary infliction of burning torment, an endless agony, a material hell of worm and flame, a doom to everlasting sin, and all this with no prospect of amendment, with no hope of relief—the soul's transgressions of a few brief hours of struggling, tempted life, followed by billions of millenniums in scorching fire, and all this meant not to correct, but to harden, not to amend, but to torture and degrade.—do you believe in that for any one whom you have ever loved? Again I say, God forbid! Again I say, I fling from me with abhorrence such a creed as that. Let every Pharisee gnash his teeth if he will; let every dogmatist anathematize; but that I cannot and do not believe. Scripture will not let me; my conscience, my reason, my faith in Christ, the voice of the Spirit within my soul, will not let me. God will not let me. What I do believe is this: That for every willful sin which we commit, unless it be repented of, we shall hereafter, as we do now, feel the heavy and the merciful wrath of God until He hath purged the vile dross from us and made us as the fine gold for Himself.

One has said—and it seems to me, and the highest authorities, too, have declared—that we, in this Church of England, may have and cherish this hope, that they who have had no chance here shall have one there; that they who had a poor chance here shall have a better there; that they who have had a good chance here and lost it will get a new and severer chance; and even while they feel the inevitable results of their sin and folly, will feel also the hands that reach through darkness moulding man. What! shall nature fill the

hollows of her coarse, rough flints with purple amethysts? Shall she, out of the grimy coal, over which the shivering beggar crouches to warm his limbs, form the glittering diamond which trembles on the forehead of a queen? Shall man take the cast-off rubble and slag of the furnace and educe from it his most lustrous and glowing dyes? And shall God, the God of nature, not be able to make anything of His ruined souls? And what! shall we be able to pity and to love—as we can, thank God, pity and love those who have wronged us? shall we be willing to pardon our prodigals and to call them home? And shall God not be willing, or, if willing, who shall dare to say that He is not able even beyond the grave? Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall man be more just than his Maker? We made them not these sinners. They are not the people of our pasture or the sheep of our hand; and yet, if we can feel for them a sincere and yearning love and a trembling pity, and if that love and pity spring from all that is holiest and most Christ-like in our souls, and if it would be wholly impossible for even us guilty creatures to be as remorseless as to condemn our very deadliest enemies to an endless vengeance, are we to believe this of God? To believe that He who planteth mercy in us cannot be merciful? To believe that He will, in those words of a theologian which I quoted last Sunday, hold us up with one hand and torment us with the other, though He knoweth our frames and remembereth that we are but dust?

Or, shall we not rather believe, as the wise woman of Tekoah said to David three thousand years ago, "We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground?" And God does not take away life, but devises devices that the wanderer may not be forever expelled from Him.

Yes, where sin aboundeth grace shall much more abound. If God visits the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Him, He showeth mercy, not only unto thousands, as our version has it, but unto the thousandth and thousandth generation of them that love Him and keep His commandments; and so always in God's promises, though not in man's systems, in God's revelation, though not in man's beliefs, there is a vast overbalance of mercy above wrath, and therefore, my brethren, let us not fear. Have faith in God. Think noble things of God. Be sure that trust in the righteous God means the triumph of good over evil. Be sure that the course of Christ, and Christ's plenteous redemption, and Christ's infinite atonement, must in some way, though we know not how, mean—or, at any rate, we may suppose it to mean—that the evil of this world shall be transformed into its good, and that earth's sinners—far off it

may be—shall be transformed, far off, yet at last, into God's saints.

I say to thee, Do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayst meet
In lane, highway or open street,
That we, and he and all men, move
Under the canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.
And ere thou leave him say yet thou
This one word more, They only miss
The winning of that final bliss
Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, reign above,
And that in it we live and move.
And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,
Despite of all it seems—that strife
And curses are with blessings rife—
That this is blessing; this is life.

The Surrender to Infidelity—A Reply to Henry Ward Beecher.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Justin D. Fulton, D.D.

Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him who formed it, Why didst thou make me thus?—Rom. ix: 20.

The surrender to infidelity by the so-called Christian minister is the most alarming feature of the hour. There seems to be a race on the part of many to see who shall first desert God and His Word, and by so doing win the favor of the world. The sentiments of Universalists, who claim that God is too good to condemn any one to eternal punishment, and of Romanists, who claim that through purgatorial fire all will be fitted for heaven, are at the present time in high favor, while the old and tried foundations are being deserted and the truths of Revelation are claimed to be exploded by "the crucial tests of modern scholarship." Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in an interview reported in the *New York Herald*, January 20, 1878, says: "I doubt whether in the days of the Old Testament, or in the Jewish mind at the time of our Saviour, the sharp, metaphysically accurate idea of time and duration existed. I believe that what they meant by eternal was a vague and nebulous period of time, and that it was not used in a sharp, scientific sense, but in a poetic, or rather in a generalizing sense; just as we say a hundred when we only mean many, or as we say forever when we simply mean long periods of time." The folly of such an utterance, to call it by no worse name, needs but a moment's consideration to make it apparent. It is a sword that cuts both ways. If *forever* means nothing regarding hell, it means no more when used in reference to heaven. It snaps the cable of hope, and permits the voyager to eternity to drift on an unexplored sea amid storms and currents, without a chart and without a compass. It is strange that hearers in such a congregation do not arise and use the language of the women who looked into the open sepulchre, saying: "They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid Him." Such utterances unship the rudder of hope, dispel

the power of revelation, and change light to gloom. It seems surprising that Christian ministers will consent to yield to Satan and take part in this proceeding. Nothing, since Eve doubted God, and gave ear to a lying serpent, has been more astounding or foolhardy.

MAN SITTING IN JUDGMENT ON GOD.

Shall man sit in judgment on God? Man, weak, narrow, short-sighted, who appeared yesterday and will disappear from the stage of action to-morrow, in his blindness, if not madness, attempts to weigh the declarations of Almighty God, and in his pride sets this one regarding eternal punishment aside, and permits this one that gives a hope of heaven to stand! "Who art thou, O vain man, that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him who formed it, Why didst Thou make me thus?" Paul cherished a conception in his heart of the infinite right of God to rule, and that He held it not with man's consent or permission, but as His own prerogative, and is under no obligation to explain it. As He said to Moses so He speaks to all, saying: "I will have mercy on whomsoever I have mercy, and I will have compassion on whomsoever I have compassion." So then it is not of him who walks, nor of him who runs, but of God who shows mercy. "Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him who formed it, Why didst Thou make me thus? Has not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor? And what if God, willing to show forth His wrath and to make known His power, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction; and that He might make known the riches of His glory on vessels of mercy, which He had before prepared for glory; whom He also called, even as not from among the Jews only, but also from among the Gentiles?" This is the language of a Sovereign. This Being I worship. Never since the prophet Elijah came unto all the people and said, "How long halt ye between two opinions?—if the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him," has there been a better time to take one's stand on the side of the Lord. As when Moses came down from the top of Mount Sinai, where he had been in converse with the Supreme, he found the people shouting, dancing and singing before the golden calf, and, filled with surprise and dismay, he stood in the gate of the camp, and said, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me"; so is it meet that the true heroes and loyal soldiers of our Lord Jesus Christ should declare: I have no new gospel to preach; no explanations to make. The Word of God stands the same. These men who doubt it will suffer because of it, and their names shall be blotted out of God's book. The air

is full of doubt. Religion, in the estimation of many, is but little better than a play, and preaching is little more than a business. In the home, in the sanctuary and in the Sabbath-school, this terrible feature confronts us. Men run wild with infidelity, as if doubting revelation destroyed it, and as if rebellion against God annihilated Him. God's ways have never been submitted to men. They are high above us as are the stars. We may point to them, and declare them, but need not explain them. The battle that is raging all along the line will do good. It will clear the air. It will reveal the characteristics of our so-called Christianity. It will declare whether men believe in God or seek to be pleasers of themselves. It is not surprising that some have spoken out again who have for years been accustomed to throw a tub to this whale of infidelity. There is special need to

STAND UP FOR THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

Not in sorrow, not in anger, but in love to souls and in loyalty to Christ do I call your attention to a few remarkable statements contained in a corrected copy of a sermon preached by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth pulpit. Were I to keep silence I should serve his error. In replying I hope to help forward the truth. He says: "It seems very strange to very many men that the human race were created on a scale so vast and with so little provision for their development." These words are misleading. The human race was created, as described in Genesis 1: 27-28, with every inducement and possibility to development. This no one knows better than the author of the utterance given above. Now, I do not come here as an apologist for God. If there is anything that degrades the pulpit, that belittles ministers, it is this seeming fear that Jehovah will lose popular favor; hence this surrender to error, and this trying to keep in with the devil. There are two kinds of ministers. One finds his gospel in what men like; he voices the average sentiment of the hour. Another and a better kind finds out what man needs, and brings from God the balm of Gilead and the message of life, regardless as to whether men, ruined and lost, will bear or forbear. For one, I believe in the God of the Bible and in the Bible of God. I have no desire to argue as to the truth of Revelation. My commission reads: "Go preach to every creature, and whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be damned." Sinners may believe in Christ and be saved. They may reject Christ and be lost. There is but one thing that damns, and that is sin; but one power that can save, and that is the power of faith in Christ. Again, we read: "It is said in the catechism that our first parents were created righteous; that they fell from their original state, and

that their posterity fell with them. Science teaches us that the human race sprang, I will not say how far back, but certainly as far back as the savage condition. This is the modern testimony of science, and it is not contradicted by the catechism. So far the catechism and science agree." To me it is of very little importance what the catechism teaches. There are a great variety of catechisms. As a minister I have to do with the Bible, and not with man-made catechisms. In this case the catechism communicates a Bible truth, and so is valuable. Better, however, let God speak, as He does in Genesis i: 27, where it reads: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created He them. And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." The story of man's fall is given in Genesis iii; in which Satan is described as tempting Eve, who ate the forbidden fruit and died a spiritual death, and gave to Adam, who ate also. When their eyes were opened and they saw their nakedness, and when they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden at the cool of the day, they hid themselves. They were afraid of God. Only the righteous can live in His presence. The sinner is exposed to "wrath which is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness, because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God manifested it to them." This truth is illustrated by the conduct of Adam and Eve in the garden. Then came ruin upon the race. If science tells this story it tells the truth. If it gives any other version of the origin of the race, it tells a falsehood.

THIS SURRENDER EXCUSELESS.

There is no excuse for the surrender. Our first parents were worthy of God's workmanship. They were created in the image of God. They possessed every faculty of mind, body and soul in perfection. The supposition that man became what he is to-day after ages of development is the sheerest bosh, and no one knows it better than the student of history. Man in the early ages—in poetry, in art, in architecture, in skilled mechanism, in great conceptions, as revealed by the monuments left of his genius—was in advance of anything we have to-day. Mankind was not thrown abroad on this continent in myriads, nor on any other continent. The race began in a pair, and grew. This continent was peopled by individuals. They did not come in swarms, as flies or locusts, that spring as a surprise to desolate, destroy and die. Strange utterances here meet us. This is one of them: "It is said that there is a revelation from God, but we should expect if God has made a revelation to the nascent race, that He would have told them how they

are made, what connection there is between their faculties, and what relation they sustain to the world outside of them; but they went on propagating one thousand years, two thousand years, three thousand years, without receiving any information." This declaration fills me with amazement. Had an infidel uttered it I might have passed it by. But coming from such a source it deserves to be noticed. The utterance contains a misstatement of fact. On reading it I felt to sympathize with an old Methodist woman, who, hearing an infidel denying the atonement, shouted out, "Thank God, that's a lie!" We know that God had the gospel preached to Adam and Eve. Abel preached it to Cain, and was slain. Noah was a preacher of righteousness before the tide-wave of wrath swept the race into eternity; and as soon as the flood was past, and the race again began to people the world, the truth was proclaimed by angels and by men. Abram, Isaac and Jacob kept the testimony before the people. Then came Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, prophets, priests and kings, all along to Christ's time. For, from the creation of the world, His invisible things are clearly seen, being perceived by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse. Then the preacher builds up a terrible picture. He describes all the living host as doomed to death and hell; he ignores the warnings given and the trophies of redeeming grace, and intimates that during three-fourths of the history of man "the race was without an altar, or a church, or an authorized priest, a revelation, or anything but the light of nature."

MAN NEVER WITHOUT LIGHT.

The race never was in that condition one moment. For ever since time began, and man became a sentient being, the voice of God has sounded forth to all, and man has been made conscious of his need of a Saviour, as is seen by the temples built, the altars reared, and by the sacrifices offered up. The worst passage is yet to come. He says: "If now you tell me that this great mass of men, because they had not the knowledge of God, went to heaven, I say that the inroad of such a vast amount of mud swept into heaven would be destructive of its purity, and I cannot accept that view." The trouble is, when a man begins wrong he keeps wrong. It is true, nevertheless, that as in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. Christ atoned for Adam's transgression, and offers redemption to all who have sinned. Those who die in unconscious infancy anywhere and at any time are saved by the atonement of Christ. Hence they come, and have been coming for ages and ages, from the North and South, from the East and West, from the wilds of Tartary and Africa, from the steppes of Siberia and the sunny plains of Italy. The number

of the redeemed is so great that no man can number them. They are washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb.

A SOLEMN OATH.

"If, on the other hand," says the preacher, "you say that they went to hell, then you make an infidel of me; for I do swear, by the Lord Jesus Christ, by His groans, by His tears and by the wounds in His hands and in His side, that I will never let go of the truth that the nature of God is to suffer for others rather than to make them suffer. If I lose everything else, I will stand on the sovereign idea that God so loved the world that He gave His own Son to die for it rather than it should die." Is this language meaningless, or is it Universalism? Is it designed to mislead? The story is told of a negro who heard his minister preach in such a way that, do what he would, he was sure to be damned, and so he resolved to take to the woods. This utterance declares that all cannot go to heaven, and that the residue must not be sent to hell at the peril of making an infidel of the preacher. What is to become of sinners? Does he declare for purgatorial fire, or for an undefined scheme of restoration, or for annihilation? The language is indefinite. It is a fog bank. It is a delusion and a snare. "Tell me that back of Christ there is a God who for unnumbered centuries has gone on creating men and women, and sweeping them like dead flies—nay, like living ones—into hell, is to ask me to worship a being as much worse than the conception of any mediæval devil as can be imagined; but I will not worship the devil, though he should come dressed in royal robes and sit on the throne of Jehovah. I will not worship cruelty. I will worship love that sacrifices itself for the good of those that err, and that is as patient with them as a mother is with a sick child. With every power of my being will I worship a God of love such as that." My friends, God does not need a guardian. He is supreme. The insult to Jehovah is found in the intimation. "Moreover, the Lord answered Job and said, Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct Him? He that reproveth God let him answer it." A man with a Bible within reach, to picture God as dealing with human beings in the way described, makes a terrible mistake. I would not like to run his risk, nor to wear into the presence of the throne the blood of souls which must stain his garments.

A gallant ship, well built and well manned, has its prow pointed toward the El Dorado. It is given out that whoever sails in this ship, though they come from pest-smitten hovels, from damp and dingy cellars, or from the garrets of the poor, they shall be assured of a home, of wealth and of happiness, in the country beyond the sea. The poor, the sad, the smitten come. They are about to embark; they are to leave squalor

for comfort, hunger for food, poverty for plenty. Just then a man well known, who claims to have seen the country at least by the eye of faith, rails against the proposition, calls the maker of it a tyrant, and discourages those who were to seek help from making the attempt. The many refuse to act, and so are left behind to suffer and to die. The illustration does injustice to the fact. Here is a better portraiture of the truth: "God, who in many parts and in many ways, spoke of old to the fathers by the prophets, in these last days spoke to us by His Son, whom He appointed heir of all things, by whom He also made the world, who being made the brightness of His glory and the impress of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself made a cleansing of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, from henceforth expecting until His enemies be made His footstool." That is the God back of our Lord Jesus Christ. "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might have everlasting life."

NO SIN IN HEAVEN.

The truth of the existence of heaven has been sounding out all along the centuries. There is nothing hidden, nothing covered. God cannot look upon sin with allowance. He has purer eyes than to behold iniquity. The man who sins dies. He dies to God's love. He dies to his nobler self. The distinctions between right and wrong are as eternal as God Himself. This truth the preacher felt. It flashed on him. It spoke through him when he said, "The relation between sin and retribution belongs not to the mere temporal condition of things; it inheres in the divine constitution, and is for all eternity." Amen, say God's children everywhere. It is because of this we have hope. It is because of the barrier of God's purpose against letting sin invade heaven that there is any heaven in our thought or hope. "The prospect for any man who goes out of this life resolute in sin may well make him tremble, and may well make us tremble for him."

Sad are we that he should have spoken what follows: "But it is not true—the Scripture does not teach it, and the whole sense of human justice revolts at it—that for the myriads who have been swept out of this life without the light and knowledge of divine love there is reserved an eternity of suffering." Who says that it is true? God declares that the soul that sinneth it shall die. Sin is an act. It is the result of choice. It is because that the sinner knew better than he did that he is punished. It is because none of the lost were righteous—not one—that they are lost. None of them sought God. "They are all gone out of His way. They are together become un-

profitable. There is none that doeth good, not so much as one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips, whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes." Such is a description of the lost.

Hell is not full of innocents. Sinners suffer the wrath of an angry God, not innocents. The intimation that all the lost are in this garden of the Lord, and are to have some chances beside those which they have on earth, and that they are to go up through other schools than those of time, does injustice to the truth of revelation and of common sense. Hell is the prison-house of the damned, created for the devil and his angels. In the words of our Lord concerning Dives in hell, there is between hell and heaven an impassable barrier; there can be no passing from the one to the other locality.

Again, there is nothing in suffering calculated to redeem a man. The man given to lust suffers the most excruciating agony, with the full knowledge that his pain is directly caused by his sin, but after the paroxysm of suffering is over he goes again to his transgression and to his shame. The same truth is seen every day among those who suffer. Go to yonder prison. If any are helped and blessed it is not because of what they suffer, but because of what Christ suffered for them. Sin brings forth evil. Crime begets crime. Men who are bad go on from bad to worse. What makes sin in a child so terrible? It will not grow less, but greater and greater as the years run on. It is difficult to get a man hardened in sin to yield. The hope of this world is largely with the young.

THE DREAM OF PURGATORIAL FIRE.

This dream of purgatorial fire has cursed the earth. It kept thousands in sin because they delighted in it, and caused them to will their property to the Church of Rome after death because of the assurance that there would be, through somebody else's prayers, a way out of hell. They gave their possessions to the Church when they could enjoy them no more. After having refused to surrender to Christ, and having continued in rebellion so long as it was in their power to sin, they pushed on in mad rebellion against God. If salvation for souls is infinite, the word of God misleads that says, "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts." "For if we willingly sin, after having received the knowledge of the truth, there no longer remains a sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and a fiery indignation which will devour the adversary." "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." There is not in Scripture, from Genesis to Revela-

tion, any support for this Popish lie—that there is a way out of hell—whether it goes by the name of Restorationism or Purgatory. Our Lord and Saviour, in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, emphasizes this truth: “And when the Son of man shall come in His glory and all the angels with Him, then will He sit on His throne of glory. And before Him shall be gathered all the nations; and He will divide them one from another as the shepherd divides the sheep from the goats. And He will set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left; then will the King say to those on His right hand, Come, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world. Then will He say also to those on the left hand, Depart from me, accursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.”

This teaches that heaven, the home of God, is the Christian's inheritance, and that hell, the place prepared for the devil and his angels, is to be the future abode of the sinner. These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life.

Having now reviewed in brief some of the more misleading portions of the discourse under consideration, let us briefly consider a few reasons why it is not well to reply against God, and why the thing formed should not say to Him who formed it, “Why didst Thou make me thus?”

1. *Because the Gospel does no harm.*—It never invites to a worse, but always to a better life. It never drags down, it always builds up. It calls the sinner away from sin, which is sure to produce death, to a life of holiness, which is ever the prelude to a state of happiness. That invitation to a better life we press upon the attention of those who are still aliens to God. Love presses its claim and exerts its constraining power.

2. *Because God is better and wiser than man.*—He loves as man never could love. He plans with a wisdom which it is not possible to improve upon. Hence, if man goes down to hell, it is because inclination, appetite, lust, and the rule of a carnal heart outweigh the constraining power of the love of Christ and the inducements to lead a better life.

3. *Because man is in danger.*—He is without Christ, without hope. Broad is the road that leads to death, and thousands walk therein. Narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it. Our mission is to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and to invite them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and to be saved.

4. *Sinners are in peril.*—Two families, in frail tenements, founded on the sand, lived beside the sounding sea. A bulkhead, also resting on sand, was between them and a restless ocean. A storm came up. It sounded like reverberating thunder. It lashed the sea into foam and lifted the waters into

mighty and threatening billows. Night came on. The storm increased. The women and the children trembled and asked to be removed to a place of safety. The men went out, looked into the face of the maddened sky and came back, saying, "There is no danger." There was danger. It increased every moment. It was heard in the tempest. It was seen in the rising waves. At last the men went to seek for help. It was too late. The waves rose still higher. The storm blew fiercer. The floods arose and swept over the frail support, and houses and inhabitants were whelmed in the waves of the sea.

Another and fiercer storm, dear sinner, is on your track. Jesus Christ offers to save you. Accept Him and live, and be not foolhardy, "O man, whoever thou art and reply against God."

Rooted in Love.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Newman Hall**, LL.B., IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LONDON, ENGLAND.

That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.—Eph. iii: 16-18.

What a comprehensive prayer for a universal blessing! What wish can the preacher express better than such a wish as this? God grant that this Church, and that all the Church of Christ may more and more experience the fulfilment of it!

This sublime and comprehensive prayer of the Apostle is addressed unto the "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." God is the Universal Father; He is the Father of the universe in the sense of creating and supporting it; but here He is "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," He to whom Jesus specially appeals. But the same Jesus who appeals to Him as Father taught us to call Him "our Father"; and there is a new relationship set up between us and God. He is "our Father" in Christ, our Elder Brother, through Christ the Only Begotten Son of the Father; for in Christ the whole family in heaven and earth is named. He is the head of the household, the "household of faith"; and however sub-divided, and however we may sometimes fail to recognize the parts of the family through divisions exaggerated and dwelt upon far too much, there is but one family; and all who love God in Christ Jesus are members of that family. Christ is the Elder Brother; in Him we are confederated. Throughout the earth all that call upon Him with sincere hearts are one family. There can be many congregations and denominations, but there is but one family for heaven, and on earth really but one—"the household of faith." There are those who in heaven belong to it, one with those on earth. They have left it, but they have not left the family. Christ is the head of it, and the appeal is made to God "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He would grant you according to the riches of His glory"; that He would bless them, not according to their merits, not according to their prayers, but according to the riches, the wealth, the unsearchable riches of His glory; and that, in accordance with that infinitude of capacity to supply our need we might be "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man;" we might be inwardly and spiritually strengthened by His

Spirit, in consequence of which inward strengthening this is the prayer, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith"; that Christ, in whom all fulness dwells; that Christ, the manifestation of God, His dear Son, in whom we know and understand the Deity—that Christ may not visit us occasionally, but take up His abode in our hearts, now paltry habitation as it is, polluted and defiled as it is, yet nevertheless that these hearts of ours may be the abiding dwelling-place of the Lord Jesus Christ! And what a prayer!

Then, as the result of that, we may comprehend the boundlessness of Divine love, and be filled with all its fulness!

The keystone of this wonderful arch is love. "God is love"; and His religion is like Himself—it is a religion of love. The first and great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"; and the second is like unto it, namely, this, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Love is the fulfilment of all law; and every development of Christianity is a development of love. Knowledge is essential; but it is a knowledge that comes through love. "He that loveth not knoweth not God." Faith is essential; but it is a faith that worketh by love. Obedience is essential; but it is an obedience that is prompted by love. "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge: that if one died for all, then were all dead; but that He died for all that henceforth we should not live to ourselves, but unto Him that died for us and rose again."

"The fruit of the Spirit is love"; penitence is love, bathing the Saviour's feet with her tears; patience is love, kissing the rod; prayer is love, holding communion with the Father; praise is the adoration of love; hope is the expectation of love; joy is the delight of love; heaven is the full appreciation of love. Love is the bond that unites the whole family. The purity of the robes up yonder is love; the harmony of the music that fills the eternal spheres is love; the light that glitters there is the light of love; and our meetness for heaven, and our progress toward the eternal inheritance, is proportioned to our being "rooted and grounded in love."

"Rooted in love!" I seem to see that grand old oak that I have known, and you may have known such a one from your childhood. What a massive, enormous column of a stem! it is girt with a mass of branches holding up a forest of verdure. You remember it when you were a child, and now you are a man it does not seem to be any older! What generations have rested under its shadows, and what generations have been carried past it to yonder churchyard! How often the storm has visited it! and the violent tempest has shaken its branches and wrestled with it! But still, while many a similar tree has been torn up by the roots, this old oak has shaken its fists at the

storm! The storms of wind and rain have done **it no harm!** There it remains, and there it will remain, unmoved; and while other trees have been uprooted, and the grass has been burnt, and the flowers are hanging their heads, how is it that that old oak remains, so grand and bright in its verdure? Because it is feeding at the reservoirs and secret streams deep down in the earth; and so while this oak is first strengthened to resist the hurricane, and then receiving nourishment from the deep hidden springs and streams, that old oak can stand firmer and firmer. Oh, that we may be so rooted in love and grounded in love!

Look at yonder castle, built upon the spur of the mountain. How gray it is! It looks like the color of the mountain itself; it bears the tints of the neighboring rocks. How often have the rains descended upon it, and the storms beaten upon its walls! But it still stands, because it is firmly fixed upon its rocky foundation. It is established there, and held to its rocky holding by strong clamps, so that the storm and the torrent cannot shake it.

So may we be rooted and grounded in love! And thus being "rooted and grounded in love, we may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." These terms were not perhaps intended to convey each of them a distinct idea, but generally to represent the vastness of the Divine love; and yet we may make use of these various expressions just to classify what we have to say on the matter.

The "breadth" suggests to us the extent of that love, the vastness of that field for which it is designed, and for which it provides. God loves all His creatures. God loves all mankind. There is no one of the whole human family shut out from the living, the loving Father. Go to the heart of Africa—you shall find it there! Go to the islands of the sea—you shall find it there! Go to the millions of China—you shall find it there! Go to the frozen north—you shall find it there! Go to the torrid zone—you shall find it there! And this love of God finds its largest expression in Christ: "For, as by the offence of one many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." Love that knows no distinction of clime, or race, or condition—that scorns the narrow boundaries of sect, and of party, and of churches, like His own sun in the heavens shining everywhere and upon all; so that we can say to every individual upon earth, "God loveth thee, and Christ died for thee!" As St. John says: "I saw a great multitude which no man can number, out of every

kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, round about the throne."

And the "length"; that may suggest the duration of His love. It is not a thing of to-day, suddenly conceived and that may be suddenly laid aside; it is from eternity, and has its birth before the foundations of the earth were laid. Look *back*, and back, and back, and you shall not see its commencement! Look forward, and forward, and forward, and you shall never see the termination of it, for it is also "to everlasting." Through the whole of your journey, however long-continued it may be, you shall find His love with you. It shall accompany you as a telegraphic wire; and down that wire you shall hear, ever murmuring, the whispers of Divine Love to cheer you! You shall find it with you when you reach the river's bank; you shall have it with you when you must pass away from this life into the life beyond the grave; it shall sustain you when all other solaces are taken from you; and, when ages after ages have passed away in heaven, that love shall still endure, undiminished!

And the "depth!" Oh, how *low* has God come with that wondrous love of His! How He stooped to our low estate! People make a great mistake about what is "low." We hear of "low" people, or a "low" condition of society. But it is not always "low" to be poor, or "low" to be engaged in some handicraft or in some humble toil. Real vulgarity, however, is "low"; but that is a mental, a moral, a spiritual lowness. How much that is only conventional is thought to be low! But, oh, the real lowness is sinfulness! How many that are the very highest in appearance are the very lowest in the sight of God! There is that drunkard over the way, reeling, and staggering, and cursing, and we say, "How low!" There is that prostitute, flaunting about in the streets, and we say, "How low!" There is that culprit condemned to many years of incarceration for crime, and again we say, "How low!"

But perhaps there are some here who are lower than any of these in the sight of God. They may perhaps never have known any better; they were perhaps brought up in vice, their parents being drunkards, or from their birth familiar with licentiousness and crime. They were perhaps taught to think that it was clever to thief and manly to get drunk, while you perhaps have been from your childhood familiar with the name of Jesus, while fathers and mothers have wept and prayed over you, and the Holy Ghost has been maintaining a constant strife with you to give your heart to God, and live a nobler life than one of mere self-seeking. And you have put it deliberately away, and He has been knocking at the door of your heart, and you *knew* He was knocking, and you knew that Christ was there waiting to be admitted! And you felt in your heart, "I will not let Him in! It is God in Christ asking me to let Him in, and I won't!"

And you are respectable, sober, chaste, kind-hearted, honest ! Ah, you may be lower than some of the outcasts of society in God's estimation, though not in that of society (far from it), but in the estimation of Him who knows what we cannot know ! And there may be some one here who recognizes himself in this general description, and says: "It is all true, and much more than you have said ! And when I look upon the drunkard or the prostitute in the street I feel, 'Ah, they never knew better !' and I cry, 'Would I were in their place, for the publicans and the harlots will enter the kingdom of heaven before me !' " Ah, you have sunk lower, friends, you have sunk lower ; but the love of Christ and the love of God comes down even to you ! There is no depth to which the love of God does not descend. He has sounded the deepest depth of man's sin and misery ! Oh, the depth of Divine love !

And the "height !" "He who ascended is the same also that descended ; therefore God hath highly exalted Him." He is high upon the throne of universal empire ; and He says—"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." In the same height of glory to which He Himself has gone ; to the same height as that throne on which He reigns ; to that height of glory He purposes to bring us—a height to which no weapon can reach ; a height at which there can be no sin ; a height from which every step may be a stepping stone to higher glories. As the lark soars and sings, and soars and sings, so shall we ; but not as the lark, which soars aloft, but ever comes back to earth.

A wondrous love in its breadth—enclosing all ; in its depth—reaching to the lowest point of human sin and woe ; and in its height stretching upward to the very throne of heaven ! May we know this, and know the love of God that passeth knowledge. When Jonathan went out into the field to let David know how matters were going on in Saul's household with regard to David, a lad with him carried his case of arrows ; and, when he shot an arrow, the boy was to search for it. And again he shot an arrow. "Go further, the arrow is beyond thee." Ah, Christian, shoot your arrow as far as you can ; shoot it as far as your mind and intellect and heart can reach, and you will find this love is still beyond you. "Know the love of Christ";—but, if it passeth knowledge, how is it to be known ? There is a fountain of fresh water which comes gurgling out of the mountain side. You do not know the hidden reservoir in the bosom of the mountain from which that stream is bubbling, but you can drink of the stream, and more and more be refreshed by it. You float upon the placid bosom of the ocean in that boat or that ship ; you look down into the water, and you gaze in wonder and admiration upon those marvelous depths, where the sea-weeds shine in their colored splendor,

and the pebbles glitter on that deep sea-bottom. You may see the deep depth, but you cannot see the deepest part; yet you may see something and be struck with its beauty, as you sail upon its bosom. Upon those wondrous Alps travelers have walked, but there are heights upon which the most adventurous traveler has never set foot. Yet there are glorious valleys in which you may pluck sweet flowers and enjoy lovely scenery. Where is the east? We cannot tell. How far is the east from the west? You cannot measure it, but you may look toward it; and so it is in religion.

You are floating upon a river, and you can enjoy the pleasant landscapes, and you may find delight in looking at the trees that float over the water. You are floating over the stream, though you cannot tell the fountain from which it commences or the ocean to which it flows.

So we may regard the love of Christ in its benefits to us, and in the increasing manifestation of those benefits. Though we may not know the wonders of that heart of love, yet we may and do feel always the grasp of that wondrous loving Hand. What child knows the depth of its mother's love, the depth of pity, of compassion, of tenderness, of delight in the mother's heart toward that little one? The child can never know that; and yet the child may grow in the knowledge of its mother's love. But God's love!

"Eternal, fathomless, Divine!"

How can we know that? And yet we may know increasingly somewhat of that love, and so we "may be filled with all the fulness" of that love. That is, out of that fulness we may receive a continual supply up to the measure of our capacity, that so we may enjoy Himself! For

"Give what Thou wilt, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away!"

But is not this an absurd prayer? Isn't it infatuation, fanaticism, for creatures such as we are to ask that Christ may dwell with us, and that we may comprehend the infinite love of God? Has not the apostle been carried away by his own enthusiasm? Ah, what does he say? "Unto Him that is able to *do*." We can think a great deal more than we can put into words; but "Now unto Him who is able to do above all that we can ask." But that is not all; He can do "abundantly"; and that is not all; He can do more than that; He can do "exceeding abundantly!" And that is not all; He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we are able to ask *or think!*" O wondrous love! O wondrous capacity!

Then, brethren, shall we not ask, in order that we may receive? Shall we not knock, in order that the door may be opened? Shall we not seek abundantly from Him who waits to give abundantly? Shall we be satisfied with a little when

we may have so much? Shall we grovel when we might soar? Should we not seek to *know* what is the hope of our calling? Shall we not open our mouth wide that He may fill it? Shall we not come with gladness to the throne of grace, asking much, that we may have much from Him who delights to bestow much? Oh, then, let us, one and all, earnestly pray "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He would grant us according to the riches of His grace and glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man; that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God!"

Oh, if there are any here that do not understand this, let them take it to heart! There are some here, perhaps, that want to be filled with the love of the world, the money of the world, the pleasures of the world, the vanities of the world; is that the extent of your ambition? Is that what you desire? Have all these great faculties been given us for us to be satisfied with anything short of God, when this love of God might be shared in by every one of us? Are there those here whose highest ambition, desire and effort is to be filled with the things that perish in the using? Oh, dear friends, let us, one and all, seek to be filled with all the fulness of God; then we have that which poverty, sickness, outward calamities, death itself cannot touch! We have then an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Bread for the Hungry.**A SERMON**

PREACHED BY **John Cumming, D.D.**, IN THE SCOTCH CHURCH, CROWN COURT, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat.—2 Kings iv : 42.

You see in this passage how the most remarkable things and facts and circumstances may be put in the simplest and the least sublime language.

Eight hundred years before the birth of the Christian era it was that the circumstances related in this chapter occurred ; and then, no less than now, the statement contained in the text was thought too extreme and too extravagant : “ They shall eat and shall leave thereof.” It was altogether too foolish to express such a hope ; but we shall find that the more we act in union with the word and will and law of the Lord God, the more we shall find that what seems strange and inscrutable and dark will show itself in beauty, and will appear at length in charms which though for a time they may have bewildered our intellects and defied our reason, will at last both delight and instruct us.

Let me notice, first, that the forces of nature are mostly silent. Light, as it streams from the sun and fills the earth with warmth and color, is perfectly noiseless ; but every sunbeam is a marvelous source of strength. The frost is noiseless, and the icebergs which sail in ponderous majesty through the ocean have been built up by the silent operation of this force. For weeks and months they are hemmed in by the same noiseless strength, and held prisoners in their icy dwellings ; but soon the heat of the sun, with the same noiseless might, lifts the veil from the icy ocean, and they crawl onward, carried by other forces to sunnier latitudes.

Again, unconsciously and unheard, the heart every moment sends the current of life along its unseen channels, and we live and think and work. How strange that that little structure called the heart is so capable of great issues, and yet is so easily disturbed or injured by the smallest thing ! God moves indeed, as it is written, in a marvelously silent and mysterious manner :—

“ God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

Thought again, for instance, does some of the most wonder-

ful and powerful things that are done in the world, but it is silent and unheard. In his laboratory unknown the chemist communes with Nature, and Nature responds and speaks to him of the hidden treasures which are shut up in her storehouses. But they are touched by a stroke, and break upon him in beauty and in blessing. In his laboratory alone the chemist communes with Nature, and tells, as the result, all her mysterious secrets. When the temple of Solomon was rearing, there was no sound of axe or hammer heard as the work went on. It was all silent; only a shout rang upward when the capstone was put in its place!

History is not the booming of cannon; and revolutions are not the result of mighty armies or great fleets; but freedom is struggling silently in the hearts and minds of men, toiling unseen, unknown, unheard in the closet till she prevails; and God comes and speaks with a double voice, which can neither be repelled nor resisted!

Faith, whether in the home, the sanctuary or the closet, is a silent force. There is no noise about it. "Only believe," and the burden of sin rolls off, the sorrows of life are brightened, the darkness flies away; the river of peace flows gently on, and the world is covered with beauty and with blessing.

And now, here is a solemn and beautiful thought, that the Son of God is moving in every congregation, in every home, in every place of worship, in every place where business is transacted. There is no spot which is not visited by God—the Living God! It is a very solemn thing. Here, within these walls, assembled as we are to hear God's Word and to offer up prayer to Him, here Christ is present! There is not a true Church, speaking forth the truth of God, that has not there in her midst Christ Jesus the Son of God—"For wheresoever two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." The fountain of love from the eternal hills flows through the fields of our common humanity; and Christ's cross has become the symbol and the realization of the most stupendous things in the world. But it is not especially of these that I would speak now, but of the words of my text—"Give unto the people that they may eat"; and the fitness of this and the bearing of this you will ascertain as we draw to a close.

Intelligent beings are capable of enjoyment, and naturally, therefore, of enterprise to accomplish the designs which they conceive, and to secure the felicity, to some considerable extent, of their hearts and homes.

In the associations of life, and in the right use of every earthly good, there is a higher and a lower use; and the higher good is indispensable to the full enjoyment and to the complete realization of our duty to others. Earthly plans, earthly schemes and earthly purposes are disappointed and thrown off. Some-

times earthly props, on which we have been accustoming ourselves to lean, are taken away, and it is easier to fall than to practice the requirement of the hour.

We may feel that God is near, and yet somehow we may fail in the hour of need. It has ever been so with even the saints of God. Jacob in his trial, although he knew that God was in it, said, "If I be bereaved of my children I am bereaved"—the most expressive and emphatic lamentation which a man can utter: "If I be bereaved of my children I am bereaved;"—"bereaved," that is, "to an extent that cannot be surpassed;" and there is no sorrow so great in the world as that experienced in the weakness, the agonies and the sufferings of little children.

Again, on another occasion, although the darkness was that which should usher in the light, yet in his distress Jacob says, when his sons were going down into Egypt, and Benjamin with them: "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and will ye take Benjamin away? All these things are against me." Are we not often prone to do so? You meet with some disaster in your relationships, with some trial in your home, with some great loss which you think you will never be able to get over; and you say in agony—it has been said thousands of times, in thousands of years, in every variety of circumstance—"All these things are against me."

But, my dear friends, if you have said so (and I have no doubt many of you have said so), have you not found it was not, after all, so unbearable? Have you not often found thereby the most expressive evidence of the love of our Father in heaven pitying His wandering, thoughtless children?

David, again, for example, wept excessively at the death of his child; and when Absalom was killed in battle his sorrow was almost unendurable: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son! Would God I had died for thee! Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" What an exquisitely touching yet expressive exclamation is here, in language full of thought, full of passion, and yet rich in that sympathy which makes the waving ocean sweeping over us but a bond of union linking man with man everywhere: "Would God I had died for thee! Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!"

And then Job, again; he had great patience, and yet sometimes he would yield to his distress, and not only forget that God was with him, but would curse the very day of his birth, and wish that his being had been, from that day forward, enveloped in the grave. All this is very wrong; for know that in the most disastrous circumstances, though the waves roll over thee in rapid succession, and though all seems gone from above, and though all seems broken below, yet hold fast this fact, "The Lord liveth"; and God is as much present in the

humblest condition of life as He is in the midst of the cherubim and the seraphim.

If you and I can lay hold of the great truth that God is here, that God never will leave us, never will forsake us; if you can hold that fast, you have anchorage that no ocean wave can loosen, and that no force of man shall be able to shake.

And is it not a comforting thought that Christ has told us He is "God manifest in the flesh"? That wheresoever—in garret or in cellar, or anywhere else—two or three are met together in Christ's name, "there am I," He says, "in the midst of them!" And what a thought is that, that the Son of God is in the midst of this congregation; that He looks to every man's needs and to every man's duty; that the Son of God is estimating what we are and what we do, and to what degree we are contributing to the great issues for which this world is governed!

Job had great patience, and sometimes he would feel resigned; but then again he would yield to his deep sorrow; for even the best man has many, many sorrows, and many sins that need to be forgiven. Well, Job had great patience, and sometimes he felt resigned; but again he felt as if he wished that death had taken him at his birth. He had no right to do that; he had no right to give way to this feeling. No man or woman has a right to feel that. You are to go to God always as *the Father and our Father*.

My dear friends, think more of this truth; I wish you would all think less about the troubles of religion, about perplexities here and distractions there! Nestle in the very secrets and intricacies of your conscience and your heart, in the thought that the very Being that stretched out the firmament in all its beauty, that gemmed it with countless stars and suns and moons; that gave flowers to the earth, and their fragrance also, He is present; and He is not an avenging Judge, but "our Father," a loving Father.

I often wonder why people seem drooping and cast down and distressed because they think that God is some awful, terrible, revengeful being. He is no such thing! What is He like? "Our Father which art in heaven;" and everything you need you have only to ask, and more than you have asked He will send to comfort and to bless you!

God has appointed that we should, to some extent, depend upon earthly things. We depend upon each other, we depend upon the fruits of the earth, we depend upon our own labor. Parents love their children strongly and intensely, and they labor earnestly for their earthly support. But, however strongly and intensely a mother may love the infant that she has borne, and which nestles in her bosom, she may forget it; but God says, "Yea, they may forget, yet will I never forget thee."

Hence we find that the love of a parent for his children leads him to care for them and to support them ; and if parents were generally to neglect this duty, and to forget this love, society would be in a more confused state than it is. But though some parents would die for their children, others forget them and forsake them ; yet we know One who in every emergency, every trouble, under every shadow, in every shock of disaster, in every grief, in all that human flesh can suffer, in everything that can harm or affright us, is with us as our loving Father ; and if you are a Christian—(and if you are not, it is a dreadful thing)—there is no agony you have to go through but He is with you. You have no penance to perform to secure His presence ; it is only “ Believe and be saved ; ” it is “ Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” And (oh, sublime, but in some degree terrible, remonstrance !) God Almighty has called not many wise, not many powerful, not many noble ; but He has said—“ Ephraim is my own son ; how shall I give thee up, Ephraim ? Why will ye die ? ”

You will die unless you derive life from Him ; but God waits to receive you, and to make you alive for evermore.

I want now to say something which may make you feel that we ought to extend to others the blessings which we ourselves enjoy. We have little idea of the strange sight the world presents to Him who can take in all at a glance. “ We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now ; ” and therefore earth is not yet amalgamated with heaven. It groans in pain and is sore burdened.

What heavy tidings are reaching us every day in the world, in society, in families, among friends, in all the relations of life ! And what a catastrophe (or distress, shall I call it ?) which we have been reading of, most of us, in India, and of which I have been gathering the details, the elements, as well as I could, of what is going on in that land ! The effects of the famine in India are of the most disastrous kind ; and I have been assured that the deaths in the Madras Presidency alone are little short of a million ; and should there be another drought, the state of the people will be still worse. The fear of this has now happily passed away, and the drought has been mitigated, for some showers have fallen. The Evangelical Union says : “ The English mails bring news the most dreadful. For the third year the monsoons have failed, and large tracts of country are desert. The grass is all gone—the very thatch of the huts has disappeared. Women and children are picking out germs of corn from the various refuse heaps.”

And this is in our own country ! And these are a people we are as deeply interested in as the inhabitants of our own islands ; for in a certain sense they are our own people. Again we read that pestilence has accompanied famine ; and in Ban-

galore a special police has been organized whose duties are to prevent the streets being blocked up with the dead and dying. All the supplies will not support more than one-and-a-half millions, leaving three-and-a-half millions of people—men, women and children—to starve!

The editor of the *Madras Times* writes, under date August: "The population affected by the famine numbers twenty-four millions, and of these at least one-sixth will die. In Madras out of every thirty thousand rising each morning thirty will die." A coffee-planter found on the road-side six decomposing bodies; and there are instances of mothers offering their children for sale. Since the famine commenced five hundred thousand people have died from sheer want, destitution and distress. The greatest tragedies are recorded, and in Mysore cases of cannibalism have occurred.

The resources of the Indian Government are likely to be crippled for some time to come, and in Madras alone, to the end of July, three millions of money had been expended upon direct relief. The death of the cultivators, and the large quantity of land allowed to go out of cultivation, will diminish still more the available resources; and there is a very dark future in store for the people of India.

There was a dearth in the land in the days of Elisha. And Elisha came to the College of the Prophets, and found that they were in want of sustenance. There was no food in the house. And Elisha told them to take the great pot, and put it on the fire, and to make a nourishing soup that they might eat. There was nothing to put in the pot, but one went out into the fields and gathered herbs; and finding a wild vine, he gathered a lap full of wild gourds and cast them into the pot, not knowing what he did. And when they sat down to eat, as they were eating, they cried out—"O thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" Then the prophet said—"Bring meal." And he cast it into the pot, and he said—"Pour out for the people that they may eat. And there was no harm in the pot." And a day or two afterward the prophets were still in want of food; and then a devout man came to the prophet with a present, which consisted of twenty loaves. Elisha said: "Give unto the people that they may eat." The servant is astonished to receive such a command as this, when there were one hundred men to be fed. But the prophet replied: "Give unto the people that they may eat; for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat and shall leave thereof."

We have not one hundred men famishing now in India, but hundreds of thousands—nay, even hundreds of millions. It is a dreadful catastrophe. In this great famine they are perishing for want of food!

The Church must feed the people. It is not for us to say

we hope they will be fed, and then settle down in our ease. It rests upon each and all to have a share in helping, and to do his part. Faith always does as much as it can; and if it cannot do all it would, it must still do something. Christ is among us, even in such a disaster as this. To the woman of Samaria at the well He said, "I that speak unto thee am He." To the disciples in the storm He said, "It is I, be not afraid." To the Jews He declared, "I am the bread of life which cometh down from heaven;" and in stating His relation to the Father, "I am from Him, and He hath sent Me." Still more impressively He says, "I am the door of the sheep; I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." At the gate of the tomb, and in the presence of death, He declares, "I am the resurrection and the life;" on another occasion, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." So completely does Jesus present Himself as available to all. He will speak in answers of light and love and abundance to the natives of India when they ask for the "bread which cometh down from heaven." That is available for every man.

We are passing through great scenes; we are hasting toward a greater crisis. In a few more years, if commentators in prophecy are not quite mistaken, we shall enter upon a different condition of things. This poor earth of ours shall enter among the gardens of light. Her groans will end; her surface, which has been stained with blood, will be cured, and a religion of peace will cover the earth! The storm shall be hushed!

Do you ask what sort of scenes shall those be? I answer, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Do you see there is a grand preparation of peace, of happiness, of blessing for them that love Him?

Do you love Christ? Do you hold up that Blessed Redeemer as *your* Redeemer, your Saviour, your hope, and your all in all? Are you looking for the "house not made with hands"? I believe that the great epochs of prophetic investigation are now all but exhausted. I believe that all this dread agony and bloodshed in the East is not a random thing. It is for the carrying out of a great and awful issue. We are approaching the time when God's ancient people shall arise and return, and dwell in Mount Zion, as they are hastening to do now; and when God's people who stand by the great truths of Christianity shall be so guarded that no mother's son shall have a hair of his head disturbed; for his trust, and the confidence of his heart, is in the Rock of Ages.

Salvation is at every man's door; and if you are not saved, the only explanation is that you will not let God Almighty save you! What a terrible thing, that God offers us a Saviour and we will not be saved! "Behold, I stand at the door of

your heart, your home, your life, your everything; I stand at the door and knock. If *any man* will hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." What a thought is that—Christ is at every door calling at every place, calling for admission; and if you cannot give admission, or if you have not room to give admission, you can at least offer your contribution for the relief of the suffering. From all I have read, India is under the darkest cloud; and the people are suffering to an extent and to a degree unprecedented in our history. And if that be the case, the best way to bring back sunshine to them is to help them in their deep distress.

I do not say that at this season of the year, when so many are absent, we can give much; but if every one gives something, gives it in the sight of God, Christ recognizes it, and it will not be forgotten. It is one thing to give and another thing to want credit for what we give; but it is true that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"; so that when you retire, and the elders hold the plate to receive your offerings, you will give to the Lord; and you lend it to Him; and I believe that He will bless them that thus seek the honor and to serve Him. For He has said it; and His word abideth forever.

"He leads thee on through all the unquiet sea,
Past all the dreary hopes, and doubts, and fears."

The Son of God will not forget you, even the least of you. This most beautiful truth is expressed in these words: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Some hard-hearted, thoughtless beings would drive children away; but Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me"; and He says, "Look on those spring flowers of humanity, and remember that of such is the kingdom of heaven." If children ask for bread (and in India they are asking it at the point of death), do not give a stone, or anything that is not bread; but give your best; and I believe that without attaching any unscriptural meaning to the act, the man who gives from his heart a blessing or a bit to one who suffers, or is in distress, will not be forgotten of God, but it will be returned to him a thousand-fold.

Divine Forces in Human History.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY PROF. A. J. Nelson, M. E. CHURCH, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice ; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof, etc.—Ps. xcvi : 1, 2.

An old-time Thanksgiving proclamation. Not a formal State paper, but a sublime utterance from a grateful heart ; not extravagant rhetoric, but a grand doctrine, warm and fresh from the deep fountains of the soul.

A long and bloody struggle of seven years had ended. The Philistines had been subdued, the Ammonites defeated, and the Moabites crushed forever. Israel could shout victory over the allied forces of Western Asia. David issued the proclamation. Zion was glad, and the daughters of Jerusalem rejoiced.

The doctrine announced is older than Plymouth Rock, the duty enjoined as universal as moral obligation.

David was an old-fashioned theologian. He believed in a divine, present, personal, superintending Providence. We meet to-day not as religious enthusiasts, to propagate our faith under the protection and by the aid of State authority, but as the representatives of the Christian conscience of the nation, to conserve the public freedom and promote the general welfare of the country, by the worship of the Great Ruler, in conformity with the political postulate upon which our great republican institutions are built, viz. : The highest civilization is always found in connection with the purest forms of religion and the most intelligent ideas of God.

The first truth announced in the text is the Thermopylæ to modern thought. There is a class of public teachers who tell us that God is impersonal and unknowable—that both matter and mind are under inexorable law ; that nothing could be different from what it is ; that the world is passing through a series of revolutions—physical, political and social ; that by a mysterious law of development each change is a step in advance, each civilization a growth and improvement on the former ; that all the revolutions of history, the rise and fall of empires, are the results of fixed laws, as demonstrable as Espy's theory of rain-storms ; that the world is without a Supreme Governor, not because there is none, but because none is needed ; that science is the method of adjustment of all the forces of the world ; that the doctrine of a Divine Providence is the outgrowth of ignorance and superstition ; that the antagonistic forces that are at work cracking and cleaving asunder

the political and social crust of the Old and New World, remodeling governments and building new civilizations, are the results of physical causes as certain and demonstrable as the elimination of heat when water is poured upon unslacked lime; that the world's great leaders are only a chemical compound, made up of the sum of the influences that surround them—the land that gave them birth, the age in which they lived, the food they ate, determine whether they be a Garibaldi or a MacMahon, a Pope Pius or a Présensé, a Grant or a Sitting Bull. These philosophers laugh at days of thanksgiving—testing religion as they would the temperature of the ocean, with a gauge. They pronounce public worship a religious humbug, and try to stop the saints from praying and the angels from singing by coarse wit and base ribaldry. But truth was never born to be laughed out of the world. There never has been a time since the text was uttered that the brains and morals of the world could not be assembled on an occasion like this. The God of this nation is David's Lord, and no common sovereign. He is alone supreme—uninfluenced by the voice of majorities, cunning diplomacy, or political prestigation. He consults no cabinets or parliaments. He is before all constitutions and all law. He is Legislator, Judge and Executive. The God of this nation must not be reduced to an eternal principle or an immutable law. He cannot be crowded out of the universe to suit the convenience of philosophic systems.

God reigns over all matter, both organic and inorganic. The age has come when we must study geography from a Christian standpoint. Worship, to be acceptable, must be *intelligent*. Genuine enthusiasm is the enthusiasm of truth. Faith has its basis in the logic of facts. Our vast oceans and rich valleys and mineral mountains are divine facts, magnificent object-lessons chiseled out by the Omnipotent; grand, unbound systems of natural theology and commerce and international law for the study of the race; indices of universal history, mute prophets of the future. God made this country for a definite purpose and according to an immutable programme. These grand mountain systems on the Pacific coast, these valleys thick with alluvial fatness, these alkaline deserts and stupendous waterfalls and quiet harbors and gigantic forests were all made for man. Ignorant man criticises the Almighty, and sees only a fortuitous jumble—only chaos where exists the sublimest cosmos. Ignorance is the basis of all this fault-finding. Could man see as God sees, every mountain system and parched valley and dreary desert and ocean breeze would reverberate with thanksgiving and loud hallelujahs. Valleys are the homes of civilization. Geographical position has governed the empire of earth; commerce is born out of alluvial deposit, mineral

wealth, ocean breezes and magnificent harbors. Commerce centralizes population, breaks down the barriers of nationality, eliminates prejudice, and opens the way for the Gospel of the Son of God. Our physical geography is the prophecy and prelude of the final triumph of truth. God never made but one Sacramento. Neither the Amazon nor Danube, the Euphrates nor the Nile compares with the golden river of the great West. Our State is big with possibilities. Wherever is the metropolis of empire San Francisco is the gateway of commerce, the key to the Old World. The wealth of the Orient must pass through the Golden Gate. We have room enough for the ships of the world. Europe may struggle to divert the trade of the Old World to her own warehouses, but she cannot succeed. Her money power may hew out vast plans and dig channels for her commerce; but the lines of trade are settled in the foundation plans of the earth, the counsel of eternity made the programme for all the future. He who reigns over matter, and has given shape to earth, and formed the mountains and the seas, has written our future in characters more legible than the geologic tracings on the pre-Adamite rocks, and neither the Suez canal nor the Alps tunnel can change them. Europe may construct an Adriatic railway, and shorten the time from London to Alexandria, and connect Paris with Constantinople; Russia may fill the Black Sea with ships, and run her trains to the Caspian, and across the frontier to Northern China; but the Pacific must be blockaded and the trade-winds stopped from blowing before trade can be diverted from the Golden State.

The channels of commerce are cut by the Omnipotent, and no time, nor legislation, nor money can change them. Geography determines the courses of civilization; where business is transacted there the people congregate. An Oriental commerce will bring an Oriental population.

It is wisdom for the State to study Divine facts, and frame her constitution and construct her laws in harmony with the eternal law of God. No international law, or Burlingame treaty, or Congressional action, or political manipulation can defeat the purposes of Heaven, or stop the tide of immigration. As well legislate against the Gulf Stream as the immigration movement. The people will come—Chinese, Japanese and European—in obedience to an immutable law of supply and demand; they will come through the Golden Gate—the divinely prepared channel for the nations; they will crowd our cities, affect our civilization, change political parties; but the Lord reigns, and His kingdom will triumph.

Have you ever stood amid the depths of the old forest, and gazed upward out of some deep, wild canon at the lofty cliffs and hoary-headed mountains, and watched the beautiful cas-

cedes and dashing water in its foamy madness as it went hurrying to the sea?—or watched the gorgeous sunlight as it came creeping through the dark, tangled wildwood, and felt a strange, melancholy pleasure which no words can describe and no pencil can delineate? Have you ever touched one of those giants of the forest which Jehovah planted long centuries ago, while Hiram Abif was cutting down the cedars of Lebanon to build the temple, and felt that Solomon was *there*? Look at the Sierra Nevadas: what wild confusion, infinite contortion, amazing power—grandeur beyond language! Touch these infinities; put your hands into these scars of bygone ages! these curious marks of forgotten pasts; these are the monuments of the infinite, grander than the pyramids, the work of Him who lived before the mountains were brought forth: divine syllogisms from base to summit, with conclusions stretching into the eternities—touch them! what a thrill of sacredness! as keen as filled the heart of Israel at Sinai's base. What sublime ideas of God! There is no force in matter; mountains never lift themselves above the clouds. Jehovah made these monsters! He cutteth out the rivers among the rocks; He watereth the hills from His chambers—He reigns! The force that built the world and the power that governs it are one. Let the earth rejoice. Let all the people praise Thee.

He reigns over all mind. The events of history are as much under the control of God as the phenomena of nature. There is but one Supreme; to divide omnipotence is to destroy it. But mind cannot be governed by the same laws as matter. Mind is not controlled by material forces. Nations cannot be conducted by machinery; levers and pulleys cannot frame laws, nor can legislatures be run by steam.

Omnipotence cannot govern a single mind; not for the want of power, but because it is incompatible. If God could make men as easily as mountains, the man would fall to the same plane as matter. But mind is controlled by motives, not by force. Man is free. God is supreme. Are these truths reconcilable? This is the problem of all human history. At the point where freedom is interfered with responsibility ceases. There is a circle of human responsibility. Here man is as free as Jehovah. God never crosses this boundary. This is the impassable line between the finite and Infinite. Within this domain man does as he pleases, but is compelled to take the responsibility. Compulsion is an impossible element in the government of mind. Every act put forth by mind within the circumference of personal freedom is a free, self-originated power, ceaseless in its effects, and carries with it personal responsibility. But the moment it is finished it passes beyond the boundary of human freedom and human control: it becomes the property of the Master-mind of the universe, who controls all forces in

the interests of government. If a man, standing upon the brink of a precipice, intends to destroy his own life by dashing himself on the rocks below, God does not interfere with his freedom. He leaves him to his intelligence and conscience. But the moment he leaps, the act is beyond his control, and comes within the realm of government. If one nation fire upon the flag of another, before the trigger is touched the act is free and limited to the human; but the moment the powder explodes and the deed is finished, it passes beyond human control. The consequences move on forever, but under the direction of God, who may change the direction, counteract the influences by other forces, or permit the act to move forward without any interference, as may be best for the interests of the universe.

What is meant, then, by God governing mind is, that He exercises supreme control over the actions of men after they pass out of the domain of human freedom. God has nothing to do with war and politics and finance till they come within the realm of divine government. He has nothing to do with gunpowder and sword and suicide. Millions of wicked acts are put forth every day; mind forces, which make up so much of human history, to counteract, and so adjust these (for they are not destroyed) as best to protect the innocent and punish the guilty, and secure results for the highest good to the universe, is the work of the Supreme Ruler.

Mind is a greater mystery than matter. Hence, human history is more complex than the physical world. If man is perplexed over mountain systems and ocean currents and fossil rocks, no wonder he is perplexed at the revelations of nations and the dark, strange phenomena of mind. Heaven is doing its best to bring harmony out of confusion and happiness out of misery. If God could say to moral chaos, "Let there be light," it would be done; but virtue is not born by Almighty fiat. True, long-suffering, personal sacrifice are the only forces that can be applied to human freedom. All forces that enter into human history are reducible to three: Divine, human and Satanic. This is the Bible solution of the problem, and all events may be rationally accounted for by these agencies. Men get uneasy and long for the golden age. The saints in glory cry, "How long?" but the progress of this world is slow when estimated by railroad chronometers. But virtue is without velocity, and free mind cannot be forced into a trot. Crime and retribution, suffering and compensation are not always near neighbors. Justice often loans on long time, but sooner or later demands both principal and interest, and that compounded.

While the world must wait, there is constant progress; God never takes a step backward, never does His work a second time. Human history is moving toward the goal of perfec-

tion ; the wheels of His chariot are coming. No obstacle can prevent their forward motion ; perverse mind may put on the brakes, but can never produce a dead halt. Virtue can afford to wait and weep, for every groan of our down-trodden humanity, every sacrifice made for truth are on deposit in the great treasury of the future and drawing interest. The tears of the heart, the deeds of kindness and self-sacrifice are not lost. They form the woof and warp in the web of Time, woven together by the mystic shuttle of the Unseen into the richest fabrics with which to clothe the coming generations. Earth's saddest notes, when arranged on the celestial scale, are grander than the music of the spheres. We cannot divine the future, but sin has dug the grave of all the buried past, and the tombs of the dead are the way-stations of progress. **THE LORD REIGNS!**

The Popular Arguments against Endless Punishment Unsatisfactory as a Sure Ground of Hope.

A SERMON

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Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden. . . . And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.—Genesis iii: 1 and 4.

With a heart which craves to sin, a plausible doubt counts for much more than it is worth. If men listened to reason, they would no more brave a chance than a certainty of a useless danger or loss. This should be our decision as to a life of sin, unless we can certainly demonstrate that there is neither judgment, nor heaven, nor hell. There is no man who will deliberately say that a life of piety and purity detracts, on the whole, from our earthly well-being or honor. As long, then, as there is a possibility of future retribution for a life of sin, to choose such a life is as gratuitous a folly as though the transgressor saw the future punishment before him. But to this reasonable conclusion the sinful heart refuses to listen. It seizes on the imagined doubt and magnifies it into a shield of impurity. Satan understood this weakness of human nature. Hence, he began his seduction of our first parents by suggesting a doubt (v. 1), and then irrationally leaps to a denial (v. 4). He trusted to the force of temptation on the heart to make his victims follow him blindly across this chasm of evidence.

The very same process is now taking place in a multitude of souls throughout Protestant Christendom, and, it is not unnatural to suppose, at the prompting of the same tempter. The death denounced against the first transgression was not so much bodily as spiritual—the death of the soul rather than of the body; so that the doubt raised by Satan's first question is substantially the same with that which is now enticing the minds of sinful men. Hath God said that final impenitence in transgression shall be followed by everlasting death? May we venture to doubt this? Such is the question by which men are now really deceiving their own hearts. They strive to see at least plausibility in the pleas of those who deny—an easy task for a heart yearning after license in sin! And when this stage is reached, they then proceed to cast away restraint, just as though they had certainly proved that there is no hell,

Let but the head decide that *it is questionable* whether God hath said so, and the heart rushes to the practical conclusion, "Ye shall not surely die."

One mode by which men sometimes find a pretext for rejecting the solemn truth is to get up a species of resentment against what, they say, is the temper of Christians in testifying to it. They charge that our severity and harsh dogmatism cause us to take a cruel delight in asserting terrible dogmas. They even claim to enlist all the benevolence and amiability on the side of the skeptical position. Now, to this I reply that I have no dogma whatever to assert at this time. It is impossible that I can have any interest in asserting unnecessarily that the second death waits on sin, for I am a sinner myself. The judgments of God are just as formidable to me as to you, my unbelieving brethren. I have no more ability to endure them, or to escape their condemnation, than you. Could I be so insane as to dig out a hell, of set purpose, in the spirit of bigotry, into which I know I am as certain of falling as you, except as I have a hope of deliverance through the sacrifice of Christ? Sure I am that if hell can be disproved in any way that is solid and true and consistent with God's honor and man's good, there is not a trembling sinner in this land that would hail the demonstration with more joy than I would. Can any of you give that demonstration? Let us see it. Let us see whether it will answer as a foundation on which I may venture an immortal soul. I repeat, I have no counter proof, at this time, to advance. My only purpose is to show you how I have endeavored to find some footing in the sentiments on which the doubters seem to build, and how the footing has utterly failed *me*. I have painfully studied the speculative logic and the wire-drawn criticisms by which what seems to be the plain declaration of Scripture is impugned, and have found nothing there but a pavement of mist. It is not with these I would deal now. I have placed myself in sympathy with the more practical sentiments which I perceive infecting or swaying the minds around me. I have felt them with all the force which the interests of a common guilt and a common dread could give. But I wish to tell you simply the results to which my sinful soul has been unwillingly forced as to these so influential sentiments; and I would show you how baseless they are as foundations of any solid hope that sinners shall not surely die.

I. Men are, after all, much more influenced by feelings than by analytic reasonings. Here is one sentiment, which is doubtless doing its work with all to hide the formidable side of this question from our minds. There is great comfort in numbers. Man is a social being. He is largely governed by the example of those nearest to him; and it is easy and grateful to

our indolence to imitate and to save ourselves mental effort by thinking as the multitude thinks. When we see the vast majority advancing with gayety and confidence in the path our hearts crave to follow, we seem to have all that mass between us and the peril; and we are incredulous that death can consume all this affluence of life in order to get to us. Now, when we set this doctrine in contrast with the actual feelings and conduct of the world, we see that everybody is evidently acting as though the doctrine of a hell could not be true. If the world thought it certainly true—nay, if there were but a probability it might be found true, then the simplest child can see how all the sinful world ought to act. Every sinner should ask: Is it so that I am condemned already, except I repent and find deliverance by faith? That this sentence is the everlasting curse of the Almighty? That it is to fill my soul and body with intolerable torments? That hope is to depart for ever and ever, and eternal despair is to gather up the infinite aggregate of future woe, and in every conscious instant crush my soul with the tremendous prospect? That all this is to go on and on, parallel with the eternity of God; and that between me and this death there may be but the step between health and sickness, or present security and sudden accident? Is this my peril? "Horrible! oh, horrible!" Then what time have I for pleasure? what business with the riches which perish in the using? I ought "to say of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" Everything except the one means of escape from this infinite woe ought to be loathsome for its frivolity. I ought to have time for nothing but prayer: every breath ought to be a cry, and tears ought to be my drink until the mercy of Christ pluck me from the awful verge. Thus ought every sinner to agonize. Who can gainsay it? And this wide world ought to be a Bochim.

But what do we see? The world eats and drinks, marries and gives in marriage, pursues riches, earthly pleasure, yea, seeks to "kill time" as though it had too much of it; sings and dances and fills its atmosphere either with jest and laughter or with new insults to this awful Judge—in a word, studies to act precisely as though it were certain there is no hell. Now, has all the world gone insane? Is all the keen sagacity which we meet everywhere in its worldly pursuits and rivalries clean turned into madness? So it would seem, if this doctrine of a hell were true! But it is hard for a denizen of this world to conclude thus of his own kind, as well as of himself; and therefore the practical feeling of doubt comes, like a penetrating tide, into the soul that somehow the ghastly dogma cannot hold. Who has not felt the seductive influence, not reasoned out perhaps, possibly only semi-conscious, yet seducing the soul back from the rough, harsh warning of conscience into luxurious relief by the plea, "Ye shall not surely die."

But, my friends, there was one discovery which, so soon as my unwilling reason was constrained to look at it, dashed all the ease and solace which my deceitful heart was drawing from the sentiment. I was compelled to see that if the Bible is true, and man's nature what my own observation evinces, the pleasing inference has only a foundation of clouds. Suppose, as the Bible says, it is the nature of the sin which imperils to produce this very insensibility? Suppose that warning should be sober truth, which tells us to beware of "being hardened by the deceitfulness of sin," so that it is literally true: that "madness is in men's hearts while they live"; and that this dense callousness is itself one of the surest symptoms of the reality of the disease? If I were to find a freezing man in the snow, and he were to answer my rousing appeal by the assurance that he was suffering no evil, and needed nothing except the balmy sleep to which he wished to resign himself, I should understand well that this ease was but the symptom of approaching death. So, if this spiritual torpor of the world may perchance be only the indication of the approaching frosts of spiritual death, then plainly it is madness for us to argue safety from it. The Bible represents also that this numbing and deluding quality of sin is one of the very features which has caused a God, at once all-wise, just and benevolent, to estimate it as so immense an evil, and has constrained Him to adopt means so stern for curbing it. Can this be true? Can you or I refute it? And when we turn to our own observations, do we see that in fact human experience does contain frequent monitions of a solemnity and dreadful awe precisely appropriate to these revealed facts; that God does indeed, from time to time, lift a corner of the veil which mercifully hides the pit of despair, and makes men hear in anticipation the wails of its torment in the cries of guilty death-beds, the catastrophes of dying nations, the ghastly ravages of plague and war, and that men refuse to hearken and strive to forget the salutary warning? Then we have before our eyes the proof that *sin can make a world as mad, as insane*, as we saw the argument of the Bible implied. Alas, yes! we see men all around us, under parallel influences of deceitful lusts, shut their eyes to known and experimental dangers. We see the drunkard madly jesting of his "pleasure and jollity," when every worldly wise man except himself sees *delirium tremens* grinning over his shoulder. We see even woman, intoxicated with flattery, rushing into the snaky coils of the seducer, while every one but she perceives nothing but the envenomed fang that is to poison her soul. Yes, they go "as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." With this solution assigned by Scripture for men's insensibility in spiritual danger, and this stubborn confirmation of its reasonable-

ness in my own experience, I can no longer find any solace or hope in the blindness of the world to its own destiny and duty. It only enhances the fearful picture, and its perverse example adds a formidable obstacle to all the others which exist between me and my safety.

II. Another plausible but most practicable element of doubt arises from the example and deportment of professed Christians. How should they act for themselves, they who profess to have the vision of faith, if they saw the doctrine certainly true? The hope of deliverance they already have in Christ might indeed exempt them from the anguish which should fill the souls of the guilty and condemned; yet should they feel that they had a race to run with perdition to make good their exemption. To this every power of their souls should be bent every hour of every day, like the muscles of a racer upon the course. Is not this what their Bibles enjoin? Should they not say to themselves:

"Be this my one great business here—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure?"

"And what should be their demeanor toward us sinners?" doubting men may ask. "Do they indeed know that we are 'condemned already,' and that but a few uncertain years or days divide us from that unutterable hell? Do they see us insanely wasting (as they judge) our fleeting opportunity, and trifling on the brink of so unspeakable a fate? With what a visage, then, should they not meet us! Tears ought to break forth at the sight of us, as one would weep at sight of a felon on his way to the gallows; every cheek ought to turn pale at our meeting, and there ought to be no time nor heart for anything but 'entreating us night and day with tears' to flee from the wrath to come! Surely this would be but the natural behavior for them. But what do we actually see? We spend days and months with these believers in future endless torments, and the time is all filled up with worldly jest or worldly aims; they pursue what we pursue, and apparently live for what we live for. They jostle us at every turn in our eager race for this world's honors and pleasures. They seem to have neither thought nor care for our approaching misery. What, now, are we to conclude? That these kind, cordial, jovial friends and brothers of ours, who are so generous in relieving our little earthly evils, are harder than the millstone, and more cruelly indifferent than a wild beast to our immense and certain misery? This, surely, is a harsh conclusion! Must we not rather conclude that these good, kind, believing people, who have the faith and know what is true, have discovered that sinners 'do not surely die'; that their dreadful creed is somehow a pious fiction, and the warnings of their preachers are not

expected to find a reception in their literal sense?" Such is the doubt as it forms itself in the private thought of many a transgressor, or as it flows, unformed but influential, in their unreasoning feelings. Alas, that Christians should give so much ground for this doubt! Alas, that the most plausible and influential argument that contradicts the warnings of God should be the drowsy example of His professed people! Alas, for the blood of souls, which will be found partly in our skirts, in the day when God shall call these doubters to their account! Forgive, O Christ, this unnatural contradiction, and deliver us from the woe which is denounced on "those by whom the offence cometh." Forgive us, ye deceived souls, for the mischief we have done you in thus assisting you to drug your own consciences. And we beseech you, believe us not, trust us not, for we are verily unworthy to guide you. But now let me tell you, doubters, the reasons why I have been compelled to conclude that this inconsistent example of professed believers furnished me no ground of confidence whatever that I should not surely die by my sins. I found that I could not trust to it one instant: *First*, because I saw that it was every way likely, probable and natural that the faith of weak Christians should be benumbed by that same "deceitfulness of sin" which we have found deluding the unbelievers into an insane rashness. This Bible of theirs, the same Bible which tells of the hell we are so unwilling to admit, explained that spectacle of the weak Christian forgetting his own faith; explained it with a consistency so clear that it made the rising hope of security in sin die within me. It told of indwelling sin. And as I replied, How wrong, how perverse, that sin should still work, and work inconsistencies so glaring in quickened souls, it rejoined: Well, you have there but another and a more formidable illustration of the malignity of sin, that it can thus poison and mislead the hearts even of those in whom the Holy Ghost dwells! We read lately in the journals of French workmen in a deep pit who fell stupefied by the foul air, and while in momentary danger of death, were already as helpless as corpses. But as we learned further how the healthy men who descended to their rescue also became stupid, and staggered and fell, we shuddered more than at first at the malignancy of that poison. Suppose that God may take this view of sin in Christians and of the guilty callousness it produces: I can see nothing there but another reason why He should hate it the more, and should judge the sternest measures proper in order to curb it.

But *second*: I saw upon closer inspection that the sorry, common sorts of believers were less callous to my danger than I had supposed. I found they often rebuked themselves for that timidity which had shrunk from warning me to flee from wrath. I discovered a cause, a cause not unnatural, which kept

them silent, even when yearning to speak some word of awakening; and that was my own observed callousness. They knew that I knew my peril, and yet saw me reckless. They heard the most solemn admonitions of the pulpit launched at me, pointed with all the human force which study, preparation and burning earnestness could give; but they fell from my heart blunted as by a shield of adamant. It was, if not right, yet how natural for them to say in their discouragement: "What can we do? Our words will be yet more vain!" Thus I discovered that they limited their efforts to prayer for me in secret. Yes: not seldom after an interview, when all their converse with me had seemed of the earth earthy, they went away and prayed in secret that my eyes might be opened. Thus I found that, after all, I had much over-estimated their apparent callousness to the fearful truth.

Then, *third*: I could not but observe that there was a difference among these Christians. Some compelled much more of my respect by the honest consistency of their lives. And I always found that, just in proportion to this, these few did approach that mode of living and striving which their solemn creed demanded. They obviously were "working out their own salvation with fear and trembling"; they did meet me and greet me with the aspect of tearful and solemn concern; and they did not forget to warn me of the coming wrath, even with a fidelity which was irksome and offensive. Thus, wherever I extended my observation, I found that just in proportion as the Christian's integrity of life commanded my respect and confidence, that life was most nearly squared upon the theory that hell is real! A Paul, for instance: that apostle whose sturdy heroism inspired even my dead heart with a thrill of moral admiration; who had seen invisible glories and heard words which it was not lawful to utter, braved seas, and robbers, and prisons, and scourges, and deaths that he might "warn every one night and day with tears." Thus I was forced to say to myself: How absurd to put my chief trust touching this momentous question to the very kind of Christians for whom I have scarcely enough respect to confide in them in an ordinary bargain! If I am to derive any inference as to the question, whether I must surely die for my sin, it is the men I respect most whom I had better regard, distasteful as is their solemn conviction.

But, once more, there has been one Man on earth who was of all others best qualified to judge of the urgency of a sinner's condition on earth and the degree of his danger; and of all the beings who have ever lived among men, was the truest, the most disinterested and the wisest. He knew the real state of the case, for He came from the other world, and thus had the advantage of the perfect knowledge of an eye-witness. This

was the man Jesus. And He is the one Being who has literally lived and preached and toiled up to the full standard of that zeal and devotion demanded by the claims of eternity. Let any one look at Him, and infer from His proceedings what was His sense of the case. The one aim of His life was "to seek and to save that which was lost." To this every power and every day was devoted with a zeal so intense that His worldly relatives said, "He is beside Himself"; and His disciples beheld in His burning career a fulfilment of the prophecy: "The zeal of thy house hath eaten Him up." Laborious days of teaching were followed by whole nights of prayer. Not one hour did He ever divert to the pursuits of His business or ambition or pleasure; and after a ministry of super-human energy, He submitted His life itself to a cruel sacrifice for the redemption of your souls from the fate whose infinite bitterness He alone could appreciate. Here, then, is the safest example from which to infer the real truth, whether we shall surely die for our sins. Jesus must have felt that hell was real; for there is no other solution of His career.

III. Again, some who pretend to speculate more profoundly argue that the eternal ruin of sinners is inconsistent with the appearances of things which Providence Himself has instituted. "The order which He has impressed on this earth and our mortal life is not such as a wise and consistent God would have selected, if our race were, indeed, moving to such a fate." And here, say they, we argue, not from the actions or feelings of our fellow-men, who may mistake, but of the Sovereign Judge Himself. "Consider, then," say they, "what the aspect of this world should be if this dogma of an endless hell were true. Take in all the consequences which are involved, in all their horror. That all, all the thronging millions, who compose our generation, except the few consistent Christians, are going straight down to that tremendous doom, one single instance of which, if properly conceived, should be enough to make a world stand aghast. That all the successive generations which fill the centuries are born only to inherit this fate, save so far as the tardy efforts of this delinquent Church may rescue a few. That mortal life is then, in most men, but an unutterable curse! But, if all this is literal, what is this earth but a charnel-house of dead souls; a yawning gateway through which men may be borne into hell! Would God ever have put it into man's better nature to rejoice in the birth of children, or have said, 'Blessed is he that hath his quiver full' of these arrows of the strong man, if our paternity only avails thus, in most cases, to multiply the instances of immortal ruin and woe? In what scenery of woe should not such a world have been draped? It should be like the condemned ship, which floats away in the dark night, with its black flag, freighted with its load of crime and despair, to the

you have already

solitary ocean. Its atmosphere should be darkness visible, its sole occupation the wailing agony of entreaty. The globe itself should blot the sky with its disk, and be followed as it rolls in its orbit by a dirge of pitying angels, while its fair sister spheres should veil their light at its approach, even as a tender woman would cover her face from the sickening horrors of the scaffold. Such should God have made the home of a race who 'were by nature children of wrath.' But what has He made it? Behold its light and beauty and beneficence! Lo! its scenery is gilded with sunlight and overarched with azure. 'He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from His chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of His works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.' And throughout this beautiful earth 'He setteth the solitary in families'; He invites man to hope and joy by social sympathies, and teaches the mother's heart to sing for joy that a man is born into the world. Do not nature and Providence, then, refute this gloomy and saturnine view of man's destiny?"

Glad should I be, my hearers, to read the appearances around us thus; but, alas! there is another side of the picture which must be viewed. This earth is full of blessing? Yes; but it is like the vale between Ebal and Gerizim: the curses are over against the blessings. Gloomy night answers to day, tempest to calm, freezing winter to teeming summer, desert to fruitful field; the poison grows beside the flower and the fruit, and death waits on life—that death which is to every heart the monster-evil. And when man has viewed the whole scene, and tasted all that earth can give, his reluctant testimony is, "Vanity of vanities"! Nor are all the aspects of Providence smiling! Turn your eyes to the darker scenes, which fill all the larger pages of history, where human crimes and divine retributions have made this sinful earth an Aceldama. Harken to the scream of the oppressed upon the rack! Hear the roar of battle, the crash of falling cities, the wail of ruined nations! Does not our earth, after all, sometimes seem dark enough to be indeed the vestibule of hell? And when we examine more narrowly the conditions of man's existence here, we find the same strict doctrines evidently applied on earth which underlie the future retributions: that man is required to fulfil a probation for his own welfare, under responsibilities to comply carefully with the conditions prescribed him, or else receive from the course of nature itself a stern and inexorable recompense. Does outraged Na-

ture, when the time has come for her to pronounce her final doom on the glutton, the drunkard, the debauchee, hold her hand, or hearken to entreaty? Alas, no! she shows herself as inexorable as the darkest dogma of the Calvinist.

How, then, shall this strange mixture of good and evil, this seemingly capricious juncture of mercy and wrath, be explained? The only solution I know is the one which Scripture proposes. It is this: That had man's doom been immediate and absolute, like that of the fallen angels, then the world, which is his home, would have been unvisited by one ray of mercy or light. But because the seed of the woman was appointed to bruise the serpent's head; because God would first offer man atonement, through the death of His own Son, before He shuts him up in death, therefore it is that He has made us for the time "prisoners of hope," and adorned our prison with all these alleviations in order that they might allure us to the footstool of gospel-mercy. "Account that the long-suffering of our God is salvation."—2 Peter iii: 15. "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."—Rom. ii: 4. "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."—Acts xiv: 17. Thus every terrestrial blessing, from the daily food which refreshes the hunger of an hour up to the children which fill your homes with love, is a voice to remind you of that amazing sacrifice of infinite love to which God was moved by His infallible knowledge of the depth of your everlasting doom, and to woo you to flee to this city of refuge before it is too late. This is God's explanation of His earthly dispensation of good and evil to man. Does it furnish any solace to that man who is resolved to slight the only atonement? Surely there could be no mistake so tragical and so perverse as that which wrests this ministry of mercy into an argument for contumacy. Here is a state prisoner, accused, tried, condemned, locked up, awaiting his condign punishment. But because the king and the king's son have so thorough an apprehension of the horror of that fate which justice will inflict, therefore they cast about for some way of escape, whereby "righteousness and peace may kiss each other." It is found at length in this amazing plan: that the king's son shall drink the cup of death in his stead. So, to prepare the way for the message of this ransom, the gloom of the condemned cell is lighted with the sun; the fetters of the doomed man are relaxed; he is fed with dainties from the king's own table; and the cheering voices of hope penetrate his despair, inviting him to reconciliation through the son. But now the perverse wretch begins to abuse the very overtures of mercy, to argue that his sentence was not just, and the king knew it and never dared to execute it; that all this doom and threat-

ened destruction had been only an unsavory jest. To that man "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." His unbelief, by a dreadful alchemy, converts every fleeting blessing into an abiding curse, and stores it in the treasury of wrath against the day of wrath.

There is no safe footing here, then, for a doubt whether "we must surely die" if out of Christ. The Bible explanation of the mercies sinners experience is too consistent; to the gospel-despiser too terribly consistent and reasonable. And in the light of that explanation every earthly mercy has a voice which, even in its sweetest accents, implies that there is a hell as it cries, "Turn ye to the stronghold, prisoners of hope."

IV. But some, driven from God's providence, resort to His character for arguments to sustain the doubt as to His purpose to punish forever. They ask whether the justice, wisdom and goodness of God will not forbid His forever destroying a being whom He has Himself formed for happiness. Men ask, for instance, How can it be just in God to punish a puny creature eternally for a sin committed in this short life? They claim it as almost a self-evident truth that temporal punishment is sufficient for temporal sin. Now, I might dwell upon several thoughts which have presented themselves to my mind neutralizing the probability of this position. I was reminded, for instance, that neither the course of nature nor human law measures its penalties by the length of time consumed in the transgression. But sometimes the recklessness of a moment incurs a result, from the laws of nature, which fixes calamity and pain on the whole future life; and a murder, which it required a few moments to perpetrate, is justly punished with an everlasting banishment from this life and all its benefits. One cannot but think, again, how the estimate of his sins may be affected by the infinite glory and majesty of the Being at whom they are aimed. If the youth who strikes his own parent, for instance, is justly held far more guilty than the common brawler, how high may not the aggravations of our guilt against the Universal Father rise? But our very sinfulness and unbelief unfit us to weigh this element of our case fairly. We cannot rise to the impartial estimation of God's exalted rights and honor; we are too selfish and blind. Look, then, at another thought. None but atheists are so insolent as to deny that temporal sins deserve temporal punishment. Suppose, now, that you should *continue sinners after death, while paying off the score* of your earthly transgressions? Why not? Yes; *why not?* Because you will then be suffering punishment? We do not see that God's chastisements of you in this world have had any tendency as yet to make you any better: why should you count on them to make you better there? Or be-

cause your habits and evil principles will then be so confirmed by a life of sin? Which is easier to bend, a twig, or a tree? Or because the company of hell will be so edifying or improving to your heart? Hardly! Take, then, one sober, honest look at yourself, and answer me, what is the likelihood that you, who are an obstinate sinner now, will not be a sinner then? You, whose resolutions of repentance have hitherto been so absolutely worthless; you who cannot be in the least restrained from your sins by the near prospect of a retribution so heavy that you are now murmuring at its weight? But should the prediction of Scripture prove true, that he who is unjust now will be unjust still, and he who is filthy now will be filthy still; and should you be heaping up a second mountain of transgressions while you are paying your debt for the first, when will you ever finish? There is the question which ruins all your hope. Be God's justice what it may, obviously no reasonable being, who has once resolved to curb rebellion by penalty, can consistently stop punishing until the criminal stops rebelling. To do so before would be impotent child's-play. But after you have on this earth rejected Christ, who is to help you to cease rebelling? Who is to intercede for you with the avenging Judge to hold His hand? I see not where your hope is to hang.

"But God is supremely wise and kind!" How do you know He is? From the Bible? The same Bible that tells me, "God is love," tells me that He "turns the wicked into hell, with all the nations that forget God."—Ps. ix: 17. Which side of this statement must we take? And if we reject either, then the Bible ceases to be of authority with you for both: it no longer authorizes us to say God is love. Or will you turn from it to God's works, and plead that "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord"?—Ps. xxxiii: 5. When we look there, we "behold both the goodness and severity of God"—Rom. xi: 22; death set over against life; calamity against blessings; war against peace; sickness and pain against health; "distress of nations and perplexity" against perplexity. And when you bid me infer that God's wisdom and goodness forbid His destroying forever even a guilty creature, whom He Himself formed for immortal happiness, then I know that we have both gone far beyond our depth. Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is higher than heaven; what canst thou do? It is deeper than hell; what canst thou know? Look around; and so far as your earthly wisdom can read His dispensations, do you not see Him daily permitting the most ardent aspirations of your fellows to end in vanity, despair and death? Do you not see Him permitting millions of young infants, in whom He had implanted the seeds of reason, and love, and happiness, and beneficent action, die like the bud-

ding flower that drops from the tree with its undeveloped germ to rot on the ground? How is that? Do we not see Him rain on the salt, barren ocean and the unpeopled deserts, while the vales on which the children of men hope for their daily bread, and whose clods they have watered with their sweat, shrivel for drought? How many men, judging by earthly reason, have ever been content to die as satisfied with the results of their life? The one thing, the only thing that is certain to us all is, that we must die; and so far as earthly wisdom can see, "How dieth the wise man? Even as the fool dieth!" Thus, when I see this awful God stamp "vanity and vexation of spirit" on all the hopes of man, I cannot undertake to decide what awful severities on the guilty He may not purpose to execute in another world. He has worlds under His government. His purposes span eternity. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him; but justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne."—Ps. xcvi: 2. Feeble man, we are out of our depth! There is here no standing ground for any hope. Let us then go back, and hear what message the Lord Himself hath been pleased to send us out of His Word. And when we look there, the most striking fact is, that the clearest, the most dreadful declarations of the eternity of the unbeliever's ruin are those uttered by Jesus. Men sometimes babble of a difference, even a contrast, between the theology of Paul and of his Master. They talk of Paul as the austere logician, excogitating a rigid system of dogmas; they prefer, they say, to turn to the teachings of the "meek and lowly Jesus," whose theology is that of love. Well, one thing do we know: never was there love like unto His love! It surpassed the love of woman. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He laid down His for enemies! No man can see one trait of cruelty in this Jesus; for His life was a ministration of kindness, not to the deserving, but to the "publican and sinner." Never did the cry of human woe strike His ear in vain; never did human anguish appeal in vain to His soul while on earth. And He knew, also, the real facts; for He came from the world of spirits and thither He went back. How comes it, then, that this meek and loving Jesus uttered His warnings against hell, in words sevenfold more frequent and solemn than the "austere" Paul? Is this also done in love? Yes; the beauty of His beneficent life and death permits us to think nothing else. If, then, it is the tenderest heart in the universe which comes out to us most fearfully, "Beware of the pit!" what shall we think? Is it because He who knows best, and loves us best, is most fully informed of its inevitable certainty and its intolerable pains? Hear this Divine Pity, then—Mark ix: 43, 44; Matt. xviii: 34, xiii: 41, 42, xxv: 30-46; Luke xvi: 23-26; Rev. vi: 16, 17.

What, then, is the part of reason for you? As I said at the outset, I have no dogma to advance. I have no interest in arguing that there is an everlasting hell for impenitent sinners. If any man can prove that there certainly is none, by any evidence honorable for God and safe for man, sure I am that no man's soul will be more rejoiced than my sinful heart. I have but one parting word to utter, and that is so plainly just that it needs no argument. It will be well for you to *look thoroughly* into this doubt before you trust yourself to it. Your eternity is at stake! And if, after your faithful, honest and exhaustive examination, you are constrained to feel that there is a possibility that Jesus may be right and Satan wrong on this point, it will be best for you to come with me to the safe side, and **hide under the sacrifice of Christ.**

The Breathings of the Pit; or, Robert Ingersoll on his Perilous Journey.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Justin D. Fulton, D.D.

Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of my hand: ye shall lie down in sorrow.—Is. 1:11.

The inspired man of God, standing on his mount of vision, described in language which cannot be misunderstood the perilous journey and the certain doom of the infidel. Over and against him is the man who fears God. He has comfort in reviewing his life. With rejoicing he can declare, "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; He wakeneth morning by morning; He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned. The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away my back. I gave my back to the smiters and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. I hid not my face from shame and spitting. For the Lord God will help me, therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." These words are full of meaning. They embody the experience of every true believer. They enable him to ask with absolute confidence, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE.

There are those who make light of a faith in God. They treat it as superstition, and speak of it as if it were a relic of the dark ages. They scorn the fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins, and prefer to hew out for themselves cisterns, which they name reservoirs of hope. They refuse to sacrifice "a real world that they have, for one they know not of." They call believing in Christ enslavement, and refer to the light of Christianity as "the darkness of barbarism," which filled the future with heavens and with hells, with "the shining peaks of selfish joy, and the lurid abysses of flame." To such God says: "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks; walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks ye have kindled." The opposer, the rebellious, the despiser, may go on. The fire kindled is

short-lived. The sparks by which he surrounds himself shall yield but a momentary glow, and "this shall ye have at my hand: ye shall lie down in sorrow."

An indescribable anguish has possession of many hearts. The fires are being kindled, and the young, the intellectual, the enterprising are surrounding themselves with sparks. They are in peril. They believe it not. For weeks and months literature, the newspapers, the speech of men, of households and of society have been full of the breathings of the pit which have distinguished the utterances of a man who suddenly sprang into national recognition, won fame as an orator, attained influence in the nation, and then revealed a hatred toward God and religion which shocked the moral sense of the community. Never since Absalom broke away from restraint and led Israel in a wild revolt against parental rule has society been more surprised. The man seems bent on ruin. That cry of David, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son," expresses the sentiment that claims attention whenever thought is turned towards Robert G. Ingersoll, the son of a Presbyterian minister, who was reared with the greatest care, and in the midst of the mighty manifestations of God's power in the home, in the church where he worshiped, and in the community where he resided. This man is now playing the rôle of the prodigal son. He has not yet come to himself. His way leadeth to destruction. He is casting contempt upon the fame of his father, and upon the mother who carried him to the throne of grace day after day in the arms of believing faith. His father was a man of power. He preached as an evangelist in various portions of the country, and served churches as pastor. It is related of him that he preached a sermon from the text "God is love," and that as a result one hundred souls were born into the kingdom. The prayers of these parents are registered in heaven. Let not Christians despair. Ingersoll's blasphemy and vileness are products of sin. He refuses to honor his father, but says instead, "I have no respect for any human being who believes in hell. I have no respect for any man who preaches it." Well did David say: "Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man? The goodness of God endureth continually. Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs, like a sharp razor working deceitfully. Thou lovest evil more than good, and lying rather than to speak righteousness. God shall likewise destroy thee for ever; He shall take thee away, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling-place, and root thee out of the land of the living." The righteous also shall see and fear, and shall say of him: "Lo! this is the man that made not God his strength, but trusted in the abundance of his riches, and strengthened himself in his wickedness."

THE SECRETS OF THIS LIFE

we may not know. Would that I could feel that the Church was not in any wise to blame. The boy was reared amid the briers of Brierwood Parish. He saw poverty as only ministers' children see it, and drank from the cup of sorrow as only ministers' children drink from it. Something has hardened and maddened him. His chastening has not yet yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness. At times, as I have read his words, which reveal so much of bitter hatred towards God, it has seemed to me I could hear the voice that sounded in the ear of another strong hater: "Why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." Submission to God's will and rule brings peace. Opposition, irreconciliation brings want, disquiet and discomfort. Gladly were it proper would I express the hope that ever and anon arises in my heart, which brings me into sympathy with a Saviour's love, and perhaps with a Saviour's expectation. Imagine our Lord's happiness when Saul cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" No matter how this poor man reviles and attacks the faith that gave cheer and comfort to those who bore him, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ loves him. Would that it were mine to reach the ear of his soul, and touch the heart so steeled against God. I would turn the face toward him who died for him, and who looks on his attempt to stifle conviction with supreme pity, still crying, "Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he is doing." He sees not the pit-falls in the way, nor the perils which thicken in the air; he breathes out hate when love should inspire him; he has the scent of the vulture and the appetite of the hyena, and prowls among the dead and damned, finding there companionship and subjects of admiration. It is impossible to contemplate such a ruin without experiencing emotions of sorrow which baffle the powers of description. Let the grace of God be welcomed, and this man, rushing blindly on to the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler would be changed. The might of wing which distinguishes the eagle as he battles with the storm-cloud and rides triumphantly on despite the tempest would be used to carry tidings of salvation to the lost. The terrible nature that challenges public opinion and tramples on all the finer feelings of the Christian heart would be converted to the uses of religion. This is not idle dreaming. It is history. There are better uses for man on earth than to contend against God and uproot and destroy all the tendrils of love, of service, of beneficence. There are better uses for men in the next world than to consign them to eternal woe. Do you want proof of it? Then look to Calvary. What signifies those three crosses on the hill-side? Two are for malefactors. One is for the innocent Christ. Why is He there? That is His place. He came to

stand among the lost, to live among them, to die among them, as well as to die for them. He is here beside this terrible blasphemer. He loves him with an eternal love. Do you want proof of the might of Divine grace and of its mission? Look toward Damascus. There goes a man as much worse than Ingersoll as he is mightier in philosophy, more skilled in learning and wilder in fanaticism. He, too, hates our Lord, and has no respect for any human being that loves Him. He is notorious in Jerusalem, and is the dread of the followers of the Nazarene. He gazes on Stephen as his face shines in the light of the throne. He hears his prayer. He marks the words, "*Lay not this sin to their charge.*" They were a new revelation to him. They resembled the ship on which Columbus rode when first seen by the red man of the forest. They told of an unexplored sea—an unexplored sea of love. They told of a land beyond the present, that rose in dim outline before the vision of the martyr, that impressed the man of Tarsus with a new conviction. The arrow had pierced the heart of the king's enemy. It rankled there. The light of God shone round about him. He fell prostrate before the Crucified, and cried: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Then God spoke peace to him. The machinery of an immortal soul was reversed. The man pushing on to ruin turned toward the possibilities of a higher life, and became the apostle to the Gentiles.

Adoniram Judson was at one time apparently lost to hope. He, too, was the son of a minister. Prayers and tears were apparently wasted on him. He was in a hotel. Beyond the thin partition was a sinner dying. All night long the moans and death-throes disturbed his sleep. The next morning, on inquiry, he found that the young man was dead. He followed his lost spirit on its terrible journey. He was convicted and converted, and became the pioneer missionary to Burmah, winning the distinction of being Jesus Christ's man.

HOPE ON.

It has been remarked how near each other in their original fountains are the streams of belief and unbelief; like rivers whose sources are seen by one poised condor, and whose mouths are divided by a continent. One man receives Jesus Christ as Saviour and as Ruler, and is saved. Another as favorably situated rejects Him, and is lost. They walk the same paths, attend oftentimes the same church, live under the same roof. One believes in Christ, and comes into the fellowship of eternal love; his path grows brighter and brighter as the years run on, and, like the day star that precedes the day, is changed into the brightness of the morning and so lost from sight. The other disbelieves, and goes blindly and madly down the steep places

of impiety. Could we uncover Ingersoll's past, we should see him at a family altar, his hand held in his mother's grasp, while his father wrestled like Jacob of old. He stood by the line dividing heaven and hell. He might have crossed. He stops. Satan takes possession, and the boy becomes this crazed blasphemer. Give him not up. Augustine was worse than he, and yet his mother clung to him, and was permitted to wear her son's soul as a star in the crown of her rejoicing. Well do I remember the early career of James Inglis, one of the saintliest of men afterward. He came to the town where his classmate was preaching a terribly dissipated infidel. Prayers went up for him. Never can I forget his looks and the looks of his companions when the proud reviler bowed at the foot of the throne and called on Jesus Christ in the Holy Spirit to take possession of his immortal soul. Nothing is too hard for God. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

No longer can we continue to delight ourselves with the radiance of hope. Our duty compels us to describe the perilous journey that lies before this man of sin.

More than twenty-five centuries have gone since Isaiah portrayed his doom. Opposition to God is as old as sin. It began before Adam, before Eden, when Satan lead off his revolt in heaven and compelled God to locate hell as the prison-house of the damned. There is nothing new in Ingersoll's impeachment of God. This opposition has assumed different forms, but it has been characterized by the same purpose. In the days of the apostles fire and sword served as arguments. A century passes, and then men began to wield the pen in defense of heathenism. The carnal heart at enmity with God loved sin, and lavished upon its debasing forms of wickedness its wildest admiration. At the foot of the cross Cæsar was preferred to Christ. Cæsar was as bad in morals and in life as Thomas Paine. In him there was nothing lovable. His face was hideous—it was covered with ulcers. His entire life was so great a disgrace that Rome kept him hidden from the popular gaze; and yet such is the tendency of sin that Ingersoll found his counterpart in those who cried, "Crucify Him: we have no king but Cæsar."

Julian, one of the most talented men of any age, attempted by pen and sword to banish Christ. He lived a wretched life and died a miserable death, and his name is covered with infamy. The words of the prophet describe the condition of the class, among whom are poets and artists, geniuses of high rank and mental powers of the most remarkable brilliancy. They kindled their fires, they surrounded themselves with sparks, they made light of God's mercy and of the sinner's doom, and they have found their "bed of sorrow."

An infidel is more than a disbeliever in the divine origin of Christianity. He is the opponent of the Infinite, and seeks to be a rival. Having arrogantly abandoned the guidance and teachings of the Most High, he plunges down the steep of error, and, leaping upon the barriers to perdition, goes down into pitiless ruin. His portion is darkness, and his surroundings are the flames which dry up the sources of hope and burn up the tree. For, says the Psalmist, "Their sorrows shall be multiplied that seek after another God." They shall be left to walk in the fitful gleams of the light they have kindled, and shall be compelled at the end of their thorny way to lie down in sorrow.

Had we time to sketch the history of those who have furnished notable illustrations of this utterance you would be astonished to behold how unerring are God's prophecies, how over-mastering are His edicts. We should see a Judas shrinking abashed from the presence of his infamous employers, surrounded by the sparks of his own hate, falling upon his bed of sorrow and wailing out his life. We should behold the mightiest defenders of heathenism swept on by the resistless current of an Infinite purpose, until they were compelled to seek refuge in what they were pleased to call a leap into the dark, which was in fact a leap into perdition, and a confirmation of the utterance, "This shall ye have at my hand: ye shall lie down in sorrow." And the verdict of the world is, "Served them right." They went to their own place. They hated God. They despised reproof. They forsook the society of the redeemed and chose the company of the damned.

I. *It appears, then, the sinner's journey is perilous, because whoever continues in it loses the confidence and respect of his fellow-men.* It seems but yesterday since Ingersoll, by his oratorical ability, attracted universal notice. "Who is he?" was on every lip. When it was ascertained that he was a blatant infidel, there was a universal recoil. The better portion of mankind turned from him in disgust. Politicians, perhaps in hopes that he was not as black as men had painted him, employed him to canvass certain districts of the country. His extravagances of language were applauded. He passed from State to State, and was everywhere commended. This over, he took the lecture platform, and there lowered the mask and uncovered the heart of the man to the community. He proved himself to be utterly unworthy of esteem. He was

LOST TO THE COMMON CIVILITIES OF DECENT MEN.

Curiosity to hear and see him brought crowds to listen to him, and lecture committees, for the sake of gain, proved themselves wanting in principle. But the men went down. He went down, and became, with all his ability, simply the reviler

of Jesus Christ and the champion of the opposers of religion. His name shall rot. God will root it out. Rumor has it that he was nominated as Minister to Berlin. Even the rumor was an insult to the high character of the Secretary of State. The son of an honored minister, and the representative of an Administration that believes in God, could not go before the country weighted with "the body of this death." The nation utterly refused to be represented by a blasphemer, and this man sank to the realm of utter contempt.

He reveals his baseness. The history of wanderers from God is not cheerful reading. Julian, surrounded by Christian influences, no sooner renounced Christianity than he turned towards gods of his own forming. He reveled in the faults of Christians, and by a bold attempt endeavored to quench the Sun of Righteousness. Two years ended his success. He died, and beheld even in the hour of desolation the ark of truth careering forward as never before. Ingersoll is a poor imitation of a bad man. With utter disrespect he speaks of the Deity. He caricatures the story of man's fall, and then says: "Now, in order to regain man from the frightful hell of eternity, Christ Himself came to this world and took upon Himself flesh, and in order that we might know the way to eternal salvation He gave us a book, and that book is called the Bible, and wherever the Bible has been read men have immediately commenced cutting each others' throats. Wherever that Bible has been circulated they have invented inquisitions and instruments of torture, and they commenced hating each other with all their hearts."

THE UTTER UNTRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE MAN, APPARENT.

We quote this language to show how perfectly reckless the man is regarding truth, and how unblushingly he falsifies every page of history. He knows, as does every other student of history, that the Bible has been the forerunner of civilization, as well as of liberty, of law and of love. Very many charge upon Christianity the faults and sins of Romanism. Nothing could be more unfair. Romanism in lands where the Bible was under the ban resorted to the Inquisition and to force to propagate her faith; but where the Bible is free, Romanism is modified in character, as in Great Britain and in America, where her clergy become champions of much that is good and helpers in various reforms. Of course, it is not true that Christ came to give us a book. He gave us Himself. He declared Himself to be "*the way, the truth and the life.*" The book came afterwards, and was written by men divinely inspired, as an embodiment of the thoughts revealed and as the portrayal of the life to be lived. Again the reviler says: "I am told now—we are all told—that this Bible is the foundation of civilization; but I say

it is the foundation of hell, and we never shall get rid of this dogma of hell until we get rid of the idea that it is an inspired book." The poor man is again at fault. The Bible is no more the foundation of hell than is a guide-book the foundation of Europe. The Bible is a revelation of God. It discloses truth regarding heaven and hell, God and Christ, man in his ruin and man in his restoration. The declaration that "*we shall never get rid of the dogma of hell until we get rid of the idea that the Bible is an inspired book*" is true, and as the Bible is eternal so is the doctrine.

HE STATES THE QUESTION.

He says: "The question is, Ought a man to be sent to hell for not believing the Bible to be the work of a merciful Father?" We reply, men are not sent to hell for not believing that the Bible is the work of a merciful Father. Men are sent to hell because of just such a nature as is revealed in Robert G. Ingersoll. Men go to hell because they reject God and Christ, trample upon the overtures of mercy, and make themselves so truly obnoxious to the Christian public and the enlightened judgment of mankind that heaven to the good would be a hell to them. Imagine Ingersoll among the redeemed with these utterances against a merciful God and a loving Christ standing unrepented of and unforgiven! He could not find a hotter place in hell than he would find at the foot of the throne of the Lamb, with the purest and the best close to him. Character is of value in heaven as it is on earth. We have seen a woman in prison because no man among thousands would go on her bail bond. Do you ask why? Because

CHARACTER IS OF INESTIMABLE VALUE.

A beautiful woman comes from the country to the city. She goes with her friends to a theatre. She is deceived. She sees that she is forsaking virtue, innocence, Christ and happiness. She pleads to go home. They start. The conversation is frightful to her. She puts her fingers in her ears, and shrieks, saying, "*I want to get out!*" Why is it? She is not yet polluted. She is not willing to surrender to vileness, to debauchery and to crime. Is it strange that similar results have attended the lectures of this degenerate son of a Christian minister? Universalists have called him a fool; men who have never made a profession of religion have said such language outrages decency. It is not my purpose to quote his words. He read a string of passages to prove that God is a tyrant, an opposer of liberty, the patron of tyranny, of polygamy and what not. If any one will take the pains to refer to these chapters from which the verses were taken, they will see how full of tender-

ness and of love are the expressions there recorded, showing that the Jehovah we worship is the God of love. Ingersoll has revealed himself to be an unreasoning *atheist*.

GOD THUS DESCRIBES HIM.

"Because, knowing God, he glorified Him not as God, nor gave thanks ; but became vain in his reasoning, and his foolish heart was darkened. Professing to be wise, he has become a fool, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, to birds and to four-footed beasts and creeping things. Wherefore, God gave him up to the lusts of his heart's uncleanness, to dishonor his body, who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshiped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever. And as he did not choose to retain God in his knowledge, God gave him over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not becoming ; being filled with all unrighteousness, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, strife, deceit, malignity ; a whisperer, a slanderer, a hater of God, overbearing, proud, a boaster, a deviser of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, a covenant breaker, without natural affection—implacable, unmerciful ; who, knowing the judgment of God, that they who commit such things are worthy of death, not only does them, but has pleasure in these who do them."

III. *The journey is perilous because of the companionship it invites.* That young man who begins to sport with wine goes on until drunkards become his society. Sin pollutes.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

The fetters woven by error bind with terrific power. Look at the gambler held in the thrall of gamblers ; the thief forced to accept the society of outlaws. Ingersoll might have been associated with the good and great of earth, but, instead of this, note the rabble that applaud him and the followers that attend him. If it be true that those who oppose Christ and give themselves wholly up to the devil, now as in the past, are tentanted by demons and furnish a home for some fallen spirit, we find a reason for his vindication of Thomas Paine, the man who was the glory and shame of the American Revolution, the betrayer and reviler of Washington, and who dealt such blows at Christianity as lost him the respect of the civilized world. Rev. W. F. Hatfield, who, in youth, lived near where Paine died, thus describes him :

History shows that he was arrested for political crimes and thrown into prison ; that he was a confirmed drunkard ; that such were his habits that Monroe, his faithful friend, was compelled to abandon him ; that he attacked General Washington in a violent and profligate letter of sixty-four pages, denying to Washington all "generalship," and calling his great battles "insignificant skirmishes," while he thus ad-

dressed the Father of his Country : "As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostle or an impostor."

A FRIGHTFUL PICTURE.

The part of New Rochelle called Bonneville, from his influence became the "Sodom" of the region. The youth had no intellectual nor moral training, but grew up ignorant, lax and immoral. Paine was a sight to behold—a confirmed drunkard, a notorious liar, a profane wretch, so profane and filthy no decent person could remain with him. In 1804 he removed to New York, but he was so filthy that no one would keep him, and, with tears, to a Welshman, Paine cried out, "No one will take me in!" The Welshman had compassion on the miserable old man, dragged him out of a low tavern, put him in a tub of hot water, and scraped this prophet of infidelity till the dirt peeled off him. But Paine was too much for the Welshman. He had to turn him out. As he approached the close of life, one of the dirtiest, most drunken, brutal, profane, indecent, impure, blasphemous mortals that any age endured—houseless, penniless, friendless—religion at last came to his aid. A poor but pious woman, by the name of Hidden, came to his relief and cared for him.

His bones were taken to England, but England refused to have them buried in her soil. It was proposed to take them to France, but it is believed they were deposited in the ocean. Thus went down into the night a master-mind, because of the sparks he kindled when he wrote against a book that is the only sure foundation on which man can build his hopes for a future world.

And this man, beastly, brutal, drunken, worthless and in every way despicable, Robert G. Ingersoll worships, and turns his back on the Christ who died for him, whose life was so beautiful that even His enemies could find no fault with Him.

FREE THINKING IS CHANGING

in its character. It is letting go of the delicate, soft-stepping, silver-slippered type that has distinguished the attacks upon Christianity for the past few years, and it partakes again of the effrontery, the blasphemy, the terrible and vindictive hate that characterized the French Revolution. It is to be expected. Sturdy men contend for Christ. Satan sends his best warriors to meet them.

Christianity offers occasion for opposition. It demands an unconditional surrender of the faith and love of sinful man to the claims and behests of Jesus Christ as King and Saviour. It asserts authority for religious belief. Ingersoll must submit or be damned. He refuses to submit, and is condemned already, and the wrath of God even now abideth on him. Whoever rejects the Word of God and the testimony of Christ concerning the work wrought by the Spirit, is in the current of evil, and may, before he is aware, give himself to opposing the truth, impelled to it by a bitter hatred of God. It is in accordance with fixed and immutable law that a man who does wrong knowingly is made to suffer for it. The wrath of God is revealed against those who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Here is Ingersoll's peril. He knows the truth. He has

had wonderful opportunities. He has them yet. If he resists all these good influences and steps on the prostrate Christ, tramples on parental prayers and entreaties, he can have no hope. For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted the good Word of God and the powers of the world to come if they shall fall away; if they shall not come by these helps, if they shall make light of their opportunities and secure the proffered hand, and deride the love that vainly tries to woo them, it is impossible to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God and put Him to an open shame.

IV.—THE CAREER OF THE SINNER ENDS IN HELL.

This is the alarming fact. Sail round it as you choose, make light of it as you may, *the career of the sinner ends in hell*. Here, as a minister of Jesus Christ, expecting to stand with the living and to confront the great throng who are to be judged out of the books according to the deeds done in the body, I profess my faith. My Lord says, "Enter in through the strait gate; because wide is the gate and broad the way that leads to destruction, and many are they who go in thereat."

Yonder on the swift river Niagara is a man in a tiny boat. Friends on the shore sound to him the alarm. They tell with might and main to "pull for the shore!" He laughs at them. He goes on. At length the current gets him, and he plunges into ruin. See him crying for help. The friends are compelled to say, It is too late! He dies! God has ordained that whatever beareth not fruit is rejected and is nigh unto cursing whose end is to be burned. To this bold blasphemer God says Repent! Return! If not, this shall ye have at my hand: you shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and you shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb. And the smoke of your torment shall go up forever and ever; and you shall have no rest day or night!

God will see to it that sinners are punished. He gives to this subject His personal supervision. "Ye shall have it at my hand." The being rejected becomes the Judge and Executioner. Having rejected God and His righteousness, which is Jesus Christ, you shall be compelled to stand face to face with the scorned Christ when He appears as King of kings and Lord of lords.

Read the history of those who have held high positions as infidels, and see what is left of them and for them. Girard was impatient in his death, and could not even tie up his money so as to keep it away from doing good to Christ's cause.

Those whose names were once famous as opposers of Christianity are infamous in the estimation of mankind.

The portion of the infidel in eternity is awful to contemplate. "He shall lie down in sorrow." He cannot even stand up in opposition. He will revile no more. He will contend no more. He will *lie down* not only in unending misery, but in sorrow. Repentance shall come, but it shall be too late. He shall find that his efforts have been fruitless. The fire he kindled has been extinguished. It has burned out. The words spoken have proven to be folly. The influence exerted shall follow him. Lost himself, he shall be surrounded by the effects of his evil deeds and by the people he has destroyed.

"YE SHALL LIE DOWN IN SORROW."

God Almighty's *shall* is in the sentence. There is no doubt in it. The bed is fixed ; the state is unchangeable ; the doom is eternal ! There is but one way of escape. The Cross is the return path to God the Father, too strait for sin, for selfishness, for worldliness, but wide enough for faith, for childlike trust, for obedience and for love, human and divine. How unnecessary then the peril. Jesus is the light of life. That radiance is joy, health, life, and heaven. It is free to all. The vilest may come. The chiefest of sinners did come. Such may still come. The invitation covers all, for whosoever will come may come and find peace that passeth knowledge and joy in the Holy Ghost. And the life here is the prelude to unending bliss hereafter. May God add His blessing for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

THE
COMPLETE PREACHER.

SERMONS PREACHED BY SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT
CLERGYMEN IN THIS AND OTHER COUNTRIES,
AND IN THE VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL SUPERVISION OF REV. I. K. FUNK.

VOL III.

FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1878.

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THE COMPLETE PREACHER.

VOL. 3.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1878.

No. I

Why Christians Believe the Doctrine of Future Everlasting Punishment.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D.**, IN THE CLINTON STREET
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come . . . I said, therefore, unto you that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins.—
John viii: 21, 24.

How do we account for the fact that the future everlasting punishment of those who die impenitent and unforgiven has been firmly held and strenuously defended by the great majority of Christians in every age? The doctrine is confessedly awful and repulsive. It has been assailed by every weapon of ridicule, of denunciation and of argument. It has been stigmatized as unreasonable, cruel and dishonoring to God. They who teach it have been held up to public scorn as "narrow-minded bigots," "heartless theologians," "Pharasaic dogmatists." Christianity itself has often been rejected because of it. And yet after eighteen centuries of investigation, discussion and controversy, this confessedly offensive and horrible doctrine enters as an essential element into the creed of the whole Christian Church, of the Greek, of the Latin, and of all the great historical Protestant bodies. It underlies and pervades, in some form, the religious experience, the hymnology and the liturgies of the great mass of Christians. Its opponents among professing Christians belong exclusively to one of two classes—those who refuse to adopt any definite statements of religious belief, or those who are confessedly out of sympathy with the denominations to which they belong. The doctrine of future punishment is one of the points in regard to which there is no characteristic difference between Roman Catholics and Protestants. As it prevailed in the Church before the rise of the Romish hierarchy, so also it was not brought into question when the Reformation struck off the chains of priestly power, and led men in the free exercise of the right of private judgment to the study of the Scriptures. Upon this subject there is a unanimous and absolute agreement among

all the Lutheran and Reformed creeds. While they reject the comparatively modern dogma of purgatory (which is nothing more nor less than the theory that God's wrath in the next world will purify some of those who are not sanctified and saved from sin by His grace in this), they reaffirm the ancient faith of the Church in future everlasting punishment. The popular notion that this doctrine has some peculiar connection with the Presbyterian Church, or at least with what is called the Calvinistic system, is utterly groundless. Two facts will demonstrate the truth of this remark. The Protestant Episcopal Church in this country and in England, while they reject our Presbyterian polity, declare their faith in this doctrine in unequivocal terms; every time they repeat the venerable Litany, which contains this solemn petition, "From wrath and everlasting damnation, good Lord deliver us." Do they play the hypocrite before God when they thus pray to Him? Certainly not. Does Canon Farrar use the Litany? We presume he does. On the other hand, the whole Methodist denomination, while they reject what are called Calvinistic doctrines, preach future punishment with their characteristic zeal.

Now, how do we account for this tenacity of belief in a doctrine so unpopular and so repulsive to the human heart? Shall we attribute it, as one of the most eloquent of the modern opposers does, to "angry ignorance or raging prejudice?" Surely orthodox theologians are not a whit behind the chiefest of their opposers in the study of Biblical criticism, nor in their ability both to appreciate and to use whatever can move the heart and convince the understanding. Or, shall we accept the more telling and popular explanation, and believe that the great body of theologians and Christian people in all ages have been so blinded and hardened by hatred towards their fellow-men that the thought of the perdition of others enhances the anticipation of their own blindness, and that they "consign multitudes, with orthodox equanimity, to endless torments?" Does the strength of this doctrine consist in the *delight* it affords those who hold it? We are ashamed to ask such questions. We blush for those who make it when we repeat the suggestion that the great body of the fathers and of the reformers, the overwhelming majority of all who have ever preached the gospel since the days of the apostles—including the authors of the sweetest melodies that have ever embodied Christian love in songs, such as, "Jesus thou joy of loving hearts;" "Rock of ages cleft for me;" "Jesus lover of my soul;" "There is a fountain filled with blood;"—that all these were monsters of cruelty, to whose hearts the thought of another's suffering brought exquisite pleasure. If this were true, then, indeed, would Christianity be a failure, and Nero, when he sought to stamp it out of the world, would be a model of virtue com-

pared with its most honored saints. But let us have done with such senseless reviling; it is neither philosophic, nor charitable, nor truthful. As a joke, it is ghastly; as an argument, beneath contempt. They who believe the doctrine of future everlasting punishment are quite as loving in their spirit as they who reject it. The weakest of all ways to assail a doctrine is to impeach the motives and traduce the character of those who hold it. Let us have done with this slandering of the living and the dead—this trampling on the graves of our fathers. Let all—whatever be their views upon this subject—cease to make the wrath to come a theme for merriment. This world is full enough of subjects for innocent and wholesome laughter without turning the destinies of eternity or the opinions of men concerning them into ridicule. To do this is not only a profanity but an intellectual degradation. Let us acknowledge the sincerity of those from whom we are constrained to differ upon this as upon other subjects. There can be no reasonable doubt that, on all sides of this vexed question, it would bring an infinite relief and give universal satisfaction if we could be assured that all mankind will be ultimately and eternally blessed. It is no comfort to us to think with Paul, that, after having preached to others, we ourselves “may be a castaway,” or that any to whom we have preached may “fail of the grace of God.”

Why then do we not all agree to reject the doctrine of future punishment and abolish it forever from our creed? There are two obstacles in the way, two insurmountable facts, which account for the prevalence of the doctrine, and make it just as impossible to eliminate it from Christian belief as it is to vote pain out of the world, or to abolish poverty and sickness by acts of Congress.

In the first place the doctrine of future and everlasting punishment is in accordance with the suggestions of the human conscience, and with the constitution and course of nature which all Christians call divine Providence. Forbodings of wrath to come are as instinctive and as universal among men as a belief in God and in the immortality of the soul. It is a doctrine of natural as well as of revealed religion, and it is abundantly confirmed by the analogies between the two. It is not peculiar to the Christian system. It lies at the basis of all religion; and from its awful warnings and anticipations no relief has ever been found but in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; unless that may be called a relief which rejects all religion and lapses into the denial of both God and the human soul.

If men suffer—and suffer remedilessly for sin in this life, under the government of a merciful and holy God, no satisfactory reason can be assigned why they may not so suffer in another state of existence, and in the face of existing facts, no speculation of uninspired men can argue out of the human soul

those forebodings of wrath to come which the gospel so far from removing, has only confirmed in the great majority of those who accept it. Every argument against these natural forebodings founded upon an appeal to the divine Attributes, is equally good against the very existence of the divine government over this world; and if carried out to its logical conclusion must lead to the denial of the being of God. It is very easy to beg the question in dispute by passionate appeals to God's justice and benevolence. Assuming that they have all the elements of a righteous judgment within their grasp, and that they are just as competent as God Himself to decide what the doom of those who die impenitent ought to be, men jump at once to the still grosser assumption that the teaching of the universal conscience of mankind, confirmed by what the great majority of Christians have always accepted as the plain meaning of Scripture, impeaches the divine justice; and then they ask, with eloquent deprecations, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" As though some one were endeavoring to prove that the Judge of all the earth will do wrong! The very question to be decided is, What in God's judgment, who alone is competent to decide, will be the just doom for incorrigible sinners? And the only answer to that question, aside from Scripture, is found in what He does in this world, and what the accusing conscience forbodes that He will do in the next. Abraham once asked, in a very different spirit from those who quote his words, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" And the answer was not what the patriarch pleaded for, but the storm of fire and brimstone that blotted out the doomed cities of the plain. And so all through the history of the world the human conscience has recognized and interpreted the fact that "the wrath of God has been revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." And this appeal to natural justice as against the everlasting punishment of the wicked is still more grossly inconsistent with the very idea of such a remedial system as the gospel. "If it be inconsistent with divine justice that men should perish for their sins, then redemption is not a matter of grace or undeserved mercy. Deliverance from an unjust penalty is a matter of justice. Nothing, however, is plainer from the teaching of Scripture, and nothing is more universally and joyfully acknowledged by all Christians than that the whole plan of redemption—the mission, the incarnation and the death of the Son of God for the salvation of sinners—is a wonderful exhibition of the love of God which passes knowledge. But if justice demand that all men shall be saved, then salvation is a matter of justice; and all the songs of gratitude and praise from the redeemed, whether in heaven or on earth, ought at once to cease."—*Hodge*.

And you will readily see that the question of justice is **not**

in anywise affected by the *number* of the lost. All that has been said about the multitudes who may be supposed to have perished, and especially all that has been falsely attributed to the orthodox doctrine on this point, is a mere befogging of the question. It is as truly inconsistent with the divine perfection, and with all that makes the character of God attractive, to suppose that He would unjustly punish one soul as to suppose that He would inflict a similar sentence upon millions. Nor is the appeal to divine benevolence more logical or conclusive. As the question of numbers is especially irrelevant when applied to the justice, so the question of time or duration is irrelevant as regards benevolence. If God's benevolence necessitates the ultimate and complete happiness of all, that necessity is just as binding now as it ever will be; for the whole argument is based upon the assumption that God's benevolence, being infinite, must have an infinite expression—in other words, that He must make all men as happy as they can be. But we know that all men are not happy here; nay, we know that no man is as happy as he is capable of being. If it be answered that God cannot make all men perfectly blessed here consistently with His own perfections and with the interests of the universe, and with the very nature of the human soul, that nullifies the whole argument; for who beside God Himself is competent to say that the same conditions may not limit the exercise of infinite benevolence in a future state? So that the consideration of the moral attributes of God as they are illustrated in His providence over this world, instead of overturning the doctrine of future punishment, is, in fact, one strong reason why it has always been believed. The argument from the analogy between the constitution and course of nature and the teaching of revealed religion on this subject is fully stated by Bishop Butler, and never has been answered, except by an utter denial of a divine moral government over the universe.

The second reason why the doctrine of future punishment has been so universally and tenaciously held is found in the teaching of Scripture, and especially in the recorded instructions of our Lord Jesus Christ, to which we propose now entirely to confine ourselves. It is very remarkable that all the strongest expressions in which the common belief in future punishment is embodied, or by which it is illustrated—all the expressions which are most frequently ridiculed and reviled by unbelievers—fell originally from the lips of Christ Himself. Whatever "the worm that dieth not" and "the fire that is not quenched" may signify—whatever is meant by being "bound hand and foot and cast into outer darkness, where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth"—these and many similar expressions descriptive of the destiny of men after death are

not the inventions of theologians, but the two-edged words of Him who spoke as never man spake. It was He who related the story of a certain rich man who, after the sumptuous fare of this life, lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and begged in vain for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Five times in one discourse, when exhorting us to the self-denial which He declares to be necessary to salvation, He enforces His precepts by warning us that we are in danger of being cast into hell fire, into the fire that is not quenched, where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched. Does any one say this is horrible? So we think it is. But it was the loving and compassionate Saviour who said it, and said it with a full understanding of the common belief of the Jews in His day in regard to future everlasting punishment, and with a full knowledge that His words would be received, in their obvious and natural sense, as an endorsement and confirmation of that doctrine.

And now, when men rail at His ministers as cruel and malignant, and delighting in human suffering, because they simply repeat His words, we repel the accusation, not as against ourselves, but as well suited to dishonor and villify the character of Jesus Christ. We do not impute to them any such purpose. But when they denounce Augustine, and Calvin, and the Reformers, and the Puritan fathers for receiving and repeating these words of Christ, we feel sure that their censures, in the apprehension of impenitent and unbelieving men, pass over from the servants at whom they are aimed and wound the Master in the house of His friend.

Nor can the force of this observation be evaded by the assertion that it is not the words of Christ against which these railing accusations are brought, but only the interpretation which theologians have put upon them. For it is further remarkable that the doctrine of future punishment, as held and taught by the Christian Church in all ages, does not and never has consisted in the *interpretation* of these expressions of the Saviour. Even the Roman Catholic Church has never undertaken, by any formulated creed, by the decree of any council, or by the promulgation of any authoritative dogma, to decide whether the fire unquenchable is to be literally or figuratively understood. And there is not a Protestant creed in Christendom which insists upon a material hell, or upon a literal acceptance of the Saviour's words descriptive of future punishment. All the Church and its creeds have ever insisted upon is that the words of Jesus Christ are *true*, and were *truthfully uttered*; that they represent not a fiction, but a reality; and that He uttered them, not to play upon the superstitious fears of the generation who heard Him, but to give a faithful warning to all generations of men concerning a real danger to which they are exposed. It is not the Church doctrine that

blindly adheres to the letter that killeth. That charge lies rather against the teaching of those who insist that the Saviour's words refer only to the Valley of Hinnom, from which His lurid imagery was drawn—where the worm *has* died and the fire has long since been quenched; and so they make His words self-contradictory and belittle the warnings, which were intended for all time and for all mankind, by restricting them to a generation and to a state of things which have long since passed away. Doubtless there has been a vast deal of wild speculation among theologians and preachers of every name. They have given a loose rein to their imagination in the attempt to describe the invisible and eternal world; they have attempted to set ajar the gates of both heaven and hell; they have enlarged upon and woven into new forms, and sought to intensify by additions of their own, the Bible descriptions both of everlasting punishment and of life eternal. But all this has nothing to do with the essence of Christian faith. No formulated creed, and, so far as we know, no theologian of acknowledged repute, has ever undertaken to decide whether the words of Christ about that Gehenna fire, which is *not* quenched, are to be received literally, or only as the symbols of a more profound spiritual reality. The absolute and everlasting truth of His teaching on this subject is not involved in this question of interpretation; nor would that truth be a whit less terrible to any thoughtful mind if we knew for a certainty that the quenchless flame is nothing more than the burning of perpetual remorse in the chambers of the lost soul itself. Among those who have insisted most earnestly upon this interpretation are to be found some of the ablest and most orthodox expounders of both Roman Catholic and Protestant theology.

Further than this, it is remarkable that in the judgment of the Christian Church, as expressed in its creeds and in the preaching of its ablest ministers, the doctrine of future punishment has never been based exclusively upon these peculiar expressions of the Saviour. It does not rest upon any set of words or phrases, nor upon a few isolated texts, but upon the broad declarations, and especially upon the underlying assumptions, of the whole Scripture. It is taken for granted in those very teachings of Christ, in which His doctrine shines as the light and distils as the dew, and brings home unspeakable comforts to the sinful and sorrowing heart. And because this doctrine is thus interwoven with the whole gospel it is so tenaciously held by Christians. This will account for what may be regarded as the intemperate zeal with which some have defended it. When men seem to advocate and defend future punishment as though their happiness depended upon the belief that others must perish, if you could look into their hearts you would see that it is the *integrity of their Saviour*

and the truth of the sweet promises of the gospel that they are vindicating. If He is not to be believed when He threatens everlasting punishment, neither is He trustworthy when He promises everlasting life, for the two things are spoken of in the same sentence, and their duration is described by the same word; as, for example, in the description of the judgment in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. All through His teaching, the punishment is the dark back-ground on which the forgiveness and the salvation are portrayed with celestial brightness. And it is not by single words or sentences, but by the whole drift and tone of His teaching, that the doctrine is fastened upon the experimental belief of the soul. Suppose we admit that the word *Hell* is never used in the New Testament in connection with the idea of punishment, that it means only and always the general state of the dead as distinguished from the living, and that there is no other single word which definitely describes either a state or a place of future punishment; suppose we admit, also, that the word *damnation* ought to be translated *condemnation* always, as it is sometimes, and that the latter word has a meaning entirely different from the former; suppose, further, we concede that the word *aionios* does not mean everlasting; that there is no word in the Greek language to express the idea of endless duration; that the idea was unknown to the human mind in the days of Christ, and, consequently, that there is nothing in the Bible to assure us that heaven is everlasting, or that Jehovah is the Eternal God—suppose, I say, we concede all these monstrous assumptions, which have lately been put forth so dogmatically and with such an ostentation of profound scholarship; and to crown all these assumptions with one still more monstrous, let us suppose that the proposed new translation of the Bible will fully endorse all these new interpretations, and abolish the three obnoxious words, *hell*, *damnation* and *everlasting*, from the holy Scriptures: what then? Have you eliminated the doctrine of everlasting future punishment from the Bible, and especially from the teaching of Jesus Christ? Why, no! You might as well declare that a forest is destroyed when you have lopped off a branch or two from half a dozen trees; or that the ocean is turned into fresh water when you have extracted the salt from a few bucketfuls of its brine. What will you do, for example, with the Saviour's great commission to His disciples: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature: he that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned"

Now substitute the word "condemned" for "damned"; nay, to make the point still clearer, strike out the whole clause in which it stands, and let the only sanction to the great commission be, "he that believeth shall be saved." Does that mean he that believeth *not* shall be saved? Does it mean that

salvation is a mere imaginary good, which, in the long run, will constitute no essential difference between those who possess and those who possess it not? When the Saviour lays down the specific and unequivocal condition upon which men may be saved, does He reserve to Himself the knowledge of other conditions, which, if avowed, would completely nullify what He declares? Did He, indeed, know at the very time He gave this great commission that ultimately it will make little difference to men whether they hear and believe the gospel or not? How, then, can we receive Jesus Christ as an infallible, or even as a truthful, teacher? It must be obvious to every candid mind that what is assumed in that commission is an essential part of His teaching, and that to suppress the truth under such circumstances is no better than falsehood. For one, I am not willing to believe that the Son of God could thus palter in a double sense. And the same course of observation applies to all His exceeding great and precious promises and invitations. When He says, "Come unto Me, ye weary and heavy laden; take my yoke on you, and learn of Me, and ye shall find rest to your souls," does He mean that they who *do not come to Him* shall find rest all the same as they who do? When He stands and weeps over Jerusalem and laments that they would not be gathered to Him, and declares that now the day of their merciful visitation is past, that their house is left unto them desolate, and the things which belong to their peace are hidden from their eyes, does He indeed see beyond the few days of bloody conflict, in which Jerusalem will be destroyed and her children slaughtered in her streets, a heaven of perpetual joy and felicity into which they will all be gathered home? And does He weep because they are to be taken to heaven just as His own blessed martyrs have been, by fire and sword? When He signifies to Peter by what death He shall glorify God, He sheds no tears and utters no lamentations. And can we believe that the anticipation of the crucifixion of one of His own apostles, at the very time when that apostle was renewing the protestations of His love, excited less emotion in the Saviour's soul than the prophetic vision of similar sufferings on the part of His enemies? Surely the desolation of their house, and the hiding of the things which belonged to their peace, and the passing away of the day in which these things could be known, are associated in His mind with something more than the Roman sword or the Roman cross. Those tears over apostate Jerusalem are more terrible in their significance than His warnings about the undying worm and the quenchless fire.

When He said of Judas, whom He calls the "Son of Perdition" even while he was still numbered with the twelve, "Woe unto him by whom the Son of man is betrayed: it had been

good for that man if he had never been born," does He mean only that it will be a long time before Judas will be as holy and happy as the beloved John, and enter with the other apostles upon an eternity of blessedness? Can an eternity of blessedness be so nullified, even by antecedent ages of suffering, as to make the life that is capable of such a restoration a curse rather than a benefit?

But let us turn from these general considerations of the underlying assumptions of Christ's teaching, with which it would be easy to fill a volume, to the most specific declarations of our text. These words are the utterance of a divine prescience. As a prophet, the Saviour is looking into the future and declaring that which shall be hereafter. He says nothing here directly of hell, of condemnation, or of everlasting punishment; but in language most profound and comprehensive, "Ye shall die in your sins; whither I go ye cannot come." The two propositions are parallel and co-extensive. They stand in the relation of cause and effect.

To die in one's sins is to die unforgiven. If forgiveness were a mere sovereign and arbitrary act of divine mercy, performed by God without regard to the sinner's moral state or to the claims of His own holy law, the thought of dying unforgiven would not be so dreadful. But all Christians agree that forgiveness is not a mere arbitrary exercise of mercy, which can be put forth at any time and without regard to the sinner's attitude toward God. It is an act of justice no less than of mercy. It is based on the satisfaction Christ rendered to the divine law in behalf of them that believe. It is inseparably connected with faith. The Saviour expounds the text with the further declaration, "If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins."

And, therefore, to die in sin is to die under the condemnation of the divine law—even that "curse" which is pronounced upon all those who "continue not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." And so the Saviour says, "He that hath not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Moreover, to die in sin is to die with its uncleanness and its bitter recollection, clinging to the soul. The words which Christ puts into the mouth of Abraham in the parabolical conversation with the rich man, "lifting up his eyes in torment," strike the key-note of all weeping and wailing. "Son, remember!" That remembrance, with its bitter remorse and its thronging images of uncleanness, may constitute in the next world, as it so often does in this, the chief ingredient in the misery of sin. But whatever may be the form or mode of future punishment, it is always based upon and accurately proportioned to the ill-desert of human sin. This is the doctrine

of all Christian theology from the days of the apostles to the present time. To represent any man, living or dead, as teaching that God makes millions of immortal creatures simply for the purpose of consigning them to everlasting torments, or that He ever punishes any one without a strict and just regard to personal ill-desert, is to bear false witness against our neighbor. It is high time for those who boast of their liberality and charity to lay aside the old and threadbare slanders about God damning men, and even unconscious infants, by an arbitrary decree, which are adroitly fastened upon those who have long since been dead and cannot answer for themselves, but are really intended to bring reproach and excite prejudice against the character and opinions of the living. For one, I rejoice that my faith is orthodox—that is to say, according to rule, the rule being the written Word of God. Though I do not acknowledge any human authority as above or coördinate with the holy Scriptures, I also rejoice that in the full exercise of the right of private judgment I am able to give a general assent to the doctrines taught by such eminent expounders of the Scriptures as Augustin and Calvin. And now I declare to you that the uniform belief not only of these great teachers, but of all who hold the doctrine of future punishment—whether Catholic or Protestant, whether Calvinistic or Arminian—is this: that men are punished in the future world *simply and solely for their personal ill-desert*, or, as the text says, *because they die in their sins*. What will be the consequence of thus dying in sin? Manifestly, unforgiven sin in its condemnation and pollution will adhere to the soul as long as the soul exists, unless there is in the future world some process more effectual for its removal than any to which it has been subjected in this life. Is there such a future redemption? In other words, is there any foundation for the theory of the restoration of the wicked? This theory rests upon one of two hypotheses. The first is, that punishment itself will bring the sinner to repentance and reformation; that this is the only end for which it can be justly inflicted, and that when this end is accomplished the punishment will necessarily cease. The objections to this are obvious and insurmountable. (1) It is contrary to all human experience. When was a child made good merely by whipping, or a prisoner reformed simply by bonds and imprisonment? (2) It is entirely without Scripture foundation. Where is there a single text to support it? (3) It involves the manifest absurdity that punishment is no longer deserved, and can no longer be inflicted when the reformation of the sinner becomes hopeless; so that, in order to escape from divine judgment, a man has only to make himself as bad as he can be. (4) And, above all, it dishonors the method of salvation revealed in the gospel. If divine punishment shall prove more effectual than divine

love—if the fire that is not quenched will melt those who could not be moved by the light and sweetness that stream down upon us from the cross—what then becomes of the apostle's assertion that the Gospel of Christ is "the power of God unto salvation"? The second hypothesis upon which the theory of restoration rests is in itself far less objectionable; it supposes that the gospel will be preached in the next world to those who have not heard it, or who, having heard, have rejected it in this; and it is assumed that under their changed circumstances, all who have died in their sins will accept the new offer of salvation through faith in Christ. If this could be shown to be true, there is no human heart, certainly no Christian heart, which would not embrace it with joy unspeakable. The gospel is a joyful sound wherever it may be heard. We do not insist upon the possibility, not to say the probability, that they who have refused the inviting voice in this world may be equally obdurate in the next. We are more than willing to believe that if the glad tidings of salvation could be proclaimed anew among those who have died in their sins, their weeping and wailing would be hushed, yea, turned into the ecstatic song of salvation. Our objection to the hypothesis is that it is a *mere* hypothesis. Certainly our Lord Jesus Christ never taught any such doctrine; nor is there in His recorded teaching a single sentence from which any one has ever pretended to derive the confirmation of it.

This admitted silence of the Saviour is sufficient to condemn the whole theory; for it compels the advocates of such human speculation to assume a superiority either of wisdom or of kindness to the Son of God. *He* never taught such a doctrine; but they vindicate the character and government of God by supplementing His defective teaching with a theory of their own. But the silence of the Saviour is not all. He used words and uttered warnings and drew pictures utterly inconsistent with the supposition that He believed there would be another probation in the world to come; and that, too, under circumstances where, if He had entertained any such views, common honesty and human kindness would have compelled Him to avow them. For example, take His answer to the question which agitated men's minds in His day just as it does now—the question, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" (Luke xiii: 23.) Here was a grand opportunity for the full exposition of the truth—for the comfort of anxious inquirers in all time to come. How did He answer? Did He reprove and denounce the underlying impression in the inquirer's mind that salvation would be limited? Did He say, "Many will fail to be saved under the present dispensation, but they will have another and more successful trial hereafter?" No! His answer is in these solemn and plain words: "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate:*

for many, I say unto you, *will seek* to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not, whence ye are: then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou has taught in our streets. But He shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are: depart from me all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you *yourselves* thrust out." This answer must be taken in its connection and in its completeness. It will not do to break it into fragments and select what suits our theory. Here is no intimation that the gospel will be preached over again in the next world in order to persuade those who have rejected it here to accept it there. If the Saviour had that thought in His mind, how could He forbear to express it? True, He did not consent to gratify human curiosity in regard to the numbers of the saved or of the lost. But He did propose then, as always, to teach all who came to Him whatever is necessary for their salvation and their comfort. He is "the consolation of Israel." If it is necessary now, for the vindication of His redeeming love and for the encouragement of poor sinners, to prophecy a repetition in the next world of the rejected gospel offer, it was just as necessary then. But He who was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord made no such prophecy; on the contrary, He taught the opposite doctrine in words whose plainness cannot be improved. He declared that after the probation of the present day of salvation is ended *they who seek to enter in shall not be able*. Why? Because the Master of the house has risen up and shut to the door. "The figure is the usual one of a feast, at which the householder entertains (in this case) the members of his family. These being assembled, he rises and shuts the door, and none are afterward admitted."—*Alford*. The unfortunate cries of those who stand without and knock are answered from within with the repeated declaration, "I know you not whence ye are: depart from me all ye workers of iniquity." Nor is this prophecy of the future lightened or altered in anywise by those parables in which the same figure of a feast is employed to represent the provisions, the purposes and the final results of the gospel in its broadest applications. One of them concludes with the unqualified declaration, "I say unto you that none of those men which were bidden (and had refused) shall taste of my supper." In another, a man who had come in without the wedding garment is "bound hand and foot and taken away and cast into outer

darkness." Now, we ask again, could the Saviour have used such language if the gospel is to be preached over again in the next world to those who have rejected it in this?

Or take the picture of eternity which He painted in such lurid colors in the parable of Lazarus and the rich man. That conversation between Abraham and the lost soul, though parabolical, contains no sentiment which is not true. A parable of Christ is not a fable. What did he mean by the statement which he puts in Abraham's lips, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence"? Is such language consistent with the supposition that He knew all the while there would be a going down of gospel messages and invitations from heaven to those who die in their sins—a restoration of the lost to all the opportunities and joys of salvation?

Or take the plain words of our text: "*Whither I go ye cannot come.*" We know whither He has gone—to the bosom of the Father; to the innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect; to the social joys of Jerusalem the golden; to the immaculate city and temple and home of the soul, into which there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth or worketh abomination or loveth a lie. And before He goes He says to the unbelievers around him, and to all who shall die in their sins, "*thither ye cannot come.*" Did He mean only that they could not come *for the present*? Why then did He not say so? It would have been so easy, and so honest, and so kind to tell the whole truth in the premises. He did say to one of His disciples, "Whither I go thou canst not follow Me *now*, but thou shalt follow me *afterwards*." But to those who shall die in their sins He says emphatically and without any qualification, "*Whither I go ye cannot come.*" And are we to believe that the two statements so studiously different in their terms mean precisely the same thing? No! We dare not throw such contempt upon the truthfulness or the loving kindness of the Saviour as to suppose He would thus prevaricate. If others turn away from Him because of these hard doctrines, we will only come nearer and say more lovingly, "Lord, to whom can we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life." We are willing to accept the hard things for the sake of the light and sweetness with which they are connected. God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; it was condemned already. The foreboding of wrath to come which He formulated into the doctrine of future punishment is not the gospel; it is only the dark background of natural religion on which the gospel is projected; and we cling to it, not only because it is the dictate of the human conscience and the common sense of mankind, but because He who is

the light of the world has inseparably connected it with the sweetest promises of His grace and glory.

We have thus endeavored candidly to answer the question proposed at the beginning of this discourse: Why it is that the Christian ministry and the Christian Church in all ages have so tenaciously held the doctrine of future everlasting punishment. If these reasons needed any further confirmation it might be found in the restlessness, the violence, the pitiable inconsistencies and self-contradictions of those who denounce the orthodox faith. One thing is characteristic of the whole class: They pull down but do not undertake to build up.

They declare with awful imprecations what they do not believe, and illustrate their meaning with what we would fain regard as unintentional caricatures of the belief of others; but when they attempt to set forth what they do believe, they either stagger to and fro like a ship in a storm without rudderbands or compass, or else they double back, like a timid hare, to the orthodox faith from which they before fled with horrible outcries.

That I may not appear rash or uncharitable in these remarks, let me give you a single illustration. It is found in a celebrated sermon on this subject by the Rev. Dr. Farrar, Canon of Westminster. When we began the reading of that discourse we were amazed at the violence with which he assails a doctrine so deeply imbedded in the standards, the liturgy and the literature of his own Church; and no less at his misapprehension, not to say perversion, of the views of great and good men in his own as well as in other Christian denominations. But when we had reached the conclusion of the sermon our amazement was turned into laughter. For what is the conclusion to which he comes through so many pages of passionate declamation, and which he announces with the apparent heroism of a martyr going to the stake? He says: "*My hope is that the vast majority of the lost will at length be found.*" Indeed! And this is the pretended novelty for the proclamation of which the bones of the dead in Westminster Abbey have been shaken, and in view of which rumor, with her thousand tongues, declares that the old orthodox faith has been abandoned. Why, every orthodox preacher in Europe and America, and all their predecessors from the days of Augustin and of Paul, while rejecting the eloquent Canon's wild speculations about the preaching of the gospel in the next world, agree with him "that the vast majority of the lost will be found." In fact, all orthodox preachers not only *hope*, but are firmly persuaded, that "where sin abounds grace will much more abound," and that the great majority of mankind will be saved. The salvation of all who die in infancy has, from the beginning, kept the ma-

majority on the side of Christ and heaven : and that majority will be unspeakably increased in the days of millennial glory. Why, even Jonathan Edwards, whose discourses contain the most terrific, and we are willing to add the most unwarrantable, descriptions of future punishment, insists that the finally lost will bear no larger proportion to the saved than the inmates of a prison to the population of an empire. He represents the fewness of their numbers one element of their punishment. But now, what have we to do with the numbering of the lost or the saved ? We are told that the saved will be " a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindred and people and tongues." Let us see to it that we and all we can influence are among that blessed multitude. Our business is to strive that we may enter in. Let us not die in our sins, through want of faith in Jesus Christ, and so be excluded from the place and the state whither He has gone. " For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *who-soever believeth in Him* might not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Judgment Day.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY H. P. Liddon, D.D., CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.—I Thessalonians, v : 2.

MANY of us must have wondered sometimes at the boldness of this comparison, in which the second coming of our holy and gracious Saviour is likened to the act of the felon who breaks into a man's house at night with intent of plunder and violence. If Scripture did not warrant the figure we should not, we think, have ventured on it. Nay, it may be that an inspired apostle would hardly have held this language, if his Lord and Master had not led the way. The comparison is, in fact, suggested by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and He uses it for a very simple purpose. The figures and similes of Scripture are used to illustrate some single point or points; and to make any larger application of them than that for which they are destined is to fall into mistakes more or less serious. Here it is not the moral character of the thief: it is the characteristics of his action which are in question. In His great discourse on the destruction of the temple and the end of the world, just before He suffered, our Lord had bidden His disciples, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. But know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what hour the thief would come, he would have watched and would not have suffered his house to be broken through; therefore be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." And St. Luke reports the same words as having fallen from our Lord, but, as might naturally have been the case, on a different occasion. Our Lord does not say in so many words that the last day will come as a thief comes in the night; He only refers to the precautions which a prudent householder might take against a thief, as an illustration of the duty of Christians to watch and prepare for the last day. St. Paul draws out into the light the inference which is already latent in the words of Christ—the inference that between the circumstances of the second advent and the inroad of the thief at night there is, at any rate, some sort of common ground or correspondence.

"The day of the Lord." By this expression must be meant a day which will be in some unique and preeminent sense His day; for of course all days are, in reality, days of the Lord—His days, who is the Lord of time as He is the Lord of life. "The heavens are Thine; the earth also is Thine; Thou hast

prepared the light and the sun." All time, like all space, is necessarily within the domain of the infinite and eternal Being, and in this sense, day by day, He makes the outgoings of each morning and evening to praise Him, and cannot possibly be restricted to any one period of time as though it alone were His—as though other days might belong of right to some human or created proprietors. By "the day of the Lord," to whom all time of right belongs, is meant that day on which He will take the first place in the thoughts of His creatures. This is the natural sense of such language, whether in the phrase of common life or in the phrase of the Bible. When we speak of the day of Austerlitz, or of the day of Waterloo, we mean those particular days which will ever be associated in human history with the great battles that were fought on them. When a late psalmist speaks of the day of Jerusalem He means the fatal day of its humiliation and ruin. When Isaiah refers to the day of Midian he is thinking of its memorable overthrow. In these and like expressions a day is appropriated to a particular subject, because on that day, for whatever reason, it has had or will have a first place in the thoughts of men. The Lord's day—the only New Testament name for the Christian Sunday—is so called because Christ, by His resurrection from the dead, has made it His own, so that on it we Christians owe to Him, week by week, our first thoughts of gratitude and praise. "This," to the end of time, "is the day that the Lord hath made. Rejoice and be glad in it." And the day of the Lord, yet future, is the day on which, most assuredly, all thoughts will turn to Him, whether willingly or by constraint—whether in terror or in joy; the day on which His throne of majesty will supersede all human forms of power—in which His magnificence will dim utterly all human splendors—in which His truth will silence into nothingness all human errors and guesses at truth—in which His justice will take the place of all that is named justice, rightly or wrongly, among the sons of men; the day in which everything else but He will be lost sight of, and will be as though it were not—in which the eternal reality of His relation to the world and to man will also be the acknowledged reality. As we have just heard in the first lesson, "The loftiness of man shall be bowed, and the haughtiness of man shall be made low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

"The day of the Lord." We know it by a more familiar name given it on three occasions by our Lord Himself, and on three, at least, by the apostles after Him: it is the day of judgment. It is the day on which He will bring the vast and complex moral account between Himself and His responsible creatures to a close—to a final, irreversible decision. Certainly He is always judging us as He is always keeping us in life—as He is

always watching, always guarding us, moment by moment. From our first hours of real responsibility to our last breath, the successive variations of our exact moral condition have been registered with faultless accuracy in the tablets of the eternal mind. It is not to be supposed for a moment that a day is yet to come, on which, like some human judge traveling on the circuit, He, the Eternal, will discover for the first time, by some laborious legal process—by arguments pleaded before Him, or from the examination of witnesses—what manner of men we severally are. “Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways, for, lo, there is not a word in my tongue but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.” No, but on that day—the day of the Lord—the day of judgment—what is always true will become, so to speak, visible, palpable, acknowledged—will inflict itself with a terrific and resistless force upon the reluctant senses and imaginations of men. “When the Son of Man shall come in His glory and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats.” “The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.” “Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all the kindreds of the world shall wail because of Him.” “We must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive for the things done in his body according to that which he hath done, whether it be good or bad.”

“The day of the Lord.” They tell us nowadays that this is only the Christian form of the old pagan fable about Minos and Rhadamanthus. It were better to say that those pagan fables were broken rays of light spreading through the kingdom of darkness from one original truth—a truth which Christendom has since received in its fulness from the Father of Lights. The pagan fable about the judgment is related to Christ’s revelation of the judgment, just as the pagan Olympus is related to the Christian heaven—just as the dread of a future world of punishment which haunts the conscience and the literature of paganism through so many centuries is related to the Christian revelation of hell. On this side is the truth; on that is its mutilation or its caricature, or its dim presentiment amid the clouds and the darkness. But the original truth is not the less true because it is buried away here or there beneath the typical forms of pagan error. It is the human conscience, after all, taught by God’s primitive revelation in nature, which in some distant age has so buried it; and the Christian Church does but give clear, full expression to a certainty of which

heathenism is always, more or less, mindful—the certainty that we men must be judged, when with St. Paul at Athens she proclaims year after year and century after century that “God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained whereof He hath given assurance unto all men in that He hath raised Him from the dead.”

And the day of the Lord will come, we are told, as a thief in the night. What are the ideas which this comparison is meant, or calculated, to suggest to us?

“As a thief in the night.” To most men this comparison will be suggestive, first of all, of fear. A thief enters a house at night under circumstances, and with an object, which create natural alarm. He knows what he wants. He is aided by the darkness. He is prepared to carry out his purpose. He has anticipated resistance. He has taken his measures. Even if he should meet a man upon the staircase as resolute and as well prepared as himself—even if he should have in the end to make his escape without effecting his purpose—his coming of itself cannot but be regarded with much apprehension and disquiet. And the first class of feelings which must arise at the thought of the second coming of Christ must be of the same character. The old prophets Joel and Malachi, who, gazing over the horizon of some nearer judgments, described as yet afar off across the ages the coming day of universal doom—spoke of it as the great and terrible day of the Lord—spoke of it as the great and dreadful day. And we with the gospel of mercy and salvation in our hands—we cannot but echo their language. We cannot but own that we, too, are afraid of God’s judgments, to us more definitely revealed. Yes, it is certain, since the word of Christ is pledged thereto—it is certain that a day will come in which the fear of the Lord and the glory of His majesty will be brought before His creatures as never before.

We shall witness this day, each one of us—the old and the young, the foolish and the wise, the saved and the lost. As surely as we have seen this morning’s sunlight we shall hereafter behold the eternal Judge upon His throne, the countless multitudes before Him, the division between His creatures deep and irreversible, the disciplined activities of His angels, the issues on this side and on that, as all gradually settles down into the last unchangeable award. Great artists have dared to portray that day—in a past age, Michael Angelo—in this, Cornelius; but in the presence of that scene the highest art is powerless. It must content itself at best with snatches of bliss and snatches of agony—with glimpses and fragments of a scene too vast, too sublime, too terrific to submit to the conditions of even the highest art. Scripture is always far in advance of

anything that art can attempt on such a subject : and as we follow its disclosures we can but exclaim—

“Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created !
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before.”

And then we add, “Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.”

But is this all? Surely, surely not! The last word of the gospel is not fear, but love. It is not disquiet, but peace. If we will, the Judge upon His throne may be our friend and Saviour—the angels the ministers not of His justice, but of His grace; and we ourselves, instead of calling on the mountains to cover us and on the rocks to fall on us, may be bold to look up to Him and to lift up our heads, conscious that at last our redemption draweth nigh. “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect,” even in that supreme moment? “It is God that justifieth them.” “Who is He that condemneth them? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who also sitteth at the right hand of God, where He liveth to make intercession for us.” The question is, What are our relations to Him now—what our faith, our love, our repentance? It is in the spring that the autumn crops are sown. It is in youth that the fortunes of life are shaped. It is during the years of time that men decide how they will meet the judgment and that which follows it.

“As a thief in the night.” Another truth which is suggested by the figure is the suddenness of the advent. There is the contrast which it will present to many of God’s judgments in this present life. They approach us with measured steps. We see them coming; we calculate the pace of their advance. We know almost to a moment when and how they will be upon us—when and how they will spend themselves; for they reach us through the world of nature or through the world of man, and the natural and human world lie open to our observations, and we know something of the laws that govern them. Take those three judgments which are not seldom put together in the Bible—war, famine, pestilence. Neither of these comes upon us altogether as a robber into the house at night. Before the war breaks out we see the causes which are increasingly likely to provoke it. Those which are permanent and in the nature of things—those which belong to the period—the antipathies of race, the aspirations or the wrongs of nations, the influence and bias of leading men, the pressure of circumstance, the drift of currents of popular feeling.

The cloud darkens gradually before it bursts—at least, so gradually that the exception seems to prove the rule. And

so with famine. We observe in particular conditions of the atmosphere that which will produce a failure of the crops over a wide extent of fertile country. We know that this failure, in the absence of sufficient communications by land or water, will lead to famine in particular districts; and thus many months, at least, elapse after the first apprehensions of the coming trial before its pressure is actually felt. So it is, to a certain extent at least, even with pestilence—at any rate, with a large number of fatal epidemic disorders. When the Asiatic cholera last visited this country, its gradual advance from city to city across Europe was noted just as if it had been a great personage on his travels, whose movements might be almost anticipated, who was said to be on his way to visit England. And we know that a hot season or a great abundance of raw fruit, or bad sanitary arrangements in a crowded town, will bring fever in their train; and when the outbreak occurs it is impossible to say that it is unexpected. Neither war nor famine nor pestilence comes on man, generally speaking, like the thief in the night. But with the second coming of Jesus Christ it will be otherwise. There are, indeed, certain signs visible to the skilled sight of faith unobserved by those who walk by sight—signs which will precede the advent—signs in the world of thought and in the world of nature—widespread, intellectual confusion, political and social perplexity, material ruin—“signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations and perplexity, men’s hearts failing them for fear.” Nay, as St. Paul says to the Thessalonians in his second letter, when they had understood his first words on the subject too narrowly, there will be a falling away from the Christian faith and the coming of one person who will embody all the hostilities toward God that are scattered throughout human nature and human history—the antichrist. No such person answering to the apostolic description would seem yet to have appeared, though thoughtful and religious minds do recognize in the present circumstances of the world signs of his possible approach. But his appearance and all that follows him will be sudden enough, and he, we are told, will be consumed by the breath of the mouth of Christ and destroyed at the brightness of His coming. And thus, in reality, of that day and that hour knoweth no man, but the Father which is in heaven. We only know that it will come when men least expect it; that it will be the fullest justification of the proverb, “Nothing is probable except the unforeseen.”

Are we looking out for it? To keep watch for that which is certain—which will come unexpectedly—which will affect us most intimately—is surely only common sense. We know how it is in ordinary life. I am thinking of a man who has been told that a relation may return any day from a distant colony,

and raise questions in the law courts which will imperil his own right to his entire property. This man cannot help giving a great deal of thought to this expected rival. The mind reverts to the topic when he has nothing else to do. He looks morning by morning at the list of ships which arrive or sail. He knows the main lines of packets by heart. He takes quite a new interest in the weather, in the telegraphic accounts of storms, in the accounts of recent voyages which other travelers have made. The whole subject is full of practical interest for him. His thoughts settle around it by a kind of mental gravitation which needs no outward exhortation or impulse to second its force. The second coming of our Lord and Saviour is much more certain than that of the colonist in question, who may be drowned or may die long ere he can touch the shores of England. But are we looking out for it? It may not come to us on this side of the grave; it will, practically, have come to us at death. At once certain and uncertain—certain as to its reality, uncertain as to its date—it bids us, at least, keep watch for it. A Christian's first practical anxiety should be expressed in his Master's words, "Lest coming suddenly He find me sleeping."

"As a thief in the night." The figure suggests, lastly, that which cannot be prevented by any efforts of our own. The man whose house is broken into may resist the thief: he cannot ward off the attack by preventive measures. To do this he should be in the confidence of his assailant, whereas it is his assailant's purpose to keep him in the dark. And here again there is a contrast between the second coming and those visitations which I have already noticed. In presence of the approach of war, of famine, of pestilence, man is very far from being powerless. Not merely can he do much to limit the range of these disasters; he can do much to prevent them. What is war? War is the product of human misconduct—of human ambitions, human greed, human cruelty, human injustice. Let these be curbed—be cured—by the advancing gospel, and wars will become first rare and then impossible. What is famine? Famine is, at least, not seldom, the consequence of want of foresight, of bad communications, of reckless administration, of wasteful expenditure. As these are corrected by the industry and resolution of mankind—I do not dare to say that famine will never occur—I do say that it will be in not a few cases prevented. What is pestilence? Pestilence is constantly the product of bad air, bad drainage, bad food, close, fetid, unwholesome dwelling-houses. It may be checked—nay, often it may be arrested altogether—by that physical knowledge and skill which is so great a gift of God to this our modern world, by removing conditions that assist infection, by promptly confronting the very first symptoms of disease with its remedy or its antidote. But as against the

coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven, how can man take any precautions whatever? The causes which will determine that event lie as entirely beyond human control as do the movements of the planets. If we may observe, or think that we can observe, some of these causes, we can do nothing beyond observing them. We can, indeed, pray "Lord Jesus come quickly." We can be "looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God," as the apostle bids us. But we cannot prevent if we would, for one moment, that which is inevitable. We can but prepare to meet it.

Are we doing this? Brethren, we may prepare for the day of judgment by judging ourselves in self-examination. We may erect each one of us in his own heart a tribunal, and bid our acts, our words, our thoughts, our habits, our motives, our hopes, our fears, our passions, our shortcomings, our training of conscience and our respecting of conscience, our loyalty to duty and to principle, to relations, to dependents, to friends, to superiors, to pass before it. In those inmost recesses of being, in moments of entire sincerity with self, we may hear if we will the echoes of the voice of Christ in mercy, or in condemnation, as that voice will sound to us hereafter from the judgment throne. In view of the future which awaits us, no moments of life are better spent than those which we spend in anticipating the verdict of the great Judge, in the solitude of our chambers, night by night, before we go to rest.

And we may prepare for the day of judgment by devoting one day in the year, or in six months, or in each month, as may be possible, to making in an especial way a business-like preparation for death. Death, like judgment, comes as a thief. Death is the king of terrors—often quite sudden, often quite unprepared for. Death is the antechamber, or the door of the antechamber of the judgment hall of Christ. As far as we are individually concerned, our eternal state will have been already settled when we die. There may be after death, and before the general judgment, increase of light and peace to the departed faithful such as is hinted at when St. Paul makes the day of Christ alone the limit of the soul's progressive growth. The question whether we are saved or lost will have been fixed forever when we die. And, therefore, to prepare for death is a man's true and most serious business during his life, and it is certain that no serious preparation will ever be made by those men who do not make a business of making it. One day from time to time snatched from the busiest life, devoted to self-examination—to prayer—to the review of old resolutions—to the formation of new resolutions—one day passed entirely with Jesus Christ, our crucified Redeemer, our future judge, but now, if we will, our helper and our friend—one day in which that which perishes is set aside and the

eye is fixed steadily, resolutely on that which does not perish—that which lasts—one day when we think over one by one that company of souls whom we have known, perhaps loved, here below, and who have gone on, with what results we know not, though we may hope or guess much—who have gone on across those dark waters to the brink of which we are ever hastening—oh, depend upon it, to have a definite rule like this is light ; it is hope ; it is vigor ; it is improvement. “Ye,” says the apostle to his Thessalonian friends—“Ye are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief.” God grant that it may be thus with us too ; but this must depend upon the use we make of what remains to us of time—it may be of the very few years or months or weeks or days or hours that do still remain of it.

The Misery of Man.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Adolphe Monod, D.D.** TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
J. E. RANKIN, D.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.*

For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all.—
 Rom. xi: 32.

THE man who thoroughly understands this single verse has the key to the whole Bible. The doctrine of the Bible has these two fundamental articles: The Misery of Man—The Mercy of God. The text mentions them both, and sets them over against each other. "God hath concluded them all in unbelief," here is man's misery; "that He might have compassion upon all," here is God's mercy.

I shall discuss these two declarations in two sermons. To-day I shall show you man's misery, leaving it for the next Lord's day to show the remedy for this misery in the mercy of God. The text of my first sermon is the first sentence of the whole passage: "God hath concluded them all in unbelief." It needs certain explanations. In the first place, to connect it with the rest of the chapter, where the apostle has divided the human race into two classes—Jews and Gentiles—we see that his complete idea is this: "God hath concluded them all in unbelief;" that is, Jews as well as Gentiles. Now, are we to conceive that the apostle's meaning is limited to Jews and Gentiles, his cotemporaries? It embraces all men, of all periods. This is settled beyond a doubt by another passage, where he sets forth the same view, extending it to all mankind. "But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin." We may, therefore, lay aside the distinction between Jews and Gentiles, and confine ourselves to the general thought of the text, "God hath concluded all men in unbelief."

The word "unbelief" might be replaced by the synonymous word "sin," which is more commonly employed in the Scriptures, and which the apostle uses in the parallel passage from the Epistle to the Galatians, which we have just quoted. As to this expression, "God hath concluded all under sin," it would be as unnecessary as it is easy to prove by all the Bible that it does not mean that God constrains men to sin, but that He declares them to be sinners. Finally, "the man" in question is the natural man; that is, man as he is by nature and before he has submitted to that radical change which the Scriptures call "conversion."

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Thus explained, this is the doctrine of the text: *God has declared that every man, in his natural state, is a sinner.* It is of this truth that I wish to convince you to day.

Does this wish seem to you uncharitable, and does some one complain that from among so many themes which I might have fixed upon for this pulpit I have selected so harsh a one? I will answer him by an illustration: A man is attacked by a severe sickness; incurable, if neglected; curable, if taken in season. Two friends visit him; one of them says, "You are not sick;" the other, "You are sick, and if you do not send for a physician you are in peril of your life." The kindness of the first, is it not cruel?—and the cruelty of the second, is it not kind? I am about to perform to you to-day the office of the second friend—and God keep me from ever performing that of the first! I would not be kind to you after the manner of the world, which covers up the sickness of your soul in order that you may remain sick and may die; but I would be harsh after the manner of St. Paul; after the manner of St. John; after the manner of Jesus Christ; after the manner of God, who assure you of sin, that you may seek the remedy and may live; and I ask God to give me grace to convince you of sin, with power, with authority, but especially with love.

First of all, thoroughly understand what I mean by saying that you are all sinners. The word "sin" is imperfectly understood by many; and from this arises the common objection to the truth of the text. "The gospel," it is said, "exaggerates when it includes all under the universal accusation of sin; it speaks contrary to experience. If one should look at my life he would see that I am not a sinner; that I am neither avaricious, nor brutal, nor a drunkard; that I am not a treacherous friend, an ungrateful son, an unfaithful husband; and that if I were, I know others who surely are not." Those who speak thus confound two different things—*sin* and *vice*. I did not say all men are vicious. Should I say it, not only should I exaggerate, I should expressly contradict myself; for vice is an immoral state which brings upon one who lives in it the blame of other men—it is a disgrace; and it is true that in the more philosophical of modern languages the word *vice* is primarily synonymous with *shame*. Just as when we speak of a man with a feeble constitution we imply that other men are of a constitution more robust; so, when we speak of a vicious man, we imply that he belongs to a race who are not so. Avarice is a vice; men generally are not avaricious. Intemperance is a vice; men generally are not intemperate. Brutality is a vice; men generally are not brutal. All men are not vicious; but all men are sinners, which is a very different thing.

I cannot better give you the exact idea of this word *sin* than by recalling to you the original meaning in the language in

which the New Testament was written. The Greek word, which we here translate sin, signifies *to fail of an end; to lose one's way*. The sinner is a being lost; he is a traveler, with a destination before him, but misled to a route which does not lead to it. Or, putting in place of the figure what it signifies: the sinner is one who ought to follow a certain moral direction, and who takes the opposite. Having thus explained what it is to be a sinner, I shall now show that we are all such by nature, because we ought to love God more than everything else—and, in our natural state, we do love something else more than God.

If to establish these two points I should confine myself to the Scriptures I should say everything in a very few words; for I venture the declaration that in no book can you find anything more clearly established, or everywhere more constantly implied, than are these two assertions in the Scriptures—namely, that man ought to love God more than everything else, and that it is his nature to love something else more than God.

As to the first, one of the distinctive characteristics of the Scriptures is to put God especially in the foreground, and boldly claim for Him our first attention and our first love. To love God above everything was the very spirit and substance of the old law. The first commandment of the Decalogue is this: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." And it signifies not only "Thou shalt reserve to God thine external worship, to the exclusion of every other being called a god," but more—Thou shalt reserve to God thine inward worship, thy love—to God, in preference to every other object. Moses and the prophet thus explained this commandment when they elsewhere declared in terms more distinct: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." The new law, which is the perfect one, instead of abrogating any portion of the old, sustained and developed it, and put in its true light the fundamental principle that we must love God more than everything else. And Jesus Christ answered the question of the lawyer, "What is the greatest commandment of the law?" by turning to the precept of Moses: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul," and saying, "This is the first and great commandment." It is true that this commandment is joined to another, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But He gives us to understand by the epithet which He applies to it that it is "second," and like "the first." And he elsewhere makes it apparent, as do all His apostles also, that He considers love to one's neighbor as subordinate to love to God, and as necessarily springing out of it; so that it is less as a sacred, fundamental commandment

that He recommends it than as a sequel and sign of the first, according to the words of St. John: "We have received of Him this commandment, that he who loveth God love his brother also." Let no man, as he remembers that the gospel many times put *charity* above the commandments of the law, conclude that this view is overthrown; for the word *charity* has a meaning more comprehensive in the original language of the New Testament than in our own—it signifies love in general; Christian love; pure, disinterested affection, whether applied to the Creator or to the creature; so that it has been translated in many languages by the word *love*. Moreover, not to leave any doubt that love for God ought to rule over and regulate every other love, Jesus Christ chose, among all our affections, the one most obligatory—namely, the love of our neighbor; and, among all the exercises of this love, the one most indispensable, namely, filial piety, and then declared that even filial piety must be constantly subordinated to piety toward God. "Who so loveth father or mother more than Me cannot be My disciple." Lo, He firmly maintains, with all the Scriptures, that man must love God above everything else.

The Scriptures do not speak less clearly upon the second proposition: that such is man's estate by nature, that he loves something else more than God. It would be easy for me to cite texts in which this disturbance is affirmed: "All we like sheep, have gone astray;" as sheep who separate themselves from the shepherd, "we have turned every one to his own way;" we have begun to be "children of disobedience," estrayed from God, without love to Him, living after our own desires without inquiring what is His will; "and are, by nature, children of wrath, even as others"; "the whole world lieth in wickedness"; we are "dead in trespasses and in sins"; "if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But should I limit myself to these detached quotations, I should give you the impression that the Scriptures have declared the disturbance of man's affections only in isolated passages; which you may think perhaps I have gathered after great research, and with regard to which it is needful to examine the time, the occasion, and a certain wordiness of language; whereas they express themselves less in isolated declarations than in direct allusions, less by the letter rather than by the spirit and harmony of the whole; and in passages where they more completely disclose and develop their fundamental principles. But this is all I am able to lay before you in a few words. I am obliged to remand every one of you to the Bible in order to prove the truth of this affirmation; recalling to your attention a single portion which I especially commend to your study: namely, the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, from which I have taken my text.

No doubt the object of this Epistle was to exhibit Christian doctrine ; for the apostle himself at the beginning announced his design in this verse, which is, as it were, the title of his whole work : “ The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.” Very well, read then these three chapters all together, and with that attention which recovers the force of the apostle’s language often lost in the first reading, from the ardor and profession with which he writes, and you will see that he rests the whole economy of salvation upon the disorder of man’s natural affections, in terms so strong and positive, that after having read them we are compelled to admit that one cannot enter upon the Christian life without recognizing this disorder any more than one can enter a house without going through the door. For, wishing to carry the reader to this conclusion, which he announced at the outset, and repeats to the end of his argument, that God henceforth offers to man “ justification by faith,” because man could hope nothing “ through works”—which means, by explaining St. Paul by St. Paul, that God henceforth offers to man eternal life as a favor because man can hope to make no return for it—he establishes the position that Jews as well as Gentiles are unworthy of reward ; and, on the contrary, are worthy of punishment, because that all are sinners ; and he proves the sin equally of Jew and Gentile, by what history records of their corruption.

Should any one think that he destroys his argument by saying that these chapters of St. Paul were written only for his cotemporaries, and that they do not concern us, he strangely abuses a principle, in which, indeed, there is some truth. It is true that we find in the Gospel written at a particular period, and primarily intended for the men of that period, certain details which have no direct application to ourselves, or to our own period ; certain allusions, exhortations, reproofs, considerations in connection with the circumstances of the time, and the character and genius of the age. It is moreover true that we might justly apply this observation to the beginning of the Epistle to the Romans, and say that certain facts to which St. Paul appeals, in order to prove the disturbance in man’s affections, are taken from the history of his own time, and cannot all be connected with ours ; and, above all, that the picture, which he delineates, being made up of peoples taken as a whole, and by a single glance, is composed of different traits imprinted upon different individuals in such a manner, that all the disorders which he describes do not pertain to any one man in particular. This is all true ; but it is not less true that the Gospel, though it was written to all men, was written for all men ; that the eternal wisdom which dictated it, and to whose eye “ a thousand years is as one day, and one day as a

thousand years," had in view all men and all periods; that St. Paul charges upon all men the existence of that same germ of evil, though it does not manifest itself by the very same fruits, and that, if instead of having written to the Romans in the first century, he had been writing to the Parisians in the nineteenth, he would have reached, though partly by different facts, the same declaration from which he would have excepted no one! "Every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. There is none righteous, no not one. There is none that seeketh after God. They are altogether gone out of the way: they are altogether become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good"—he repeats it—"no, not one." For if we deny the universality of these declarations; if, in the interpretation of the Gospel we attribute a larger part of it to the peculiarity of the period than the speaker has just indicated as proper; if we venture to maintain that not only certain peculiarities, but related precepts, not only certain proofs in detail, but even entire arguments as well as the conclusion reached, not only certain verses but even entire paragraphs, chapters, perhaps whole books ought not to be considered because they were written only for contemporaries and do not concern us—you see the result! Free to cull from the Gospel, we shall believe nothing but what we want to believe, we shall reject whatever displeases us, upon the pretext that it does not concern us. And since it is easy to have a presentiment of what will be pleasing—that is, what will be conformed to our personal preference, and as everything which is contrary to us will displease us, it follows that we shall admit no more into the Gospel than what we already believe before we begin to read; and that we shall eliminate from it whatever is contrary to our ideas, that is precisely what might correct them, in other words, what was especially intended by God for us. After reading the last line we shall be almost precisely at the point where we began the first: little will be changed except in name; we shall have no change in the deep connections and sentiments of the soul. Far from me be those human systems and forced interpretations which under pretext of abstracting from our faith all that is unreasonable, falls into that terrible error, against which the Angel of the Revelation takes so much pains to warn the apostle St. John of "adding unto," or "taking from"; of correcting, substituting, "wresting the Scriptures," as Peter calls it; or, forgive the expression, of *discvangelifizing* the Gospel and neutralizing the divine in the Word of God! Let this refined gospel, this gospel of man, teach what it pleases, I cling to the Gospel of God; and according to this Gospel, man is by nature in a state of sin, of error, of disorder. If not, we must efface all these passages which I have quoted, as well

as many others not quoted, in which this disorder is affirmed. If not, we must blot out all these passages which insist upon the necessity of conversion and recovery ; since man cannot return to the way, when he has never wandered from it, nor can he recover what he has not lost. If man is not in this condition of disorder, we must blot out all those passages which proclaim this reconciliation, this wonderful deliverance, this love which surpasses all knowledge ; since there can be no reconciliation without enmity ; no wonderful deliverance without frightful pain ; no infinite mercy without infinite misery. We must tear away page after page, treatise after treatise, book after book ; and after we have thus torn the Bible into tatters, we must tear these tatters themselves ; or, agree that according to the Bible, every man in his natural state is a sinner.

When the Word of God thus explains itself I do not need for myself any other authority ; but because I fear that many have not sufficient faith in the Bible to admit unhesitatingly all that it teaches, I shall for a moment descend to their plane, and compel them to see how reason itself, instead of contradicting the doctrine of the Bible, cannot refuse its assent to this doctrine ; because reason also establishes in its own manner these two points : that man ought to love God more than anything else, and that in his state of nature he loves other things more than he loves God.

To prove from reason that our supreme love is due to God is not an easy thing ; not because the justice of the proposition does not seem clear to me, but, on the contrary, because it seems so clear to me that, seeing it as by instinct, I am embarrassed when I try to demonstrate it. Still, let us try, and let us show that God as a Sovereign is worthy of our love, whether we consider Him in Himself or in His relations to us.

Who could be more to be loved, in Himself considered, than the Perfect One, in whom are found in the highest degree, tempered and relieved by each other, qualities the most worthy of admiration, the most worthy of affection, in whom everything is so excellent that all nations agree in reserving for those things which they wish to praise beyond expression the epithet *divine* ? And how can it fail to appear that such a Being has a right to expect of us, if we are in harmony with Him, all the veneration, all the devotion, all the love of which we are capable ?

But how much more appropriate to Him these sentiments when we contemplate not only what He is in Himself, but what He is in His relations to us : as the Being without whom we should have nothing, we should hope nothing—to say it in one word, without whom we should not be ! Pause a moment upon this last relation and consider it apart by itself ; and in order to perceive the obligation of loving God more than every-

thing else, only reflect that He is your Creator, and that you are His creature. Try to get some idea of what it is to create—to bring something out of nothing; to make us to be who would otherwise never have been. We cannot fathom the depth of this thought. It has abysses, where our power of thought is lost. But the little we can understand of it, even the impossibility of understanding more, will suffice to show us that the relation which unites the Creator to the creature is so strong, so intricate, so comprehensive, and, if I may so express it, so peculiar, that every other relation ought to be subordinated to it; every other obligation ought to be inferior to our obligation to God, and every other affection ought to be preceded, controlled and ruled over by love for God. But, more than this, not only is God supremely worthy of our love, He alone is worthy of it. All that is lovely comes from God; or, rather, all that is lovely *is* God. Holiness, truth, morality, conscience, happiness—names, honored by the respect of all nations and the reflecting men of the greatest genius—words which make the soul of man vibrate with a holy thrill, but have no authority which they do not borrow but from Him—fragments broken into pieces by minds too finite to comprehend all His attributes at one glance in one harmonious whole!

Holiness is God's will, truth His thought, happiness His state, morality His law, conscience his representative; and if you go back to the beginning of things, you see all these different routes, which religion and sound philosophy have revealed to man, converging more and more toward their Source, and all things finally meeting together in God, the common Centre of all radiance in the whole universe. Since, then, God is your beginning, your centre, your end, your all, commence to give Him your love, your heart, yourselves entirely; and after that there will be time to see to what extent your affections may be given to other objects without abstracting from that first love, while subordinating everything to it. Here is order. Depart from it, cease to love God more than everything else, and you will fall into a disorder as much greater as the fundamental relation which unites you to the Creator, upon whom depend all the secondary ones, which unite you to creatures, is greater than all other relations; since the first cannot be broken without taking all the rest with it.

Let us make this clear by an illustration. Learn the state of a man who does not love God more than all things else by what would happen to a planet, for instance, to the earth, if, ceasing to pursue her regular orbit around the sun, she should break away from her course and open for herself a free and independent pathway into space. Through this estrangement, through this *sin* of the earth would be broken the fundamental law of her being, and with it all the other laws de-

pendent upon it; at the same time that her relations to the sun would be disturbed, the same would be the case with her relation to her satellite and to all the other planets. Imagine the confusion which these changes would introduce among us: seasons which are marked by the earth's motion, day and night, summer and winter would no longer succeed each other; the ebb and flow of the seas deprived of their rule and restraint; the life of plants, animals and men arrested; and, without multiplying anticipations, disorder following disorder, until we should have a frightful chaos, in which, if perchance some traces of the original glory and beauty of our globe remained, they would only serve to magnify her confusion and shame. Such must be the inward disorder of man if he sunder himself from the principle of his being and deny to God his highest love.

Thus reason gives full assent to this assertion of the Scriptures, that in order to be in harmony with the creation man needs to love God more than everything else. It gives a similar assent to the other assertion of the Scriptures, that man in his natural state loves something else more than God.

For, examine seriously—you who have not submitted your hearts to conversion, and who, therefore, are in your natural state—examine if the sentiment which you cherish toward God can be called a dominant love. Love does not hide itself in the heart. It shows itself outwardly by certain visible marks. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" the eyes look, the hand toils, the whole man acts. Very well. Do you find in your life the marks of a dominant love to God? You shall judge of this yourselves. Supposing now that this love is in those who listen to me, I am about to draw an imaginary picture of their lives in order that you may compare it with your actual life, to see if my supposition is well or ill-founded.

To love God above all things is manifestly the natural bent of their hearts; and when I just said that they ought to live supremely for Him, each one understood me, anticipated me. In the morning, as soon as they awake, God is their first thought—a thought which they do not need to search for, since it comes to them of itself. They find it everywhere, indoors and out of doors. It is a thought which penetrates and environs them. It is in their heart, in the day-dawn which shines upon them, in the air they breath. In the evening the same thought follows them to the end, survives all other memories, is last extinguished by sleep, and oftentimes still occupies them in the dreams of the night, as during the day it occupied those moments of leisure when the mind was left to follow its own instinctive movements, without control of the will. All the day God is the soul of all they do; their

only ambitious to love and obey Him. Compelled to devote themselves to material employments, they would suffer from being distracted from His service, did they not find means of returning to it by the spirit which they carry into their labor. Their greatest trial in this world is the fact that, by a burdensome body and finite powers they are prevented from giving themselves up with entire freedom to an apprehension of His attributes and His favors. With them the love of kindred and friends is, as it were, a reflection of the love of God, and when they love any other being but God, it is still God whom they love in that being. If they read, God is the favorite object of their reading. A book is preferred in proportion as it tells them more about Him; but His Word, above all things, has a peculiar attraction which they discover in nothing else; and in its assiduous study they find their duty even less than their pleasure. If they speak, God is still the habitual theme of their discourse. His name comes most frequently of itself to their lips. His goodness, how to please Him, the sadness of giving Him offense, fill all their conversation. They give only what time is indispensable to the cares of this life and the interests of this world, and if conversation in which God is not long occupies them, they at once experience a void which can be filled only by returning to Him. Finally, whatever they may do, even to eating and drinking, they do it to the glory of God. Nothing is more constant, more rigorous, more constraining than the sentiment which inspires them. And all men see, in all their life, that they are His without effort, from preference, devoted by a supreme affection.

My brethren dearly beloved, far be it from me to speak with irony. By this picture of what your life would be if you loved God supremely I wished you to see at a glance how far you are from love of this kind. Each one of you has been able to make for himself a comparison of this imaginary life with his real life; and each one has seen that it was different in all of these particulars. It is not true that each one of you has anticipated me when I described how we ought to live first of all for God. On the contrary, when you encountered some strong expression of love for God or devotion to God, you were tempted to see in it something novel, exaggerated or mysterious. It is not true that to love God is the irresistible bent of your soul. In order that this love spring up within you, you must be excited, stirred up; and the moment after it disappears like a spark, which mounts into the air and is extinguished. It is not true that your hardest deprivation is, that you are prevented by a burdensome and earthly body from meditating upon God and serving Him. You little perceive the misery of such a body, except when afflicted by material necessities or physical sufferings. It is not true that in all

whom you love it is God that you love. The sentiments of love and friendship are so vivid only because they relate to human beings ; and if God ever comes between you and them, it is as a protector and not as the supreme object of affection. It is not true that the reading which attracts you most is that which makes you think most of God, and above all, His Word. You read religious reading from a sense of duty. You read your Bible because of your conscience. It is a task which must be done in order that you may be at peace with yourselves. But you keep your taste, your curiosity, your ardor for books full of worldly interests, if not of worldly lusts. It is not true that God is the habitual and favorite theme of your thoughts ; alas, everthing finds a place there but He ! The happiness and health of your children, anxiety about their career, the prosperity of your country, the news of the day, the petty events of domestic life, perhaps, things most frivolous and indifferent, will occupy you in their turn, will fill your mind, will engage your conversation ; but the name of God will never be mentioned, or will be employed with a timid reserve when not used with a profane levity. If it occurs to a man to speak of God with any animation, a certain pious shame will withhold him ; he will not dare, it will seem strange, people will say he is preaching, that it is not the time, is not the place ; as if to true love did not belong all times and all places ! as though true love had so carefully to observe all the proprieties, and to bow so teachably to appearances of indifference ! as though true love were something that a man could lay off and put on at his pleasure ! as though he could show it or conceal it according to the day of the week, the hour of the day, the atmosphere of a dwelling !

Ah ! I must say of your love for God precisely the opposite of what I have just said : there is nothing living, loving, animating in this love ! The sentiment which you cherish for God (that which I say does not escape from me in the heat of discourse, it is an expression exact and well considered) the sentiment which you cherish for God is nothing different, if we may judge from your life, from a frigid esteem, a sentiment which a father or mother or brother or spouse or friend would not only not be satisfied with, but would regard as an indignity. Hence it is true that in the eye of reason itself the natural man does not love God more than everything else ; is a wanderer, is a sinner.

After having seen that you do not love God with a dominant love, let us examine further, and we shall each one of us find some other object which we do love with a dominant love, and as we ought to love God. This object is not the same with all. All are sinners, but all are not sinners in the same way.

The object of the supreme love of a great many, indeed, of

nearly all men, in their natural state is the world. I thus term outward and visible things which contribute to our personal well-being and social standing: such as fortune, rank, popularity, knowledge, talent. It is one of these that the most of you will find the object of your supreme love; not of a cold esteem such as you accord to God, but of a passionate and ardent affection. To you the supreme object of attachment is your property. It is no cold esteem which you render to silver and gold; it is an ardent and passionate attachment. You regard them as your supreme good. You identify them with yourself. You make them your life, your rank, your everything. To another the object of supreme affection is rank, popularity. It is not a cold esteem which you accord to worldly distinctions; it is an ardent and passionate ambition. In order to attain them you sacrifice your time, your ease, your health, your taste, your pride. To another the object of supreme love is knowledge, talent. It is not with a cold esteem that you have given yourself up to science, to intellect; it is with a burning and passionate admiration. With what fervor do you desire them for yourselves; with what animation do you exalt them in others! With nearly all of you your supreme affection is the world and the things of the world. These things fill your hearts, preoccupy your minds, enliven your discourses. Your thoughts about them are always full of life and animation. You occupy yourselves with them, you speak of them, you write about them, you cherish them, you live in them. The first class of sinners and the most numerous are those who prefer the world to God—*worldly sinners*.

But let us be fair. All are not characterized by this worldliness of thought. Some have souls more tender and attachments more noble. They give not their hearts to outward things; they give them to family and friendship. The object of their supreme affection is a father or a mother, a husband, a wife, a child, a friend, to whose happiness they devote their projects, their plans—all that they do and all that they have; for whom they seem to exist, as much as for themselves, and even more; and without whom they would not care to live. I guard myself against confounding them with *worldly sinners*. Their sentiments are as much superior as the soul is above things that are seen. I agree even that there is in this strong affection something touching, something lovely. But a beautiful idol is all the same an idol. Because they have set their supreme affection upon something more elevated than material things, it is no less true that they prefer the creature to the Creator. They divert to man that which they owe to God. They sin. The second class of sinners are those who prefer to God the objects of their affection—*affectionate sinners*!

Finally, perhaps, is that class of men who devote their su-

preme love neither to the world nor to the affections of the heart, but to what they accept as their duty, controlling their life according to conscience, without mounting up to the will of God and trying to become perfect, not to please God, but to content themselves. Certainly such men are superior to worldly sinners—to affectionate sinners even; and I am glad that our fallen nature is yet capable of such noble aspirations. But when we have granted them all that they can claim—honestly and honorably claim—we must still recognize the fact that these men are out of harmony with creation. They make a god of their conscience, and through this they unconsciously demoralize their conscience itself; for the conscience has the same relation to God which the moon has to the sun—it is only an auxiliary light, since God remains our principal light. The moment that it no longer says, *God wills*, but *I will!* conscience itself is rebellious; it sins. And then it happens to him who gives it his first love as Jesus Christ predicted: “If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!” It is therefore possible for these slaves of duty, these worshipers of conscience, to be virtuous men, but not holy men; exempt from vice, but not exempt from sin. The third class of sinners, those who set conscience above God, are *virtuous sinners!*

Abstract these three classes of sinners—the multitude of worldly sinners, the great crowd of affectionate sinners, the well-scattered family of virtuous sinners—and what remains as Thy portion, O my God, and how many have reserved for Thee that supreme affection which is due from all? Not one!—no, not even a single one! We have all forsaken the Creator for the creature; we have altogether gone astray; we are all sinners.

My brethren, if this discourse has found any entrance into your souls; if it has penetrated you with any conviction, any feeling, any suspicion of the misery of your nature, I conjure you not to stifle that impression. You will succeed in allaying it, if you wish to. You have only to say, as you leave the church, “This doctrine is an exaggeration!” You will find it echoed all around you. You will believe it, because you wish to. You will efface the solemn truth which I have demonstrated, but to your own injury! Because you have dissipated the truth, it will be no less the truth; because you have shut the Bible, it will be no less the Word of God; because you have put your hand upon your wound, it will be no less severe, and you will gain nothing by covering it; but you will conceal it from the surgeon until, perhaps, it shall prove fatal. May your perilous security trouble you! May this first glimpse which has been shown you of your misery lead you to search the Word of God for an authority more conclusive,

and to which I wish to refer you; well persuaded that reason can do nothing but prepare the heart, and that God has reserved it to His Spirit "to convince of sin." Hear this voice, of which we read on every page. "The voice of God, and not of man," will, little by little, reveal to you the unutterable disorder of your affections, and will teach you to see yourselves to be such as God sees you. Here you will discover in those defects, which seem to you little things, offences against the Divine Majesty for which your blood cannot atone; in the thoughts, which seem to you so innocent to-day, mysteries of iniquity; in the conduct, which your conscience to-day approves, sins in disguise—in a word, no longer look at yourselves in your natural darkness, but in the pure light of God, and, so far from doubting that you are sinners, you will scarcely believe there was ever a time in your life when you have been ignorant of it.

Do not fear the severity with which the gospel judges you. The gospel, while it condemns your real state with which the world contents you, gives you to understand that you are called back to a grandeur of which the world has no conception, and that you may recover it. It decides you sinful only because it would make you holy; it would not prove you poor except to give you all things. The condemnation which it pronounces upon you is only the sign of that deliverance which it has in reserve, and of which one has said everything when he has only mentioned Thy name, O Jesus! that is, *Saviour!*

Yes, great God! who now bringest low that thou mayest lift up; who now disturbest that thou mayest comfort; who doth now disquiet us that thou mayest establish our goings, we accept the sentence of our condemnation. We accept it with repentance and sorrow, but with thankfulness and hope, as the token of our deliverance. We hide nothing of our disorder. Shed abroad in our hearts thy clear light, that we may see ourselves as we are. May this sight awaken in all this assembly at once a cry of surprise and anguish which shall rend the atmosphere of indifference with which we are surrounded—a cry which shall reach Thee and move Thy fatherly heart; so that, utterly renouncing all our self-righteousness; humbled, and not only humbled, but believing; and not only believing, but yielding ourselves unreservedly to Thy love, we may emerge from this abyss of our own misery into the unfathomable depths of Thy mercy. Amen.

Aaron's Death---Life's Review; a Plea for Earnest Self-Examination.*

A SERMON

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And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people: for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor: and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son: and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up into Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount; and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount. And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel.—Num. xx: 23-29.

HERE are disclosed to us "the last scenes" of an honored servant of God, one of Israel's princes. In compliance with God's command, Aaron ascends Mount Hor with all his pontifical robes still upon him. Arrived at the mountain's top, Moses strips him of these sacred vestments, one by one, and puts them upon Eleazar, his son and successor in office. Poorer and still poorer in external adornments becomes the aged servant of God, whose head has been silvered by the frosts of 123 winters, until he stands there entirely stripped, and can adopt Job's pathetic declaration: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I go hence: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job i: 21. Peradventure, a glance backward to the wilderness, the scene of so much toil in the nearly forty years' wanderings; a glance forward to the promised land, which he cannot enter because of his disobedience at the waters of Meribah; a glance and a sigh upward to the God of mercy, and all is over; gently and without a struggle he passes to the "great beyond," and is gathered to his fathers. Says the text, "And Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there." "Gathered to his people," to a reunion with the patriarchal fathers that had already preceded him, and whose personal identity and continued existence is here so mildly and yet so hopefully indicated for the comfort of all true servants of God.

Who shall tell what all passed through Aaron's mind at the

* This sermon was delivered at the end of the university's summer session in 1876. The manuscript, after careful revision, was recently forwarded to this country by Dr. Christlieb for publication.

retrospect of his eventful life? The man that has had an opportunity to glance into the soul's condition of departing saints knows that often, to one or another in his last lucid moments, his whole life has passed in review before his soul, and which, with all its lights and shadows, sins and mercies, hopes and fears, has stood out like a picture set in a heavy ebony frame, from which his own guilt and God's pardoning grace have glared and glistened upon him. It is like a preliminary judgment which a man in such a moment can pass upon himself; and well is it for him then, when all else sinks from his grasp, or vanishes from his view, that in his soul has firmly anchored the immovable conviction that "where sin abounded, grace hath much more abounded."

Beloved, when we at last must enter this solemn hour and hear the summons, "Thou shalt gather thyself unto thy people and die," and when the pilgrim's staff drops from our hand, *can we then calmly address ourselves to the final review of our lives?* Do we now gather for such a review, whether it be here or hereafter, such things which we can take with us with comfort as the fruit of our lives, to be revealed at the judgment seat of Christ? Of the spiritual fruits of life it cannot be said, what is recorded of earthly possessions and worldly honors, or, as here of Aaron's children, "*We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out,*" but only what we have obtained by labor, conflict, prayer, victory—or else have lost by neglect, trifling, indifference and unbelief; yea, the sum total of our conduct must go over into eternity, in order that it may be revealed on the day of the Lord, either for our everlasting joy or shame.

I have thought that it would make our final reckoning much easier if now already, whilst our seed-time and work-day still last, we would diligently examine ourselves and our work. At the close of each important division of our life-work, at the end of each week or year, we are reminded of this duty. Our position to-day is not unlike that of a traveler who has reached some quiet nook for rest, from which he gladly looks back on the road already traversed, and forward to the goal for which he is aiming. Our text, like a two-armed finger-board, points in both these directions. We see Aaron on Mount Hor confronting "man's last enemy," and our thoughts put on naturally a self-inspecting tendency.

Let me then place before you

GOD'S SERVANT IN THE ACT OF BEING GATHERED TO HIS FATHERS.

He suggests the double inquiry:

I. *What am I gathering for life's final revision?*

II. *What shall I have gathered when that revision comes?*

And Thou, Lord of life and death, who so graciously and

patiently hast helped us hitherto, help Thou us, whilst it is called to-day, to gather and to work with Thee, and not to scatter, in order that when we stand on the confines of life and death we may be enabled cheerfully to say: "*I have desire to depart and be with Christ.*" Amen.

1. What am I gathering for life's final review? This may appear more evident to us if, for a moment, we imagine ourselves in Aaron's position. "*And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people: for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor.*" What thoughts must this command have awakened in Aaron's mind! Let us transfer ourselves for a moment into this scene.

Nearly midway of the Idumæan mountains, and almost equi-distant from the Dead Sea on the north and the Red Sea on the south, tower the two horns of Mount Hor, 4,000 feet above all other peaks of this chain, lifting their bleak walls and rugged cones majestically to the skies. Thither point the passing Bedouins with great reverence, and sacrifice a lamb as a memorial of Aaron. Here, on the eastern peak, if tradition is to be believed, Israel's first high priest breathed out his last. On this lordly summit stands to-day a white building, said to have been erected over Aaron's tomb. From this point sweeps the eye westward and southward over "that great and terrible wilderness" (Deut. i: 19) of Paran, the northerly and most frightful position of the Sinaitic peninsula. Covered with dark flint and masses of pebble of a deep purple, and stretching farther than the eye can reach, this desert looks black as night. Not a tree, nor a shrub, scarcely a blade of grass relieves the aching eye; only here and there is this sombre rock-ocean broken by a vein of white chalk-stone, resembling the streaks of lightning breaking through a black storm cloud. Far down to the southern extremity the eye espies, through the murky atmosphere, the still easily recognizable mountain-altar of Sinai—that majestic, head-like summit, with its perpendicular rock-walls, its torn, jagged peaks that rise abruptly to the height of 9,000 feet, like a lonely shrine which God honored for a while as the place of His special revelation, and which stands there like a stern witness, lifting its warning hand aloft to remind all Israel of the holy covenant there made with God. And directing the view northward, the straining eye can barely discern the outlines of the most elevated points of the promised land.

If this was the spot on which Aaron should be gathered to his fathers, then, indeed, was it most fitly chosen. Silent and with-

out complaint Aaron obeys the divine command. Conducted by Moses and Eleazar he commences to ascend the mountain in full pontifical attire, embracing the white surplice, the hyacinthine-colored and curiously-wrought ephod, the sacred "breast-plate of judgment" with its mysterious Urim and Thummim, and the mitre with its enveloping golden diadem. There remains only for Aaron this last effort and his life work is done. And as on that lordly summit he reviews his life, what remembrances could he gather from it, what fruits had it yielded?

A whole century lay between him and his youth. And as he looked back over that one hundred years, what above everything else must have stood out most prominently to his view? *The goodness and faithfulness of God.* There must have loomed up before him the merciful preservation of his infant life from Pharaoh's cruel mandate; the enslaved, now liberated, condition of his people; the divinely ordained meeting of his brother Moses on his return from the wilderness, whose spokesman he should become in the presence of Pharaoh to induce him to let his people go; the mighty hand of God that slew Egypt and spared Israel; the miraculous deliverance at the Red Sea; the journey through the wilderness with its countless evidences of God's help in need—all, all reminded Aaron of the superabounding goodness and faithfulness of God! There spread out before him the wilderness, for nearly forty long years the bearer of manna—the silent witness of so many special favors of God to Israel—the theatre of His incessant care for His people; yonder rose *Sinai*, where God had so impressively disclosed His unapproachable holiness—where He had chosen Aaron and his family to the dignity of the high priesthood, and subsequently attested this choice by the bestowment of the mysterious budding rod, through which God had so often protected him and his brother against the haughty, contentious and rebellious people. Truly, this review of his life, whether he looked at things near or remote, could not otherwise than make Aaron's soul overflow with praise and thanksgiving to God for mercies so great and blessings so abundant, and induce him to say, "Hitherto the Lord has helped"—none of His promises have failed, nor will that one remain unfulfilled that will secure His people their long-sought possession.

But there lay the wilderness, too, as a witness of his *sins and weaknesses*. There towered *Sinai*, at whose base this gentle, conciliatory man had cast the *golden calf* that made Israel to sin; there, too, his two sons, Nadab and Abihu, had afterward so suddenly died for offering strange fire on the Lord's altar, whom the stricken parent dared not even mourn in recognition of the righteous judgment of God; there stretched out the desert, where, with Miriam, his sister, he had planned the sedi-

tion against Moses on account of the latter's marriage to an Ethiopian woman; but where especially he, with Moses, had committed the *grievous offence at Meribah* which excluded him from the promised land, and spread for his silvered head, now and here, a flinty stone on which to retire to his final rest. This is emphasized in God's last message—the death warrant sent to him and Moses: "*Aaron shall be gathered to his people; for he shall not enter into the land which I have given to the children of Israel, because ye (an intimation to Moses that Nebo is not very far away from Hor, and that he too, for the same offence, cannot reach that land) rebelled against My Word at the water of Meribah.*" Oh, how righteous, how just, how minutely exacting in the punishment of sin must God have stood here before Aaron's soul! How must, in that solemn moment, the sins of his life, with all their sufferings and calamities in this wilderness, have marshaled themselves before his soul and forced him to cry out: "*Lord, Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, . . . forgive iniquity, transgression and sin*" (Ex. xxxiv : 6, 7).

Truly, a review here of a most eventful life! And if now for a moment thou imaginest thyself in Aaron's place, what hast thou in prospect of death *hitherto gathered* for the final revision of thy life? Beyond all peradventure, we all concur in the double acknowledgment that our lives, too, from tenderest infancy up, have been full of the goodness and mercy, the faithfulness and helpfulness of our God. Journeying through this wilderness world with its wearisomeness and trials, we feel at each station, at the completion of every laudable undertaking, to "thank God and take courage," and to exclaim this day: "Hitherto the Lord has helped us." But have we always been true to our high and holy vocation? Over thy head at the baptismal covenant was pronounced, Sacred to the Lord! Have sacred thoughts been always harbored there? Through that ordinance thou too wast incorporated as a member of "the royal priesthood, the holy nation." Hast thou always thought and acted in a priestly manner? Precious names have been engraved on thy breast-plate and bound upon thy heart. Hast thou always in thy intercessory prayers remembered them and all God's people, and set before them a godly example? And when thy people around thee have defiled their garments by neglecting or rejecting God's holy commandments, has the snowy whiteness of thy priestly robe never been stained? (Rev. iii : 4.) The Urim and Thummim have also been entrusted to thee in the word and spirit of God, to consult Him in all thine undertakings and to be guided in all thy ways. Hast thou continued in these sacred precincts so that He became wisdom and power unto thee in all thy doings? Ah, my brethren, have we indeed gathered aught that will survive our earthly existence as abiding fruit?

Let me ask *childhood*, so often overtaken by death, what hast thou gathered into thy short span of existence? Nothing but play and amusement; or also loving obedience to parents? Have thy lips learned the sweet accents of prayer, and is there within thee a growing attachment to Him who so gently suffered the little children to come unto Him and promised them "the kingdom of heaven?"

And thou, *young man or maiden*, what would pass before thine eye as the sum of thy life? If the Lord should break the fresh and blooming shell of thy life and lay open the inner kernel of thy being what would come to view? What has accumulated within the shrine of thy heart? Hopes and wishes, acquirements and skill for this life only; an insane thirst simply to please men and attain their approbation? Or, with all thy gladsome ardor and youthful enthusiasm, hast thou also cultivated a serious aspect of life, which has early taught thee to keep in view its exalted destiny, and with spiritual weapons to contend "against youthful lusts which war against the soul"? Hast thou, through the humility of an earnest faith, conquered the vanity of knowledge and the idolatry of man-worship? Or art thou still in Egypt—still hankering after the flesh-pots of this world? Have ye "escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust"? As ye cast a glance upon the recent past, know ye something of fidelity in little things? If ye take your measurement according to Christ's word, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," are ye not probably lacking in both? Do not countless neglects already accuse your short lives? How many are ready to strike their sails before serious obstacles! Whatever glides not along easily and smoothly, but requires earnest thought and persevering application, is by multitudes at once dismissed. Is not this also unfaithfulness and culpable weakness?

And we, *of riper years and greater age*, how is it with us? Our lives are indeed full of God's numberless mercies and blessings, yet "the cup of thanksgiving is mingled with saddening tears." For how many temptations, dangers and storms of life have left their stings behind! How many divine commands have either been wholly neglected or but partially executed, our conduct being determined more by a regard for our own situation than the honor and glory of God! How many a dissension, even with our nearest kindred, casts its gloomy shadow over our lives! How often has our deference to others' views and wishes betrayed us into a wrong course or made others to sin! When confronted with a clamorous tumult have we bravely stemmed the storm, or like Aaron suffered ourselves to be swept along with the stream? Ah! how many humbling recollections of sins like or even worse than Aaron's have we gathered! He saw only the

morning's dawn of God's kingdom ; we live in the full blaze of its noonday sun. Has now the more glorious revelation of God in Christ Jesus influenced us so as to walk always in its light, to devote our energies to its extension, and, prompted by the love of Christ and the "will of God, to so serve our own generation" that when the summons comes : "Thou shalt be gathered unto thy people and die," we can hear that summons without alarm? Or have our aims and wishes, our words and deeds been only from and for beneath, so that when the final reckoning comes we could wish that most of them were not at all or were greatly different? Will what you have gathered be a memorial to your honor or to your everlasting disgrace? Have you with the Lord gathered, or without Him only scattered?

Look once more upon Aaron. Moses shall lead him and his son Eleazar to Mount Hor : "*And strip Aaron of his garments and put them upon Eleazar his son, and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded : and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments and put them upon Eleazar his son.*" Behold this little group in the awe-inspiring stillness on the mountain's summit. For miles no soul is near ; only the eye of God is upon them. Moses, the younger, but, as God's prophet, now more honorable brother, begins to take the mitre from the elder brother's brow, the breast-plate from his bosom, the ephod from his shoulders and the white surplice from his body, and puts them all on Eleazar. Increasingly poorer and humbler becomes the dying man, until he stands there at last, externally, like every other mortal. How death levels all earthly distinctions and makes high and low alike !

And when, dear hearer, thou shalt at last arrive at eternity's portals, and there perceive that before the holy Judge nothing mere human shall stand which our only Mediator has not consecrated, cleansed and sanctified by His Spirit, then will the mitre of wisdom drop from thy brow, the honors of the world and the frontlets of genius sink into the dust as nothing worth, if tainted with selfishness or corroded with pride ; then will the glittering breast-plate of human ambition with which the carnal heart girded itself for so many years be untied and its delusive dreams, so fondly cherished, vanish into air ; then will the surplice of good works, upon which the eye so confidently lingered, be stripped off, if wrought only for the pleasement of men and not from love to the Master. Yea, then will every fruit of life sink irrecoverably out of sight whose root is not found in genuine faith "and love unfeigned" as the product of the Holy Ghost ; then will be made manifest to many a one who had hoped to have gathered a great deal, that "*Whosoever gathereth*

not with Me scattereth abroad." Oh, poor soul that then finds nothing else at life's final revision but what must remain behind—and accuse it!

Thus, then, our first question, *What am I gathering?* naturally leads to the

II. *What should I have gathered when life's final revision comes?*

This too we learn from the dying priest's history on Hor's summit. Now, what God demanded of him and of all His people was *uncompromising fidelity to his covenant with the Almighty*. This one point includes all others. And despite the many weaknesses and sins Aaron had always, through the Divine mercies and discipline, returned to the Lord, and had yielded such fruits that Heaven's benedictions could abidingly rest on them. He had never refused to accompany Moses to the vacillating Pharaoh; had with prayer upheld his brother's hand in the battle with the Amalekites; had retained and executed the office into which God's free choice had placed him and his house unto the end; and when, after the destruction of Korah and his band, the people murmured against him and Moses, and the plague broke out among them and thousands had already perished, then Aaron, like a true priest, with the atoning censer in hand, flung himself into the breach and nobly used his prerogatives as High Priest in his intercessory prayers for the rebellious people, standing like a breastwork of protection "between the living and the dead until the plague was stayed." Yes, his life contained imperishable fruits—deeds of faith, of love and of trust in God.

He can, therefore, at life's final review gather from it not only the memorials of God's fidelity and of his own failings, but *that* also what, through God's grace and discipline, he has become; gather the fruits of his faith, his love, his hope and his trust in God. And leaning on the Divine promises—perhaps his mind's-eye glancing upward to that greater High Priest who should atone for the sins of the whole world, and whose office his own had but prefigured—*he can close his eyes in peace*. Upward, not downward, does he go in his death. Though privileged to see the promised land only at a distance, his end was assuredly in peace and reconciliation with God—albeit that his life-history had been a stormy one, full of toils, sufferings and chastisements. Calmly submissive to God's holy but most gracious decree, deprived of his outward priestly robes, yet retaining the inward priestly adornments of peace and hope, of trust and humble resignation to the Divine will—thus is he gathered to his fathers, and permitted, without a protracted struggle, to pass away. He had not lived in vain; following the wise guidance of God he had brought forth fruit, and therefore his name was held in

blessed remembrance among the people. "*And Aaron died there in the top of the mount: and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount. And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for him thirty days, even all the house of Israel.*"

Here, then, you too may learn what you ought to gather for life's final revision. Before all else certainly *that one and only support and comfort* in life and death, which the first answer of a well-known catechism holds up to us, "That with body and soul . . . we should not be our own, but belong to our faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ." That is the *sure foundation*, the high rock of faith on which we ought to stand when life draws to its close. There should we be clothed with the priestly garments of salvation, which will forever cover our nakedness, even with the righteousness of that High Priest who changes no more, since "by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified."

And with this divine power—this new life-power of faith, mercy and peace in God—you ought to labor and *gather fruit* from works wrought in God, which aid, amid the various positions and vocations, in the up-building of the future of God's people who, by word and deed, prayer and example co-operate in the development of Christ's kingdom, and which works, therefore, follow those who die in the Lord, in order that at the judgment day they may be revealed to the honor of God and His children.

You ought to gather fruits, too, from all the experiences of your lives, whether elevating or depressing, and hold them fast in your last hour with that calm submission to God which grows out of a humble trust in the Almighty and a careful observance of all the leadings and changes of your lives, since, as disciplinary and merciful, they are always designed to confirm this one great truth, "God doeth all things well."

And, finally, you ought to gather from all these things a *sure hope, a happy prospect* of your future inheritance—of reunion with all the fathers and brethren in Christ—of those "green pastures" where the Chief Shepherd leads His flock, where there is neither a Red Sea nor a Dead Sea, but "a sea clear as crystal," where flows the river of life, on whose margin grow the trees of life; where beckon you not the black surface of the wilderness, but the lightsome plains of immortality; not the burning desert, but the bowers of Eden; not the bleak and barren wastes of Paran, but the fields of living green of Paradise. You ought to be able to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" "I have fought a good fight"—have gathered for the hour of my departure mercy and peace, faith and hope—"henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Oh, dear brethren, whoever of you desires at last to depart in peace, and calmly to review not only this or that division of concluded labor, but his whole life, let him diligently and frequently institute such reckoning days, and work while it is day, sowing and gathering in faith what in that solemn hour he will wish that he could gather. We all ascend, as it were, step by step, with the seeds of death in our bosom, the mountain for life's last revision—some farther advanced, others farther back. Life's way leads to death's summit. The higher the ascent the farther the outlook. But not all obtain the blessed view, like Moses on Mount Nebo, of the promised land. If we have gathered nothing abiding, nothing satisfying, then will thick mist, or even black thunder-clouds, veil our goal. If, however, on the other hand, we have gathered with Christ, then "at evening time it shall be light" for us.

Blessed is that soul at whose review of life *faith issues into vision*, which suffers itself willingly to be stripped of all earthly things, since it desires to depart and be with Christ and be gathered to the people of the Lord, and which can say on the confines of the wilderness and Canaan, of life and death—"I am both thy pilgrim and thy citizen." Amen.

The False Light. A Reply to Canon Farrar's Sermon on Eternal Punishment.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Justin D. Fulton, D.D.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.—2 Peter i: 19.

A gentleman was walking on the coast of Calais, and drew near the lighthouse famed throughout the world for its revolving light. Seeing the lighthouse-keeper, he said to him, "Suppose your light should go out?" "That light go out? That light never is permitted to go out." "Yes; but suppose it should?" "Suppose it should? Look out on that stormy sea! It is full of ships going up and down the coast—some starting for India, some for America. If that light should go out we would hear of shipwrecks and disasters for months and months to come. No, sir, that light cannot go out. I never go up to kindle it but I think of the eyes that will be turned toward it in anxiety all over the world. There are thousands safe on the great sea to-night because I do my duty." Canon Farrar has not this joy. In England, in America, and wherever the words of the preacher have gone, souls are going down into the night of an eternal hell because of the false light this man has kindled. He has covered, to the best of his ability, the light burning in the world's lighthouse with his surplice, designing to obscure the radiance of the gospel, and pursuing a course that will make sinners rejoice in a false security while Christians mourn. The traveler, before he starts on a journey, studies the guide-book. The navigator, before he begins a voyage over an unknown sea, examines his chart that he may know where lie the dangers to be shunned and the path of safety to be followed. What would be thought of a man who should throw discredit upon the guide-book and cause the navigator to lose faith in the chart? At this time, as never before, attention is called to the Word of God, which contains the chart of the future. In it we learn what is the condition of the soul in the world beyond the grave and of the doom ever hanging over the wicked. The story of Dives and Lazarus proves that the soul lives after the body dies; that it does not sleep; that it is conscious. The soul of the righteous finds rest in Paradise; the soul of the wicked finds trouble, anguish and painful forebodings of a judgment to come in the under

world. Hell begins immediately after the death of the body, because then the disguises of sin are removed, the spirit beholds facts in their true light. Dives in hell, or in Hades, saw that his rejection of truth was a fearful mistake, and so he prayed that Lazarus might be sent to warn his brothers of their peril.

It is not pleasant to contemplate the conduct of Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Canon of Westminster, in Westminster Abbey, who discredits this statement and makes light of this cry of agony. The place where the Canon preaches is celebrated more for being the sepulchre of English kings, statesmen, poets, historians, novelists and artists than for any audiences that can find a place to gather in any of the small chapels that surround the East End. The abbey was commenced in the seventh century, and was completed in 1245. It is a part of English history. Canon Farrar preaches there. The position gives a weight to his words which do not belong to them. His audiences are necessarily small and insignificant in character. The preacher won reputation by his admirable *Life of Christ*. It is pitiable that he should throw it away by pandering to the worst uses of infidelity. "Canon Farrar," says John Hall, D.D., "is not disciplined in the accuracy of logical thinking." This is, no doubt, a correct estimate of the man, as all will see before we are through with him.

ERROR ITS SOURCE OF POPULARITY.

The question is asked, Why has his sermon received so wide a circulation? Because of its errors. Those who fear hell are in the majority. Any words from a minister claiming to be orthodox, who denies the existence of hell, are read with delight by those who will not go to Christ. In our own land there was a reaction against the time-honored power of the gospel of Christ, which has been the sheet-anchor of a world's hope in the past, and which is holding men fast in its terrible grip at this hour. In New England a Congregational minister avowed his universalism. Soon it was claimed that the Congregationalists were going over to the enemy. A president of a New England college and men well known in the Christian world gave their endorsement to error rather than make trouble. They permitted the true light to be moved out of its place, and introduced a false light to lead astray voyagers over life's stormy sea. Satan and his emissaries praised them. Then came Canon Farrar's sermon: he was called the Canon of Westminster. The most we know in America of Westminster is that the Westminster Catechism originated there. The cry went up, "The foundations are giving way." Error flies around the world, while truth is getting on its boots. Errorists will buy error. Lovers of truth believe in God, and don't

think it necessary to give wing to the antidote to the poison. Again, the sermon was weighed and found wanting in scholarship, in argument as in facts. Many believed it was a harmless affair, and said, "It is but a nine-days' wonder; the storm will soon blow over; the least said the soonest mended." So it would have been had not the enemy been disposed to sow tares while the Church tried to sleep. One fact is apparent.

THE CHURCH ASLEEP.

A live devil lives in this world, and gets a good deal more help out of good ministers and out of good laymen than would be given him if all remembered the apostolic injunction, "Fight the good fight of faith," and that the Church of God was ever to be kept on a war footing. "For to us the contest is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against the spiritual powers of evil in the heavenly places. Therefore take on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."

The locality of the abbey is not favorable to securing a large and intelligent congregation; it is surrounded by the poorer class. The Canon, in this sermon, describes them: "Walk at night in squalid purlieus, not far even from this abbey, where glaring gin-palaces are busy, and amid the reek of alcohol you may hear snatches of foul oaths and odious songs—streets where women sit shuddering in wretched garrets, to think of the brutal hands that will strike, of the brutal feet that will kick them when the drunkard staggers home; and where the young lads of the schools, upon which we spend so many millions of money, are being daily ruined and depraved by being lured into low haunts of gambling and degradation; or walk, again, in the thronged haunts of commerce, where myriads are utterly and recklessly absorbed in that hasting to be rich which shall not be innocent; or, judge from the stage and the opera, that vice in higher places is none the less dangerous because it is more gilded and perfumed." . . . "Alas! the vast majority of men and women whom we see are not saints, but sinners, and too often contented with their sins, and living in their sins; and covetousness, and drunkenness, and lust, and lying, and dishonesty and hatred, claim each their multitudes of votaries and of victims." A few Sabbaths previous he had preached a sermon about heaven. In view of these facts, the preacher imagines his people asking him, in their ignorance, not to tell them about heaven, but about the condition of the lost. This sermon on Eternal Punishment, preached in the midst of the direst poverty and most abject ignorance of London, gives professedly the opinion of scholarship regarding the condition of the wicked who die without God and with-

out hope in the world. He then ridicules the popular notion of hell, saying: "Many of us were scared with it in our childhood. It is, that the moment a human being dies, at whatever age, under whatever disadvantages, his fate is sealed hopelessly and forever; and that if he die in unrepented sin, that fate is a never-ending agony, amid physical tortures the most frightful that can be imagined; so that when we think of the future of the human race, we must conceive of a vast and burning prison in which the lost souls of millions writhe and shriek forever, tormented in a flame that never will be quenched."

Now, we admit that the description conforms to the teachings of Scripture. It paints the second death in none too glaring colors. There might be differences of opinion whether the Scriptures teach that the sinner goes at once to this place of torment after death, but we do not care to engage in that discussion at this time. God's Word declares unequivocally, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."—Ps. ix: 17. "The Son of man will send forth His angels, and they will gather out of His kingdom all the causes of offence, and those who do iniquity, and will cast them into the furnace of fire; there will be the wailing and the gnashing of teeth."—Matt. xiii: 41, 42. "And the devil who misleads them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where are also the beast and the false prophet; and they will be tormented day and night forever and ever."—Rev. xx: 10. "He that overcomes shall inherit these things; and I will be to him a God and he shall be to me a son. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and defiled with abominations, and murderers, and fornicators, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all the liars shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—Rev. xxi: 7, 8. "The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath."—Prov. xv: 24. "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it."—Is. v: 14. These and kindred passages furnish scriptural authority for what Canon Farrar calls the popular notion concerning hell. *These miserable devices* Canon Farrar repudiates as "crude and ghostly travesties of the holy and awful will of God. I arraign them as mercilessly ignorant. I impeach them as a falsehood against Christ's universal and absolute redemption." Let us not be mistaken. Canon Farrar does this. He puts his *ipse dixit* against God's Word, and there in Westminster Abbey he denounces them as a "blasphemy against God's exceeding and eternal love."

HUMAN ARROGANCE.

The arrogance of the man is noteworthy. He says:

"But I would ask you to believe, my brethren, that I speak now not with natural passion, but with the most accurate theological precision, when I say that though texts may be quoted which give *primâ facie* plausibility to such modes of teaching, yet, to say nothing of the fact that the light and love which God Himself has kindled within us, recoil from them, those texts are, in the first place, alien to the broad, unifying principles of Scripture; that in the next place they are founded on interpretations demonstrably groundless; and, in the third place, that for every one so quoted two can be adduced on the other side." Here, then *we reach the position of Canon Farrar*. Let us bring before us in distinctness his positions. The first is, that the doctrine of hell is alien to the broad and unifying principles of Scripture. That is, if we understand him, the doctrine of hell might be dropped out of the Scripture and yet the purpose and plan, and the persuasive power of the Scriptures to induce men to turn from sin to righteousness, from error to truth, from Satan to Christ, would not be impaired. Here the Canon in Westminster kindles a wrecker's light on the lee-shore and invites his poor and untaught hearers to turn from the path marked out on the chart of eternal life, to the rocks and treacherous shoals of unbelief, when loss becomes a certainty and death a possibility. If you can drop out hell from the Scripture you can surely drop out heaven. If you can drop out these and not impair the value of the Scriptures, you may drop out Christ and the cross, God and the gift of His Son. Let God answer Canon Farrar. In the last of the last chapter of Revelation I find these words, and commend them to the Canon and his hearers: "I testify to every one that hears the words of the prophecy of this book, if any one shall add to them God will add to him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any one shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God will take away his part from the tree of life, and out of the holy city, which are written of in this book."

Canon Farrar protests against the "ignorant tyranny of isolated texts." In this way he deceives his hearers again. There is no tyranny in isolated texts. The fact remains after eighteen centuries, that the Scriptures stand or fall as a unity and as a particularity. From the first page of Genesis to the last of Revelation, Scripture sustains isolated texts, and isolated texts furnish sure supports to Scriptural teaching. There is no other book like it. The Lord Jesus is "*the way, the truth and the life* to all." As well might a man say you could not judge of a cable by a single link as to declare you cannot judge Scripture by a single text. Break one link and you ruin the cable and permit the ship with its wealth of life and treasure to go upon the lee-shore. Better the teaching of the Ro-

man Catholic pulpit, which declares that the doctrine of eternal punishment "is necessary to preserve the sanctity of the divine law." In this matter there is no liberty. "The Catholic must believe in order to be saved, and if he rejects one single article of faith he rejects all." This is as true of Protestants as of Catholics. The Word of God is the religion of Protestants. This is the standard of conscience and for conscience, to the law and to the testimony, This teaches that there is a hell, that it is a locality, and that it is a prison into which the wicked are cast: where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Just as the life of the good is eternal in heaven, so the life of the evil is eternal in hell. Hence it is that a highway passes within reach of all, called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools need not err therein.

As we intimated at the outset, this sermon is one long and malignant attempt to presume upon the ignorance of his hearers. It could not have been addressed to audiences like those to which William Landels, John Cummings or Charles H. Spurgeon preach. He says that it is impossible to get a correct conclusion without going "to the inspired original and not to the erroneous translations." Here again he is guilty of deceiving the people. He knows, and every other student of Hebrew and Greek understands, that the revisers of King James's version translated correctly those terms meaning "hell" and "forever," and that there have been no changes in the language since that time which would to any degree modify the positions then taken and now maintained. But even if it were necessary to go to the inspired originals the world would not be left in night. Thousands and tens of thousands are able to go to the inspired originals. The words *αἰών* and *αἰώνιος* are easily translated. Any one can obtain, and so avail themselves of the best scholarship of the world as displayed in the revision of the New Testament published by the American Bible Union, and can find there a perfect translation of the inspired originals. Some fault has been found with the rendering of the Greek into Greek idioms rather than into the language of the common people. But no one has been able to prove that the translation was not as perfect as it is possible to translate the words of one language into those of another. In Matt. xxv: 46, we find *Καὶ ἀπελεύσονται οὗτοι εἰς κόλασιν αἰώνιον, οἱ δὲ δίκαιοι εἰς ζωὴν αἰώνιον*. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life." It is here perceived that the same Greek word describes the perpetuity of punishment and the perpetuity of life. In Rev. xx: 10 *αἰών* is used again, where we read they shall be tormented day and night forever and for-

ever; literally, in the Greek, to the everlasting of the everlasting. In these utterances, in the Greek or in the English, the sense which originally belonged to them still adheres to them, and so it is not true, as Canon Farrar falsely asserts, that "*there are a thousand notions associated with them which did not originally belong to them.*"

A STRANGE QUESTION.

The Canon asks the question: "Where would be the popular teachings about hell if we calmly and deliberately erased from our English Bible the three words 'damnation,' 'hell' and 'everlasting'?" Should I be permitted to answer him, I would reply: The popular teachings would be just where they were before Canon Farrar should do so worthless and foolish a thing. As well might a man ask where would be the law of gravitation if he should jump off the Brooklyn bridge into the East River? With all due respect we should say the law would be where it was before. The more important question for the man to ask is, not where would be the law of gravitation, but where would he be? A man might as well attempt to blot out the sun by the shadow of his hand, or chain the seasons and keep winter from changing into spring by a wisp of straw, as to attempt to blot out the words "hell," "damnation" and "everlasting" from God's Bible. Man did not make the Bible; man cannot control it. The Word of God endureth forever, and man or men are but as the dust of the balance. Canon Farrar tried to blot them out. He said in his peculiarly modest way, as though wisdom was to die with him, "I say unhesitatingly—I say, claiming the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge—I say with the calmest and most unflinching sense of responsibility—I say, standing here, in the sight of God and of my Saviour—that not one of these words ought to stand any longer in our English Bibles, and that being, in our present acceptance of them, simply mistranslations, they most unquestionably will not stand in the revised version of the Bible if the revisers have understood their duty."

Well, what has been the result? About the same as if Canon Farrar had jumped from London bridge into the Thames. There has been a noise, and nothing but noise. The devil knows when to print, and so this sermon has gone abroad, and Canon Farrar cries out against the reports when he finds that he is the laughing-stock of every scholar in the world, and he attempts to hide behind the reporters, and say, I did not say that. The trouble is, he did say it and no one believes him. Sitting Bull with his half-starving Indians, squatting on reservations that do not belong to them and issuing decrees against the United States Government; the buffalo confronting the iron horse on his way across the continent and attempting to

destroy the train by projecting himself against it and so being run over and scattered along the track, do not cut a more sorry figure than does this eloquent Canon perched on his historic pulpit, close beside the graves of the dead and in the presence of the living, and demanding that the words "hell," "damnation" and "forever" be left out of the Word of God. We can almost imagine him listening to see if the presses of the British and Foreign Bible Society do not stop. In vain; the clang goes on. We fancy him going over to Bagster & Sons, the eminent publishers of God's Word. The sermon is preached. The edict is gone forth. Do they heed it? No! in Greek and in English the words remain. The Canon is mortified. He has issued his decree, and even his poor impoverished hearers refuse to change their Bibles. They feel, quite likely, as did some of our soldiers on a man-of-war, who had learned of the appointment of a Universalist chaplain. The soldiers and sailors had a conference and went to see him. They asked, "Are you a Universalist?" "I am." "Don't you believe in a hell?" "I do not." "Then won't you please to resign? For the fact is, if there is no hell, we do not need you; and if there is a hell, we do not want to be led astray. We want a minister to preach to us who believes in God's Word as it has been delivered to us." The kind-hearted man gave way to a preacher of the truth. We can imagine some of the more intelligent of Canon Farrar's hearers leaving the dry and empty sepulchre for the rich and luscious pasturage to which Spurgeon, Hall and many more invite their hearers.

THE CANON, AND NOT THE REPORTERS TO BLAME.

The Canon in disgrace finds fault with the reporters. It is a trick not confined to London. He says: "To say that I denounced the doctrine of eternal punishment or expressed the hope that the word *eternal* might not appear in the revised translation, is, as most of your readers will have seen at a glance, utter nonsense." True, he only proposed to leave "hell," "damnation" and "forever" out of the future editions of the Word of God, and so extinguish the light that sheds its blessed radiance over the world. The trouble is, when a man cuts loose from God, he cuts loose from truth, for God is truth. There ought to be for such men some way found of reporting, instead of a man's actual words, the things which after a day or two he will wish he had said.

2. *Notice some of the Canon's assertions.* "The verb to 'damn' in the Greek Testament is neither more nor less than the verb to 'condemn.'" Suppose we admit this assertion, has the Canon explained the difference between damned and condemned. Is there any difference between being condemned to eternal burnings and being damned to eternal burnings?

Does this word condemn affect the burnings or the duration of them? Most assuredly not. The word in our English version (Mark xvi : 16) translated damned may be rendered condemned it also means punished. Again he says: "The word *αἰώνιος*, translated everlasting, is simply the word which, in its first sense, means 'age long.'" Prof. Boise of the Theological Seminary of Chicago says *αἰών* and its adjective form *αἰώνιος* are used one hundred and ninety-seven times in the New Testament. It is a remarkable fact, which every thoughtful man ought seriously to consider, that this phrase translated forever and ever is predicated alike and without qualification of three ideas. These three ideas are: God's existence; the punishment of the wicked, and the happiness of the righteous. If the Greek word means "age long" for one, it means "age long" for all. This admits all we claim, viz.: that the eternity of happiness and of misery is to be measured by the existence of God, which is from everlasting to everlasting. It is said that "Dean Stanley is in sympathy with Canon Farrar." This defection is not to be wondered at, as Rev. J. M. Pendleton, D.D., wisely remarks, "when we remember that Dean Alford of Canterbury years ago, in his notes on 1 Peter iii : 19, virtually expressed himself in favor of probation after death. Oh, how much mischief may result from one false exposition! Canon Farrar devoutly espouses the doctrine of the everlasting life of the saints; in this he shows either his lack of scholarship or of honesty." For the man "who says that the same Greek adjective, when used in connection with the punishment of the wicked and the life of the righteous, denotes in the former instance temporary, and in the latter endless duration, cannot be trusted as an exegete. He is influenced by feeling, by sentimentalism. Exegesis is not a matter of feeling The trouble with such expositors is, that in the plenitude of their kindly feeling they are influenced to take the side of the devil and of wicked men—against God. This may be thought a hard saying, but I believe it is true; and every man of very large benevolence is in danger on this point."*

HOW HE DOES AWAY WITH HELL.

"And finally, the word rendered hell is in one place the Greek word 'Tartarus,' borrowed as a word for the prison of evil spirits, not after, but before the resurrection. It is in five places 'Hades,' which simply means the world beyond the grave, and it is in twelve places 'Gehenna,' which means primarily the Valley of Hinnom, outside Jerusalem, in which after it had been polluted by Moloch worship, corpses were flung and fires were lit; and, secondly, it is a metaphor not of

* J. M. Pendleton, D.D., in *National Baptist*.

final and hopeless, but of that purifying and corrective punishment which, as we all believe, does await impenitent men both here and beyond the grave."

The first remark we wish to make in regard to this statement, is, *it contains no information*. Every scholar knows that hell in the Greek is in one place called Tartarus, but it was understood then, and is understood now, to be that part of the under world, or Hades, where the souls of the wicked were confined and tormented. The passage is in 2 Peter ii: 4, and reads: "For if God spared not angels, having sinned, but casting them down to Tartarus, delivered them over to chains of darkness reserved unto judgment." Now, every one would understand the idea contained in the word "hell," and every Greek dictionary of authority so translates it. The word "Hades," we are told, is used in five places, and simply means "the world beyond the grave." It is a law of philology that the true definition of a word will make good sense when substituted for the word defined. Insert the words he gives us in Luke xvi: 23, "And in the world beyond the grave he lifted up His eyes, being in torments," do we not reach the same conception with this phrase as we would had we used the word "hell"? which means no more and no less than "the place of the dead, or of souls after death." Is it possible that under the cloak of pretended scholarship the man intends to deceive those who put their trust in him? Again, he repeats, that every scholar knows that gehenna is translated twelve times "hell." And by the law as given above, it is properly translated in each instance.

A FOOLISH PARADE OF SCHOLARSHIP.

The sin of sins in this foolish parade of scholarship is contained in these words: "And, secondly, it (hell) is a metaphor, not of final and hopeless, but of that purifying and corrective punishment which, as we all believe, does await impenitent sinners both here and beyond the grave." "But be it solemnly observed, the Jews to whom and in whose metaphorical sense the word was used by our blessed Lord, never did, either then or at any other period, attach to that word 'gehenna,' which He used, that meaning of endless torment which we have been taught to apply to hell." "To them, and therefore on the lips of our blessed Saviour who addressed it to them, it means not a material and everlasting fire, but an intermediate, a metaphorical and a terminable retribution." William Greenfield, in his definition *Γέεννα*, says: "The valley of Hinnom, south of Jerusalem, once celebrated for the horrid worship of Moloch, and afterward polluted with every species of filth, as well as the carcasses of animals and dead bodies of malefactors; to consume which, in order to avert the pestilence which such a mass

of corruption would occasion, constant fires were kept burning ; hence, hell, the fires of Tartarus, the place of punishment in the under world—Matt. x : 28—xviii : 9, *et al.*” In this definition there is no shade of meaning which warrants the supposition that the punishment was to be corrective or purifying. In Matt. x : 28 Christ says, “Be not afraid of those who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul ; but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.” And in Matt. xviii : 9 Christ declares “It is better to enter into life with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire,” showing that punishment was in Christ’s mind, not purification, not correction.

HIS CONCLUSIONS.

“Thus, then, finding neither in Scripture nor anywhere anything to prove that the fate of every man is at death irrevocably determined, I shake off the hideous incubus of atrocious conceptions attached by false theology to the doctrine of final retribution.”

We have shown that he has failed to find a single word or passage, an intimation or suggestion pointing to his conclusion. Here he turns from God’s Word to man’s maudlin sentimentalism ; and though he does not uphold the Romish doctrine of purgatory nor avow Universalism, he intimates that “the belief that good shall fall at last, far off, yet at last, to all, does, indeed, derive much support from many passages of Scripture” (none of which he quotes) ; and it, or a view very closely analogous to it, was held by Origen, Gregory of Nyssa, Clement of Alexandria—all of which proves nothing, and is to be turned over to the account of delusion and sham, or a desire to secure the favor of an ungodly world who care not to be plagued with the teachings of the Word of God. As a result, he kindles this false light and leaves it to do its terrible work among those who repose confidence in his teaching : “If any hardened sinner here, shamefully loving his sin and despising the long-suffering of his Saviour, trifle with that doctrine, it is at his own deep and awful peril. But if, on the other hand, there should be souls among you (and are there not?)—souls very sinful, indeed, but not yet hardened in sin ; souls that feel, indeed, that ever amid their failing they long, and pray, and love, and agonize, and strive to creep nearer to the light ; then to you I say, Have faith in God ; there is hope for you—hope for you even if death overtake you before the final victory is won ; hope for the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven ; hope for the mourners, for they shall be comforted ; though you, too, if you should continue in sin, may have to be purified in that gehenna of *αἰώνιος* fire beyond the grave.”

What right has a professed minister of Jesus Christ to use

such language? Is he not acting the part of a traitor to the truth? Men call such preaching the result of liberalism. It is a poor name for a bad product. Such preaching comes from yielding to temptation, and from nothing else. Our Lord said (John iii: 14), "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up; that every one who believes in Him may have everlasting life." Behold the preacher among the poor and lost of London, and saying to them: "Go on in your sinning; if you die in sin it will be burned out of you, I have no doubt, in the gehenna beyond the grave!" Analogy is against him, and he knows it. The fire did not bring the dead back to life. The worm eat them and the fire burned them, but no purified and saved body walked back from the Valley of Hinnom to Jerusalem. There is no way out of hell. It is not a corrective or a purifying establishment; it is a place of punishment; it is the prison-house of the damned. As the tree falls so it lies. Those who get into hell stay in. The filthy are filthy still. Can you imagine Moses pursuing this course with the bitten Israelites? The serpents swarm in the air; they are in the bed; they are on the table; their sinuous forms are felt twining about the limbs: they curl up in the bosom; they look with their bright eyes into the face; their long, lithe tongues protrude from their mouths; they bite; the bitten know their danger. There is death in the camp; there is wailing in the air. Can you think of Moses coming and saying: "Though you are bitten, though death is on your track, be calm; don't think of the serpent lifted up; don't obey God; don't surrender your will, and look and live; but if you die you will go into sheol, where the fire is not quenched, and you may hope for healing there." No! He cried, *Look at God's offering, the brazen serpent!* LOOK AND LIVE. So was it, so is it the Canon's duty and the duty of us all to tell sinners here and now, Look to Jesus Christ and believe in Him, and thou shalt have eternal life. No other way is the right way; no other message is the right message; for they who believe in Jesus Christ have eternal life, and these shall be saved at the last day.

"We have now sure the prophetic word; to which ye do well that ye take heed, as to a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts."

1. Let us act as if we believed it. The battle at this hour is waging on the old field. It is an attempt to do away with the prophetic word; they desire to break its power. The Canon finds no warrant in Scripture, and so turns to men. Let us from men turn to God. This light has shed its radiance on unnumbered voyagers; and whoever has welcomed it and been guided by it has been brought into the harbor safely. "In Christ is life, and His life is the light of men. He was in the

world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him to them gave He power to become children of God, even to them that believed on His name, who were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

2. *Take heed, as to a lamp shining in a dark place.* There is spiritual night over all the earth. Without Christ it is rayless gloom. Outside of Christ there is no eye to pity, no arm to save. Then came the Gospel, the blessed evangel of hope to the earth-born race. To all lands and to all climes the words of Christ have gone, "I have come a light into the world, that whoever believes in me may not abide in the darkness." There is no need of the sinner's groping in gloom: the light of the world is Jesus.

"Come to the light, 'tis burning for thee—
Sweetly the light has dawned upon me.
Once I was blind, but now I can see—
The light of the world is Jesus."

3. *They who believe in Christ shall enjoy the 'day dawn.*—A brighter day is coming. It is climbing now up the steep of time. In the near future each of us will behold the great white throne and Him who shall sit upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven shall flee away. Then, sinner, your day of probation will have ended. The dead, great and small, shall stand before God. You are among the dead. For you the books shall be opened, and you shall be judged according to your works, and death and the under world, or those who have gone on before, shall be cast into the lake of fire; for then there is to be no reprieve. The Word of God abideth forever.

4. *The day star is shining.* It is seen in those who love Christ. Every Christian is a proof of a coming Christ. He is to the morning, that is soon to break over the hills, what the day star is to the coming day—He shines in the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

Sinner, believe me, there is for you safety in Jesus Christ. The hour approaches when the heavens and the earth are to disappear. The new heavens and the new earth shall stand forth in beauty. Then shall the shout arise, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell there, and they shall be His people, and God with them Himself shall be their God." Then to Him who loves us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us a kingdom, priests to God and His father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen. For those who reject Christ and continue in sin, there is now and forever a fearful "looking forward to of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." "And I saw a great white throne, and him who sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away,

and no place was found for them." In other words, the soul is left without a refuge or a hiding-place. Hence the cry to the mountains and to the rocks to fall on them, to hide them from the presence of the saints. The sinner would rather see any object than the Christ who died for him. Then the dead in trespasses and in sins will see their mistake. They believed a lie. They will find that the Word of God is true. The conscience, seared now as with a hot iron, will then be active. The murderer will see his victim. Hell will be a reality. O then, how important that Christ purge our souls of past transgression, and help us for the future to have the answer of a good conscience toward God.

Follow a step further, O sinner. "And death and the under world—all who know not God—are to be cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death, the lake of fire." That "lake of fire" is the prison-house of the damned. There is no escape from it. Men say, I cannot believe in the existence of hell. So much the worse for you. Think of your helplessness, whether you believe it or not. There are those who make light of hydrophobia. At length one is bitten. Faith has nothing to do with it now. The virus is in the blood. As a result water cannot be borne. There are spasms frightful to behold. The victim is in the grasp of disease. Sin is disease. It is destructive in its nature. It blinds the eye to the beauties of holiness and to the excellences and merits of Jesus Christ. It causes you to reject the love of Him "who is the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely." A young man had committed murder. He was condemned to be hung. He had friends of wealth and influence, whom he believed had power to deliver him. He would not make preparations for death. Indeed, he could not bear to hear an allusion made to death in his presence. At length his mother went to the Governor and asked him if he was going to pardon her boy. The Magistrate replied, "*It is impossible.*" "Then, in God's name, go to him and tell him that he is lost, and that he will be executed at the appointed time." Canon Farrar would have said, had he practiced what he preaches, "Have faith; it will come out right." The Magistrate was a more faithful minister of the law. The Governor went to the prison, took the criminal's hand in his, and told him of his doom. What a horror came upon him! Sinner, you will yet hear your doom pronounced by Him who sits on the "white throne." God will be vindicated, and if your name is not written in the Lamb's book of life you will be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. Then look away to Christ, for

There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner, look, unto Him and be saved,
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

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The Gospel of the Incarnation.

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY William Morley Punshon, LL.D., IN THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL,
LONDON.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.—Hebrews ii: 14.

SOME eighteen hundred years ago, in the land of Judea, a strange restlessness had come upon the public mind. If a stranger, just about that time, had visited the holy city, and had made himself acquainted with the inner life of its inhabitants, he would have found them all engrossed with one absorbing theme. It had superseded, as a matter of interest, commerce and conquest and the intrigues of faction and the concerns of ordinary politics. It had become the unconfessed hope of matrons and the deep study of earnest men; and so thoroughly had it spread that it became identified with every thinking of the Hebrew mind and with every beating of the Hebrew heart. This subject was the advent of a deliverer who had been promised by God unto their fathers. In their holy books there were circumstantial accounts as to the signs of His coming, and as to the period at which He might be expected to appear; and these various prophecies converged to their fulfillment. There had been rumors of certain meteoric appearances, which, in Eastern countries, were deemed the luminous heralds of the birth of a great king; and the pulse of many a patriot Jew would throb more quickly, as, in his vain dream of material empire, he saw the Messiah in vision already riding upon the necks of His enemies and His followers flushed with the spoil. In the midst of this national expectancy, events of strange significance were occurring in a quarter from which the eyes of the world would have turned heedlessly or in scorn. The national census was decreed to be taken through all the provinces of the Roman empire, in the time of Cæsar Augustus. In obedience to the imperial mandate, each one went up for enrollment to his own—that is, his ancestral city. The influx of strangers had crowded the little inn in the little town of Bethlehem, so that the outbuildings were laid under tribute to

furnish shelter to later comers. In the stable of that mean hostelry a young child was born. There was nothing about Him to distinguish Him from the ordinary offspring of Jewish mothers, but at the moment of His birth a song from angel harps and voices rang through the plains of Bethlehem and ravished the watchful shepherds with snatches of celestial music. Small space had passed e'er the wondering peasants beheld a star of unusual brilliancy hovering over that obscure dwelling. By and by the inn was thrown into commotion by the arrival of a company of strangers from afar, swarthy and richly apparelled, who brought gifts and spices and presented them and bowed their knees in homage before the new-born babe as before a royal child.

Rapidly flew the glad tidings from lip to lip, and passed from one to another until the city was full of it—received by haughty Pharisee with scoffs and derision, hailed with devout gladness by the faithful few who watched for the consolation of Israel—startling all the masses of the people—shaking the vassal monarch on His throne, “Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.”

Dear friends, it is ours in this day to rejoice in the blessing which on that day descended on mankind. Blindness, indeed, hath happened unto Israel, so that they see not the glorious vision; but the advent of the Saviour is the chiefest joy of multitudes who once struggled like ourselves on earth and who now triumph through His grace in heaven, and multitudes more—believers in His true humanity and happy in their brotherhood with Emmanuel, thank God for the unspeakable gift, and that “Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.”

The one thought of the text and that to which I want to confine myself for a few moments to-night, is our Saviour's assumption of humanity; and I want just to present it in a few of the aspects in which it will be most easy for us to understand.

In the first place, perhaps, it will be necessary for us to remark that it was a condescending assumption of humanity. It is obviously impossible that the language in which the apostle here refers to Christ could have been used legitimately of anybody possessing essentially the nature of flesh and blood. The words as applied to any mere man, even the holiest, even the most heroic, are impertinent and without meaning.

There is necessarily implied the fact of pre-existence, and of pre-existence in a nature other and higher than that which He assumed. In a subsequent verse the implication is further made that this pre-existence was in a nature other and higher than the angelic, for we are told that, in His descent from the highest to recover and to save, “He took not hold on angels.”

That is the way in which it should be rendered, "He took not hold on angels," but they perish without redemption, without hope, "but He took hold upon the seed of Abraham." In the previous chapter, the apostle largely illustrates our Saviour's essential superiority over angels. "And when He bringeth in the first begotten into the world, He saith: And let all the angels of God worship Him." Just as when a crown prince, you know, starts upon his travels into a distant country, the choicest of the nobility are designated to be his attendants and to follow in his train, so "when He bringeth His first begotten into the world"—a strange land to Him—He saith: "Let all the angels of God, all the principalities and powers in heavenly places wait upon, worship, serve, attend Him." Again He says, "Who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire; but unto the Son He saith: Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever—a sceptre of righteousness is a sceptre of Thy kingdom." From these passages and others of similar tenor, whose name is almost legion, we are swift to conclude and we are bold to affirm the proper and originated Godhead of the Saviour. It was God made man for man to die. Yes, brethren, that stoop of illimitable graciousness was from the highest to the lowest. In mysterious union with the child-heart of that unconscious babe, the veiled divinity slumbered. That weary and hungering traveler upon the journey of life—it was Jehovah's fellow! That sufferer, agonized but uncomplaining, who has just bowed His head to drink in meek submission the cup which His Father has given Him—it is the true God and eternal life. Strange marriage between the finite and Infinite! Incomprehensible union between divinity and clay! There are those scoffers in the world, I know, who dismiss the doctrine of the incarnation as the figment of fancy, or as the dream of fanaticism, some who try everything by the standard of their own perceptions and invest their own reason—at best of no great tallness, and which prejudice has dwarfed into still smaller stature, with absolute dictatorship over the world of mind. They profess to tell us that they disbelieve the fact of the incarnation, simply—stripped of all the pseudo-philosophic words with which they veil their unbelief, because they do not understand it. Meanwhile they live in a mysterious world. Nature has her thousand secrets which their art has no skill to unravel in the daily concerns of life, in the blessings Providence pours forth ungrudgingly. They take their churlish share in blessings whose wherefore they do not understand. They are themselves a mystery, perhaps greater than all. They cannot understand, any one of them, how that strange and subtle organism which they call "man" comes into being—how that strange and subtle principles which they call "life" floods them every moment with rapture; and yet, with marvelous

inconsistency, credulous on matters where no mystery might have been expected to abide, they are skeptical on matters where mystery exists of necessity, and where the absence of it would have been a suspicious sign. "Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Canst thou discover the Almighty to perfection?"

The incarnation of Christ is a mystery. We grant it—an inexplicable and a solemn mystery. Would there be no mystery, on the other hand, think you, in the event of its denial? Let us see. There is an individual obscurely born, reared in village humbleness, looked on by His kindred according to the flesh with coldness if not with dislike, with no influential connections, with no noble patronage, bold in His reproof of sin, austere in His mode of living, telling, with a strange candor, all to whom He ministered that He required absolute service, that He had no preferments in His gift, that He had no bribes to win the allegiance of the sordid, that it was more than likely that if they followed Him they must part with everything else; they must separate from all that was endearing; they must be cut off from ecclesiastical privilege; they must be traduced by slander; they must be haunted by persecution; nay, they must be ready for martyrdom because they who killed them would think in their blindness that they were doing God service. Well, now, look at that individual. In spite of all these disadvantages, and in spite of all His honesty, by the mere charm of His teaching and of His life He gathers a multitude of followers. He charms the fisher from the lake; He charms the soldier from the standard; He charms the publican from the receipt of custom; and not only these who might be supposed, perhaps, to risk little by the venture; but He charms the physician from his practice; He charms the ruler from his pride; He charms the scholarly student from the feet of his master. The chief authorities conspire against Him, but His doctrine spreads. He is attainted as a criminal, but His name is held dearer than ever. His death gratifies His bloodthirsty and relentless foes; but His disciples rally, and His cause lives on. His tomb is jealously guarded and hermetically sealed, but it is somehow found empty, notwithstanding; and He has established an empire in the hearts of thousands upon thousands for which they are at any time ready to die, and which promises to be as permanent as time. And you ask me to believe that all that could have been accomplished by a mere man like ourselves! Would not that be a mystery, think you, than all other mysteries deeper and more marvelous far? Well, again, look on that individual. During His lifetime, on the testimony of unquestionable witnesses, He exerted miraculous power. He has power over the elements, for the winds are still at His command, and the lawless sea obeys Him. He

has power over inorganic matter and over vegetable life, for He blasts the fig-tree by a syllable, and five loaves and two fishes swell up at His command into a royal banquet for five thousand men. He has power over ferocious passion, for at His word—at His look, indeed—the soldiery lose their malignity, and the foul demoniac is comely as a child. He has power over sickness, for the numbed limbs of the paralytic quicken as He steps into the strength of manhood, and the leprosy scales off from its victim and he is ready for the fellowships of men. He has power, indeed, over death, for by Him the maiden rises from her shroud, and the young man greets his mother on the way to burial, and weeping sisters grasp their ransomed brother, a four days' dweller in the tomb. And you ask me to believe that all this can have been accomplished by a mere man like ourselves! "Oh," but they say, "He was a good Man we acknowledge, a model Man, a great Teacher, a representative Man, the highest Man. In some sense, indeed, He may be said to have had an inferior and derived divinity. No wonder, therefore, that He should thus exert influence and thus extend a dominion." No, pardon me, but this only deepens the mystery, for this model Man who held no compromise with evil, who frowned away dissimulation from His presence, of whose inimitable morals Rousseau, no friend of His, said that if the life and death of Socrates were those of an angel, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God; this model Man professed all His life to be divine, received divine honors without rebuking the offerers, insisted upon His profession of divinity so strongly that the Jews stoned Him for blasphemy, never failed to say that He was one with the Father, and that He should, by and by, come again in the clouds of heaven. Oh, Jesus Christ cannot simply be a good and a benevolent Man. There are only two alternatives possible: He is an impostor or a God.

Now, unbeliever, you who scout the mystery of our faith, you who dismiss it as the figment of fancy or the dream of fanaticism, solve this mystery of your own. Pass through life disowning all the truths and doctrines in which we glory, but shut up—shut up as I shut you up to-night—to this far deeper mystery, either on the one hand of a good man who has spoken falsehood, or, on the other hand, of an impostor who cheated a world, while we, from the lowest dust into which gratitude can sink, will lift up our hearts and our voices, and say, "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh."

That is the first thought—that it is a condescending incarnation.

Well, then, following upon that in the second place, the assumption of humanity was voluntary. This, indeed, follows

inevitably from the foregone conclusion of His divinity. Being God, of course, He was under the pressure of no external obligation. To accommodate theological language to human infirmity, God is sometimes represented as influenced by outward things ; but really every divine act is self-contained and self-originating. Christ, therefore, could be under the pressure of no possible obligation. Law was Himself in spoken precept. Justice was Himself engraven on the universe. Mercy was Himself—the radiation from the light of His own beneficent countenance upon the creatures that He had made. Every administration of physical government was His own, either in independent action or in the harmonious union of the divine Trinity. It is manifest, therefore, that, so far as the divine nature was concerned His assumption of our humanity was disinterested and voluntary. In fact, there was nothing prompting Him to it but the upwelling of His own strong tenderness toward the hapless and fallen creatures that He had made. This spontaneity of the offering is necessary ; and I will tell you why I dwell upon it—because it rescues the Father from the suspicion of injustice which from the other side of infidelity is very often cast upon Him. But it seems as though our Saviour, knowing that some blasphemers would rise up in later times to throw a slur upon His Father's tenderness, defends Him by anticipation, and He says, "Therefore doth my Father love Me, because I lay down My life for the sheep. No man taketh My life from Me"—as if the thought had just struck Him that there might be those who would accuse His Father of injustice—"No man taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again."

And beside this spotaneity, which at once redeems the act from the suspicion of injustice, remember also that it was a stoop of condescension undertaken with the object of a commensurate reward. That may seem strange to some, but the apostle understands it. "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." A world ransomed from the destroyer—a mediatorial kingdom erected upon the ruins of earth's falling thrones—a name that is above every name, honored in heaven by prostrate obedience and undying song, honored on earth by every confessing lip and every bending knee—this was the joy set before Him, and for this He endured—bore bravely—the cross, and depised—looked down with infinite contempt upon—mysterious and inconceivable shame.

And, besides, that an enforced submission could not be practically or judicially available, there is that in the voluntariness of the suffering which at once exalts our confidence and en-

hances our affection for our surety and for our friend. We judge of the excellence of virtue in our small way by the willingness with which it is practised, and although, as we are all under the bonds of a common obligation to obedience, we can hardly enter into a comparison, yet, unquestionably, the willingness—the infinite willingness—with which the Saviour threw Himself into the breach and rescued the world that was perishing is a claim upon our gratitude and devotion in no ordinary degree. Oh, let sinners, like ourselves, think of it, how, when the destinies of the world trembled in the balance, when the issue was so great, so fearful, so tremendous, that there was silence in heaven, the silence was sweetly broken by the voice from the throne, “Here am I, send me. Lo, I come, in the volume of the book, it is written of me, to do thy will, O God;” and in another passage, “I delight to do thy will, O my God.” Now, think of what the will of God in this instance comprehended—the veiling of essential glory, the enduring the contradiction of sinners, the pangs of desertion and treachery, the bloody death upon the cross, the mysterious and terrible abandonment, for the moment, by the Father, sorrow’s crown, a sorrow a thousand-fold intenser and more terrible than any other suffering. And it was through this—for your sake and mine—that the Saviour intelligently volunteered to pass, that He might rescue a dying world. Oh, as we, sinners like ourselves, see Him as He enters upon His work, and as He prosecutes His work without difficulty and without hindrance, or rather with difficulty and with hindrance, but with difficulty mastered and hindrance overcome, surely there is enough to excite our deepest gratitude and our loftiest praise. When He came into the world—when, actually incarnate, He entered upon His brief ministry—it was with no reluctant step; it was in no hireling spirit. No; what said He? “My meat is to do the will;” and you remember what the will was. It comprehended all that I have said. “My meat,” as necessary and as pleasant to Him as His daily sustenance—“My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.” Nay, he seems on one occasion to be altogether like a bird dashing itself against the bars of its cage for freedom, simply because the purpose of His mission tarried in its fulfillment. “I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened”—it was a baptism of blood, remember—“how am I straitened till it be accomplished.” Thus did He think of and publish the great end of His coming.

Now, look at Him, dear friends; look at Him to-night. I would bring Him down before you. See Him in His sorrowful pilgrimage. Mark Him as, one wave after another wave, the proud waters go over His soul, and then He dashes the spray and the surge away from Him, and breasts them all like

a strong swimmer, and goes through unto the end, trampling upon the breakers of God's anger, and treads the wine-press of His wrath alone; and then think of all your ingratitude, frailty, rebelliousness, pride; and, while you humble yourselves in the dust, come gather yourselves up to-night into a fresher consecration.

"O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?"

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands the soul, the life, the all."

This is the second thought.

Now, you have heard that the incarnation of Christ—His assumption of humanity—was condescending and was voluntary. Now, I want you to look at it as complete. It was no mock assumption of humanity. The entire nature was taken on. He had a human body with all its infirmities. He had a human soul with its completeness of faculty, and with its capability of endurance—with its every capacity and with its every affection.

There were three reasons which made this complete assumption of the nature necessary. It was necessary, first, because the human was the nature which had sinned, and the human, therefore, must bear the brand of the divine displeasure. It was necessary, in the second place, that the world might have the best possible embodied manifestation of God—that in the minds of men, too gross, too carnal, to comprehend ideas that were purely spiritual, there might be the vision of the incarnate Son as the highest embodied possibility of being. And then it was necessary, in the third place, that the great want of the nations in all the ages of history might be met and complied with—of perfect pureness allied to perfect sympathy—the arm omnipotent to deliver, and behind it the heart tender and brave and sympathizing to feel. These were the three reasons that made it necessary that Christ should take our nature completely upon Himself. And the real humanity of Christ is attested by abundant authentications. In every sense of the word—I am bold to declare it—in every sense of the word He was a man with men. He was born helpless as others are born. Through His early years He dwelt in obscurity at Nazareth in the house of His reputed father, and worked at His handicraft for bread. He grew as other children grow, in successive developments into maturity, and through the processes of the years developed the maturity of manhood. When in the exercise of His ministry He went out among His fellows, He sustained, as they did, the relations of mutual dependence and help. He was no breaker of existing states of things. He was no iconoclast of even that which was faulty in the government that surrounded Him. He was a loyal subject. He paid the tribute-money without murmuring, and He submitted to

every ordinance of men. He was no dark ascetic—no saintly anchorite—no recluse that dwelt apart like a star. If men asked Him to go to their houses, He went; and He blest the frugal board, and He poured His blessing upon the marriage festival; and He sorrowed with them when the homes of their love were invaded and the light of some loved one had been suddenly quenched in their sight. His filial affection shone conspicuously throughout the whole of His history and gleamed out, brilliant as a star, in the moment of His mysterious passion. His care for those who followed Him ceased not with His own life. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end." He was a man—thoroughly a man—with men. Does human nature hunger? He hungered in the plain where the delusive fig-tree grew. Does human nature thirst? He felt the pang sharply upon the cross. Is human nature wearied with excessive journeying or toil? "He sat thus on the well." Does human nature shrink and fear and quail under the pressure of apprehended trouble? Listen, as He has at once told us what to do and told us how to do it: "O my Father, if it be possible." Is not that human? "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will but as thou wilt." Does human nature get possessed of a great terror? "He was heard in that He feared." Does human nature weep unbidden tears? Pity wrung them from Him as He gazed upon the fated Jerusalem with sorrow. Real and genuine human sorrow wrung them from Him at the tomb where Lazarus lay. Yes, he was a man with men. In all affection, sensibility, sympathy and everything but sin, He was a man with men. Look at Him as He sustains every grace and is disfigured by no blemish of humanity—banishing sorrow from the homes, and sin from the hearts of men, with not an act which men can trace up to selfishness, and not a word which they can brand as insincere—His whole life one kindness, and then His death an atonement. Behold the divine man! The divine man! The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, the skill to make canvas speak or marble breathe, or to play upon men's hearts as upon a harp of many tunes, the glory of chivalry or of that baser chivalry that climbs to notoriety up the slopes where the trampled lie, and where the red rain drops from many a heart—what are their claims to His? Behold the divine man! Be silent, ye competitors for greatness, and let Him speak alone. Erase all meaner names from thy tablets, thou applauding world, and carve this name instead. Shrine it in your loving hearts, ye who have learnt to believe in Him, and who trust in His atonement for light and life beyond the grave. Let it be there deeper than all other memory of home or friend—the man—the divine man! Christ Jesus. "Forasmuch, then, as children are par-

takers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same."

Then one other thought, but it is the chief one. This assumption of humanity was condescending and voluntary and complete that it might be atoning.

The great purpose designed in the Redeemer's advent could not be accomplished but through death. This was the supreme object—the ultimate object for which He came into the world—that He might "bear our sins in His own body on the tree." There had been numerous predictions—in the seers' visions, from the prophets' lips, in the various adumbrations of typical foreshadowing—of some mighty one who should, in the end of the world, appear to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And this was a matter of such transcendent importance that all other purposes were rendered subservient to its achievement. He, therefore, took part of flesh and blood, not merely to furnish us with an example of unsinning obedience, although such was the illustrious holiness that beamed from his spotless life that the world had never seen the like—not merely to impress upon the world the teachings of a pure morality, although such was the spirituality of His lessons that never man spake like this man—not merely that He might work His healing wonders even, and show to the bleared vision of the world beneficence in action, although when the ear heard Him it blessed Him, and although at His every footstep some sorrow vanished and some joy came in. All these, however, separably noticeable, were only collateral—incidental—to the one purpose for which He came into the world. He was born to die. These were but the flowers that He scattered here and there, right and left, on His way to the cross. Distinct, steadfast, from His very birth—more distinct and vivid through the last years of His ministry—there is the vision—the appointed goal—the cross—that to which all His struggles tended—that towards which all His actions converged—that which was the supreme and ultimate reason of His coming into the world at all—the cross. And the figure of the cross was distinctly before Him, and His eye, steady, serene, unflinching, fastened always there. That is His design—to be the surety of an insolvent humanity—to be the friend of a forsaken race—to be the refuge and shelter of endangered men. All the former characteristics of His incarnation had a bearing upon this, the chief design, and were essential to its completeness and value? Do you not see how?

It was essential, first, that a being of high estate should condescend, because none other could avail. No angel had merit to spare; no man had merit at all. And, moreover, it was essential in order that the divinity might sustain the humanity under the pressure of its agonies, uniting with it to

confer a plentitude of propitiatory value. Then it was necessary that that devotion should be voluntary, because there could be no availableness in exacted suffering, and it must be profoundly willing if it would be infinitely worthy. And then it was necessary that the assumption should be complete, because the human had sinned and the human must die—because as in Adam, the first federal representative of the race, all were dead, so in Adam again—another Adam, the second federal representative of the race—all might have the free gift come upon them even to justification of life. Now you see where we have gone. We have got a willing victim. We have got a willing victim of high estate. We have got a willing victim of high estate who wedded Himself to the sinning nature. It only wants one thing more to meet every requirement, and that is that this willing human victim, allied mysteriously to the divine, should be without guilt, either hereditary or actual, in Himself. Well, the miraculous conception—and you see how one Scripture doctrine hangs upon another—the miraculous conception provided for the first. “He was born not of blood, not of the will of man, not of the flesh, but of God”; and, standing steadfast in the midst of the gainsayers, He could say, in the midst of His spotless life, “Which of you convicteth Me of sin?” He was in the world, but not of the world. Like the chaste and queenly moon that shines down upon the haunts of beggars and the dens of thieves, and loses none of its brilliancy and gathers none of their foulness, so He moved about among the scum and offscouring of human society, and yet was perfectly and absolutely pure—without sin. No fault could be found in Him even by the embittered Pilate. Thrice the disparted cloud gave utterance to the voice that attested His righteousness from heaven. Ay, and the baffled demons, as they slunk regretfully and remorsefully out of the shrines they had inhabited, were obliged to wring out of themselves the reluctant confession, “We know Thee who Thou art, the Holy one—the Holy one of God.”

There, then, you see the willing victim—the human victim—the victim mysteriously allied to the divine—the victim without obligation and without taint—the divine human Saviour—man’s appointed Saviour—God’s incarnate Son.

Brethren, look at this Jesus thus incarnated for you, and as you look let your prayer rise—

“Answer Thy mercy’s whole design,
My God incarnated for me.”

Close upon the sharp agony of Gethsemane came **His arrest** by the treachery of one whom He had trusted. Patiently He bears the ribaldry and insult in the dishonored judgment hall

of Pilate. Wearily He treads the rugged pathway to Calvary, bearing His own cross. And now the mighty crowd is gathered upon the hill of shame; and now the cross is reared, and the nails are fastened into the quivering flesh, and amid the scoff and the slander ebbs His pure life away. The last ministering angel leaves Him, for He must tread this winepress alone. Darkness gathers solemnly, and oh—mystery of mysteries!—the Father hides His face from the Beloved. Darkness deepened in the sky, and on the mind; how long the affrighted gazers knew not. Then comes a cry, sharp, piercing, agonizing, and all is silent. “It is finished. It is finished.” The darkness gradually disperses; the malefactors and their companions are seen hanging upon the crosses three. The herding multitude of human beings gradually swarm off the hillside, talking eagerly and wonderingly about the events that they have witnessed. The moon rises calmly in the night sky, as if her sister sun had never set upon a scene of blood. But, oh, what a change had those few hours wrought in the destiny of the world! Brethren, in that death is the life of man. We can never fail to recognize it. God forbid that the time should come when we should ever fail to preach it. In that death is the life of man. Christ hath died, “the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” Christ hath died. Tell it to that despairing sinner—that man who is just about to seek escape from the upbraidings of an angry conscience by the terrible alternative of self-murder, that man that hath the cord about his neck, or the pistol at his throat. Go to him. Be quick! Tell him he need not die, for Christ hath died—hath died to bear His sin away.

Salvation! That is the end of it. That is the gospel—the inner kernel of the gospel under all the wrappings—salvation. Sound it out from that hillside of Calvary. Let the summits of the sister hills echo it. Sound it out from every avenue of this vast necropolis of a world. Salvation for the guilty, for the condemned, for all, for *you!*—for *you!*

Now, that is the gospel of the incarnation. My dear friends, receive it into your hearts, and may God help you to live it out, until at last you see Jesus not on the cross, but on the throne.

The Nature of Gospel Truth the Prophecy of its Universal Recognition.

A MISSIONARY SERMON.

PREACHED BY **James M. Ludlow, D.D.**, IN THE WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN
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"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."—Matthew xiii : 33.

THIS figure contains more than a prophecy of the universal spread of Messiah's kingdom ; it tells something of the law of its propagation. Leaven is chemically adapted to work upon the meal : that is, there is something in the nature of the meal which the fermenting agency of the leaven excites, until, particle by particle, the whole is leavened. You cannot leaven sand or lime-dust, because there is no such natural adaptation between them and the fermenting property. So there is something in Christianity, and something in human nature mutually adaptive. It is our purpose to show that this adaptation of the Gospel to human nature is so strong that, as by a law, it necessitates the ultimate evangelization of all mankind.

Listen to some of these "voices of the soul" which are clear-sounding prophecies of the triumph of the gospel.

I. The *truths* taught by our Saviour are such as verify themselves to our deepest consciousness, and are intuitively approved by our best thoughts.

Watch that floating buoy ! It is now overwashed and dashed out of sight ; now it is flung by the fury of the waves, as if it had broken its chain and was gone forever. But it re-appears ; and year after year it will float, wildly or tranquilly over the same bar or rocks. The sailors who have not been on that coast for many months expect to see it, and, by its indication, turn their craft from the destruction whose maw is close beside it. The buoy remains because it is not a mere float, but is anchored to the bottom. Such, too, has been the history of Christ's truth. Infidelity has at times over-washed and concealed it from the popular faith. Persecution has seemed to destroy it utterly. But here it is yet. As Paul found it, so did Augustine, and Gregory, and Bernard, and Luther ; and so did last-night's convert. We to-day believe it ; to-morrow we doubt it ; now vividly realize it ; now forget it. But whenever we look earnestly through whatever haze of philosophy or spray of fear, we see it, for it is anchored at the bottom of the great human heart.

We all have certain thoughts which are not due to any particular culture, and which we cannot get rid of by any culture, or lack of culture : however vague, they are convictions ; we may not formulate them, but we feel them. We build a fire of bright-glowing, plausible objections to them, but, like the

bush in Horeb the fire only illumines the fact that they are unconsumed. Here are some of the branches of that bush.

An *impression of God*. The world is not yet wise enough to contradict Plato, saying "No one who had taken up in youth this opinion that the gods do not exist, ever continued in the same until he was old." We look toward heaven, and shut our minds against the Deity; but it is like shutting our eyes against the sunshine. The glare goes through the eyelids, and the nerve tingles with it. All we accomplish is to shut out the form of the sun and the whole world beautified in its light. Atheism has the glare of Deity, but not His glory. The professed atheist uses the name of Good in his blasphemy even more frequently than the believer in his prayer. God does not leave Himself without a witness before any heart. He shines luridly through the atmosphere of human hate, vaguely through the mists of indifference, clearly through the medium of faith and love.

We have also an impression of *Divine justice*. Conscience, like soft wax, fits itself into the mould of what the Bible says about right and wrong, about righteousness and sin; and, though skepticism destroy the mould, conscience retains the shape of it. We may deny the theological expression "Divine justice;" but the heart is incapable of denying ultimate justice; and both philosophically and practically, they are the same thing.

So the general features of the doctrine of *atonement*, such as salvation of the soul in some way satisfactory to infinite right, and in all ways gratuitously to us, are recognized the world over. The cross is a stumbling-block and foolishness to many; but the world does not get around that stumbling-block, nor keep its eyes off that foolishness. In some form or other the two elements of atonement mentioned—justice and gratuity—have been elements in the problem of peace between conscience and the Inspirer of conscience since the beginning. Blood streaming down from altars has made the boundaries of the different religions of the earth. Out of the waters of guilt men have tried to drag themselves on to the "Rock of Ages," whether it has had the shape of the cross or not. What we deride as we float in the calm of our self-righteous pride, we will some day give the world to cling to, and curse the ebbing waves of doubt which drag us away as we try to grasp it.

The heart has also a native *impulse to pray*. The earth exhales mists; they rise and form the clouds; they descend in the rain. It has been thus since there first went up a mist and watered the earth. And so since God first dropped the dew of His communion with man in Paradise, the heart of humanity has exhaled desires and aspirations, and waited, too often

without faith, like an unblest desert, but often with the experience that the windows of heaven were open.

Humanity has also an instinct of *immortality*. The mere arguments for it may be incomplete, just as the science of Biology is incomplete, though we feel the life. Professor Tyn-dall came out of philosophical dream-land and walked again with his eyes wide-open, when, after saying in his Belfast address, "I discern in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," he made the statement: "I have noticed during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that that doctrine commends itself to my mind, and that, in the presence of stronger and healthier thought, it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part."

So of all the great principles of Jesus' teaching; they are like the ribs of rock which are found beneath the soil. Blowing sands and decaying vegetation may cover them up; but we will always find them by digging. How many unbelievers, the proudest, who pledged their whole repute against Christ by becoming teachers of unbelief, at the last, when they were brought face to face with the soul's need, have renounced all opposition and tried to cling to Christ? But did you ever hear of one who at death renounced his life-long faith in Christ? We may be sure that in this world of uncertainties, the truth which stands the test of the soul's deepest demands, which voices its persistent aspirations, which glows most brightly, as a dawn, when death throws open the shutters of this chamber of mortality, will universalize itself. For what are all the boasted culture of humanity, and development of social civilization, but the practicalizing of the lessons of human experience?

II. The *character* of those who give themselves up to the commandments and the Spirit of Christ is universally commended, so that opposition to Christian life must be temporary.

How we parade the faults of individual Christians! But these faults signify nothing against the system of Christian morals, for the simple reason that they are faults against the system. You cannot test the skill of an engineer by works which are not built according to his plans. And defects among Christians are not Christian defects; just the reverse—they are unchristian defects, and are universally recognized as departures from the standard. You must not judge the art of the great master by the daubing of careless pupils. Can you find fault with the character commanded and exemplified by the Lord Jesus? Take His idea of purity, involving a clean heart as well as clean ways: Is it not superlative? You can add to it no ray

of virtue, either of your own conception or borrowed from the world's moralists; you could as readily add to the rays of the sun. Take that summing-up of all duty in love; analyze it as an obligation, as a power. It is absolutely exhaustive, whether the analysis be conducted with the imagination or the conscience. The splendid moralizing of the Gallilean has made that of Cicero and Seneca obsolete. Obedience to it has put man, as Renan says, "on the highest summit of grandeur." It is in his hard-wrung confession "the source of endless moral regenerations." We are confident that such breathings of the absolutely pure will never be forgotten. To borrow Carlyle's figure, like the melody of music which floats far beyond the discords, this, which is so sweet to every conscientious soul—however wrong-headed he may be—will float, ever widening, down the ages, until the world is full of its sweetness.

But look also at the character actually produced in the person of the Great Teacher Himself. We have here not only perfect moralizing, also perfect morality. He lived His teaching. He was the righteousness of God. He did not illustrate His teaching in His life; His life was rather the text, and His system the commentary upon it. Now, this incarnation of the supreme standard of goodness is essentially an omnipotent force in the world. It is not a mere model, but an unfailing source of emulation. Jesus is the archtypical man, and toward His moral excellence humanity is advancing, however slow the steps and with whatever breaks between. And the picture of society 1800 years ago, whether by Paul or the Roman satirists, contrasted with the picture of society to-day, even by the daily press, will demonstrate the movement. We cling tenaciously to the law of the "survival of the fittest" in the moral struggle of the universe. Not until diabolism has been demonstrated to be the final solution of human destiny can we give up a faith in the triumph of what every conscience approves as the supremely right and fair as these are seen in the face of Jesus, "the chief among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely."

III. The *beneficent spirit* of Christianity, as displayed in its influence on the world, is such that it can never cease to engross the human heart. The "blessing of those who were ready to perish," which Job prized as his perpetual glory, has always rested upon the head of the perfect man from heaven. For the Christian spirit puts the robe of perfect comfort around him to whom the world gives only rags. It enables him to say with Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." It satisfies the inner craving of those whom the world is starving, with the Word of God, which is better than the bread that perishes: so that he sings, "I have all things and abound." It receives to sheltering

arms every soul-fleeing from the natural fears which pursue it across the wild track of time. It subdues the wild wail of human woe into the sweetest of minor strains, which the troubled spirit recognizes as a part of the grand anthem of eternal joy. He who went about doing good is, both as example and inspirer, the power of philanthropy, and almost the entire charitable work of the globe is to-day conducted in His name.

And so we take up our prophecy, not alone from the Bible, but from the heart of man, and say: so long as a kind face is winsome; so long as helping hands are grasped in gratitude, so long will the spirit of Jesus be hailed, and the kingdom of Jesus be progressive in the earth.

IV. But the all-conquering element in Christianity is the *Divine Spirit*, who is a light over the world, and a life in the heart of its believers. When God created man He breathed into him the spirit of life, and still "in Him we live and move and have our being." In spite of the deadness through sin, there are yet traces of the Divine in the human spirit. Or we may say, avoiding all theological controversy, there are voids in us which still echo in their emptiness the footfalls of the departed Divinity. And every sound of the returning Spirit is familiar to the soul. God is Himself the most natural of all things to man. This is fully realized after conversion, and is vaguely, but surely felt before. Religion is, as the word means, the binding back of the soul to its first and natural allegiance. And every truly spiritual influence is a cord drawing, and, if we will submit to it, holding us to the heart of our Infinite Father.

A survey of the history of the kingdom of Christ will show the strong working of these gospel elements in the hearts of men. Note some features of the conquest already attained.

Other schemes of moral and religious thought have died out because they were overgrown by the advancing thought of succeeding generations. But the Christian scheme has found *ceaseless development*, both in the symmetry of its dogmatic expressions and in the new meaning and applicability of its teachings to human needs. But development through wear is a sign of inherent life. Inanimate things wear out by use. There is thus the same difference between the gospel thoughts and the best of uninspired thoughts, that there is between a mass of matter and the living being. Therefore Christ said, "The words that I speak to you, they are life."

Other schemes have died out notwithstanding the utmost favor and support of men, falling in the line of their ambition. But Christianity has won its triumphs *in spite of everything that the heart can devise against it*. The whole force of imperial power, with the cruel heel of persecution, has tried to trample it out; but this has proved only a more excellent way of plant-

ing it as the seed of a marvelous harvest. Democracy has gnashed on it with its teeth, and as the rabble around Jesus, has cried, "Away with it!" but like its representative on the cross, the dying thief, democracy has in its extremity cried to the Church, "Remember me!" The dying Voltaire voiced the whole political and social revolution which his teachings did so much to kindle, when he sent for a priest to administer to him the holy sacrament. The kings of thought have set themselves against the Lord and against His anointed; but, by their admissions, have built up the logical evidence, and massed the historic, scientific and critical facts for the defense of what they have assailed, as sometimes the violence of the current mounds higher the bar of sand which it seemed to be washing away.

Other systems have appealed to the common tastes and motives of men for their acceptance, rather than to the "council of deep convictions." They have sought success through compromise with the prevailing culture. Such was the policy of early Papal Rome in using the remnant of Pagan doctrines and worship, and more recently in propagating a semi-Hindooism by its Portuguese missionaries in India. Renan drew an inference seemingly warranted by history: "Every idea in order to succeed, must needs make a sacrifice. To conceive the truth is not enough; for success, ways less pure are necessary." But pure Christianity has never taught the "via media" of policy. It has demanded only *unconditional surrender of the human heart* beneath the banner of the absolute truth and right as displayed in Christ. "For what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth, with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" Selfishness is the most powerful of our lower incentives. As Pope, crystalizing its grossness, says: "Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul." But the Gospel takes out that spring from the machinery of the life, and puts in another, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." The pride of man, which is so stubborn that it sits unbent, even in poverty and in prison, falls down before Jesus in utter self-negation. While the world applauds him as the king, David cries, "I am poor and needy"; and takes as his comfort what would seem to be the portion of some outcast; "yet the Lord thinketh upon me." The desire of commendation, the secret of personal enterprise the world over, gives way to self-condemnation when Christ appears, and cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The lower passions and appetites which have ruled and ruined the world, which no moralizing and no discipline can subdue, have cowed down before the gospel-prescribed purity, as the wild beasts before Daniel.

It is further illustrative and confirmatory of the natural adaptedness of the gospel to humanity that it alone has *passed freely over the boundaries of the diverse races and civilizations* of men, showing that it is above all the various cultures of the world, and unaffected by them. Celsus said: "A man must be very weak to imagine that Greeks and Barbarians, in Asia, Europe and Lybia, can ever enter into the same system of religion." That was profound, uninspired wisdom; a mighty argument against the claims of the early Church for universal recognition. Humanly speaking, it was impossible; historically it was the fact that it had never been so. But over the foaming seas and over the snowy mountains, which had been impassable to human thought, the Christian thought floated with the ease and majesty of an angel from heaven.

Weigh this fact also; the *times of most apparent retrograde in the history of the Church have proved to be the real birth-times of new advancement*; as the stalk of the grain droops before it drops its ripened kernels into the ground as the seeds of a manifold harvest to come. It was when the Church was at its lowest corruption and spiritual impotency that Protestantism trod forth to meet the Goliath of superstition. It was when Watts was writing "Religion is dying in the world;" when Butler had just penned, "It is taken for granted that Christianity has been discovered to be fictitious;" and Bolingbroke had succeeded in corrupting the very fountains of religious thought; and Hume was aiming his blows at the tap-root of the Christian philosophy, that Methodism, the most thrifty offshoot of our common Christianity, appeared, which is now budding in our own land at the prolific rate of a new church for every kiss the morning sunlight gives the earth. And in the pride of the infidel mind to-day, in its very taunts and rage, we hail the prophecy of something grand in the development of our Master's Kingdom. "There must be falling away first," says the prediction of the final triumph.

A traveler, seeing a Christian missionary treading his way through the crowded streets of a heathen city, thought of an ant running about the base of a mountain, and said, with plausible incredulity, "The great mountain of heathenism can never, through such slight agency, be cast into the sea." We admit the apparent stupendousness of the task before the Church. All enterprise stands paralyzed before the proposition to convert the world; all except the enterprise which springs from an appreciation, through faith, of the spirit of the Gospel. It must, humanly speaking, take a long time to change the heart of a great people. Especially must they have a sublime patience who put their hands to the work of evangelizing a people whose religion is interwoven throughout with their civilization; cross-woven with their common habits and customs;

wire-woven with ancestral faith; doubled and redoubled until it has grown a thousand-ply in the thickness of its superstition, as is the case with some forms of heathenism. The Sandwich Islanders were born almost in a day into full membership of the Christian household, because there was nothing grand, nothing soul-appealing in their old faith. They had no history to prop their religion, which was only a mass of rubbish waiting to be swept away by the first rising tide of anything better. But it will be different with the Turks, remembering the magnificence of the early Saracen history, when their faith swept over Europe, and looking still, though humbled by Christian arms, with bigoted belief upon the banner of the Prophet. It cost the Church only twenty-two dollars a head to convert the Sandwich Islanders. In Turkey it costs over a thousand dollars. We must face the same difficulties in the other, even more ancient civilizations of India and China. The very excellencies of Brahminism, Buddhism and Confucianism—and they have many excellencies which even Christians may not deride—will hold their superstitions together for a long time.

But we must keep in mind certain other facts; such as these: For the amount expended and the laborers at work, the harvest in actual conversions on the foreign field is as three to one compared with the home field. The truth is vivid in its novelty to the heathen mind, and makes an impression upon him which our gospel-hardened hearts seldom feel; so that they need no Moodys to deliver the doctrines in audacious home-thrusts, or make them gleam with startling rhetoric; the truth itself is sufficiently sensational. Beside, the missionaries are not engaged exclusively in the work of seeking individual souls. They are undermining all that civilization. They are the ministers of Christian empire, though they carry no credentials from departments of state; and they are so regarded by the people. They are not little lanterns trying to light the "nations sitting in darkness;" they are little windows open toward the dawn, and the sun of righteousness is streaming through them. Then, since all truth is one, and all right and beneficence are scattered rays from the same infinite goodness, Christianity goes to the heathen world with all modern culture as its handmaidens. A Christian science is overthrowing the silly astronomy and geography of the Orient. A Calcutta horse railroad built, by Christian capitalists, has attained a right of way through all the caste system, so that those who, a few years ago would have gone round the Himilayas rather than walk with an under-caste man, sit complacently by his side in the public conveyance. Japan, which barred her doors to the fleets of the world, opened them at the beckoning gleam which shot across the Pacific from our Golden Gate. Christianity following in the wake of war, is pouring down through the passes of the Balkans and up through the Dardanelles.

You will observe this law often illustrated in the best progress; long preparation followed by sudden accomplishment. The waters wear imperceptibly the base of the cliff; it stands frowning for ages, the symbol of eternity to our short vision. But it falls all at once. Is there a barrier of heathenism that is not to-day shaking to its fall? The leaven has not gone through humanity, because humanity has not been together in one lump. But the separate kneading-troughs of the nations are worn out and are being thrown away. The world is fast becoming one. And when that unity shall have been accomplished within the bounds of commercial relations, common culture and habits of life, then it will not be long before it is one in religion. Nay, it will then appear that a subtle unity as the common object of the Saviour's love, was all along the inner force constraining the outward unity.

I am addressing men who, as members of this commercial metropolis are accustomed to take the far outlook in business and charitable matters; who invest to-day not merely for to-night's wages, but for the far future and distant enterprises, and whose coveted income is not for the gold that perishes but for the consciousness of having taken a part in the mighty progress of the world. I know that your response will be liberal when I appeal for this great enterprise, the evangelization of mankind which is outlined in prophecy and in your own avowed faith; assured both by the promise of heaven, and by the amazing success which is even now the acclamation of the nations which are rising to welcome it.

What is Man? or the Scepticism of Science Considered,

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY R. W. Dale, D.D., AUTHOR OF "LECTURES ON PREACHING" AND EDITOR OF "CONGREGATIONALIST," AT THE OPENING SERVICES OF UNION CHAPEL, LONDON.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"—PSALM viii : 4.

IF God is not mindful of our race, and has not been mindful of it in past ages, and is not mindful of it still, if He has not visited our fathers, and will certainly not visit us, then this building is but the monument of a ruined hope, and the enduring memorial of a glorious but tragic delusion. The delusion, indeed, has been shared in by generation after generation of the noblest of mankind. The hope may be described by others who do not share it, as originating partly in the hopes of man in the human heart, and partly in man's passionate and despairing discontent and dissatisfaction with his actual condition; but in its very presumption there is a moral grandeur so august, and in its appeal to the infinite love and wisdom and power of God, there is so pathetic a consciousness of weakness and ignorance and sorrow, that even those who think that they have discovered that the hope is vain and audacious may well regard it with sympathy and wonder, rather than with scorn, and may well look upon its extinction with pity and sorrow rather than with exultation. How are we to learn whether the ancient faith of our race, "that God is nigh at hand and not afar off," is a delusion or not? How are we to verify the hope, that it is possible for man to have access to God's presence? St. Paul declares that ever since the creation of the world the invisible things of God, even His power and Godhead, have been revealed in the material universe. But the influence on religious faith and hope of what we call "nature"—of the sun and the moon, the stars, and the mountains, and the seas—varies with different men. It varies with the varying temper and mood of the same man at different times. It is not always nature that makes it easier for us to believe that God is near. There are some aspects of nature which sometimes make it difficult to believe that there can be any real communion between the Creator and ourselves. Those of us who live in great cities are, perhaps, especially sensitive to the austere influences of the material universe. Its vastness—its grandeur—sometimes oppress us, lying among the ferns and the blossoming heather, with the foundations of the granite mountains beneath us, and their jagged peaks rising into the clouds above, or standing alone on the shore of some desolate sea unwhitened by a solitary sail, or lifting our eyes to the

heavens at night, knowing what David did not know, about the immense magnitude of the stars—about their number—and about the enormous distances which separate them from each other and from us—we are crushed by the sense of our insignificance. If we perished, what difference would it make in this stupendous universe? The mountains would stand firm—the tides would continue to ebb and flow—the stars would rise and set—the heather would still blossom, and the bracken would turn brown on the hill-side in the autumn, and the wild flowers would fill the plain with beauty in the spring—the shining brooks would continue to make their pleasant music just as before. What is man that God is mindful of him? and what is man that God should visit him?

Since our insignificance is strengthened by the permanence of God's material works, all our deepest thoughts have been expressed for us. Ages ago David felt the insignificance of man when compared with the greatness of God's material works, and expressed what he felt in the words of the text. And the writer of the book of Ecclesiastes felt the solemn pathos of the contrast between the brief life of man and the endurance of the material universe which is his temporary home. "One generation," he says, "passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever." It is true indeed that the earth itself has had its changes. The very elements have already "melted with fervent heat." We live over a great cemetery in which the stones still preserve millions upon millions of creatures that lived millions and millions of years ago. Water and fire have again and again changed the face of the globe. Even in recent times, down to our own days, changes just as startling have been going on. Here and there the cliffs have been rent and broken down in gigantic ruins of a disintegrated world; the coast has advanced on the sea and the sea has advanced on the coast. Yet how firm, and how strong, and how enduring the great forms of things appear when contrasted with the brief life of our race!

Nor is it merely the vastness and permanence of the objects of the material universe by which we are sunk into abysses of humiliation, in which we begin to be incredible that God should care for us. Our humiliation is deepened by the discovery that our own life is akin to the inferior forms of life around us—akin not only to the life of those animals in whose structure there are the closest analogies to our own—but akin to forms of life which look at first sight most remote from us. I come from the dust. The Book of Genesis told me so before science discovered it; and in the very lowest types of living creatures there are prophecies of the life by which I am animated. The gradations which separate rank from rank in this living hierarchy are so fine and so subtle that there seems no clear break

in the ascending scales. In the very highest there still survive affinities to the lowest. What right have I to separate myself from the creatures to which I am so closely related? What right have I to claim a different rank, and what right have I to expect a different destiny from the deer that browses on the plain, or the fish that flash in the burns, or the very grass and heather which cover the hills? I do not wonder that men whose whole strength is given to the investigation of the phenomena and laws of the material universe, should refuse to believe that man can be the origin of any specific interest on the part of God; and still further when they consider those imperial laws which cover with steadfast and relentless authority the whole range of existence with which we are acquainted, what presumption there seems to be in supposing that He from whom these laws derive their authority, will think of us, and care for us one by one! The Most High, as was said long ago by a great philosopher, does not seem to manifest Himself in particular volitions, but by universal and unchangeable laws. He appears to take no heed of the moral qualities of men, or of their weakness and helplessness. He sends His rain on the evil and on the good, and causes His sun to shine on the just and on the unjust. He destroys in the same storm the ships of an oppressive, tyrannical empire and the fishing boats of an obscure, harmless and industrious village. He smites with the same lightning the churches erected to His own honor, and hospitals for the alleviation of human misery, and the temples of false gods. He permits drought and famine and pestilence to desolate whole nations, so that the virtuous and the wicked perish in one common misery. What right, it may be urged, have we to claim any special remembrance from Him? What is man that God should be mindful of him, or the son of man that God should visit him? This is the gospel of science—a gospel harder, sterner and more appalling than the Law which came from the thunders and lightnings of Sinai. But is it true, or is it false? If it is true, then the most ardent hopes of man are extinguished, his dearest consolations are dried up, and he is stripped of those regal prerogatives which have been his chief glory and the inspiration of his noblest efforts. But is it true, or is it false? The truth which was in it David had a glimpse of. To him as to many of us the material universe and its majesty seemed to make it hard to believe that man could be the special object of the Divine thought and care. But instead of yielding to the grovelling fear David triumphed over it, turning with exulting confidence to his assurance that, after all, God is mindful of us, and that God does visit us. Let us see if we too cannot escape from the gigantic and oppressive shadows which the material universe sometimes throws upon us, and recover our faith in the animating truth that for us

"God is a God nigh at hand and not afar off." What are the pleas which are urged against the faith of which this building, in which we are assembled this morning, is the visible and permanent expression? What are these pleas worth? The whole world, we are told, in which we live is a mere speck in the universe, and it is said to be incredible that God should have any special care for it, or for those that inhabit it. And there are times when this plea seems to have a terrible force. But when I come to myself and recover from the power which the vast spaces of the material world exert over my imagination, it seems to me that there is a certain intellectual and moral vulgarity in attaching such importance to mere material magnitude. Jerusalem in its glory was but a hamlet compared with Babylon; and Florence when it was the home of genius, which shines only the brighter as the ages pass by, was a mere village compared with Pekin. Who is so gross as to estimate the importance and dignity of a city by its magnitude? A sonnet of Milton's, an essay of Bacon's, a dialogue of Plato's, a volume of Newton's could be less easily spared than whole tons of the lumber that load the shelves of libraries. A few square inches of canvas show sometimes a more costly work than a picture which would cover the side of a house. No doubt the world is very small; but it does not follow that it contains nothing for which the great Father of us all can think it worth while to care. In a palace it may well happen that there are rooms hardly noticed by those who are confounded with the splendor and costliness of the great apartments—rooms hidden away in one of the wings, plainly furnished, insignificant in size, but which are more in the thought and heart of the king than all the rooms in the palace besides. These are the rooms in which his children play by day and sleep by night. Yes, the world is very small; but what if it is, if it is big enough to hold the children of God? God may be mindful of us, God may visit us and God may bless us. Material magnitude can have no weight in the discussion of this question.

The second plea is, that the life of man is too brief and momentary compared with the ages during which the universe has existed. No doubt—but science itself contains the reply to this argument. If the most recent and most fascinating theories of science are ultimately established, it will appear that all these ages have been necessary in order to render it possible for a creature like man to come into existence. Let the doctrine of evolution, on its purely scientific side, be true—instead of being overawed and humbled by the long succession of ages which have preceded me, I find in them new testimony to the greatness of my nature and the possible dignity of my position. They were necessary—these enormous stretches of time, which even the boldest have not dared to

measure, during which the original matter of the universe was consolidated into innumerable worlds; they were necessary—these vast geological periods of fire and of flood—of volcanic fury and of awful convulsions—of slow subsidence and swift upheaval; they were necessary, those dark, mysterious epochs of conflict between inferior types of life: they were all necessary, in order that at last I might have a clear heaven above my head and a firm earth beneath my feet, that I might have an atmosphere I could breathe, that I might have rivers to fish in and fields to plow, that I might have wood and iron for use, and flowers and pearls and precious stones for beauty; that I myself might have the brain, which is the organ of my thought, and a hand, which is the instrument of my will. I myself am the consummate result and the ripe fruit of these immense and awful ages. Do you appeal to them in order to sink me into insignificance? The more immense and the more awful they are, the stronger is the testimony to my dignity. They were all at work for me. For me they spent their strength. They are the slaves of my foot; they confess that I am their lord. It is possible, after all, that God may be mindful of me, and that God may visit me.

The third plea is, that we are encompassed by laws which take no heed of the personal differences of men, of the varieties of their character, or of the vicissitudes of their condition. Those laws determine our outward destiny—they control our very frame. To ask God to deal with us separately and apart, is to forget that He guides the whole universe by laws which are fixed, irreversible and irresistible. If this universal reign of law, which is asserted to be one supreme fact, was not a fact in relation to ourselves, let that be ignored. Let it be granted that in the physical universe (including in that my own physical nature) there are no signs or traces of what Malebranche termed “particular Divine volitions”; let it be granted that the magnitude and paths of the stars have been determined by fixed laws, that the structure and form of the mountains, and the course of rivers, and the outlines of continents, and the varying depths of the ocean are all the result of fixed laws; that the tint of every flower, and the veining of every leaf are the expression of fixed laws; that the color of my hair, the quality of my blood, the form of my limbs and the weight of my brain are all the final effects of the fixed working of laws which never felt the hand of the Creator since the origin of the universe. But science has asserted the authority of facts; so let us believe all the facts and then record the truth, that I am conscious of a power of choice—of moral freedom. My acts of virtue and my acts of vice are my own. You tell me of law, but there is another law, even the law of my moral nature. If the energy of my resolutions, my susceptibilities to special

temptations, my capacity for special forms of goodness, are affected to some extent—and to a large extent—by my physical nature, and much as law has contributed to mould me, yet in the heart of it all there is a mysterious freedom. I am not absolutely bound by the chain of necessity in my moral life. I am not like the tree or the flower, which has no choice whether it shall blossom and bear fruit or not. I am involved in this universal system of necessity—I touch it at every point—and yet in the centre and heart of my being I am free. Demonstrate, therefore, if you please—and I listen with eager heart to your demonstration—that as far back as is evidenced by the records of the existence of the world there are traces of the steadfastness and invariableness of natural law—that the law of the winds and of the forces of the universe which seem most wayward results from it and is absolutely under its control, as the rising and the setting sun ; let science take the words of the ancient psalmist, addressed to the living God, and show that there is no extravagance in using them of this mighty, universal and irrepressible power:—"Lord, Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me. If I ascend up into heaven Thou art there, and if I make my bed in hell Thou art there."—all this, instead of destroying my faith in the nearness of God and in the possibility of intercourse between me and Him, banishes the cloud, and annihilates the doubt which the discovery of the vastness of the universe had suggested. From the demonstration comes the assurance that in the midst of these tremendous and awful forces, in the midst of the almost infinitely varied thoughts of beauty and majesty, of glory and terror, by which you have endeavored to confound and humiliate me, I stand alone—alone, because I am invested with the unique, divine prerogative of freedom. While you have demonstrated that the whole universe is subjected to the authority of natural law, for me there is reserved an inviolable liberty. You have proved that I stand alone. Separate from nature, I may be akin to God. It is possible, after all, that God may be mindful of me, and that God may visit me ?

As for those modern thinkers who have renewed the old controversy respecting the moral freedom of man, they are engaged in a hopeless struggle. Their controversy is not with philosophy or with religion—their controversy is with the human race. The whole history of mankind is the proof of man's consciousness of freedom. The proof appears in the literature and in the language and in the laws of every nation in the ancient and in the modern world. We frankly acknowledge that law reigns all around us, and stretches over our border to the farthest limit, not only of our vision but of our thought. And yet so long as in our moral life we know that we are free, we can look up into the face of the living God with

the hope that He will deal with us separately and apart, that He Himself will care for us, and that there may be direct communion between us and Him. "With the hope"—yes, but only with the hope so long as we have only nature and the consciousness of our own moral freedom to assist us. Where did the Psalmist—where did the Jewish race—discover that heaven is so near to earth, and that God has so keen an interest in the life of man? David went to look at the shining heavens and asked, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" Nature came between him and God until nature was transfigured by the power of a victorious faith, and then the heavens became the symbol of a diviner glory, and the deeps the echo of a mightier voice, and the wealth of celestial harvests the expression of a celestial love. But where did this faith come from? Where did David learn that "the Lord is nigh unto them that call upon Him"? The answer is to be found in the long series of supernatural revelations of which we have the record in the Jewish Scriptures. What I had intended to say on these ancient revelations I must dismiss. I would only remark how the characteristic religious life of the Jewish race is the growth of what was specifically supernatural in their history, and the flower would have been impossible without the root. We have received a fuller and richer revelation, anticipating, and perhaps augmenting as well as anticipating, the moral conditions of a more complex civilization and a more varied intellectual life. For if in these Christian times the light is more intense than it was, the shadows too are deeper. I suppose that there are men who have lost their faith in the very existence of a God, who but for the indirect influence on their moral and spiritual life of Christian civilization would have looked almost unmoved on the confusions and sorrows which have driven them into unbelief. But I repeat, we have a fuller and richer revelation than that which was the strength of David's faith; and in this pulpit week after week, as we trust, through many generations this revelation, assuring us that God has not forgotten or forsaken our race, will be illustrated. These walls will resound with songs of thanksgiving because Christ Jesus, the Eternal Word, the Brightness of His Father's glory and the Express Image of His Person, was made flesh and dwelt among men. The Incarnation is the central truth of the Christian faith, and is the final answer of God to the natural fear of the human heart that God must be too great to have any close and permanent relations to our race. For the doctrine of the Incarnation the Church had to maintain a fight, which was protracted through many centuries, against the Gnostic and Arian and Nestorian heresies. We in these last days should remember with deep and hearty gratitude the theologians who de-

fended it with incorruptible fidelity and heroic courage, as well as extraordinary intellectual subtlety and force. It is the habit of our times to speak contemptuously of the great doctrinal controversies of the Church, and to depreciate the spiritual importance of doubt. I wish to remark how, in the course of these controversies, these doctrines and facts have been imperiled which assure us that God is very near our race. Nothing is easier than to provoke unintelligent laughter by poor jests about the fanatical enthusiasm provoked in Alexandria between the parties of the *ὁμοουσιον* and the *ὁμοιουσιον* theory of our Lord's person. Nothing is easier than to assume a tone of impressive solemnity in order to rebuke the orthodox theologians of those days for their profane presumption in venturing with their logic and metaphysics into the mysterious depths of the Divine nature, and for endeavoring to frame definitions when they ought to have fallen prostrate in adoration. But, after all, let it never be forgotten that it is not the orthodox who were ultimately responsible for the presumption. They alone are charged with it, but they only pursued with the logic of orthodoxy the logic of heresy. The attempt was made to define the relations of the Son of God to the Father in such form as represented to the Church the great truth that Christ was indeed, and of a truth, incarnate God. The Athanasian theology was a metaphysical protection of the fundamental truth of the Christian religion against a metaphysical theory in which that truth was evaded or suppressed. The weapons by which the faith was defended were necessarily of the same kind as the weapons by which it was attacked. Both methods became obsolete—as obsolete as the ships and guns of the Armada, and the ships and the guns of the gallant sailors that held England against the power of Spain. The freedom of the inhabitants of England and the very existence of Protestantism on the continent of Europe were at stake when our fathers went out to meet the proud fleets of Philip. I, for my own part, am not disposed to speak of their rude vessels and their ruder guns with contempt; and I see in the metaphysics and logic of Athanasius and his comrades the best weapons which the Church in those centuries could handle for the defence and the security of the most precious truth contained in the Gospel of Christ. The controversy between the *ὁμοουσιον* and the *ὁμοιουσιον* was a controversy between those who affirmed and those who denied that Christ is God manifest in the flesh. Assuredly that is a controversy of infinite significance. In the metaphysics—the unintelligible metaphysics if you will—which formed so large a part of the theology of the early Church, and which is perpetuated in the ancient creeds, let it never be forgotten that the real and ultimate strife was not for a theory of the Divine Nature, but

for that perfect faith in God's nearness to man which the truth of the Incarnation inspires, and of which it is the sure and enduring defence. One form of heresy after another arose, and the struggle had to be maintained through century after century. It was successful at last—for a thousand years through Eastern and Western Christendom, notwithstanding transient and local defections, and is set forth in the hymn of St. Ambrose:

"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ."

"Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father."

"When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb."

"When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

"Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father."

And, God helping us, we are resolved that the triumph of the ancient Church shall not be lost. They would be lost if we so preached about the revealed life of Christ, His humiliation, His sufferings, His death, as to accustom men to think only of His mortal weakness. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among men." But while we tell men of His hunger and thirst and pain, and His human affections, as exhibited by the temptation and His prayers, we must also teach them to recognize His glory—"The glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." I think I sometimes see in the writings even of those who claim for themselves exceptional fidelity to the orthodox and evangelical creed, unambiguous proof that they have a most inadequate sense of the exceeding majesty of the Son of God. They speak of Him with a fondling affection, which is inconsistent with true reverence. Their faith in His sympathy with them in their sorrow is most real; but there is no such awe as must come from a deep and vivid sense of His authority and the anticipation of the awful hour when He will judge the living and the dead. They are always "lying on His breast," but they never fall at His feet with wonder and with fear. There is a similar failure to recognize Him as the brightness of His Father's glory and the express image of His person in theologians of precisely an opposite school—theologians who acknowledge in their creed, it is true, the deity of our Lord, but who are so interested in His human development—so fascinated with the ethical perfection of His character—His tenderness with the infirmities of men, His merciful words to those who had grievously sinned, the charm of His home friendships, the tears which He shed over Jerusalem, and the agony which came upon Him in the garden—that they absolutely and habitually ignore the manifestations of the supernatural and Divine glory which

sometimes broke through the clouds in which He was for a time concealed. It is true that in His love for us and in His eagerness for our salvation He descended from the throne of God to the low level of our human life; but while we are telling the story of His voluntary poverty it becomes us at least to remember that it was voluntary, and that for us He laid aside infinite wealth; and that while, as they say, He took upon Him the form of a servant, it is for us to confess that He is Lord of all. While we look upon Him in the likeness of men, it is presumption to forget that He is Divine. Even when He humbles Himself and becomes obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, we who are watching His sufferings and shame are bound to remember that glory which He had with the Father before the world was. It is not for us to prolong His humiliation and to keep Him uncrowned. It is not for us to withhold, in these the days of His triumph, the homage which He voluntarily surrendered when He was visibly present among men. When we do we shall wrong Him, but we shall also wrong ourselves, and shall impair the force of the Gospel which is committed to us; for the power of the Christian Gospel lies in the assurance that God has been mindful of men and visited men; and it is a power which depends upon the earnestness and vigor with which we are able to assert the great truth, that Jesus Christ our Lord was manifest in the flesh.

The ultimate spiritual question at issue in the controversies of the early Church on the person of Christ and the Trinity was, whether God is nigh at hand or whether He is a God only afar off. The same question was at issue in the controversies of the Reformation. Those who have built this Church claim to be the true heirs and representatives of the Reformers. We are not, indeed, so presumptuous or so arrogant as to assert that we Congregationalists are alone, of all Englishmen, true to the genius of the great movement which gave new inspiration and new freedom to the religious, to the social, to the intellectual and to the political life of the northern nations of Europe in the sixteenth century, and which renewed the energy and arrested the corruption even of those nations which resisted it. We recognize and honor the fidelity of those clergy and laymen of the Anglican Church who, under adverse conditions, and harassed by great difficulties and perplexities, are endeavoring to protect the Protestantism of the Establishment. We rejoice in the vigor of great communities outside the Establishment, in which the fires of generous Protestant zeal are burning in all their ancient ardor. We love the Baptists and the Presbyterians of England; but we claim our place in the ranks of those who are most faithful to the traditions of the

Reformation, and we accept the responsibilities which the claim implies.

The struggle of the Reformation did not begin with Luther, and Luther did not carry it to its final issue. We shall fight with more courage and energy for the victory, which still lies perhaps in the remote future, when we see clearly that Protestantism is a remote testimony, on the one hand, to the infinite condescension of God and to the mercy of God ; and, on the other, a vindication of the noblest prerogatives which God in His goodness has conferred upon mankind. It is not merely the splendor of the heavens, or the permanence of the material universe, contrasted with his own insignificance and with the brief limits of his mortal life, which sometimes makes it hard, and almost impossible, for the thoughtful man to believe that there can be any free intercourse between himself and God. The consciousness of guilt and of moral infirmity oppresses him. How can we hope that God will come near to us in our sin ? How can we dare, while our sin is upon us, to draw near to God ? If it is possible for us by our penitence and by our self-inflicted pains to be successful—if by conflict with our inward passions and by lavish charity we can atone in some sense for our past offences and show the sincerity of our amendment—then, perhaps, after long and weary years of severe and austere living, it may be that the light of the Divine presence will shine round about us, and we may have the perfect rest which comes from the assurance that God is at peace with us. Luther said : “ No, God is mindful of you already. He is eager to visit you. He does not condemn you to pass cheerless years in austere self-discipline and incessant conflict with temptation before He is willing to make you glad with the assurance of His forgiveness and His love. At the best there is pain before you. At the best there is severe effort and battle and storm, but He comes to your side at the beginning of it all instead of at the end. You are to be justified not by works, which it may take you years to get through, but by faith, which may be the act of an hour or a moment. As soon as you confess His authority and trust in His love He will absolve you for Christ’s sake from all your sins, and absolve you without qualification and without reserve. He will reveal to you absolution, that the knowledge of it may make you happy and strong. He will be your ally in the great battle with sin, and will fight by your side from the very first instead of leaving you to fight it out alone, and then receiving you into His favor when the battle is almost over and victory almost won.” This is what Luther meant, and this is what the Reformers meant, by the great doctrine of “ Justification by Faith.” That doctrine is an answer to man’s natural fear, that while he is conscious of sin God will not come near to

him. The doctrine may have been expressed in forms which seem to us incredible and intolerable, but half Europe knew what Luther and the Reformers meant. They saw in it a Divine message, which they hailed with rapturous joy. Rome had been temporizing with the natural fears suggested by consciousness of sin, Luther declared war against the fears as well as against the sin, and told the world that Christ had died—the Just for the unjust—that He might bring, not saints, but sinners to God. The whole of the Protestant controversy in the sixteenth century was a struggle for the same principle involved in the controversy on the doctrine of Justification by Faith. From this principle the controversy in our time derives all its dignity and all its interest. The question still at issue is, whether God is a God nigh at hand or a God afar off. The secular life appears to many men a thing unclean. They think God may be with the monk and with the nun, whose nights and days are spent in seclusion and prayer, but not with a man or woman in the family, not with the manufacturer in his works, not with the tradesman in his shop, not with the lawyer in his office, not with the physician in the sick-room, not with the artist in his studio, not with the statesman in the agitation and excitement of political conflict; or they would say He was with them, but not with them in the same sense, and not in a communion so intimate and close. Rome makes a shameful concession to this distrust by drawing a distinction between the secular and the religious life. She invites the religious, who would live in the light of God, to devote themselves to celibacy and forsake the world. Rome takes sides with the fears which spring from unbelief, and tells men that they may have the intercession of the Virgin and the saints. When the consciences of men shrink from the immediate presence of Him whose law they have broken, Rome permits confession of sin to a priest, and the lips of a priest pronounce the absolution from sin. David's soul is troubled with perplexed questions on the ways and the will of God, to which it can find no answer. It despairs of discovering an answer. Rome, instead of assuring those who will listen for themselves to the word of Christ to invoke for themselves the illumination of the Holy Ghost, when they will receive the Divine teachings of the teacher necessary for their personal faith and holy living, confirms their despair and tells all Christendom to wait for the decisions of Councils and of Popes. Against all these compromises with want of faith, and against all these concessions to unbelief, in the name of God's mercy and God's condescension to mankind we vehemently protest. These are not speculative errors—they touch the very heart of the Christian Gospel. They strip us of the prerogatives which God Himself has conferred, and they close up the direct access to God which

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has been opened for all men by Him who is the way unto the Father.

But let us not forget (and with this observation I must close) that the God who, as we contend, is near to men as a living God, He is near, and yet He may surround himself with clouds and thick darkness and may be altogether hidden from us. The Calvinistic doctrine of the Divine sovereignty, though defined in terms which revolt the moral sense of most of us—it is so hard and stern—does nevertheless express a truth which is essential to a just conception of God and a just conception of our relations to Him. He is a living person and not an unconscious force of “that power not ourselves which maketh for righteousness.” The free access of one person to another depends upon the voluntary action of both. It is not enough that we draw nigh unto God—God Himself must draw nigh unto us. It is possible to think of God as though He were like a ray of sunlight, so that we have only to throw back the shutters and open the windows of the soul, and we shall, as a matter of course, be filled with the fresh wind and with the glory of heaven. The dogma of the Divine sovereignty was in its essence a formal denial of this derogatory conception of man's Maker. It affirmed that God too has His will, that His acts in relation to mankind are controlled and directed by Him. In the material universe His will may manifest itself in forces which are constant and invariable, and those who search for the thought of God in the inferior region of His activity may find no trace of His free personality. In the spiritual universe He is a person in relation to persons, and our freedom is the imperfect symbol of His. There is nothing arbitrary in His volitions, but it remains true that His volitions are free. No blind necessity constrains Him. The blessings which He confers are not like the unconscious earth. They are the voluntary gifts of infinite love. If the brightness of His presence shines upon us, that brightness does not come like the splendors of the rising sun, but as the effect of His own voluntary revelation of His glory.

There is an atheism of which the Church may be guilty, and which is not less fatal, but in many respects infinitely more tragic than the atheism of speculative unbelief. Against that atheism I warn you this morning. It is not enough that you assemble within these walls. Your hearts should be melted and penetrated by the pathos of the prayers in which you confess your sins and invoke the Divine pity and acknowledge the Divine goodness, or that you should be excited by the vehement passion of sacred song. Do you believe that the loving God listens to your prayers? Do you expect Him to accept your worship and your praise? It is not enough that the preacher should illustrate the Divine Law. Do you expect God Himself to reveal His authority to the conscience and incline your hearts to

obey His commandments? It is not enough that your sorrow should be soothed by listening to tender words respecting the Divine consolations, unless you have faith that God Himself is near to console you. It is not enough that you should hear eloquent and impassioned declarations on the Divine mercy, unless God be present to forgive. You can have no enduring courage and strength in hearing beautiful declarations that God is near to you in your weakness and peril. As a fact, is God mindful of you and does He visit you? If the Church relies for all moral and spiritual good on the reflex influence upon its moral and spiritual life of its own spiritual acts, it is in danger of renouncing its faith in the living God. This stately and beautiful building is set apart to-day to sacred uses. No mystic glory symbolizes the Divine presence within its walls; nor do we believe that there is any sense in which God dwells in this place in which He does not dwell in the Christian home or in the house of business where His authority is supreme, or in the hall where statesmen meet to legislate for the secular affairs of the nations, if only they confess that He is King of kings and discharge the duties of government in the eye of God and for His glory. But God will be here whenever you meet together in the name of Christ. His presence is assured not to a sacred building, but to sacred persons and this church is erected for those who do believe that God is mindful of men, and that He is nigh unto them that call upon Him and who here meet together to invoke and rejoice in His presence.

The Second Advent.*

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED IN TORONTO AND ELSEWHERE, BY THE Rev. John G. Manly,
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EVERY advent of Christ is redemptive. Whenever or however He comes into the world, He comes to redeem. This is His one purpose and work. He comes to seek and to save that which was lost ; He comes to destroy the works of the devil ; He comes to redeem us from all iniquity. We cannot, therefore, understand any advent of Christ without understanding the great Redemption to which it belongs.

We cannot understand Redemption without distinguishing between the Priestly work of Christ and His Kingly work.

The prophet Zechariah foreshows Christ as "a priest upon his throne," both a priest and a king, or a priestly king. So He is often denoted in the New Testament. In the first chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, He appears first as "our priest, who by Himself," by the sacrifice of Himself, as both priest and victim, "purged our sins," and then, as our king, "sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high." The right hand of God is not a place but a state or condition, the state of highest honor, authority and power, the state of royal glory. Farther on in the same chapter the Father addresses the Son as God and King, or as Divine King, saying: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever ; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom." In the second chapter, Christ appears as King, "crowned with glory and honor," who previously, as Priest, was "made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, that He by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." But nowhere does this distinction so luminously and impressively appear as in the second chapter of the epistle to the Philippians: "Christ Jesus, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant," a priestly servant, "and was made in the likeness of men ; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient," as priest, "unto death, even the death of the cross." No words could better denote Christ's priestly office and work than these. But what did He become in the second place, for our redemption, as the result and reward of His priestly humiliation and servitude? He became King. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name ; that, at the name of

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Jesus every knee should bow ; of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." No words could better denote than these the kingly exaltation and glory of Christ. As our Priest, He died for us, to ransom us ; as our King, He reigns over us, to regenerate us. He died for us to procure salvation ; He reigns over us to bestow it ; and accordingly, "we have redemption" provided "in His blood, the forgiveness of sins," and we have "repentance and remission of sins" bestowed on us as the royal gifts of Him who is "exalted a Prince and a Saviour" or a kingly Saviour. Christ sacerdotally died for us, and we may be saved ; when He sovereignly lives in us we are saved. "For to this end Christ both died and rose and revived," as our Priest, "that He might be Lord," royal Lord, "both of the dead and living," that is, of all mankind — of the dead to raise them, of the living to save them, ruling with His two-edged sword and iron sceptre.

We cannot understand the course of Divine redemption or the redemptive history of the world, unless we distinguish between the Priestly age or era and the Kingly.

However long the world of mankind has lasted or however long it may last, it consists of only these two ages. So Christ himself distinguishes "this age and that about to come." So Paul distinguishes between "this age and that which is about to come." The right rendering of the word *μελλω*, in both these parallel passages, and in the one hundred and ten instances of its occurrence, is "about." The first era is the Night of the world, the second is the Day ; the first is the Winter, the second is the Summer ; the first is Priestly, the second Kingly. The first, according to our common chronology, lasted about 4,000 years—from the beginning of human sin in Eden to the end of Judaism at Jerusalem ; the second extends from the end of Judaism to the end of the world. In the first everything was priestly, in the second everything is kingly.

So important is priesthood, so truly is our redemption built on it, so necessary is it that we should understand it, that God took 4,000 years to teach the world priesthood, and to prepare for the priestly coming of His Son. "From Adam to Moses," for about 2,500 years, priesthood was *common* ; there was no priestly caste or class, but every man was his own priest and the priest of his own family and household. Wherever he roamed or resided he built his own altar, kindled his own fires, slew his own victims, offered his own sacrifices. So Cain and Abel were their own priests ; so Noah and Job, Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, were their own priests. The commonness of priesthood made every man familiar with it, as God intended.

But at the end of the Patriarchal period, God made *priesthood special*, for the special education of the world in priesthood, and to make special preparation for the appearance of His priestly Son. He chose the Hebrew people to be to Him "a kingdom of priests," restricting to the tribe of Levi the priestly office and work, and to the family of Aaron the priestly chieftainship; and so establishing a great priestly nationality for about 1,500 years. As the Old Testament is the book of priesthood, so Judaism is the system of special priesthood. Because everything in it was priestly no provision was made for a king in Israel, or for a president, chief magistrate or supreme executive. The priest was uppermost, foremost and central. To him was given the law, that he might teach it to the people, for every priest is a prophet (or teacher), though every prophet is not a priest; and so "the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and the people should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of Jehovah of hosts." The priest conducted the public worship and offered all the sacrifices; and to him the nation was to come in every exigency to learn the will of God. For the first four hundred years, from Moses to Saul, the Hebrews were governed by priests and judges; for the next five hundred years, from Saul to the Babylonish captivity, by priests and kings; and for the remaining six hundred years, from captivity to the desolation, by priests and princes, or by priests and elders, in the grand council of the Sanhedrim. The Idumean royalty was but the intrusive shadow of imperial Rome.

Judaism was extant and authoritative, for the Hebrews till A.D. 70. Christ Himself observed it, as the fulfillment of righteousness; the apostles and all the Jewish Christians kept the law, as in the observance of the passover and in Paul's circumcision of Timothy; the Epistle to the Hebrews, written a few years before the destruction of Jerusalem, denotes it as operative, but as "waxing old and ready to vanish away," as "shaken" and "soon to be removed"; for "He taketh away the first," not has taken it, "that He may establish the second." In the year 70 it departed as a scroll, vanished away with a great noise, disappeared as the old heavens and the old earth, to make way for the new heaven and the new earth of Messiah's kingdom.

The end of the Ritualistic era is the beginning of the Royal; and the end of the Royal is the end of Death, for He must reign till Death, the last enemy, is destroyed. When the priestly era was completed by the dismissal and demolition of priestly Judaism, the kingly era of Christianity began; and when the kingly era is completed by the dismissal and destruction of death, the original Theocratic rule shall be resumed forever. But now Messiah is king, and everything is Christo-

cratic. The king is on His holy hill in the mountain of His house, ruling in the midst of His enemies, till every foe becomes His footstool. As everything was priestly in the first age so everything is royal now. Priesthood was the basis and preparation; kingdom is the building and perfection.

We cannot understand the advents of Christ, unless we distinguish between His Priestly advent and His Kingly advent.

Because about one-thirtieth of the New Testament relates to the Messianic advents, many readers are perplexed and bewildered, erroneously supposing that there are many advents; whereas there are really only two personal advents. The first was the priestly, in the last century of the priestly era, according to Heb. 9: 26-28: "Now," in our lifetime or generation, "once," for Christ comes only once as priest, "in the end of the world," not the human world, for 1,800 years have since elapsed, but the end of the Jewish world or priestly age in whose last century Christ "appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" or to be "once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that seek for Him shall He appear the second time," not as priest, but as king, and therefore "without sin," without an offering for sin, "unto salvation," the actual accomplishment or bestowal of salvation.

When Christ came into the world the first time he came not as king but as *priest*. The four gospels are the memoirs of His advent, and to understand them one must study them throughout as the memoirs of a priest and not a king. "I came not," He says, "to judge the world," as its king, "but to save the world" as its propitiating priest. Every king is a judge, though every judge is not a king; and to disclaim judgment is to disclaim royalty. "The Son of man is not come to be ministered unto," as a king, "but to minister" as the priestly servant of the Father, "and to give His life as a ransom for many." "I can of my own self do nothing," is the language of servitude, not sovereignty. "My doctrine is not Mine," as if I were the royal *fons et origo*, "but His that sent Me." "I came not to do My own will," like a king, "but the will of Him that sent Me." My Father is greater than I," greater now than I; by His pleasure and My free choice, though I was "equal with God," and though I shall be one with Him in kingly power and glory; but now I am His priestly servant, and therefore officially and practically less.

With this the whole Gospels agree, and by this many perplexities and difficulties of the Gospels are explained. Because Christ came not into the world the first time as king, but as servant, to be humbled and of no reputation; He came to the stable and the manger, where born kings and princes never came, to a poor carpenter's family, to be Himself a carpenter, to be homeless and poor, to be despised and rejected, mis-

judged and murdered. And so He avoided and prevented all royal honor and fame. He charged the men that He healed not to make Him known, sometimes leading the patient out of the town to be healed privately. He charged His confessing disciples not to make Him known, and He charged the three not to make known the Father's recognition of Him on the Mount till His resurrection, that is, till the completion and attestation of His sacrifice. As a priestly servant in the world He declined to be called God. The chief places in His coming kingdom were not then His to give. The time of the kingdom's commencement was not known to Him for publication. His mission was only to His own priestly nation—the lost sheep of the house of Israel; but the cleansing of the temple belonged to Him, as the great high priest. He rode into Jerusalem, not in the possession and exercise of kingly power, but as a practical and proleptical parable of His coming kingship; and in the same sense He avowed His proximate royalty to Pilate. He was born to be a king by the power of truth, but the time of his priestly service and death was not the time of His royal power and praise. "Jesus was not yet glorified." He was first to suffer many things in His priesthood, and then to enter into His kingly glory. He was first to be sacerdotally crucified through weakness, and then regally live by the power of God. He was first to be hieratically perfected by sufferings, and then hierarchically exalted to save. The Kingly Captain of our salvation was first made perfect as the priest by sufferings.

When Christ comes into the world the second time He comes not as priest but as *King*; He comes to be sovereign, not servant; He comes for glory and not for shame, in power and not in weakness, in publicity and not in concealment, for the world and not Judea; He comes with the sceptre and not the sin-offering; He comes not to purchase redemption but bestow it; not to lay the foundation in sacerdotal sorrow, but to erect the fabric with sovereign strength.

Christ *became* king at His ascension. So the Epistle to the Hebrews teaches us. "*When* He had made purification of sin, He sat down [as king] at the right hand of the Majesty on high." Forty days after the Divine demonstration at His resurrection He went to the Father that had sent Him in His priesthood, for the presentation of His priestly sacrifice and for regal investiture. Then He was crowned with glory and glory. Then the Father said to Him: "Sit thou at my right hand," that is, be thou redemptive King, "till I make thy foes thy footstool." That was the great coronation day. Just on the eve of this, and with evident reference to it, He said: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." So the evangelist reports: "After the Lord had

spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God." So Peter proclaimed: "Exalted by the right hand of God," according to the one hundred and tenth psalm, and "made both Lord and Christ," made Christic Lord or Messianic King.

Christ is *supreme* King. Paul tells us in the fifteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians that the Father has put all things under the Son, except Himself. Are there then two kings, the Father and the Son; and two kingdoms, the kingdom of the Father and the kingdom of the Son? No; for the Father and the Son are one. "The Father is in Me," says Christ, "and I in Him." "All things that the Father hath are Mine." "All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine, and I am glorified in them." "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." His name is above every name; and in all things He has the pre-eminence. Angels and principalities and powers are made subject to Him. He is the many-crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. His authority is supreme, His power unlimited, and His judgment final.

We cannot understand the two advents of Christ, unless we distinguish between the visibility of His Priesthood and the invisibility of His Kingdom.

The Priesthood of Christ was visible, because He had a visible sacrifice to offer, and because for the relief of the world His sacrifice must be seen and testified. The sacrifice of Christ was His flesh for the life of the world; and so He came and lived and died visibly. He was born in Bethlehem in the days of Herod the king, and was seen of the shepherds and the wise men. He was visibly brought up in the family of Joseph and Mary, in the northern city called Nazareth. He visibly labored as a carpenter till He was thirty years old. He was visibly baptized of John in the Jordan; and then visibly exercised His priestly ministry for upwards of three years. He visibly died at Jerusalem, the true centre then of the world, in the face of the Jewish nation that was assembled for the passover, and in the presence of the world's great Roman power. Whatever event of history is denied or questioned, the death of Jesus can never be doubted. The world condemned Him, crucified Him, and saw Him die.

But the kingdom of Christ is an invisible kingdom. "The kingdom of God is within you—cometh not with outward show—is not meat and drink like sensible priestly Judaism, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit is invisible (for the world beholdeth Him not), and so are the holiness and happiness in Him that constitute the Divine kingdom. "The kingdom of God is not in word," in optical marks or aural indications, though these are eminent

instruments; "but in power" the invisible power of the invisible Spirit coming upon us. The kingdom of God is a "mystery," the mystery of a hidden and Divine life, like the life of the buried seed or the human birth; and as such unseen. "My kingdom," says Christ, "is not of the world:" which means that it is of unworldly nature and unworldly origin, and therefore spiritual and Divine. "If my kingdom were of this world," in its nature, if it were like the world, sensible and carnal, "my servants would fight" with worldly weapons; but "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," since "though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh." "Now is my kingdom not from hence," not of worldly origin or nature. The subjects of the kingdom "walk by faith and not by sight;" and the life which they live in the flesh is a life of unseen faith in the Son of God. "Flesh and blood," or carnal nature, "cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It cannot be known or attained through the senses; it cannot be discerned by eyes or ears of flesh; it cannot be grasped by hands of flesh or taken by physical force. It is invisible, like hidden leaven, hidden treasure, hidden seed and secret growth.

The Head of this invisible kingdom is *an invisible King*. He has been invisible ever since His ascension, and is so permanently. So He forewarned His disciples: "A little while," of a few hours between My last supper and My death, "and the world beholds Me no more. . . . A little while," of forty days between My resurrection and ascension, "and ye," My disciples, "behold Me not . . . I go to My Father" at My ascension "and ye behold Me no more. . . . And now," from my decease, "I am no more in the world. . . . The days are coming in which ye shall desire to behold, but shall not see one of the days of the Son of Man" in His visibility. So Paul understood and taught: "Though we have known Christ after the flesh," seen Him with our eyes of flesh, heard Him with our ears of flesh, handled Him with our hands of flesh, "yet now, henceforth," now forever, "know we Him no more" through flesh and sense.

As the kingdom and the King are invisible so must be also the Kingly or second *advent*. This is what Christ means by His advent in clouds. Clouds are the concealing clothing of the Deity and the dust of His feet. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." He came of old into Egypt unseen, riding upon a swift cloud. His Kingly return, according to the angels, was to be like His departure. He left in a cloud, and He was to come back in a cloud. He left personally, and He was to return personally. He left at Jerusalem, and He was to return at Jerusalem. It is a mistake to say that He left visibly and was to return visibly. He was necessarily visible before He left, but immediately on leaving He

became invisible, for a cloud received Him out of their sight.

The invisibility of the Kingly advent is taught us in the ninth of Hebrews, by the contrast of *οπτομαι* with *φανερωω*. The first of these verbs occurs fifty-seven times in the New Testament, and in fifty-three instances signifies either spiritual sight or supernatural appearance. Whenever our incorporeal knowledge of Christ is meant, in contrast with corporeal, it is denoted by the word *οπτομαι*. So it is in Heb. 9: 26, 28: "Now once, in the end of the age He appeared (*πεφανερωωτι*)" the first time, "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself . . . and to them that look for Him shall He appear (*οφθησεται*) the second time, without sin, unto salvation." The first coming is indicated by a word that means to bring to light, show, display; but the second coming is denoted by a word that means incorporeal knowledge or supernatural appearance in fifty-three instances out of fifty-seven, and that always means spiritual knowledge in the six instances of its contrast.

Whenever the clouded or concealed coming of Christ is meant, it is denoted, in all the second six instances, by *οπτομαι*. So in the beginning of the Apocalypse: "Behold He comes with clouds and every eye shall see him," *οφεται αυτον*, shall spiritually see Him, for the clouded One could not otherwise be seen.

This invisibility is what is meant by Christ's second coming "as a thief in the night." Not unexpectedness, for Christ was expected, as all the epistles show; not suddenness, for very often a thief comes slowly, to be sure of his way and to detect danger; but invisibility in the darkness of the night. Christ and His day came unseen as a thief in darkness. Judaism visibly departed, Christianity invisibly began.

This invisible Kingly advent is what Christ means by coming to His disciples, to receive them to Himself in the prepared places; this is what He meant in answer to Judas the loyal, by the coming of the Father and Himself (as one) to them that love Him; and this is what He means by coming to His disciples that they might not be orphans. In all these expressions He means an invisible coming, not the first but the second, not the priestly but the regal.

Well, then, it may be asked, shall we never see Christ? Never in the flesh. Out of the flesh we shall see Him; in our new resurrection body we shall see Him; but after the flesh or through the flesh Christ will never more be known.

Neither the Church nor the world shall ever see Christ corporeally. However much men may desire it, they can never again see one of the priestly days of the Son of man's visibility. Neither at the end of the world nor at any time before shall either saints or sinners see Christ with fleshly eyes. Flesh

and blood can neither discern nor inherit the kingdom of God. "Out of my flesh," or free from my flesh as Job says, "shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold not another."

The Second advent of Christ was near the First.

Old Testament prophecy shows this. The two advents are spoken of as so near each other that sometimes the one is mentioned first and sometimes the other; and John the Baptist, under the name of Elijah, is foretold as the harbinger or herald, not of a lowly suffering Priest but of a just and mighty King. If Christ has not regally come for 1,800 years, or will not come till the end of the world, how could the Baptist be His royal forerunner?

The New Testament predicts a speedy Second advent. "The Son of man is about to come in the glory of His Father with His angels." "If that evil servant say in His heart—My lord *delayeth* His coming." "When ye see these things come to pass," as signs of the Jewish dissolution, "know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand," "I go to prepare a place for you, . . . and I will come again and receive you unto Myself. . . . I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you. . . . I go away and come again unto you. . . . A little while and ye shall see Me," *οψεσθε με*, shall spiritually see Me in My kingdom." "*Μαραν αθα*, the Lord is coming." "The Lord is at hand." "For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." "Be patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. . . . The coming of the Lord draweth nigh. . . . The Judge," Jesus the Judge, "standeth at the door." "Behold, He comes with clouds." "The time is at hand. . . . That which ye have hold fast till I come. . . . Behold I come quickly. . . . Behold, I stand at the door and knock," about to make My royal entrance. "The devil knoweth that he hath but a short time" till the coming of the Kingdom. "Behold, I come as a thief. . . . Behold, I come quickly. . . . The time is at hand. . . . And behold, I come quickly. . . . Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." This prophetic vein of a speedy second advent runs through the whole New Testament. Some great change was about to take place; the priestly age was about to be followed by the kingly, the King Himself was coming, and was even at the door.

Still more particularly the New Testament announces the propinquity of the two advents in one and the same generation.

In the 24th chapter of Mathew and parallel passages, our Lord, in answer to His disciples, shows first the signs of His coming to displace Judaism and establish His kingdom, and then declares the time: "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled." The precise

and definite phrase, "this generation," occurs about twenty times in the New Testament, and always means the people then living. Any other sense involves absurdity. Christ was foretelling the dispersion or passing away of the Jewish nation, and could not say: "This nation shall not pass away till this nation passes away." Dr. Alexander, in his commentary on Mark, says: "Unless we forge a meaning for the word in this place, which is not only unexampled elsewhere, but directly contradictory to its essential meaning everywhere, we must understand our Lord as saying that the cotemporary race or generation, that is, these then living, should not pass away or die till all these prophecies had been accomplished." That is, should not die till the Son of Man came to dismiss and demolish Judaism, and bring in His glorious kingdom, in its fullness of power and blessing. The two advents belong, therefore, to the last generation of Judaism.

The work of the two apostles interspaced the two advents. When Christ had instructed the twelve to preach the Gospel to their countrymen, not to the Gentiles, for whom Paul was to be the apostle, he said, "Verily I say unto you, ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel, till the Son of man be come." Their field was Palestine and the Dispersion; the time for their work was not more than forty years from the ascension to the Jewish desolation, and before this work could be finished, the Son of man should come. This exactly agrees with His coming in the last generation of Judaism.

One lifetime concatenated the two advents. "The Son of man is about to come in the glory of his Father with His angels; and then," as kingly Judge, "He shall reward every man," after death, "according to his works." But how soon shall this regal advent occur, and this regal judgment begin? Listen: "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in His kingdom." Nothing can be clearer, plainer or more decisive than these words. Here, as in the two last cases, it is "the Son of man" that is to come; not the Divine nature merely, not the spirit of Christ merely, not an act of Providence, but the Son of man Himself, which means the humanity as well as Divinity, for the two are inseparable. It is in His kingdom, not His lowly priesthood or even as transfigured, the Son of man is to come. He is to come in the lifetime of His hearers—not of all, for all would not live forty years, but of some. This time exactly agrees with the chronal extent of "this generation" and of the apostolic work.

The lifetime of John connected the two advents. When Peter was forewarned of his own death he inquired about the future of his friend John, and received this answer: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

This does not mean that John should never die, but it does mean that he should not die till Christ came ; and as John died in the city of Ephesus, some time in the first century, Christ must have previously come. He came in the year seventy, and every apostle but John died beforehand. John was one of the "some standing here that should not taste of death till they saw the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." Christ's coming, in John's lifetime, exactly agrees with His coming in the last generation of Judaism before the completion of the apostolic work, and before the death of all the great Teacher's hearers.

The facts compare with the foresight exactly and thoroughly. After about forty centuries, according to the common chronology, Christ came into the world the first time, in His priesthood. For about forty months, He exercised His priestly ministry, from the baptism of the Jordan to the baptism of His death. For about forty hours, He was numbered with the dead—from His crucifixion to His resurrection. For forty days He was with His disciples, from the resurrection to the ascension, preparing them for His kingdom. For forty years He watched and waited for Israel's submission, and created the incipience of His kingdom from His ascension and coronation till the year seventy. At His ascension He went as a Priestly "Nobleman" into a far country, to receive a kingdom and to return ; and in the year seventy He came back the King. Then the cup of Jewish iniquity was full ; and the king was wroth, and sent forth his Roman armies and destroyed these murderers, and burned up their city. Then sensible Judaism passed away with a great noise and a fervent heat, and the invisible Christocracy began without outward show. Two things were necessary to the completion and coming of the Kingdom : the removal of the priestly Jewish antecedent and the presence of the King ; and both these took place in the same year. Judaism was "ordained by angels," but "unto the angels hath He not put in subjection the" Messianic "world about to come, whereof," in all this epistle, "we speak"; and so with the visible Priesthood and all its appurtenances, passed away the visibility of angels and all the apparitions.

Perhaps the exegetical harmony of some Biblical passages with the doctrine of a past second advent may seem to some impossible or difficult. Difficult it may be, but not impossible ; for what is impossible to some is possible to others. Every man is not an exegete, as every man is not a poet, painter or sculptor. "Every man hath his proper gift of God." Exegetical success, in the labyrinthine or alpine walks of the Bible is not only a specialty but a progress. What has been impossible will some time be achieved, as all the Bible is given to be understood. But the appearance of such difficulty or impossibility

must not prevent us from taking what is verified. We should rejoice in all we find, and labor for the rest. The primary question is not how the priority of the second advent can be reconciled with every Biblical reference, but whether it is Biblical truth. All truth is harmonious; all Biblicism is one. If the actual accomplishment of the second advent is a fact we have no choice but to hold it fast in faith, and follow on to know its perfect harmony.

The logical and practical issues of the initiative Kingly advent must not affright or confound us. The Hebrew people of God ignored the lowly Priestly advent and accepted the lofty regal advent. The scribes of Christ's day said that Elijah was yet to come, when He was come already. If the church has long been blind to the actual advent of the King, we must not be blind also. If many Christians erroneously look for a visible second advent, or for an advent delayed for 1800 years or to the end of the world, for a King that tarries long, instead of coming quickly, for a kingdom without a King, which is not a kingdom, for a kingdom localized at Jerusalem as specialized in Palestine, instead of catholicized in a cosmical Brotherhood—why should this confound us? Christendom has had its mediæval right of a thousand years; and has still its baptized heathenism, its reviewed Judaism, its huge apostacies, its infantile weakness, its fragmentary divisions and diversities, its superimposed ecclesiasticisms; but the things to be removed are shaken, and the world of our God shall stand forever. If an accomplished advent *modifies* the faith of the resurrection, the judgment and the millennium, let it be so. If it changes some customary exposition and revolutionizes eschatology, what then? Truth is great and shall prevail. "Buy the truth and sell it not." "What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord." "Unto the King of the ages, the immortal, the invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

John Morrissey; or, Is Romanism a Safe Guide?

A SERMON

By Justin D. Fulton, D.D., IN THE CENTENNIAL BAPTIST CHURCH,
BROOKLYN.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing of the Lord and righteousness from the God of his salvation."—Psalm xxiv: 3-5.

"THE events of John Morrissey's life have, under the impetus to inquiry and reminiscences which his illness, now ended by death, has provoked, become well known. It is not the least singular part of his life that he died in the reception and recognition of the ministrations of religion, and that the next statement, after his entire willingness and confidence in death, is one which says that the bulk of his property consists in his interest in the gambling place at Saratoga."

Thus begins one of the ablest and, because able, one of the most dangerous editorials I have read concerning the death of the pugilist, the gambler, the horse racer and the Senator of the State of New York. It brings before us at the outset the question, Did he receive the ministrations of religion, and is Romanism a safe guide? If the death of Morrissey shall bring this question to the light and cause it to be discussed and weighed in the light of history, then the event of the hour and the eulogies pronounced by Senators, some of whom profess to be Christians, on a man whose life begun as a pugilist and ended as a gambler; a life illumined by rare courage, great practical sense, ruled by the code of honor which is the glory of the sporting world; a life utterly destitute of those characteristics which make a man a safe guide for youth to follow—if this shall be seen and comprehended, then he shall do more good by his departure than he ever accomplished by his stay. The mists of error fill the air with fog. Truth is hidden. The superstitions of the dark ages are coming in upon us like a flood, and men who ought to be in better business give welcome to error. Why these eulogies, which, of right, belong only to the truth?

If the reason for these tributes of regard be sought, it will be found not lying in a spirit of generous forgiveness to faults, and a willingness to permit the errors of a lifetime to be entombed with the body while the attempt is being made to keep the virtues green; nor because the eulogists would be willing to speak of gambling as praiseworthy and right. The reason for this eulogy will not be found alone in what the man did or was,

but rather because over the body of John Morrissey politicians see the vote of the class who sustained and backed him, helped him to win a success, and being totally indifferent to what is true, or decent, or moral, or calculated to build up humanity and educate the young in uprightness, in faith toward God and in caring for the interests of men, all that is good, and pure, and clean is forgotten and trampled on, and with a unanimity which is frightful, which speaks of demoralization so general, so wide-spread, so deep and so damning that no language can describe it. Senators consent to turn their back on Jehovah and their face toward the idol of the moment, and worship a creature in character despicable, instead of a holy and pure God, who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. Not, then, to disturb the flow of the current of gush and mawkish, if not maudlin, sentimentality, not to excite the anger of men who ought to be ashamed of the base uses to which they have put their powers, but to recall attention to the inquiry raised in the sacred Word, we permit the Psalmist's question to obtain voice, and ask, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, who shall stand in His holy place?"

Not since Moses came down from the Mount, whose top blazed with lightnings, round which thunders with a deafening roar rolled, and whose foundations were shaken by the earthquake's throb, when he found the people, whom in fancy he left behind worshipers of the Supreme, bowing down to and making worship before a golden calf—not since that hour has there been any betrayal of the Supreme, any turning away from the Creator to the creature more humiliating to any just and dignified expectation regarding cultured, not to say Christian, men than what is visible at the present time, and "Blessed is he that walketh and keepeth his garments lest he walk naked and they see his shame."

The dream of progress finds no warrant in the Word of God. If it be true that the waters of the Euphrates are drying up, then may we expect the coming of the three unclean spirits, like frogs, which were to come out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils working, which go forth to the high places of distinction and of the whole world to gather them to the battle of the great day of God Almighty.

According to Bochart, the frog is characterized as a symbol for its rough, harsh, coarse voice, and as a symbol of complaining and reproaching, and as a symbol of empty loquacity, as a symbol of those born in sin, of drunkards, of impudence and of pride. These characteristics point to infidelity, distinguished by the absence of religion. Is it not here working side by side with Popery, as in Turkey and the East it works side by side

with Mohammedanism? Unbelief is everywhere. It is in the Church and in the world.

There are those who imagine that the world is to grow better until Christ shall be inaugurated in accordance with the vote of the nations of the earth. Such imagine that they are capable of designating the class who shall crowd the seats of the audience chamber of the Supreme.

Another class, among whom were Justin Martyr, Ignatius, Tertullian, three of the earliest writers of the Christian Church, with a vast number of the Church at this hour, believe that Christ's second advent is to be premillennial; that at His coming the world will be, despite the Gospel, waxing worse and worse. There will be defalcations in Christianity, desertions and betrayals, laxity in morals, disobedience to law—in other words, to use Christ's language, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of man; they shall be eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage"; and then when Christ shall come, anti-Christ shall be destroyed, Satan shall be bound, and the powers of hell shall be held in check for a thousand years; the government of the Church and the world shall fall into the hands of Christ, and false religions shall be rooted out; the Jews shall be converted and Jerusalem shall become the sacred metropolis of all the nations of the earth; and at the end of the thousand years, Satan shall come forth at the resurrection of the wicked, with power to lead the leprous host against the kingdom of God, when in the midst of their presumptuous effort, Christ shall come forth and make war upon them and destroy them, after which Satan and his followers shall be cast into the lake of fire.

If this view be correct, then may we expect terrible temptations to confront men. The tidal-wave of evil and of infidelity shall sweep over the land. Romanism shall appear in an attractive garb, arrayed in purple and scarlet colors, and decked with gold and precious stones, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication.

The cup is held out to all who will drink of it. The effort is being made to make its contents palatable. Christian ministers speak of the Roman Catholic Church as though it were the Church of Christ and not the Church of the Pope. They cast a veil of oblivion over acts of the Harlot of the Seven Hills, and gladly court the favor of that power whose influence is met in the editor's sanctum, on the lecture platform, in the halls of legislation, and in the prison-house of the condemned.

Is Romanism a safe guide? The question confronts us. Romanism is the patron of the vile. It ministers to the worst element of society and in the worst way. It furnishes priests who administer consolation to the worst criminals known in

history, and they die kissing an image and fancying themselves saved because of the power which they believe to be vested in men.

The criminal, whose chapter of murders and crimes are too abhorrent to be thought of, finds in a priest of the Church of the Pope one who assures him of eternal life, though his passions are so unchecked that his keepers are compelled to keep him in irons, and though he is so bigoted and intolerant that with an oath he drives a minister of religion from his presence. In the South in nearly every murderer's procession which passes from the prison cells to the gallows, a priest is seen, ready to do the bidding of the prince of the power of the air, and send a soul deceived into the presence of God, because he trusted in the offices of men rather than in the mediatorial work of Jesus Christ. John Morrissey died holding a crucifix in one hand and the hand of a priest in the other. Does that signify anything? Shall there be no protest against this deluding superstition? Shall such mummery be called "the ministrations of religion?" Is there anything in the religion of Jesus Christ? Is the word of God a mere literary production, or does it deal with stern realities and with awful and suggestive facts? "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" Can gamblers go there with the stain of guilt upon them? Men assent to the deluding supposition that a priest's promise will find recognition beyond the river and in the court of heaven.

Two theories are in the world. One comes from God; the other from beneath. One declares that only those who have "clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully, shall receive the blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of his salvation." The other claims that everybody can go into the hill of the Lord through the fires of purgatory, and that the power of saying who shall be pardoned and saved is committed to the Church of Rome. This theory filled Europe with night. It made the traffic in indulgences in the time of Luther and under the lead of Tetzels so profitable, that the coffers of the Church were filled by it, and the more magnificent structures of mediæval times were built by the money thus acquired, while deluded millions were swept into this abyss of woe because the true light was withheld and error usurped the place of truth. Men noted as robbers, as bandits, as the worst and vilest, died and left their booty to the Church, expecting by money to obtain in another world help which should deliver their souls from hell. Money was, through crime and through treachery, to save them beyond the grave.

This same theory is now held. It is leading millions astray. Let us call attention to the truth and declare that Christ Jesus,

the crucified, is "the truth, the way and the life," and that no man cometh unto the Father except through the mediatorial office of the Son, guided by the Holy Spirit. Let us help to cast the deadly doing down and lead men to believe in the washing away of sin through the blood of the Lamb.

The Church of the Pope is not the Church of Christ, it is the anti-Christ. She is described as the woman sitting upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, arrayed in costly garments, and upon her forehead a name written : MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH ! and she held a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. That cup typifies the power the Church of Rome offers to her votaries. If John Morrissey stood alone, if he had no following, if there were not behind him and associated with him voters enough to turn an election, and if those voters were not under the control of the priests of the Church of the Pope, there would be no Protection bills passed by the Senate, and no countenancing of the mummeries of Rome by Senators of the Empire State, and by the President of the United States, as was done by him at the pretended funeral of Victory Emmanuel in Washington. The cup is held out to the kings of the earth and to all who would seek to gain power by what it contains. They who give it welcome are deceived. The devil is not master. Satan is to be bound. The Church of Rome is not to be supreme. The cup is to be dashed out of her hand and they who worship the beast shall blaspheme the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores. Going wrong is an expensive luxury. It may give pleasure to-day, but it will inflict pain on the morrow. A holy life springing from a sanctified heart, free from external and mental idolatry and all corrupt affections and carnal confidences, united with watchfulness against all hypocrisy and dissimulation and vain professions or engagements to God or man, these things distinguished the acceptable worshipers from the rest of the congregation at the Sanctuary as they now do real from nominal Christianity. This character originates from regeneration, and is gradually formed by the Divine Spirit. Through faith we receive the blessing from the Lord, even righteousness from the God of our salvation.

Hence, Paul looking upon those who trusted to Judaism, as the deluded trust to Romanism now, said : "Brethren my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they may be saved. For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness and going about to establish their own righteousness have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for right-

eousness to every one that believeth," and declared that if "thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." It follows that pugilistic pluck, the arts of the demagogue, the power of the vilest and of those who pander to the vile, furnish no ground for hope, no qualification of entrance into the hill of the Lord. The character of the blessed is described: 1. He hath clean hands. That a gambler hath not. Life is not a game. Success cannot be won by chance. It is product not an outgrowth. It is the ripened result which passed from seed to flower and from flower to fruit.

Enter the gambler's den. The night is given up to the spell of the fiend. Look at the bright, the fair, the hopeful and the reckless. There they come. They are drawn into the net. The costliest viands are provided. Liquors of every kind are free. The young man, heir to a fortune, perhaps the son of a widow, goes there to see and is lured to try his hand. This New York Senator who was low-voiced and strong-willed, encourages him. He tries, he wins. He is excited. He loses. He makes nothing of it. He is brave. Wine flows. The Senator pushes him on and the son of a widow is broken. He goes back to his mother lost, his character stained, his pocket empty and begins to live a lie. Such an instance is to be multiplied by thousands. The money thus won is taken to New York. Forty thousand dollars are spent to buy an election, and the press applauds and society says it is well. It is not well. The blood of murdered souls stains the garments of the man who wishes to die kissing an image and have

"Jesus lover of my soul"

sung at his funeral. Such men can go to the Senate of New York, but not to heaven. To enter they must have clean hands.

2. They must have a pure heart. To obtain this, sins must be seen, must be hated, must be repented of. Of this there was not the slightest evidence given by the Senator.

3. Such as lift not up the soul to vanity. The whole struggle of this man was to win what God condemns. There is no promise that such shall receive the blessing of the Lord.

Young men, you are in peril. Be not deceived. All is not gold that glitters. The applause of the bad is not the verdict of the good. A good life tells. It blesses here. It saves from sin. It saves to a holy, a beautiful, and a true life. It compels a man to keep out of the gambler's den, and away from the associations of the vile, and to mingle with the pure in heart, and find joy with the Lord here, with an assurance that when life is over the gates of praise shall be lifted and the soul

shall find a welcome at the foot of the throne. Such an one having come up out of great tribulation, and having robes washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb, shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on him, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed him and shall lead him into fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes.

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The Voice of God in Us.*

A SERMON

PREACHED BY R. S. Storrs, D.D., IN CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BROOKLYN.

THE words of the Scripture to which I shall invite your attention you will find in Acts x: 20:

Arise, therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing: for I have sent them.

Doubting nothing! That is the secret of liberty, of efficiency, of success in every work which is undertaken by men: a confidence in the practicability, in the value of the work, in the Divine authority which imposes it upon us as an obligatory work, and in the Divine providence and power which will bring it to a successful performance. It is the secret of success, of enthusiasm in any secular enterprise. You see it in the inventor who is perfectly certain of the combination of instruments by which he is to accomplish a certain result—a result which is of value and importance to mankind. Nothing can hinder his endeavor, nothing can obscure or dampen his enthusiasm, because he is certain of ultimate success.

You see it in the teacher who knows that he has a truth to communicate to men, a truth which it is of importance to them to apprehend and to understand, who is not groping among uncertainties as he speaks it, who is not vaguely feeling after conjectures while he utters it, who is able to affirm it to others, because he has it affirmed in his own intelligent and intuitive spirit—the principle which he is declaring to the world. Kepler said, God has waited so many centuries for an observer of the heavens, I can wait for years for an interpreter of those observations. And every man who as certainly knew that he had apprehended truth and had it conveyed to others has been reinforced, inspired by this confidence, and gone to his work doubting nothing. See it in the soldier who knows, because he knows the commander, that the order which has been given is wise, practicable, needful; that no life will be

*Owing to lack of time we are compelled to print our report of this sermon without securing its revision by Dr. Storrs. The report, however, is made by Geo. E. Miles, reputed one of the best stenographers in New York.—ED.

wasted which can be saved, and no endeavor commanded which is not indispensable to the great result. See it in the sailor who trusts his clock and his compass, and is absolutely certain that the sun, of which he takes the meridian observation, will not tell him a lie, but will point out exactly the point on the ocean where the ship at that moment is; and he goes on his course, after his observation, doubting nothing, knowing where he is as exactly as if the commerce of nations had built at that very spot a beacon and had labelled it in immense letters of light in all the languages of the world: "This is at such a point on such a meridian." He knows as certainly as he could know then, when he has caught the ray of the sun upon his instrument, where he is on the ocean, which to others seems pathless and intricate. Everywhere, then, this confidence is the condition of enthusiasm and of success, and in Christian enterprises, precisely as in secular enterprises, it is a confidence not merely in the usefulness of the work, but in the Divine authority which connects itself with that work, and the Divine care and the Divine affection, the Divine impulse which attend us in our endeavors to perform it. It was precisely this, you observe, that Peter felt within himself when the messengers came to him from Cornelius the centurion. Except for the vision which had been given him, and out of which this confidence was flashed upon his spirit, except for the almost audible voice of the Spirit which accompanied and interpreted the vision to him, he would hardly have been ready to go upon this errand. The distance itself was something, between Cæsarea and Joppa. To be called by a Roman, and to answer that call, to a Jew like Peter was not in itself an agreeable thing. There was a vagueness in the errand which might have well stirred apprehension in his mind. The Roman centurion, whom he did not know, sending servants and soldier to him to come into his presence, and the mere separation from the duties which he was, day by day, accomplishing at Joppa, must have been itself objectionable to him, so that he unquestionably would have hesitated, very probably would have refused to go, except for the vision which had come to him beforehand preparing him to go, and for the voice which, as I said, had interpreted that vision to his mind. But, in consequence of this, he recognized the call which was made upon him by the servants and soldier sent by the centurion as the call of God. They were not bearing merely a message from the Roman officer: they were bearing a requirement from the Author of the world, from the King of the Church, from Him to whom Peter was supremely responsible and unto whom he had to render an account. And so the message in writing, if it were in writing, or as spoken, if thus it were spoken, was to him as real a message from the Most High as if it had been

articulated in public ; and he went, nothing doubting, and in consequence of his going the Church passed safely that first and greatest crisis in its history, the importance of which we scarcely recognize oftentimes—that crisis at which it was determined whether it was to be a mere sect of Jews, like the Sadducees or the Pharisees, or whether it was to be in its administration a world-wide kingdom for all mankind. Peter, chief of the apostles, Peter himself, thoroughly impregnated with the Jewish prejudice, taught by this vision, admonished by this voice of the Spirit, went and with the power which had been given to him opened the door of the Church for the first time to the entrance of a Roman ; and from that moment the door never has been shut. Peter himself doubted afterward, in the characteristic reaction of his impetuous spirit, whether the Jew could receive a Gentile and eat with him unless the Gentile submitted to the Mosaic ritual. But at this point he went, doubting nothing, and, by his action under the inspiration of God, made the world free to enter into the Church of Christ ; for if a Roman centurion could come—he who had been trained to war, he who was the official representative of the haughty and dominating empire, now crushed, he who represented the power that, by and by, was to sweep Jerusalem itself in blood and fire from the face of the earth—if *he* could enter the Church of Christ, then how much more the peasant, the herdsman on the hills of Galatia, or the merchant, or the teacher, or the scholar, or the women of Greek cities, of Thessalonica, of Athens, of Corinth ! Any one could come after the door had been opened wide enough to admit the entrance of this Roman officer.

There is not one of us in this house to-day on whom have come the blessings of the Gospel, who have received directly or indirectly the privilege and the Divine impulse, which come from the Church of Christ, who is not indebted to that instruction and impulse given Peter by the vision and voice. So he went, doubting nothing ; so he accomplished the errand, great, momentous and far-reaching in its effects, upon which he had been sent. There come often questions of duty to individual Christians or to churches now concerning which they wish that they, also, could have instruction like that which was given to the apostle—a vision in their sleep, a voice almost articulate and audible, of the Divine Spirit instructing them what to do. Work to which they appear sometimes to themselves to be called by God is difficult and dangerous and costly. There are arguments for it, there are arguments arising in their minds against it. The Christian conscience of those with whom they are most intimately associated is not wholly, definitely and decisively settled in regard to it ; and so they confuse themselves in perplexities of mind, judging of this argument

and that, balancing the reasons for and the reasons against, until, perhaps, the opportunity has passed away, and they cannot accomplish that which at the outset would have been easy to them. I suppose in our Christian experience we have met many such instances where we questioned and hesitated, consulted and argued concerning the question whether we were under obligations to accomplish a certain work or not, until the time for performing it had gone and we could not do it if we would. A thoughtful and sensitive Christian spirit will, therefore, desire intensely always—especially in such emergencies—some certain test, some sure criterion by which it may know whether God has appointed a work for it or not ; and there are such. We do not see the visions in our sleep, we do not hear the articulating voice of the Spirit, but there are certain indications, when a work is appointed for us and it is our duty to take it up, which are as intelligible, which are to the thoughtful spirit as impressive as even a voice would be, for these indications still remain to us, and one or two of these I will bring to your thoughts this morning.

In the first place, a work identifies itself as probably a part of the plan of God which we are to accomplish. When it concerns His glory in the earth through the conversion and sanctification of the human soul, properly it is then connected with the plan of God, and the part of that plan which we are to accomplish, the opportunity being given. I do not mean to say that Christian duty in the world in respect of enterprise and of generous giving, of thoughtful consideration and of powerful pathos is restricted to those efforts which aim directly at the religious instruction and conversion of men ; on the other hand, there are multitudes of interests in society which are, at least, subordinately and incidentally connected with this, but which seem to stand at quite a distance from it, concerning which also we are under continual obligation—not to our fellow-men merely, not to ourselves merely, but to God—to give them whatever of aid and furtherance it is possible for us to give. Enterprises that seek the intellectual culture of mankind, the founding of a library, the building up of schools and institutions of learning, the circulation of a true and enlightening literature ; enterprises which seek to further the secular and social interests of the community ; enterprises that concert for the public welfare in the matter of health, in the matter of public order, in the matter of just and liberal government ; patriotic enterprises which seek to advance and establish the well-being of a nation—all these, and many others of a like nature, are as obligatory upon the Christian as a duty which immediately concerns the instruction of men in religious truth. Every stone in the wall has its office to accomplish. A man who is building a cathedral cannot say : “ I

will make it all of statues. I will expend my whole strength and skill and resource on the spire, making it of the delicate gothic stone open-work that shall leap like a song into the sky." He must have the solid foundations at the base—underground. He must have the rough stone built up into the rocky wall, into the solid and sustaining buttress, into the tower that carries the spire lightly into the air, because itself must be solidly founded. Every institution that seeks the public welfare and seeks to promote intellectual culture, true knowledge among men, social interest, social attachment, patriotic interest and patriotic feeling, is thus fundamentally connected—as basis and part of the wall—with the religious endeavors which at last shall rest upon them all and be sustained by them. And, therefore, Christian duty is never narrow; it is as wide as the interest of man; it concerns his physical well-being as well as his spiritual; it concerns his social and intellectual advancement as well as his immediate connection of the spirit with God. But it concerns all these as connected with and tributary to those which are higher than us, for that is the spiritual plan of God in the earth to bring men into holiness, and happiness that springs from holiness, through fellowship with His own Spirit incorporated with His Son and revealed by His Holy Ghost. For that He preserved the race after it had fallen; for that He sent prophet and seer and songster; for that He sent His Son into the world that He might make men partakers of His holiness—not of an austere and rigorous morality merely, not of sentimental holiness merely—of His holiness, sweet and tender and mighty. That He might make men partakers of that holiness Christ came into the world, and for the same end the Spirit comes, and for the same end the Church exists. It is by that holiness that God holds the rocks in their consistency; it is this aim of transformation of man into the likeness of God that built the mountains, that hollowed the basins of the seas and keeps the ocean at its level. Everything terrestrial exists, with reference to that which is spiritual, immortal, in fellowship with the soul of God; so that by and by it may range the starry spheres in the likeness and the love, in the wisdom and the might of God, so that immortality shall open to it its gates of light and peace. This is the spiritual plan of God. When any work, then, contributes directly necessarily to that and is indispensable to the furtherance of that, when it meets us directly in our path, we may be inwardly persuaded—unless reasons to the contrary showing it not to be specially binding upon us are evident and unanswerable—that it is a part of the work which God assigns so us. Out of this comes missionary impulse, out of this came the apostolic order. Why was it, can anybody explain, that Peter should give himself to that work of toil, privation, peril, when every opportunity was open to him for a

life of ease and joy in the world? Why was it that he entered into this plan of God? He saw its greatness, and he saw the Divine glory in it, and therefore he says, "Christ leadeth me." The lifting of the world into the light of heaven and into the Divine peace—that was the impulse of apostolic activity—that has been the impulse of the Christian religion; and where that impulse naturally springs within us out of the Spirit of God, out of a plan proposed to us, it indicates that that is God's plan for us to realize.

But then, further than that, it must evidently be a plan that is possible to be realized by us, but possible to be realized with effort and self-denial on our part. We are not responsible for any work which we cannot accomplish; we are not responsible for preaching to the nations in their own tongues which we do not know, for inventing another gospel to be preached to the world for the glory of God, for building churches of brick and launching them from the piers and floating them over the seas to China and Japan. God holds no man responsible and no body of men for that which they cannot control; and if an angel were to come to me and say, "Create a new planet, create a new pebble, create a new grain of sand and so show God's glory forth," I should know that he was no Divine messenger, that he was a spirit of darkness and temptation veiling himself in the splendor and charm of an angel of light. God asks no man, no community to do anything which it cannot accomplish. The errand on which He sends it is always a practicable errand, provided there be a sincere desire on its part to accomplish the errand, to do the work; and in proportion to the effort demanded, to the self-denial required, His authorship of the message concerning the work becomes more evident to the thoughtful and reflective Christian mind. We usually judge in exactly the opposite way. We say, "That is a good work, and I can do it in a minute; therefore I will do it, that is God's errand for me. It is a good work, and I can help it by a little gift which I never shall miss. That is evidently God's plan for me." Thus we reason: ah! but God's plan exactly reverses that. He makes duty the more obligatory the more difficult it is, because for the development of Christian energy in us, Christian generosity, Christian patience, He gives us the work to be done by us. God can do His own work without us, and when one by one the great teachers of the Church have passed away, and the Christian Church tarrying behind has felt that the horsemen and chariots of Israel had gone from its sight forever and there was no more guardianship and no more inspiration, God has raised up others to take their places, or has carried on His work without such signal and illustrious spirits to be leaders in it, to show that He never depended upon any one human soul, upon any twenty, upon any million human souls

for the accomplishment of His plan. He carries them forward by His own might as the ocean carries the log—because of its own majesty and buoyancy. God does not need our help. Why then does He ask for it? Why put us to the trouble of working for Him, why put us to the strain of giving for Him, why put us to the long endurance of patiently planning and waiting that we may accomplish His design? Because thus He develops us. This is His spiritual university in the world. Thus He applies not tests merely, but incitements, stimulants, means of instruction, to whatever is best in us. The man who has given himself to his country loves it better, the man who has fought for his friend honors him more, the man who has labored for his community values more highly the interests he has sought to conserve. The man who has wrought and planned and endured for the accomplishment of God's plan in the world sees the greatness of it, the divinity and glory of it, and is himself more perfectly assimilated to it. And so it always is.

When the call for missionaries came to the New England Churches, during the time of their dense and hapless poverty, when the nation was poorer than it had ever been before since the Revolution, out of their poverty they answered. It was authenticated to them as the call of God, because the opportunity was great, the impulse urgent and the means small. The missionary departure would not have been so surely the plan of God, if it had waited for its birth until California had opened all her treasure, and Australia had plated the lands with gold, and Nevada had poured its silver as streams into all the courses and currents of commerce. Out of poverty God called men to sacrifices in His behalf, to great services in a great opportunity; and really if it had been written in the sky; if Paul, addressing an epistle to the Churches of the future, had stated it in his terse and effective terms; if John had seen it unfolded in the grand drama of the Apocalypse, it would not have been more evident that the call was from God than was made evident by the fact that it was a call for so great a work possible to be accomplished, but possible to be accomplished only by sacrifice and peril and prayer.

Again, it is an indication of God's plan that we participate in a particular work which He assigns us, when the call for it comes unexpectedly, not by pre-arrangement of ours, but in the development of agencies and energies which are outside of ourselves altogether. We recognize God's intervention in our plans, in part, by the suddenness with which the event occurred contrary to the expectation of those who had been looking for a different result—as when a friend is restored from a dangerous and critical sickness when all our hope had faded; as when a path is suddenly opened to prosperity and usefulness, where everything seemed hedged up and we, in our arrangements

could not contrive any way by which to reach the result; as when in a nation the whole fortune of the people changes in an hour, swinging from darkness into light, or from hope and triumph into despondency and gloom. We say the suddenness of change indicates a Providential force bringing that change to pass. We are right in saying it. We say the suddenness of the appearance of the angel to Abraham or Joshua, or to Peter in prison, was an evidence that it was not a human being who had walked up to the tent in company with others, or who in the night with the sword in his hand faced the Captain of the host; or who, working his way stealthily with little noise and yet with certain indications of his coming, which Peter might have heard, had passed one barrier, another barrier, crept through the gates, entered by the window, and at last had released Peter's limbs from the fetters. The suddenness was the signal of the angelic presence; and so, in every great work which He appoints in His Church, the summons comes suddenly on the part of God with every work which He would have His disciples take up and do in His name and for His glory; and if it has not been pre-arranged and our plans laid out with reference to it before, it is an indication that it is from Him.

You remember how it was when the Bible Society was formed in London in 1804. No man was expecting it. A poor Welch missionary had distributed in the mountainous districts of Wales some thousand copies of the Welch Scriptures. The supply was exhausted. He went to London to get more and could not. He said to one man and another man, "Why cannot we have a society to print the Bible in the Welch language?" They came together to see if it could be done, and one man, whose name had hardly ever been heard in the Church of Christ rose in his place and said: "Yes, that is right: that is reasonable. But if for the inhabitants of Wales, why not for all the world, a society to print the Scriptures, translated into the tongues of all mankind?" Sudden as a flash it came out of the clear sky. Instant was the response. Not more certain and instantaneous was the response, "God wills it! God wills it!" to Peter the Hermit when that public minister made the suggestion of the crusade. Out of that came the Bible Society of England, of America, of the world, whose power in the world, in the last three-quarters of a century, has been greater for its elevation than that of all the soldiers fighting their battles, the statesmen planning their policies or the diplomatists arranging international affairs. So suddenly and unexpectedly was it suggested that it was indicated as God's purpose by the suddenness. When a plan contemplates God's glory in the sanctification of men, proposes to us a work possible for us with effort and self-denial, comes to us without our provision or pre-arrangement, it is God's work.

Then, finally, when the impression is burned in upon the mind, day after day, week after week, an ever-deepening sense of duty concerning that work—that is God's voice, the voice of the Spirit to us. That was the way in which the Spirit wrought on the writers inspired to prepare a gospel of whose presence they themselves were sometimes not conscious. This silent influence of the Spirit was what wrought for us the New Testament, as it had wrought before the olden Scripture. This silent influence of the Spirit is the privilege of every Christian now. We may enter communion with God by our reception of and our obedience to this silent power within. Isaiah and John, Paul, Peter and the rest had no such exclusive privilege that the Christian cannot in part, at least, share, this day, entering into participation with God's mind through the silent indwelling of this Spirit in the heart. When the spirit of God filled the Holy of Holies with its glory, there was no beat of drum as the radiance showed forth and filled the room; there was no clamor of song running along the wall. It was light and noiseless as light, and illuminating as light. When God's Spirit dwells a Shekinah in the human soul there is no sound or rush of celestial beauty; there is light within, and that light is self-evident as coming from God. When that impression remains, deepening continually in you, becoming clearer and stronger, we must trust it as the discovery of God's mind to us concerning our duty. No man who has once learned to trust it will ever trust anything else in preference to it. In the great crisis of life that is always the way. Hold the mind prayerfully in conference with God, unresistingly under the impression of His Spirit. When it points in a certain direction, then follow it into darkness or day; wheresoever that leads, go. We are certain of success; go, nothing doubting. If it is God's will concerning us, then it is a work connected with His glory in the earth through the spiritual change and exalting of men, bringing them into unison with Him. It is a work possible with us, but involving self-denial and effort on our part. Then it is a work which comes without our pre-arrangement, and challenges acceptance as coming from God Himself. Then it is a work the impression of which will deepen in the Christian heart the more it contemplates it and the nearer it draws into sympathy with God Himself. When all those signs combine, then Peter may keep his vision and the voice of Zion which spoke in the air around him. I hear a voice within, and whosoever follows that voice follows God, and follows Him into His glory.

Oftentimes there are questions in the Christian heart which may be answered by precisely that course of thought we have considered this morning. When individuals come to me with questions of perplexity and doubt, always substantially the same

course of thought, which I now commend to you, I have commended to them. I have been led to consider the subject this morning, especially, because there comes before us, as a society and Church of Christ, a work of building a chapel for our mission, which is going to call upon the affection, upon the enthusiasm, upon the patient labor, upon the self-denying gifts of all of us, in order to its accomplishment. I wish you to observe that that is a work which concerns the glory of God in the conversion of men to Him, in their sanctification into His holiness and their participation in His immortality. You give to many other things, but to nothing else which so directly connects itself with the entire plan of God toward the world as that does. It is a work which is possible to us. It may take \$30,000. We know it is possible for us to raise that amount, and more than that, if we really feel the greatness of the work for which it is to be secured. We could raise that in a minute if it were to purchase exemption from a threatening plague in the air. We could raise that in a minute, here upon the spot, if it were necessary to keep back the ship of war of a hostile nation from the Narrows, which, passing into the Bay, would bombard these squares. We could raise that in a minute for any great work needed for our personal, secular interest. It is not a thing which is impossible to do. It is a thing which it may be difficult to do if we are languid, careless, if we do not recognize the great relations of the work, but as easy as breathing if we do. It is a work which is not pre-arranged by us; it comes to us in God's providence. He put the mission into our hands; He has united the minds of the committee to whom the matter was entrusted upon a proper place for it. The population around is swarming and multitudinous, of precisely the class we desire to reach and to bless. It is a work which has come as suddenly to us as that star came before the eye of the astronomer which blazed out a little while ago in the heavens as a new sun. It is a work the conviction of whose greatness, of whose infinite importance, of whose Divine authority has been deepening in every Christian heart that has looked at it, that has personally participated in it and wrought for it and prayed for it in all these months that are past. Now it comes before us. I trust, my friends, I am certain, we shall take it up, nothing doubting, knowing that if it is God's plan for us, as evidently it seems to be, then He will bring in visible forces, sudden but unexpected influences, to coöperate with us in it, until at last the head-stone is brought forth with shoutings and crying, "Grace, grace unto it!"

It is a thought with which I cannot but close, that he who has followed God's messages on earth has at last another message to follow, and according to the faithfulness with which he has heard and obeyed here, will be the confidence and glad-

ness with which he will follow the last. One messenger comes to us concerning whom there can be no mistake that he comes from God: it is the angel of death. One message comes in regard to which there can be no doubt that it is a Divine message, it is the message that we are to pass from this world to enter the unseen. I think when that message came to Peter he was glad to remember that when the word of the Lord had come to him in Joppa he had risen up and gone, nothing doubting. I think he was glad to remember that when the word came to go to Babylon he had risen up and followed, doubting nothing; and at last when the word came, "Come up hither!" he was ready to arise and follow, doubting nothing. God help us so to follow every voice of His providence which leads us to His service here that when the last voice comes, before which the human spirit naturally shrinks and sinks, we will rise up and follow, doubting nothing, and swiftly go up, clasping the hand of the angel until we clasp the hand of **Christ Himself!**

Concerning Jesus as a Poet.**A SERMON**

PREACHED BY **Thomas Armitage, D.D.**, IN THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Consider the lilies of the field.—Matt. vi : 28.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, of the University of St. Andrews, says of the late Norman Macleod : “I never knew any one who contained in himself so large a mass of the pure ore of poetry. I have sometimes thought that he had imagination enough to have furnished forth half a dozen poets. Wordsworth’s saying is well known •

‘Oh, many are the poets that are sown
By nature, men endowed with highest gifts
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.’

If Wordsworth’s words are, as I believe they are, true, then Norman was pre-eminently a poet. He had the innate power, but he wanted the outward accomplishment of verse.”

The idea that the poetic spirit entered into Christ’s nature, may at first appear crude, from the fact that He has left us no poem known as such. In framing other religions their authors have been laureates of hymn and music, story and song, according to the demands of human nature, so that the spirit of poetry breathes through them all. Persia, India and Africa have poured forth countless burning numbers in the service of the fire deity, Bramah and Mohammed. Strains, subduing and wild, have floated from men of genius to fan the fires of the altars and spread their systems to a glory for which their doctrines did not qualify them. As poetry is a classic of the heart, both in address and response, they have borrowed it for these uses ; and it would be strange indeed if the doctrines of truth should not assume the same natural shape of parable and poem in winning the soul’s affections for the God of truth. Hence, in exact harmony with this thought, Jehovah spake of old through the patriarchs and prophets by symbol, figure and measure, using all the minstrelsy of nature to stir the heart of man in praise. Can there be a deeper poem than that which awakened the solitudes of primeval space by the words : “Let there be light, and there was light ?” Then the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy ; and, from the beginning to the end of the Old Testament revelation, the flood of harmony comes pouring down upon us, mingling on its way the thunders of Sinai, the notes of Messianic song and the voice of prophetic hope, until the gospel itself is born to the chants of angelic choirs. As James Hamilton has beautifully said :

"Like as a skillful musician, called to execute alone some masterpiece, puts his lips by turns to the mournful flute, the shepherd's reed, the mirthful pipe and the war trumpet, so the Almighty God, to sound in our ears His eternal Word, has selected from old the instruments best suited to receive, successively, the breath of this Spirit." And, since Jesus was born, He has personally been the subject of the sublimest poetry which has flowed through the life of consecrated genius and humanity: as winds pass through the clouds making their vapors alive with motion, and then bend the tops of the mulberry trees to the voice of their "going"; so humanity, for nearly one-score centuries, has been stirred in the poesy of its inward heart to the music of the child-born or the sobs of the man of sorrows!

In this respect the history of Christianity has been but a strife between men of power, eager to vie with each other, by the gorgeousness of conception, by the dreams of imagination, by the life of reality, by the adjuncts of beauty and by all the vibrations of harp and lute. In the most forceful expression of that true poesy which has crept over their souls under the spell of Jesus and His charmed name. A sublime and distinct inspiration has seized them and uttered itself through an intense eloquence, such as Homer and Virgil never commanded, because their very soul has melted in gratitude, as no soul can melt but that of a sinner saved by grace. Through hall and basilica, palace and cot, cathedral and mountain wild, cave and prison, *Te Deum* has never ceased to swell from softened hearts. The child of persecution and the conquering hero, bishop and king, queen and shepherdess, have sent forth strains of praise to Christ in every form of melody. In the East there is scarcely a rivulet which ripples in its lucid course through alpine gorges, hardly a leaf which flutters by the willow courses, or a beam which flies from the opening day, but has listened to the music of this voice. Children have danced to its flow in the streets of blood-stained Jerusalem; its measures have swept in triumph over Egypt's dark sea; by the rivers of Babylon its notes have quivered with delight; its cadences of love have sighed through the cedars of Lebanon, and round the hoary head of Sinai its chorus has gathered victorious over thunders and lightnings, the sound of a trumpet and the muttering voice of cursing words. When David's fingers touched his harp, music flew from its strings as if the angels of God spoke words concerning His coming Son; and since that great Son went back to the bosom of His Father and our Father, the freshness of everlasting love has embalmed His name in perpetual song. Pliny tells us that the primitive Christians met before dawn to sing praise to Christ, as God. Then came the confessors and martyrs who kindled the ardor of their re-

ligion by the poetry of His doctrine. And, since those days, the catacombs of the eternal city, the fastnesses of Switzerland, and the glens and mounts of old Scotia have been witnesses how the truth could give constitutional vigor and verse to the holy joys of man. A cloud of sweet singers in Israel skirts the historic sky of Christianity, embracing Clement and Ambrose, Bernard and Gregory, Hilary and Bede amongst the more venerable saints. Then follow in this line, Robert of France, Maria of Hungary, Henrietta of Brandenburg and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who made the battle-field, the castle and the royal home alive with poetic tributes to Christ, while modern familiarity readily suggests to us English-speaking Christians, Kerr and Keble, Byron and Bryant, Scott and Southey, Kirke White and Wordsworth, Milton and Heber, Cowper and Coleridge, Watts and Wesley, whose genius has sung His name. And, if all these, with multitudes of others in the old world and new, have offered their poetic contributions to Christ, would it not be passing strange if, after all, it should turn out that there is no poetry in Jesus Christ Himself? Surely, the seed-poetry which has yielded such a golden harvest must be found in Him.

That you may the better understand what is meant by this claim in behalf of Christ, it may be well to state the nature of true poetry. It has been said that reason speaks through prose, while poetry is the language of feeling. But, more correctly, true poetry lodges in the great thought which labors to make itself known by any form of words which may be in harmony with its greatness. The usual poetic form is in verse, or measure, with or without rhyme. But some of the highest and truest poetry in existence is found in the form of prose, because it cannot be crippled by the mechanism of language. Its life is not found in words, but in the copiousness of imagery and the warmth of sublimity, which seizes hope without precision, and endows forms of speech with autocratic license. Our claim for Jesus in everything which relates to the poetic spirit, and which accords to Him the dominion and place of the infinite Poet, is founded in the fact, that, in the grandeur of His conception, in the terribly sublime height of His moral sweep, and in the profundity of His expression, He is unequaled and inexhaustible. No such types of purity, delicacy and soul-life have fallen upon the ear of mortal as those of His unique inspirations. You find not their soul and substance in the dress which clothes them, but in their ideal and divine inwardness. They bring to your perception the hidden thoughts of the Divine mind, and the mysterious emotions of the Divine breast, as vividly as the painter brings his conceptions to your eye by colors. There is a sense in which stern human events, whether they take the shape of personal or

national struggles, even when downfall is their issue, convert themselves into real poetry, because they nourish its spirit and fire its animus. Heroic deeds become history and history flows into poetry. Such history has become the epic poem of all ages. And in the same sense, the person of Christ, His teachings, His truth, His acts and His life, have been the seed-poetry of the world ever since He was in it, and no supreme master-bard has sung for nineteen hundred years without singing Him. He became not only the divine mystery and the solemn wonder of the universe, not only the living poem of heaven and earth, but the one eternal Poet of both. Poetic virtue has gone out of Him, in the grand swell of His prose poetry, because He is a sort of star-capped Alp, at whose feet all human Rhines and Rhones are born. Christ is Himself the great poetic deep in which all truly poetic hearts heave, distinct as the billows. The wind, which howls through lofty crags, the thunder, which crashes through the riven skies, the sea, which groans in hidden gulfs, and the cataract, which hums nature's bass from its deep abyss, each has a rhythm of its own; and so Jesus, the poet-Priest, the poet-Prophet, the poet-Prince, is His own original. Other poets are true, forceful, fresh. But a Dante, a Milton, a Goethe are but rays from His star, while He is God and man, truth and force on fire; thought and feeling, life and words rolled together, like a quadruple star, never fully revealed, hence never exhausted.

Nothing more delights the true poet than to sing the praise of true poetry. Philip Sidney calls the poet "the monarch of all sciences," and he describes him as telling a tale "Which holdeth children from play, the old man from the chimney corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue." Others love with great passion to depict the "muse" as soaring to her native skies on wings, throwing music from her merry heart as she goes; as a bright flame within the soul, a quenchless spirit which animates each life; or as an angel incarnated, rich in charms and beauteous in face, whose breast is a great deep in calmness, whose heart is an altar of warmth and whose eye softly melts in tearful love. Then, Butler says, "There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry," so that our Lord's words and thoughts must have been its very soul and body. Who, like Him, in a breath draws all natural and divine truth to a centre, and illuminates the deepest mystery with the grace of one word? In a far, deep voice, and through sentences of austere simplicity, His heavenly wisdom comes floating down to us like a disembodied lyric from the inner temple of God, both in the thought and heart world. Mary Magdalene might well have mistaken Him for the "gardener," leading her child-like soul through bowers of beauty, and classifying their flowers,

with a refining simpleness which yielded her their full luxury of fairness and fragrance. The eternal lyric and the mediatorial drama measured themselves in all His actions, thrilling His own bosom and those of mortal with strains which no other being ever rendered. His own soul, full with the fullness of Him that filleth all in all, and lucid as the very sea of glass itself; each sermon and parable that fell from His lips was but another and another overflow of infinite poesy,

Another thought. The soul-moving poesy of Jesus is felt in its entire animus and outcome. You cannot fail to see His native greatness in the exuberance of image and expression by which the myriad-sided thoughts are set forth; but while this is entrancingly beautiful, it is but the casket and not the jewel. True; He presses into His service all forms of life, from the "salt" in the mineral kingdom and the "mustard seed" in the vegetable world, up through man and angel to the orbs of heaven and the elements of nature, as the "light" and the forces of growth, and each emblem is used in absolute perfection. Yet not one object is introduced for mere garniture. Each becomes an integral part of the solid, the elemental, the immovable. They palpitate with all that is indestructible in humanity, they tremble with instinct from the Divine mind, giving God and man in ideal, by all that is just and holy, by all that can subdue and lift up, by all that is free and unconventional, by all that is grand and sincere. The staple of all right poetry is found in the science of our Lord's teaching and person. There can be no real poetry without truth, purity, nature, fidelity and liberty. Falsehood, impurity, imitation, unfaithfulness and oppression, are not the materials out of which genuine poetry is created. Even to interweave these threads into its web is to prostitute the genius of good to evil, to enlist it in a hard and unnatural fight against its Creator, to make the sunbeam slap the sun in the face, or, as one puts it, to "profane the God-given strength and mar the lofty line." In ancient times the great mind of Baalam attempted this, seeking to compel his mighty inspiration to curse whom God had blessed. And when the blessing instead of the curse was extorted from him, it scorched his lips and blistered his tongue as with the poison of a curse. In modern times poor Shelly, prompted by some fatal, mental drug, suddenly blended a wild beauty with the strains of a parricidal abstraction, which cast the leer of discontent into the fountain of his own being, and left his lofty, proud melody full of misery, while it blanched his genius with failure to enlist and control for good the immortal aims of men. So, other gifted ones have attempted to fan the evil passions by chanting the praises of the sensual; and have brought a compensation to the divine art which has branded their own efforts with colossal failure. But the ani-

mus of Christ's poetic symbols and the sweep of their influence is not to stir a band of morbid passions, much less to evoke a troop of rhetorical ornaments, without substance or elevating design.

All the moral aims and ends of poetry are fully met in the hands of Jesus Christ. One never-failing element in the spirit of poetry is *the love of children*; in fact, without this beautiful trait no man can be a true poet, for want of love to children argues a degree of barbarity which is not consonant with the high refinements of a poetic nature. Hence, some of the sweetest sonnets which have ever stirred the human heart have been songs to childhood, though the bards who sung them were childless. This spirit moved our Lord's heart to its very depths, whenever a babe met His eye; and in the same moment that he rebuked His disciples for their coldness toward these little ones, He pressed them to His own heart for the double purpose of love and shelter. Mothers, by an instinctive love, brought their infants to Him wherever He went, "that He might put His hands on them," and bless them out of the fulness of His heart. His uniform simplicity of heart led them to invade Him for a benediction. He was an observer of their childish glee, games and amusements, when their little feet kept pace to the simple pipe; and He enlists their observation to rebuke the hard-heartedness of the times, saying: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like children sitting in the markets calling unto their fellows and saying, We have piped to you and you have not danced." And not only had their baby grief attracted His notice, but He listened to their bursts of infant ovation to His royalty when they would have inaugurated Him monarch of Israel, singing, "Hosanna," and waving palms before Him. These acclaims from their sweet voices and hearts displeased His enemies. But He detected the noblest music in their notes and referred them to God, who perfects praise out of the mouths of babes. The most poetical of all skeptics says. "He lost no opportunity of repeating that little ones are sacred beings; that the kingdom of God belongs to children; that we must become children to enter there; that we ought to receive it as a child; that the Heavenly Father hides His secrets from the wise and reveals them to the little ones. The idea of disciples is in His mind almost synonymous with that of children. On one occasion, when He had one of the quarrels for precedence, which were not uncommon, Jesus took a little child, placed him in their midst and said to them: 'Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'" This part of His life is a poem of itself, and has been the seed-truth of thousands of poems.

Kindred to pure love for children in the poetic breast, is the feeling of *high and holy reverence for woman*. No true poet ever could sing praise to her degradation and infamy, but always to her honor, her virtue, her gentleness and her nobility. In isolated cases the contrary of this may be apparent; but there is this remarkable thing about such instances—namely, that the best and warmest friends of the poet invariably plead for him that he is misunderstood and misinterpreted, while they resent all loose applications of his effusions as base injustice. Now, the bare presentation of such apologies proves our position, that true poetry reverences true womanhood quite as much by compassionating the weak and fallen as by throwing guards around the purity of the pure. This our Redeemer perpetually did. Woman had never been treated under any religion or civilization as He treated her. Every word from His lips concerning her honored her, unmixed with a sneer or a reflection. Substantially, He took the ground that man cannot be happy if woman is miserable, nor holy if she is impure. He has no cheer if she is cheerless, nor comfort if she is comfortless. That man and woman must weep or rejoice, live or die, sink or swim together. No man ever revealed this mutual equality before. Plato, Aristotle, Lycurgus and even Moses, seem to have been strangers to the revelations of Jesus here. With the poet's eye and the philanthropist's heart He read the mystic tie between them at a glance and set about to strengthen its hold. His teaching carries the idea that man can never be free while she is a slave; can never be elevated while she is depressed; can never reach the full stature of manhood till she wins the high standard of womanhood. When she shall cease to be a drudge, a toy, a serf, then he will rise to be the king of creation and she will reign as queen at his side. Hence, He recognized them both as the noblest work of God, and set about redressing her wrongs, casting off the yoke which embittered her lot and throwing a hedge about her native dignity. In order to do this, He honored her with responsibility, and restored to her all her natural rights. He left it to her own election to be lifted out of the regions of sensualism, into which ages had sunk her, so that instead of being the victim of heartlessness she could choose to be the friend of man, the joyful mother of children, and the welcome daughter of the Most High God, making Jesus His only Son, her own elder Brother. Nay, more than this, if perchance she diverged from rectitude, He did not brand her with hopeless reprobation and cast her adrift as a worthless outcast, but met her with His noble forgiveness. To His generous heart, such an one was not a pitiless vagabond sent to wander to and fro in the earth till a merciful death ended her miseries. But she came and wept at His feet as if her heart would break; she

washed them with her penitent tears, stained them with her hot, choking breath, and kissed them with the grateful love of a hapless offender. But with a royal word He brushed away her shame; He lifted her up from herself and her sin, and sent her away freely forgiven, to become by a renewed life the future type of humanity and chastity. To finite reason all this is a dream, to legislation it is a license, to pride a condescension, and to rigorous Phariseism a scandal; but to infinite love it is a privilege; to infinite benevolence it is a virtue, and to infinite poetry it is a God-like originality. The deep philosophy of humanity between man and woman was so hidden in its elemental life that no searching eye could have discovered it but His. And He only laid it bare in that scheme of boundless grace which draws harlots and publicans and thieves into the kingdom of God, while cold selfishness and equivocal piety and exasperated hypocrisy stand shivering without, repulsed at the door. This bold fact stands out as one of the loftiest headlands of history—namely, that Jesus was the first Great Teacher, who admitted woman to audience and discipleship in the school which He founded. In all religions her sex had separated her from her brother in teaching and privilege; and the fact, that He not only admitted but invited her into the inner temple, where there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus, in order to instruct, purify and adorn her with the noblest character and fill her with the purest joy, opens up to half the race such opulent wealth as never could be wrapt up in any poem which man has written. Woman redeemed, is the poetry into which Jesus breathed immortal grace, immortal beauty and immortal life.

In all time, one of the charms of poetry has sprung from its tender sympathy with all that is winsome *in lowly life*, all that compassionates the sorrowing, and all that is brave in the self-sacrificing. True poetry cannot sing of wealth as wealth, or rank as rank. In themselves these are as sounding brass or glittering tinsel. They gain real consequence only as they are adorned by virtue, hallowed by tenderness and linked with chivalry. But when these grand qualities discover themselves in poverty, obscurity and oppression, so that they abound, despite every unfriendly and hampering influence, then and there, genuine poetry finds its hero and enshrines him with its halo of glory. There is little beauty in the open, smoking lamp. But place it within the alabaster vase, and then see how it lights up its soft, transparent purity. In itself the union of these is a silent eloquence. It is the unity between the grand and the humble, which challenges the poetic genius, to its brisk, awe-inspiring cadences, and makes the poet the scourge of courtier and sycophant, and the enthusiastic advocate of the unfortunate and oppressed. Such exposure of

pretence and imposition, and such fostering of honor and virtue, unconsciously incarnates reality in the rhetoric of vehement story, or flaming verse, or melting oratory. What more can genius need to captivate its powers? When the sun lights its own way to a new planet, it then will give it light. Thus; stirred, profound pathos and delicate sensitiveness, will pour out soul-melodies which move all hearts, as if the spirituality of Isaiah or the lament of Jeremiah were revived. But where have Milton or Lamartine, Byron or Scott drawn such a picture of humble humanity as the parable of the Wedding Feast? The great and mighty despise the generosity of the king, then the highways celebrate the feast. No strain has come quivering down through the heart of the ages like the ideal beatitude, "Happy the poor," and no life is so perfect a poem as that of the poet who uttered them. He had not where to lay His head, and yet enriched the whole world by carrying it in His heart. He could not consecrate the yoke of oppression, nor pour out the fires of His love to burnish the manacles of tyranny; rather He would melt them and let the oppressed go free, as the Bard of all that is divine in love and hope and truth.

Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism and Romanism.*

FIRST CONFERENCE.

CATHOLICITY A CONTINENT OF CERTAINTY : PROTESTANTISM AN OCEAN OF CONJECTURE.

DELIVERED BY THE **Rev. F. C. Ewer, S.T.D.**, IN NEWARK, N. J., AT THE REQUEST OF LEADING EPISCOPAL LAYMEN OF THAT CITY.

GENTLEMEN—The most solemn question a man can put to himself is, What is Truth? We are somewhere in a universe of complicated fact and intricate phenomena; but where? We exist now; but where along the flow of the eternal is that “now” set? In this universe, whose bounds we know not, complexity pervades every part; beginning within us, extending without us—beneath to the nadir, above to the zenith, and all around; complexity stretching away behind the farthest stars, coming up to us from an eternity behind, and going on to an eternity before us. God immanent throughout this vast and intricate scene, and all of its facts and phenomena moving with perfect harmony everywhere and forever, because guided by His single will. All, do I say? All but man and demons. Set in this scene, to act in discord with its laws and complex movement, is misery, disaster and death. To move in accordance with the All is peace, success, life. Now, to have the order of ideas within correspond with the order of fact and phenomena without is to have within us the Truth; this, therefore, is to have the means of life. To have the order of ideas within not correspond with the order of phenomena without—this is error, and acting on it is disaster, misery, death.

You have come up here not to consider the correspondence between the order of ideas within and the order of all fact and phenomena without. Scientific, political, financial, artistic fact and phenomena you care not for; for this world passeth away. No, the correspondence you wish is that between the order of ideas within and the order of those unseen facts and phenomena that lie beyond the limits of the natural and below the horizon of time. What is Truth there? Your question is a question, then, of life or death. Great God, it is no time for rhetoric. We have to live but once; we have to die but once. How shall we live right? How shall we die right? Once only can we shape our course for eternity. It is according to error or ac-

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cording to truth. It is either to sail into correspondence everlasting with the complex facts and phenomena of the eternal and the supernatural, or to sail into a miserable discord with them; it is either, then, unto life, or unto that whose only fitting name is death. For an extraneous particle, caught in a vast machine, and out of harmony with its movements, is but crushed and ground by the resistless, ceaseless action of that in which it is set. God, time, eternity, and all that fills them—this is the vast machine in which you are set. You have come up here, therefore, to ask, What is Truth? to seek to bring the order of your ideas into correspondence with the order of supernatural fact and movement, external to yourselves, unalterable and eternal. But a question is “an hunger.” For who would ask for what he already has? Three hundred years ago Luther and Calvin announced that they had the Truth. But the stormy seas of private judgment and of human criticism upon which they launched it, and the detective solvents of inexorable logic which they challenged, have been too much for it. Calvin cannot answer Channing; Channing cannot answer Parker; Parker cannot answer Frothingham. Lapsing time, too, hath brought its strain upon it; lapsing time, which is the Divine criticism on all systems, hath confronted it with unexpected situations, hath stretched it upon new problems for which in its human infirmity it had not foreprovided; and, lo! it is rent and gone to pieces. After 300 years you behold it a miserable raft, its fragments floating apart like the mere flying rack of the heavens. And you behold poor remnants only of the great nations clinging to its parted and broken logs, and earnest thinking men at their wits’ end to know what is Truth. It is a question of the preservation of Christianity on earth.

Let me pause here a moment. How is it that I am summoned here by citizens of widely variant views? What has happened in the last ten years? The world does not stop. Truth may be drowned by the cries of ridicule; but the hearts of the silent people who are watching it are ever loyal to it, even in its degradation on Calvary; and there is no device yet discovered that shall transubstantiate, in their eyes, either ridicule or prejudice into argument. In 1868 the solemn Indictment against Protestantism, drawn up in the fear of God and in behalf of dying souls, and uttered from Christ Church, Murray Hill, was met not by argument, but only by a gale of holy malediction and impotent scorn. But those who felt with the penman of that Indictment have bided their time. For there is no device yet discovered that can prolong the life of an excitement and save it from sinking into a calm when the quiet voice of argument shall again be heard. I look around, and, lo, ten years have wrought a change. In St. Louis, in Wis

consin, East and West, the challenge to Protestantism is taken up again and begins to swell. And here in 1878 I call you to mark the pregnant fact, that as that Indictment was not in a single instance answered in 1868, so it has not been answered since. And here, as a priest of God Almighty's Catholic Church, I call again from these steps of His holy Altar for an answer to that Indictment, if it can be given.

If any one claims again that steamboats and cotton mills are Protestantism, one can only say that again the claim calls for no notice. Protestantism a failure? Why, look at your lucifer matches, your locomotives and suspension bridges! And one, gazing with sad eye upon the five points of Calvinism, upon the Lutheran dogma of justification by faith, upon the rule of private Scriptural interpretation, upon absolute predestination, effectual grace, final perseverance and infant damnation, looked away from Protestantism as he was bidden, and observed the patent reapers and sewing machines, and failed to see the connection. No one ever charged the inventive faculty of man with being a failure when acting in the natural realm. It was the inventive faculty of fallible man operating in the supernatural realm, and substituting there a human for a Divine contrivance of salvation that had failed.

To say nothing of the specifications in those eight discourses, what were two of the main counts in the Indictment? First, that whereas, 250 years ago, the Protestant religious dogmas held captive to themselves great thoughtful peoples of the Germanic, the Swiss and the Anglo-Saxon man, those dogmas had failed to retain the hold they once had, and have, to an overwhelming extent, lost at last the intellect of those peoples; and that, while 250 years ago Protestantism held the masses as well as the intellect of those peoples, it has failed to hold and has lost those masses as well as the intellect; that Protestantism, as a form of Christianity, stands to-day breast-deep in torrents of skepticism which itself hath let loose, which are deepening around it, and in which it is drowning; and that it stands there to-day aghast and incompetent. This was one count in the Indictment. Gentlemen, you have seen that it has not been denied. A second count was that the fundamental religious premises of Protestantism were essentially anti-Christian, and must end, by inexorable logic, in infidel conclusions; that if Calvin's and Luther's and Zwingli's premises were to be accepted, then Channing's conclusions were nearer right by logic than Cromwell's, and Theodore Parker's nearer right than Channing's, and Frothingham's and Adler's the rightest of all, and quite unanswerable by a Protestant; that when the Calvinists burned Servetus at the stake, they burned Calvin's own brain-child. It was claimed that if this logical aspect of Protestantism was correct, it ought to have shown itself finally in

practical historical results. And the charge was made that what thus ought to have followed logically, had actually followed historically, and was patent to all in the comparatively empty churches and the widespread skepticism of thoughtful Germany, America and Switzerland. This was another count.

I reiterate: with all that was said ten years ago on the subject, in sermon, newspaper and magazine, not then did any one, not at any time since has any one come candidly up and grappled with these two main counts in the Indictment. Can they be met and answered? If so, why have several editions of the volume containing the Indictment been allowed to be read openly or secretly (for the volume was forthwith placed on the Index Expurgatorius of Protestantism) and to work like leaven in the community for ten years? If they cannot be answered, it is not strange that earnest-minded citizens should arise and ask, What is Truth?

To resume; those who say to the world, "We have the eternal truth," speak, of course, with authority; and that authority must be one of two things, either baseless or founded on a rock. Protestantism cried, "We have the Truth," and nations listened. What strange thing do you at once behold as the nations clustered to the chair of Protestantism? I will tell you. The tones of Protestantism to the world were the tones of authority. It summoned the people to itself to instruct them. And yet it asserts its own fallibility. Every religion which does not claim at least for itself infallibility convicts itself by that fact that it is liable to lead men astray in that solemn concern which, fixed but once, knows no cure. Behold, then, this amazing event—the dying nations flying for the eternal truth to a system that proclaims its liability to plunge them into error. For such a system to teach in the name of a God, whose truth is one, fixed and eternal, and whose ways alter not, nor conflict with each other, is the consummation of the absurd. No, gentlemen, as Jesus Christ was the only human being who dared to call himself God, so Catholicity is the only Christian body that dares to call itself infallible; that dares to begin its discourses, to give its truth, to pronounce its judgments and to pardon sin, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The Sovereign Lord God hath Himself prepared a remedy for Protestantism; and that remedy is the anarchy with which it rends its own domain in a sublime suicide. And so it lies writhing under the human and dying under the Divine criticism.

Out of the sixteenth century, then, there sounded the cry, "We have the Truth." We have listened to that cry and have seen what has come of it. It was a cry of mere human voices.

On the 18th of July, 1870, that cry sounded again to the

world. It arose, not from the plains of Saxony, not from the lakes of Switzerland, but from beneath the shadow of the Apennines. This time it was in the singular number: "I alone have the Truth." All mankind are bid to note that an august Prelate, when speaking from his throne as doctor, and instructing the world in faith or morals, is infallible. But, nevertheless, gentlemen, you have heard that second cry, and have turned your ear away from the Vatican. And do I do other than speak your thoughts aloud when I give the reason why?

If we are to yield our own ideas and accept, without arguing, what is told us as the truth, we must first of all be convinced that we have reached the fountain from which only eternal truth flows. In short, reason is truly called by Catholicity "the prelude of faith." Why, then, is it that since the 18th of July, 1870, we are all to believe that the Pope is infallible? Prior to that date the world did not believe it; voices which spoke from high places in even the Roman Catholic hierarchy itself "had declared that this doctrine of Papal Infallibility was not and could not become an article of Catholic faith. Not only had the once powerful school of Gallican divines emphatically repudiated it; not only had Roman Catholic bishops and clergy in Ireland, not very many years back, put on formal record their denial of it; not only had such an approved manual as Keenan's Controversial Catechism declared it to be no article of Catholic belief, and affirmed that no Papal decision could bind, under pain of heresy, unless received and prescribed by the teaching body of the Church; but many European bishops had, in recent times, distinctly denied it to be a part of Catholic doctrine, and American bishops, just before the Council and during the Council, had expressed their conviction that it was out of harmony with both Scripture and tradition, and that it contradicted the history of the Church as a teaching power."

And yet on and after the 18th day of July, 1870, we are told that the 170,000,000 of Roman Catholics accepted the Papal Infallibility. Something must then have happened on that 18th day of July eight years ago as a reason why the world is called on to believe the Pope to be infallible. What happened? A solemn dogmatic decree was promulgated. That was all. Who promulgated it? It was the Pope himself, the Patriarchal Council approving. Ah, then the decree rests upon two supports, the Pope and the Council. Let us examine each support. And first the Council. The Council, as one of the supports of the decree, was either fallible or infallible. If it was fallible, then, for all we know, it may have made a mistake when it announced the Papal infallibility. But if, on the other hand, it was infallible, then, by asserting something else and not itself to be infallible, it has infallibly pronounced its own fallibility. Indeed, the decree itself declares the Council to be falli-

ble; for it says: "The definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of themselves, *and not in virtue of the consent of the Church*, irreformable." If, then, the Council, by its own admission and by the Pope's assertion, is liable to error, we have no guarantee whatever that it spoke the truth when it taught that the Pope was infallible. Thus, either way, one of the two supports on which the decree rests—namely, the Patriarchal Council—proves utterly rotten and worthless.

Reason is the prelude of faith. Let us pass, then, to the other support on which the decree rests—namely, the assertion of the Pope himself. Prior to the 18th day of July, 1870, the question to be decided was whether or not the Pope was infallible. On the 18th day of July the Pope himself settles the doubtful question. How? Why, by simply declaring that he is infallible. Is this logic? "I am infallible." Why? "Because I am infallible." Behold here, gentlemen, born in the womb of an occasion most illustrious, and issuing from a gathering which, for stateliness, robed splendor and solemnity, has rarely had its equal, this flagrant instance of the fallacy known as "Begging the very question at issue"; an instance which is perhaps the sublimest in its presumption and the most absurd in its simplicity that the world ever stood amazed at.

There are people in this world thoughtless and discourteous enough to say that the feminine mind has some peculiar notions of its own touching logic; that if you ask why a certain thing is so, a reason, entirely satisfactory at any rate to itself, is, "Because." One is reminded, *mutatis mutandis*, of what the able critic of *The Church Times* said of Cardinal Manning. One "does not know whether such ungallant suggestion be well founded or not in the case of women; probably not. But it applies with singular force" to the promulgator of the above decree.

What connection there may be between the angry portents of heaven and the deeds of man in the moral and intellectual realms, who shall say? That the former are rolled out of the physical realm coincidentally with the occurrence of the latter in the moral realm by that God Who holdeth and guideth both realms as one by His one will and power, may be too much for science to fathom, but not too much for faith to receive. At any rate we know what God hath said: "And there shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars; . . . for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." At any rate you have seen Melchior, Gasper and Balthasar guided to the spot where the young Child lay; and, at any rate, we know that darkness came at noon-day, while the Jews were accomplishing their purpose.

When, on the 18th day of July, 1870, the aged man, crowned with the tiara, arose with great form and pomp from his throne

in the Vatican Basilica, and made the awful déclaration to the universe, "I alone have the Truth," above the dome of that Basilica without there had already gathered out of the reservoirs of the air a storm, which those who saw it describe as almost unequaled in blackness and turmoil and terror. And as the poor, feeble human voice lifted itself from earth it spoke into the deepest gloom, and was instantly answered from heaven by angry flashes of the most blinding lightning and peal on peal of sudden thunder, as though in a Divine derision to drown the Pontiff's awful words

From the University of Wittenberg and from the lake-shores of Geneva and Zurich we heard the cry, "We have the Truth." But it was only the cry of human voices, claiming no infallibility. Again from the banks of the Tiber it arose, "I have the Truth." But it was again the sound of a poor human voice only; a voice claiming indeed infallibility, but the claim based on supports both of which crumble to dust at the touch. And so you have turned your ear away from the Vatican.

But a question is not only "an hunger," it is also "a hope." For who would ask for what he despairs of ever having? And so you have come up here with the great question on your lips. Have you seriously asked yourselves why you have come up here? Is it—since you cannot rely upon having the truth from Rome, from Geneva, from Wittenberg—in order to sit at the feet of another mere man and be instructed in new dogmas of grace, justification and salvation, which he, too, has excogitated and deems correct? No, gentlemen, you have not placed me in so absurd an attitude. You announce that you have already had enough of the mere fallible human voice crying to you, "Put your trust in me."

There is a second explanation, then, of your presence here; and does this account for it? Having, namely, in your minds the various statements touching grace, justification, the atonement and salvation, which men have propounded as the Truth, do you come here for still another theory, an articulated, dogmatic statement, in order that you may sit as judges, weighing the new with the old, and decide which is the most Biblical and probable, or select parts from all and form another theory to suit yourselves and perhaps to announce to the world? But this would be merely using me for new material, and then falling back on yourselves for the Truth; while there is that within you which, in its hunger cries, I have not the Truth to give, nor power to summon it forth, nor reagents to test it. No, gentlemen, in coming up here, as you have not placed me in a mortifying position, neither have you placed yourselves in so absurd an attitude.

There is only one more explanation. You will neither trust me nor yourselves. Ah, then, gentlemen, you seek no less than

the Divine voice to give you the Truth. But do you expect to hear the Divine voice speaking the Truth to you through me to-night? No. For we accept the Divine voice without arguing; and you have come here to consider, to weigh, to reason. To consider what? Reason is the prelude of faith; and you have come up here to reason within yourselves and to consider whether there be anywhere on earth any channel of the Divine voice, any audible source of infallible Truth, and if so, where you are to find it. For such and such only will neither deceive nor fail you; with such and such only will you be satisfied; before the presence of such and such only will you be at rest. Then, having accepted without arguing, the Truth from a source that will not deceive us, we may afterward reverently examine and admire its pearls and rubies, and compare them with the diamonds of glass and the emeralds of paste.

If there be on earth the audible Divine voice, where shall we go to find and listen to it? This is the question of to-night. It is very difficult to disengage one's self from the influences of education and from long habits of thought. Ideas and prejudices which we have gained in our childhood, youth and early manhood from our parents, from the Bible, from the atmosphere of Christianity around us, root themselves into us until they become almost a part of the very fabric of our minds. And yet I am going to ask you to join with me in the difficult task of utterly disengaging yourselves for a brief while from all notions of religion, from all impressions of every name and nature touching even God, which you have had all your lives, and touching the future life, revelation, Christ or salvation. I ask you provisionally to wipe them all out. They may all return upon you when I have gotten through; but for the nonce let us put them all away in order that we may come with virgin minds to a certain pathway where I wish to take you. In that one pathway at least we wish no disturbing elements, no shadowy forms of previous notions and prejudices beckoning us hither and yon, as we cautiously move on. Then we shall be all alike as we enter. It is a pathway of very simple reasoning; and I beg each one of you to examine carefully every single link in the chain from first to last.

Why is it necessary for me to ask you away from all your previous impressions into this pathway at all? It is because we are, with our different educations and religious influences, all in confusion; and I desire that we go back and start even, and all over again, without a Bible, without a Christ, without a Church, without Sacraments, without any religious notions—and see where we shall come out. It will at least be interesting, and an amusement, to try the experiment, even though nothing else come of it.

Let me say, in the first place, then, that as we stand surround-

ed by the innumerable sects and forms of Christianity, the plain man is utterly bewildered with the conflicting voices. He thinks there are a thousand and one questions which he must carefully and painfully settle if he would get out of the maze and reach the truth. No, gentlemen, this is a mistake. Numerous as the forms of Christianity are, and certainly their name is legion, they fall as inevitably and infallibly apart into classes, orders, genera and species, as do the innumerable flowers of the vegetable kingdom. Settle three questions and your trouble is gone. The first two are not difficult or complex questions either. And it is up to them that I would bring you face to face to-night.

Now all chains of reasoning must hang upon staples. It is impossible to conceive of a chain of reasoning extending back infinitely into the past and hanging nowhere. In mathematics, reasoning starts from axioms. I start then with certain axioms, which I ask you to admit without proof. I ask you to admit: (1) That there is a God; (2) That that God is a perfect God of love; (3) That we each of us exist; and (4) That our senses give us tolerably accurate intelligence of that by which we are surrounded. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that we all admit that God is a perfect God of love; for that is of importance. Indeed, Voltaire himself once said, that even if there was no God, it would be necessary to invent one. If you do not admit this, then I have nothing further to say. If you do admit it, then I go on; and let us see where we shall come out. I do not ask any of you to take a single step where you cannot follow; but having taken any step, I simply ask you, in this course of Conferences, not to go back.

We all start even, and therefore I will take some one of us, not as a guide, but as a specimen for each of the rest; and let that one be myself.

I exist, then. And looking round about me, I find myself in a vast temple. Above me is its mighty dome; spread out beneath me is its vast floor. It is the Temple of Nature. How did I get here? (Remember, we have wiped out all our previous religious impressions.) How did I get here? I know not. I only know that I entered it through the gateway of birth, and that I shall go out of it through the gateway of death. Within this Temple of Nature I find innumerable objects and physical, mental and moral laws operating. I can observe and group its facts, form theories, test my theories by experiment, ascertain its laws, and come to fixed and certain conclusions, in which I can rest and on which I can act. For I have senses which place me in connection with all around me, and enable me to be intelligent concerning the abode within which I am enclosed. I know that I shall exist here but a few years, and then

I shall go out of this temple through the doorway of death. Whither shall I go? I cannot see beyond, and I do not know. I can follow a fellow-man up to death, but the moment he has passed away my faintest whisper, my loudest cry does not reach him. He is gone from me as completely as though he had been suddenly annihilated. I stand and rap at the door of death; what is there beyond? I listen; there is no reply. Is there an existence beyond and outside of this Temple of Nature? If so, will my existence be eternal or not? Are there rocks and dangers there for me to escape? What are the beings that live in the realm of super-nature? Are there invisible facts and phenomena and laws that prevail here in the super-natural? I know not. How then am I to know the Truth with regard to them that I may so shape my course here as to enter upon a successful existence there? I know not. I am completely cut off from them by the walls of nature. I cannot see them through those walls; I cannot hear their sound and movement. If I form theories about them, I cannot bring those theories to the test of experiment; and so I am totally cut off from ascertaining whether my theories are true or not. How then am I to act here with certainty? Standing at the door of death, I can, indeed, conjecture concerning those facts, phenomena, laws and requirements in which I may be living now and into which I am to plunge; I can conjecture about all unseen supernatural; about the law of the forgiveness of sins, and justification, and the means of salvation. And so, too, can another man conjecture. And his mere guess, though it contradict mine in every particular, is as good as mine, for both our guesses are mere guesses, and are really worth, so far as certainty is concerned, just nothing at all. Why sow seed in cloud-land? Why waste time? Let me turn back then from the door at which I am standing to this Temple of Nature, where there is something positive; where, if I form a natural theory, I can test it by natural fact and come to some settled and positive conclusion. As for supernatural fact and law and process, we, shut up as we are in this Temple of Nature, are all by nature drowning in an ocean of mere fruitless conjecture and guesswork.

And yet, if I am to live eternally in the realms of the supernatural and among its phenomena and laws, if its laws play here unknown to and unseen by me, and have a bearing upon me, then, that I should have no guesswork, that I should be able to bring the order of my ideas within into harmony with the order of those supernatural facts, phenomena and laws, that I should have no less than the positive and infallible truth concerning them, this, to me, is of the vastest importance. It were the most exquisite cruelty to shut me in here and leave me drowning in an ocean of mere conjecture about

eternity and its laws and requirements. My danger of unending disaster is enormous; for truth is one, like the centre of a circle, while the possibility of variation from it and of error is infinite like the radii that point in every direction. This, then, is my situation by nature.

Now, just here, gentlemen, I call you to take the first step along the pathway with me. It is this: God is love; I have admitted that. Therefore there is no escape from the logical conclusion that He *cannot* leave me in my miserable plight of fruitless guesswork. He cannot leave me in my awful position of drowning in an ocean of mere conjecture and incertitude about topics concerning which it is of the vastest importance that I should have knowledge no less than exactly true, for anything short of infallibility itself in the matter leaves me still in uncertainty and danger. I can run no risk whatever where the stake is so fearful, because eternal. God is love; and the first conclusion is, He must and has done something to help me. And, furthermore, it must be that in helping me He will do so effectually, *i. e.*, He will make no mistake. He is not going to attempt to help me and cheat me by leaving me worse off than before. For He is perfect and knows what the real help will be, and all-powerful and able therefore to effect it, or He is not God at all. Being God, then, and infinite love, He must, can and has helped me, and has somehow helped me effectually.

Is there any flaw in this first link? I cannot see any; and I seem to hear you say, "No; go on."

Very well—the next point is *how* has He helped me? Gentlemen, there are only three ways possible and only three ways thinkable. One is so to place me that I can help myself; the second is to allow some one else to help me; the third is to help me Himself. If He has not done the first, then He must have done one of the other two. If He has not done the second, then there is no escape for me; for He must have done the third.

First: He could take me temporarily out of this Temple of Nature, give me such new senses as would put me *en rapport* with the invisible facts and phenomena of grace and the supernatural, leave me to ascertain of myself its laws just as I ascertain here the laws of nature; and then, when I am equipped with the knowledge of the truth, put me back into this temple and leave me here to live aright and to die aright. But I know He has not done this. Therefore He must have adopted one of the two other only thinkable ways. If, then, He has not enabled me to help myself, He must, secondly, have sent some one else to help me; or, thirdly, He must have helped me by breaking through the dome of nature, coming in to me Himself, and so placing Himself *en rapport* with me as to communicate with me intelligibly to myself.

Here, then, our pathway forks. And here at this point you are face to face with your first great question. How will you decide it? Which way will you take as you go on? To the left or straight ahead? If you decide that He sent some one else, you are a Unitarian. If you decide that He came Himself, you are a Trinitarian.

But I am not here addressing Unitarians. I am addressing those whose God is not the god of Cicero and of Mohammed. It was long since decided and admirably set forth by the great French Dominican that there are only three possible religions, viz.: one whose postulate is, "Man is God"; a second whose postulate is, "God is God"; and a third whose postulate is, "God is Man." The first is the religion of Polytheism; the second is the religion of Mohammedanism; the third is Christianity. Christianity declares that God has become Man, and so communicates with us directly. Mohammedanism says this is impossible; God remains and is only God, and His communication with man is only through a prophet—through a second cause, through a creature. This also is the fundamental postulate of Unitarianism; therefore Unitarianism is a European variety of the second form of religion, or Mohammedanism, agreeing with it in its mighty fundamental postulate, "God is God," but simply varying that mighty statement into "Allah il Allah, and Christ is His prophet." But I am addressing, I say, those whose God is the God of St. John, of St. Augustine, of Luther, of Cranmer and of Wesley. It is unnecessary, therefore, for me to enter fully into the question whether, in helping us, God sent some one else. It is only necessary to say that if He sent some one else, then He has made the mistake of attempting to help us out of our conjectures, and failing to do so. For it is a patent fact that the Unitarians are left conjecturing as to what is Truth? and what is God? and what are His ways? and what is Christ? as badly as ever. Semi-Arians against the Arians, Arians against the Socinians, Channing against Parker, Bellows against Frothingham. As, therefore, on the theory that some one else was sent, we are plunged into the absurdity of supposing that an all-powerful and all-perfect God of Love tried and failed to help us, that a perfect God is, therefore, imperfect, and a loving God either incompetent or unloving, we are forced to reject the second of the three ways of helping us.

There is but one more thinkable way. He must, then, have adopted that. There is no escape for us; we must move straight along our path with the settled and permanent conclusion that God broke through the dome of nature and came in among us Himself.

I am not only driven helplessly to this conclusion, gentlemen, by logic, by the absolute necessities of my case and by

the attributes of God, but I am confirmed in it, moreover, by the fact that here before me, in this very Temple of Nature, there is an extraordinary book, which, whatever I may say of it, I know as a historic fact, foretold long before the extraordinary Being came whom they call the God-man, that, sooner or later, no less than God should come, as the desire of all nations, and be "with us," that He should be born of a virgin and that His name should be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

It must be God, too, for I must have nothing less than certainty as to supernatural truth and the laws of His Grace. And certainty demands infallibility. All creatures, even the highest, are finite; they fall short of omniscience itself. For if the being be less than omniscient he may innocently lead me astray through ignorance. I am driven helplessly to admit, then, that God has come to help us.

I pass on, then; but, lo, I come suddenly to a spot where the path forks again. We must pause again. Gentlemen, you are brought here face to face with your second great question. For God, having once come in a visible form, having so come that He can be touched by us, and can speak to us audibly through an organic form of human matter, one of two things must have happened subsequently. There are only two things possible to have happened; only two things thinkable. They are these, namely: He must either have so gone away again as not afterward to be visible, tangible and audible through a one organic form of humanity on earth, or He must have remained with us, visible, tangible and audible through a one organic form of humanity on earth. There is no *tertium quid*. There is your second great question. If you decide for the first alternative, then you are a Protestant. If you decide for the second, that God has still remained, and will to the end of time remain, in a one, undying, ever-fresh, amazing, organic, visible, audible, tangible and recognizable body of human matter, known as the Body Mystical of God on earth, out into which His Body Natural has without break or fissure expanded, then you are a Catholic. Whether you are of the Anglican, Roman or Greek part is a subsequent question; but you are a Catholic.

What is the relationship, then, between Protestantism and Catholicity? As we stand here where the path forks a second time, shall we take off to the left into the Protestant by-path, or shall we go straight on? Let us see.

"Oh, yes," says Protestantism; "God came 1,800 years ago to place Himself physically *en rapport* with us; He stayed thirty-three years; and then He went away, and is no longer on earth, visible and tangible in any one organic speaking body of human matter. But when He thus went away He left behind Him, for our certainty in matters of doctrinal truth, grace

and salvation, a Book. Behold this our sublime Bible. It is with this that we are *en rapport* since He left; and then He sends His influence from heaven, which in some recondite, spiritual and transcendental sense, helps each of us to find the truth as we apply ourselves to this, His precious legacy."

Certainly, I reply, this is an intelligible theory, and commands my respect. But I am to decide which way I am to go. Permit me to ask of you, then, What is the supernatural truth touching punishment hereafter? "Some of us who accept the 'Bible only,' claim that it is eternal, and others hold that it is not." Touching the necessity of Baptism and the Sacraments generally? "Some of us hold that they are necessary, and others that they are quite unnecessary." Touching the number of the Sacraments? "Well, some of us claim that they are ordinances only, and not Sacraments at all; so that some claim that out of the seven there are only two, and others that there are none at all." Touching the atoning Cross? "Some of us claim that Its effect was universal; others that Its effect was particular only." But, touching Its necessity for salvation at all? "Well, some of us that accept the 'Bible only' claim that It is necessary, and others that It is not." Touching the necessity of a good life? "Well, there are some that claim it to be necessary to have wrought at least one hour, from the eleventh to the twelfth, for the penny of eternal life; others that the work of salvation is all completed if one, as the clock of life is striking twelve, utters the all-powerful and magical sentence 'I apprehend the Cross.'" Touching hereafter? "Some claim that there is only an eternal Heaven and an eternal Hell; others that besides these there is an intermediate temporal state of waiting; and still others, there is no Hell at all." Touching Satan? "Some of us think there is such a being, others deny it." Touching God Himself? "Well, we are not agreed; some of us that accept the 'Bible only' hold that God is a Trinity; others that The Father alone is God, 'and so on to the end of the chapter.

But if God came and thus went away and left only a Book and a vague influence, I do not see, O Protestantism, that we are very much helped. I do not see that we are not all still drowning in an ocean of mere conjecture as to what that Book says. I do not see that we are not all left still conjecturing touching the mightiest and most vastly important facts, phenomena and laws of grace and salvation. God, who He is; man, and what his state is; hereafter, here, and the supernatural generally, Nay, your Book, with which alone you say you have been left, hath only stimulated conjecture concerning these things a thousand-fold. Before, we knew it was all guesswork; now you are all busy at guesswork, and do not realize it. This is the worst of all. For before, we faced conjecture,

and knew what we faced—it was conjecture, unreliable, unverifiable. Now you face mere conjecture, and are all and severally cheating yourselves into thinking each his own is not conjecture at all.

By your theory, O Protestantism, a loving God flew to a world that was drowning in an ocean of conjecture, gave it a great hope of rescue, and then fled, leaving that behind Him which only hurled them back into a vaster, blacker and more tempestuous ocean of conjecture than ever. By your theory, O Protestantism, a loving God has done Satan's work! By your theory an omnipotent God has risen from His Throne to strive to do a work, and could not! By your theory an all-wise and perfect God has devised and executed a plan, which has miserably failed amid the laughter of Hell! Your recon-dite, spiritual, transcendental, vague influence from Heaven, to guide you into certain Truth—what has come of it?

I love you, O my relatives! I respect your sacred memories, O my forefathers! but your Protestant bypath, and the dark and inextricable swamps into which it leads—it is no way for me to tread. I must bid you farewell and go on to the uplands of Truth. Venerable is the past; but venerable are not its errors. They tell us that mediævalism is dead beyond resurrection. So it is. But the sixteenth century is just as dead, too. Begone, sheeted and stinking corpse! The nineteenth century hath come. We will live with the living, and not in tombs.

Gentlemen, I have led you up to the presence of your second great question. It was this: God, having come in a visible form, must have done one of two only things: either have departed or remained; and remained, too, not in the vague, spiritual, transcendental sense of a mere impalpable influence—for that we see is practically to have departed—but remained in a real, tangible, visible and organic form, through which He can and does speak audibly to the world. These are the only thinkable alternatives. If He departed and left a book only, then we are Protestants. If He remained, "God with us," then we are Catholics. But we cannot adopt this position that He departed bodily without being driven by logic to deny our axiom that God is a perfect, all-powerful and loving God; without being driven to the position that He is a God who strove to do what He could not; a God devising a plan that failed; a God wishing to help us, but powerless; a loving God giving us a hope, but cheating us, and leaving us worse off than before. We are driven helplessly, then, on to the other alternative, namely, that having come in a speaking body of human matter, He remains in a speaking body, an organic form of human matter. And we find this one organic form, the human part of the God-man to-day on earth, in His Body Mystical,

out into which His Body Natural of Palestine has, **without** break or fissure, gradually expanded over the earth, as human beings, plucked like branches from the root of the first Adam, have, out of all generations, been grafted into unity with It by Baptism, and as His one Body and Blood, passing through the Eucharist equally into all the branches, have incorporated them into Himself.

He is still the God-man on earth. He perpetually incarnates Himself. He is still "with us," taking human nature to Himself and abiding in a one visible Form of matter. That Form is the Catholic Church. It is not a mere society of men; it is the one organic Body Mystical of Christ. By It and through It and Its marvelous arms and limbs, He literally touches us that His graces may flow through His touch. In It as Its living soul, and through It, He speaks to us audibly, that we may be certified we have the truth.

We are not cheated. We still have, by logic, by the necessities of our case, by the sanction of the Divine attributes, and in actual, historic and present existence, the Omniscient God on earth, remaining among us, according to the promise He made at a moment when, otherwise, we would have thought He was departing—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In Him, in this God embodied in the one Church, in this God continuously visible and audible, therefore, behold, gentlemen, the Fountain of infallibility which you seek; for God Himself cannot err nor falsify. And as the one Holy Catholic Church in all Its parts, His own body, raises Its voice and chants in unison round and round the world, in unbroken strain, following the tireless sun through the centuries and the millenniums, the solemn Catholic Creed of Nice, Constantinople, and Athanasius, listen: it is the voice of God on earth, Who chanted the great prophetic psalm, "Deus, Deus," from the Cross, chanting aloud that all the peoples in all time may hear, and be **without excuse, the unaltering, irreformable Truth.**

SECOND CONFERENCE.

CATHOLICITY A LIFE AND AN ORGANIZER; PROTESTANTISM A DISORGANIZER AND A DEATH.

GENTLEMEN—St. Thomas, of Aquinas, defines life as a spontaneous motion. It is something more than this. It is a mysterious principle pervading the universe, which possesses a centralizing force. It organizes and harmonizes. It sustains in existence the organic form which it has constructed. It is the mother of order and beauty. It builds the crystalline forms with their glittering angles; it works out for itself, and then produces the rustic tracery of the tree; it frames and holds together the bird, the beast and man; it constructs the family, the State, the Church; its fountain is God, and its sanction is, "Thou shalt do no murder." On the other hand, death is a disorganizer. It is a despoiler of beauty. On its anvil it smites the diamond into powder; it lays the tree low; it slays bird and beast and man; it sends hate, divorce and orphanage into the family, feuds into the State, schism into the Church; its fountain is in hell, and its fiat is: "That which is shall not be; that which is gathering into unity shall be scattered into severalty; that which is organizing shall be decomposed." Life, then, is the love of beauty and of order; death their foe and destroyer.

It is my privilege, gentlemen, at this conference to present Catholicity to you as a life and as an organizer; and it will follow that the fountain whence She springs is God, and not Satan.

What was it that this life, issuing from the bosom of God, went forth to organize and to compact? What was it that was to be gathered together out of its severalty into unity? It was the human race; which, when it fell away from God, went into pieces and lay upon earth disintegrated and dying. It fell from Him Who was not only the life, but Who was also love. Cut off from Charity, therefore, selfishness, hates, envies and angers were the mutually repellant force in its bosom, sundering its individuals apart from each other, its families and its States.

The life which we call Catholicity goes forth into these ruins as an organizing and integrating force to build a structure of order and beauty. What was its cohesive operation as it thus went forth; and what the marvelous structure it erects and sustains? It formed an organism in which are four great couplings or unifications. The first of these unifications had, indeed, existed in the eternity of the past—namely, the unity

of the Father and the Son in the archetypal, interior structure of God; the second and the third of the great couplings take place during the scene of time present; in order to carry the fourth, final and permanent unity, namely, of human beings with Christ, through the eternity of the future. Go back with me, then, to the first, and behold this living force of Catholicity going forth to its great integrating, organizing and centralizing work among the poor fragments with which it has to deal. Behold the unifications which it successively effects as it proceeds in its benign work.

1st. From all past eternity the Father and the Son in God have been of One Substance. If the Father is God, the Son is God of God; if the Father is Light, the Son is Light out of Light; and as the Father is Life, the Son is Life of Life: *i. e.*, life flows out of the Father, Who is its fountain in God, and so fills the Son that the Son can come to the earth with the great statement, "I am the Life." Here, then, we have the first unification; in God from all past eternity the Father and the Son are One. It is in the Trinity and the entire unity of Its Persons that we have the hope and the prophecy of human reintegration. For, secondly, God the Son descended into the Temple of Nature, took manhood to Himself in the womb of the Virgin, was born and stood among us the God-man. Here we have the second great unification effected; Christ's Manhood, namely, so entirely one with His Godhead that the life, which from all past eternity He had from the Father, now flowed from His Godhead into and filled His Manhood.

3d. The third great unity in the successive steps was the oneness between Christ's Man's Nature and His Church. A union, as we saw at our last conference, without break or fissure between them. Indeed, Scripture exhausts all metaphor in the effort to make us realize the consummate integrity of this third great unification. The oneness of man and wife, though they be declared by God to be one only flesh, is not sufficient. The oneness of the head and human body, though "from the head all the body is by joints and bands knit together," is not sufficient. If we are the branches, He is not the stock, but the whole vine. Indeed, the Church is so one with Him that it is called by His name, Jesus Christ.

4th. There is but one more unification, the fourth, which completes the vast constructive work. In it the poor broken fragments are reintegrated into this structure, organized, harmonized and sustained: namely, the unity effected by the Holy Ghost in Baptism between each separated individual of the race and this one Catholic Church.

Behold, then, gentlemen, the kindly, loving, reconstructive force of Catholic life at its work, gathering poor disintegrated humanity, one by one, through the fourth unification into one-

ness with its one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church—which was already one with the Manhood of Christ; which Manhood was, through the second unification, already one with the Godhead of Christ; which Godhead, through the first unification, was always one with God the Father in the eternity of the past. Behold how life, flowing with a unity of purpose through these living links, binds all together—Christians, Church, Christ and the Father, Who is the Fountain of Life—into a unique and sublime structure, and carries reintegrated humanity out of time present to sustain it in God through the eternity of the future. Behold, too, in all this, how the one Holy Catholic Church and Its Baptismal Sacrament are inseparable, indispensable and undying elements in the whole grand organism of life and unity. “Thou shalt not commit murder” is the sanction of the sacredness and pricelessness of that one visible Apostolic Church, and of its blessed life-giving Sacraments. To slay the Godhead of Christ and the Trinity and the Incarnation with the Arians, Socinus and Priestly; to slay the Church with Protestantism; to slay the Sacraments with Simeon and Chillingworth, is to break in upon this structure of unity and to slay God’s plan of salvation.

But, gentlemen, in all this, what have I been giving you? I have simply been giving you that plan of salvation, that Gospel in little, that solemn creed of Nice, Constantinople and Athanasius, which the three Communions, Anglican, Roman and Greek, of the One Catholic Church, which the three national types of Catholic man, Saxon, Latin and Oriental, hold in common and chant ceaselessly to the peoples as the sun goes round the world through the centuries; the Christian Creed, which that one tripartite Holy Catholic Church alone, too, holds. For Protestantism, which is the disintegrating, destructive, disorganizing and scattering element in Christianity, does not and cannot hold that Creed, or proclaim it to the nations. Do you ask why? Two reasons. Following its death-giving instincts, it rends that Creed apart, disintegrating it article from article, and then cheats the world by declaring of each and every separate article, “I believe it.” But the Creed, like all of Catholicity’s works, is organic and a unit; it is built up, a thing of life like a flower; article grows out of previous article, and opens out into the following, so that its articles cannot thus be sundered from each other or rearranged, any more than a flower can be torn apart, petal from petal, and sepal from stamen, and pistil from ovary, and remain a flower. Though you may have in your hand afterward all its parts, you have not the flower. For this holy and unalterable Creed of Catholicity expresses something as a whole over and above the sense of its separate articles, which is the very thing, the very Gospel, the very plan of salvation Protestantism will not admit, hates, and with mur-

derous instinct would slay. It makes necessary the four great unifications, and among them, as a part of the plan of salvation, the one great Catholic Church in its Saxon, Oriental and Latin sides; its Apostolic ministry, and its Sacrificial, Sacerdotal and Sacramental systems. Secondly: but I hear you say, gentlemen, surely Protestantism asserts that it believes in a Catholic Church. True; but what does it mean? It means, and it means avowedly, merely some vague, disintegrated nebula of all tolerably good folk, baptized and unbaptized, for it includes the Quakers and others. Nebula, do I say? A nebula is something we can see, at least with a telescope, and map out in its general shape, however hazy. But this indiscriminate muster of Protestantism retires when we look at it into the complete indistinctness and incertitude of a profound and permanent invisibility. Gentlemen, this is not the organic Catholic Church of the Creed. This is not to believe the Creed, but to believe something else of Protestantism's own invention. To believe the Creed is to believe what that Creed was written to mean, and what it always has meant from time immemorial. But to excogitate out of the profound depths of ingenuity a totally new and modern idea, and to cover that totally different and antagonistic idea with the garment of an ancient phrase, and then send the new idea forth, a mere wolf in sheep's clothing, is to act the part of the disingenuous, and to do the work of him whom the Saviour called "the liar from the beginning and the father of lies." The phrase "Holy Catholic Church" is a cover of definite shape that will fit only one receptacle, and it cannot be made by any manipulation to hold under itself and within its rims the innumerable suppositions of Protestantism sprawling off hither and yon at their own wild will. The lineaments of death and disorganization are unmistakable when brought side by side into contrast with the fair, fresh beauty of a life that organizes, harmonizes and sustains.

But life is not only an organizing and uniting force, it is also, as St. Thomas says, a spontaneous motion. Now "all motion" (I quote from another) "bears in its very essence the idea of a starting point, of a point to be reached, and of an effort to pass from the one to the other." If, then, Catholicity be a life and not a destroyer, if its fountain be in God and not in hell, then, as such life, it must exhibit not only this constructive force which I have shown, but also this element of motion and these peculiarities of motion—namely, a starting point, a point to be reached, and a flowing from the one to the other.

High up in far-away mountains there is a vast reservoir of water. From the end of that great lake its floods tumble in white cataract into a basin on a lower level, and form there a second enormous reservoir. From the opposite end of this second lake the waters tumble again into a third basin on a

still lower level. From the opposite end of this third basin they fall again into a fourth lake still further below. From the lower end of this fourth sheet of water they issue in innumerable radiating rills and streams over the level lowlands, filling them with verdure, with beauty and with fruits. You have here in these four lakes, one below the other, and the luxuriant plain spread out at their foot, an apt illustration of life and grace issuing as a motion from God the Father, and reaching at last by Mediation the lowlands of poor humanity, to turn them from a desert into a garden. Life and grace, which we all need in place of death and weakness, issue from God the Father, their original Fountain, and fall first into God the Son. They next fall into the Man's Nature of Jesus Christ. From this they descended on Pentecost into the great lake of the Catholic Church, filling its enormous basin; whence they issue finally and flow through the openings of the Sacraments into the many stream beds of human lives, and fill the world with the flowers of sanctity and the fruits of good works. God the Father is the starting point of this life. God the Son in His Catholic Church and through Its Sacraments is the mediatory receptacle from Whom this overflowing life and grace reach humanity which is the term of all.

In our last conference I conducted you up to Jesus Christ in His visible Catholic Church as its soul and life. It was here that you found, embodied on earth, Him who is Infallibility itself, because He is God. It is through this, His one visible, organic Body Mystical, inseparable from Himself, unless indeed you slay the God-man now on earth, that you heard Him chanting continuously the unalterable and irreformable truth. And that in which He chants aloud this truth to all the nations is the Catholic creed. What, then, is the creed? What is the infallible truth? In what I have said above, I repeat, I have been giving you simply that Catholic creed. For the creed is nothing less and nothing more than a history of the course which life and grace take from stage to stage, as they issue from God the Father, and passing through the God-head, and the Body Natural and Mystical of the Son, reach at last through Baptism human beings that need them. The creed is the Gospel in little; the good news unto men; the way of salvation. For the creed begins with: "*I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible.*" It begins then with the Father as the Fountain of all things; the Fountain, therefore, of the life and grace which we need after the fall. But it is the history, not of all things, but simply of the course of that grace. It passes next, therefore, and announces the reservoir into which life and grace first flow from the Father: "*And in one Lord Jesus Christ the only begotten Son of God;*" and it announces

the first unification; that, namely, between Father and Son, existing in the eternity of the past: *"Begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God; Light of Light; very God of very God; Begotten, not made; Being of one substance with the Father; By Whom all things were made."*

It then gives the next reservoir into which the life and grace flow and announces the second great unification—namely, God and man in Christ—*"Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man."* But human nature, before it could, even as it stood on earth in the person of Christ, receive and be filled with the very fullness of life and grace, must first undergo, even in Christ, a time of probation, of temptation, of trial. There are profound reasons for this, almost if not quite beyond the grasp of human ken, but which God Himself displays in furtive flashes out of that sublime passage beginning, "For it became Him for Whom are all things, and by Whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings," and ending with, "For in that He, Himself, hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." The Creed, therefore, goes on to give the process by which the Man's Nature of Christ was prepared through *"sufferings, crucifixion under Pontius Pilate, death and burial, to rise again the third day, and to ascend,"* not astronomically, but to ascend in the *highest moral and spiritual elevation, even into the condition and lofty spiritual companionship of the Most High,* "to receive there," in that moral and spiritual exaltation, "the gifts for men," and on Pentecost to pour those gifts forth from His Body Natural which had thus gained them, and fill with them His Body Mystical, the Church. Hence the Creed goes on to say, *"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father, and"* not from the Father only, but also from *"the Son; and I believe in the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."*

Here we strike the third great unification—the oneness, nay, the identity of the Church with the Man's Nature of Christ, even as it said, "The Church, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all;" and as it said again, "Ye are the Body of Christ and members in particular." Let us pause here a moment before we go on to the conclusion of the Creed.

You will remember that at the close of our last conference we were left forced into a certain conclusion. We were forced by logic, by the necessities of our case and by the attributes of God Himself, into the conclusion that God, having descended visibly into the Temple of Nature, having so come that He could touch and be touched by us, and that He could speak

to us audibly through an organic form of human matter, must have remained with us in a one visible form of human matter. This kind of remaining only, we found, would be an effectual relief. The other only thinkable suppositions left us worse off than ever. Besides, why should one small country, one brief generation, thus have the inestimable boon of His presence *en rapport* with itself, and not all nations and all subsequent time as well? Let us take up this subject, then, where we left it at the last conference, particularly as it relates to the spot in the creed at which we have arrived.

We having been forced into the conclusion that God must remain on earth *en rapport* with us, the problem here is, How was He thus to remain in a one organic body of human matter; a continuous body, too, that should be His own Body, still surrounding His Soul and Divinity, and in unbroken unity with Them? There are many reasons why, if the first or natural form of His Body had continued visible among us, it would not have satisfied the requirements of our case. For that first form and condition of His visible Body was local; it could stand on only one, contracted spot, while we need Him simultaneously in all nations, all round the world, in a Body that shall speak to us, forgive us our sins, touch us and feed us. To that first condition of His visible Body, which we call the Body Natural, a few thousand only could have clustered at one time; while we all, and all round the world, need to gather simultaneously to "God with us," at any time and at all times. The overwhelming majority of the human race, moreover, are sons of toil and could not have traveled to Him. Besides, there were something shocking in the supposition of that fair form upon whose bosom St. John leaned, continuing visible for centuries, descending to the wrinkled brow and thin silver locks of extreme old age, and lasting undying beyond even that in a decrepitude of millenniums which we know nothing of. This were the extreme of the unnatural. God never acts in a shocking or unnatural way; and such act were beneath the dignity of God. And yet logic, our necessities and the attributes of God have driven us to the only conclusion that God must remain on earth in His one organic Body; that He must so remain as not to shock us; that He must so remain that His Body shall be, however aged, yet ever fresh and youthful; ever one, yet everywhere simultaneously present throughout the world. Mighty problem! Who shall solve it? Not you, gentlemen, nor I, nor the wisest philosopher that ever lived. But what is thus beyond human ingenuity—what is quite impossible to men—is easy to God. For there are natural laws of growth and expansion, and there are supernatural laws of growth and expansion. The Divine voice had said in the ancient time that "The stone cut out without hands," the

Human, visible Nature of Christ, should "grow and become a great mountain and fill the whole earth." And the Divine ingenuity, in the fullness of time, found out a way by which His Body Natural could expand without break or fissure into His Body Mystical, the Catholic Church, and fill the whole earth. The Natural and the Mystical forms of His Body of human matter are but two consecutive visible conditions of that Body; the one local, the other universal; its natural condition disappearing on Olivet, only that the Mystical condition might thenceforward alone be visible and tangible on earth. Natural bodies expand from infancy to childhood, to youth, to manhood, by natural law; God's Human Body then continued ceaselessly to expand, but by supernatural law. Besides, at the very time when we would have supposed that, on Olivet, He was departing out of his condition of visibility among us, He took occasion solemnly to disabuse us of this error; to disclose to us that He was not; to say to us, "Lo, I am still with you, even unto the end of the world." Of course He had always been with us in His impalpable omnipresence. If He had meant to say that He would merely continue thus to be invisibly and inaudibly with us, a mere influence, He would have been uttering a needless truism. Nay, it was no such truism that He was guilty of. But what He impressed upon us was that as He had been *en rapport* with us, so He would continue to be until the end. The event at Olivet was a disappearance of the first and temporary condition of His visibility to make way for the second and lasting condition. He that first took our human nature, binding it to Himself in the womb of the Virgin, goes on taking our human nature to Himself till the number of the elect is made up. The Incarnation is a perpetual fact. What is the supernatural law, then, under which His own Personal Body continues to expand? It is this: human beings are baptized into Christ, according as it is said, "We are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones." Human beings, sprouting like so many separate branches from the poisoned root of Adam, are plucked thence by the Holy Ghost, and in Baptism grafted into the new tree, Christ, our bodies into His, our souls into His, our hopes, our imaginations, our passions, our reason into His; and so the Tree enlarges; so His Body visible expands; so "the Stone grows and becomes a great mountain and fills the whole earth;" according as it is said, "Ye are the Body of Christ and members in particular." Branch after branch being thus grafted into the Vine, Christ then sends forth through the Eucharist His one Body and Blood into all the branches simultaneously, and binds them up together into His own visible Catholic Body; according as it is said, "For we being many are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread." And so, since the Resurrection and until the end of time, it is life

that still playeth in His Body on earth. The Catholic life is among us; the life that centralizes, organizes, integrates, harmonizes, beautifies, builds and sustains that Body. No, no; death, that disorganizes, loosens and scatters, hath no part in It. It hath overcome death; and, lo, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against It."

Life is not only thus, gentlemen, the love of order, and of organism, and of unity, but it is also the love of freshness and of beauty. God Himself, who is the Life, must by the laws of His Being finish His works. He must adorn the meadows with flowers, the streams with rocks and cascades, the lakes with green islands, each billow with a white blossom atop, and the very night with diamonds. And life from God could not enter into and play within the great Catholic Body, without its breaking forth also, not only into the beauty of meekness and of purity and of all sanctity, but also into the wonders of fair religious statuary, paintings, architecture and music, the robed procession, the incense, the banner, the fringed canopy, the brilliant altar, and the fair pomp and form. It was that whose other name is Death, the destroyer, the foe of organism, of freshness and of beauty, that smote all this in the sixteenth century, and tramples the flowers to-day as the fecund life sends them forth once more to clothe the wide waste of desolation.

Here, then, we have, gentlemen, the infallible God in a Body on earth, even in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, as its soul. And because we say of a man that we see him when we look at his form, though his soul be invisible, so we all around the world, as they in Palestine, have the Infallible God still visible, tangible and audible among us; we see Him, we touch Him with reverent hand.

Now, His Body of human matter having thus grown out by supernatural law into so marvelous and everywhere present a structure, it follows, if He is to continue to apply Himself to the world through It, as He did in Palestine through His Natural Body, that It must have everywhere new and marvelous limbs and organs which He may stretch forth to poor humanity, and by which He may touch us, and teach us, and pardon us, and feed us. In Palestine, with the limbs of His Body Natural, He tenderly touched the white eye-balls of the blind and the silent ear-chambers of the deaf. He laid His loving hands on children, on the sick, on the sinner, and on bread and wine, that pardon, and blessing, and transformation, and all gifts and graces might flow from Him through His Body, and through even His garments, to those that were touched. What, then, are the new and marvelous limbs of this His marvelous supernatural Body? They are the Catholic, life-giving, grace-conferring Sacraments and ministry. These are but

limbs of His Personal Body Mystical which He stretches forth to us, by which He touches us, and conveys to us His grace all round the world. A hand and arm separated from a living human body is but a piece of powerless clay. But slip the arm into its socket in the living body, and the soul within, using that poor piece of clay, performs with it its own mighty deeds. So a man separated from Christ's Body Mystical—a man considered merely in himself alone—is the very type of powerlessness. But when set in a socket of Christ's Mystical Body as a Priest or a Bishop, the God within that Body, using the poor frame of clay as His own arm and hand, performs with it His divine and mighty deeds among us, pardons in the Sacrament of penitence, transforms bread and wine at the Altar, blesses, regenerates in Baptism, anoints with the Holy Ghost in Confirmation, makes of twain one flesh, confers the grace of Orders through His touch, and either raises the sick from death or sends the soul healed into eternity. The Sacraments and the Ministry are His limbs with which He touches us. Tactual succession? Why, of course "God is with us" in a Body and literally touches us. When His arm and hand, a Priest, baptises an infant, it is not a man that is baptising, or mere water that we are looking at; we are looking at Christ's own arm and hand stretched forth and visibly taking one dear one and grafting it into Himself; at the holy Altar we see in the human Priest God's visible hand touch and bless the bread before our eyes and convey it to us; when one is confirmed or ordained to the Priesthood we are literally beholding Christ stretching forth His marvelous hand, a Bishop, and conveying the Holy Ghost either to the work of the ordinary Christian or to the work of the Priesthood. And it is He that at last takes our poor soulless body and, in the requiem, lays it tenderly away till He shall summon it to the resurrection. Beware; he that hath eyes to see let him see. The quickening touch of God's body on earth? Ah, gentlemen, as true are the words of Manning, as they are consummately beautiful: "When the Wisdom of God came into the world, He laid His hands upon a multitude of things; upon the sick, the afflicted, the hungry, the dying; upon little children, upon the bread He blessed and brake in the wilderness; upon sorrow and upon pain; and, lastly, He laid them upon the Cross; and wherever He laid His hands He left a sweetness and a fragrance which wisdom can perceive and wisdom alone can know." Look, gentlemen, at your Protestantism. O Protestantism, in thine unwisdom thou wilt drag the world, and even the little ones of thy bosom, away from the touch of Christ.

Here, then, stands the Catholic Church with continuous life from the first; here It stands all round the world. In It is God, for It is His personal body; through It He applies Him-

self by Ministry and Sacraments to poor humanity; to It He made the solemn promise that He would guide It, when It spoke as a unit, into all truth; not that It could possibly speak error any more than could His Body Natural in Palestine, It being the organ of His soul and Divinity; but He made the solemn promise in kindly and descending consideration to our weakness. If He promised to guide It, when It spoke as a unit, into all truth, how can any one suppose it to be fallible and liable to lead us into error without charging Christ with breaking His promise, and so not being God at all? Thus it is always that the Protestant denial of the infallibility of the Catholic Church is a first fatal step in that inevitable logical descent which ends in denying the Godhead of Christ and setting up Unitarianism, with its murder of the Atonement in the world.

What, then, has the Catholic Church, as a unit, spoken? What is the infallible Truth? It is the creed which I have given you. This is all that it has formally announced by its six general councils. This is the antagonist of Protestantism, since life is always the antagonist of death. But, besides the formal statements of the creed, there are other things which we know to be true also; not because the whole Church Catholic hath formalized them in general council and accepted them as thus formalized, but because the Church's documentary voice has always, and in all Its three parts, everywhere declared them, and would have thrown them into formulæ had it been necessary, viz., the Sacerdotal and Sacramental systems, the Apostolic succession, Priestly absolution, the real objective presence of Christ in the Eucharist, Baptismal regeneration, Prayers for the dead, and lights, incense, vestments, adoration and song as the five essentials of Christian worship. Of these all, every part of the Catholic Church, ancient, mediæval and modern, Latin, Saxon and Oriental, Anglican, Roman and Greek have held no doubt, but have continuously and consentingly asserted them in ritual and official documents. The points on which the Anglican, Greek and Roman Communions differ are points over and above these; points upon which the whole Church has not yet spoken.

Let us return and go on with the Creed. After making its great announcement, "*I believe in the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church,*" it proceeds to announce the fourth and final great unification in the reconstructing work that Life is effecting—namely, "*I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins.*" And then comes the grand close. For, of course, there follows from the internal life action of this great organic Catholic Structure, "*The communion of all the saints*" within it. Furthermore, as death is only by sin, there follows from the cure of sin the cure of death. The

Creed's next article is, therefore, "*I look for the resurrection of the dead.*" What, finally, is the end and purport of all this flow of grace and life, and of all these four unifications? What is the final result of all this integrating, organizing, centralizing, harmonizing and sustaining force of Catholic life as it goes forth from God to broken humanity? It is salvation. Therefore the Creed rounds out and completes its history with the final statement, "*And the life everlasting in the world to come. Amen.*" Thus is the Creed a consecutive history of Life as a motion, of Life as a reintegrator, organizer, harmonizer and sustainer—of Catholic Life, the foe of death, with which the race was struck at the Fall.

In the wonderful land of the West there are two processes going on simultaneously; the one on the lowlands, the other on the uplands. In the serene and sunny valleys of Sonoma and Suisun, of Santa Clara, Los Angeles and Sacramento, those paradises on earth, the vine dresser, the florist and the agriculturist ply their peaceful, kindly crafts; healing all abrasions in the soil, terracing rugged slopes, gathering out unsightly stones, and covering everywhere with verdure and billowy beauty. But high up on the sides of the Sierra there is a different work and a different scene. There, it is the miner that has left his record. With his sluice-heads and the tremendous impact of their out-bounding water-spouts he has turned up the mountain sides for miles; turf and flower and rounded mound fly to pieces before him; he strips away the soil from the land; he turns the streams from their own sweet ways of mystery; he disembowels the hills; he decomposes them, throwing up great mounds of boulders and spreading wide expanses of sand in his exploitation of the gold. And he has left behind him, wherever he has trodden, one vast, broken, verdureless scene of desolation and death, which it will take kindly nature centuries to heal, to cure and to cover. One cannot help standing in admiration before this daring and this power of our human nature. Its work on the slopes of the Sierra is, indeed, a mighty work. But, gentlemen, it is a ghastly work.

The instinct of Protestantism is the instinct also of disruption, disintegration and death. Leaping upon Jesus Christ, it hath rent His Body Mystical, the Church, apart from His Body Natural of Palestine, and sent Him, with His Body Natural, into a far-away astronomic heaven. Leaping, then, upon the Body Mystical, the Catholic and Apostolic Church on earth, it hath disconnected Its outward and visible from Its inward part; and, while it lauds its disembodied "Church invisible and spiritual," buries the dead visible part as some offensive thing, fit only to be put out of sight. Leaping upon Christendom, it lacerates it into numerous fighting sects, and, alas, glories in

its disorganizing work, as producing a beautiful and actively writhing variety. Leaping upon the rounded perfect number of the seven Sacraments, it slays five outright, and instantly springing upon each of the other two it tears its soul from its body; Baptism is left without the divine regenerating force of life, the Eucharist is despoiled of its tremendous, adorable Freight, and is left a mere natural and lifeless piece of bread and a memory of the natural man. Leaping upon man as an *immortal* being, it disjoins body from soul, and ignoring the former, appeals only to the latter with, "Save your soul; oh, save your soul." But, O Jesus, Thou didst tell us to fear Him who was able to destroy both body and soul in hell. Leaping upon man as a *worshiping* being, it sunders body from soul, and forbids the worship of the body—no fasting, no reverent bending of the head on entering God's presence in God's House, or at the Sacred Names, as little kneeling and as little standing as possible. But, O Jesus, Thou has taught us that the body is a creature of God as well as the soul; and Thou has taught us to worship the Lord our God; and to pray that "both our hearts and bodies may be directed, sanctified, and governed in the ways of this Thy law, and in the works of this Thy commandment." O Jesus, Thou has taught us, too, that we are to worship Thee in spirit and in truth. And how can we worship Thee in truth if our body play not with our spirit in its changing moods of glorious praise, of lowly humility and of reverent adoration; how can we worship Thee in truth if our body belie the moods of the spirit? O Jesus, Thou hast taught us, too, that our body is grafted into Thine; that it is precious to Thee, too, as it is to the very instincts Thou hast planted in us; and that Thou wilt rescue it from death. And Thou hast taught us to pray "that through Thy most mighty protection we may be preserved both here and ever in body and in soul." Nay, cries Protestantism, we have decomposed the man, and the body is dead as a worshiper. Not satisfied with slaying the Body Mystical, it has drawn and quartered the Church; cutting it asunder, not only longitudinally, but also traversely. For it has sundered Church Militant here from Church Expectant and Triumphant there, hurling the beloved departed so far away that the gulf between the living and the dead is bridgeless, that all communication is gone, and neither can give the other the charity of its prayers. O God, upon thy throne, must not even Thine heart have been filled with amazement as to Thy listening ear the voice of Thy needy children's prayers for each other died away into silence! It decomposes the organic Christian creed, and holds out in its hand the poor *disjecta membra* of the once fair flower, that the world may admire its death. It lays hands on the ancient Apostolic three-fold Ministry, slays the Bishop and the Deacon, and at last leaves the world without even a Priest.

While the Anglican rubrics, as all other Catholic rubrics, speak of but one Priest, of but one Celebrant at each Eucharist, and of but one Officiant at each Morning or Evening Prayer, thereby symbolizing the truth that there is but one great Priest, Jesus Christ, and that it is heresy to divide Him (one Celebrant, I say, who may be assisted, indeed, in epistle and gospel, and one Officiant, who may be assisted in the Lessons), it has with its disruptive force, as the foe of unity, invaded our own Church, and sundered the Officiant's and the Celebrant's part of the service into halves, or into more numerous fragments still, and has parceled them out to various Officiants, breaking up even this symbol of the Oneness of Christ. While the rubrics say the services shall be musically rendered, thus securing the unity of the worship as a symbol of the unity of the parish and of the Church, which worships with one voice, it has with its instinct of disruption gone down into our congregations, disintegrated this mode of unison in rendering the service, and separated it into a broken mumble of voices. With boisterous might it has divided religion from æsthetics, and has then proceeded to deprave architecture and to trample ecclesiastical fine arts under its feet. It has debased manners until the "gentleman of the old school" is a phrase descriptive of a culture and a suavity that are well-nigh gone. It has gone down beneath with its bosom to sweep hell away; nay, in its Unitarian form, it has even mounted to the Throne of God Himself, and has there disintegrated and separated Father, Son and Holy Ghost from each other, slain the Holy Ghost, destroyed the Son, and left the Father without a Son, sterile and alone upon His throne.

Behold, then, gentlemen, Catholicity, a life issuing from God; an organizing, centralizing, harmonizing, constructive and beautifying Force! And behold, too, Protestantism, the mother of uncomeliness, a disorganizing, decentralizing, disruptive and destroying power! One cannot but admire its might and its daring. Its work on the slopes of time is indeed a mighty work. But, gentlemen, it is a ghastly work.

The Signs of the Times—Is Christianity Failing?*

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Henry Ward Beecher**, IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN,
MAY 19, 1878.

O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?—Matt. xvi: 3.

THE community to which Christ spoke represented at that time the highest form of religious observance. There was no ground of reproach on account of their fidelity to the institutions and the prevalent doctrines of their national religion. They held to the Scriptures tenaciously. They held fanatically to the Temple. They held to the whole ritual of worship with a grasp which nothing could unclench. There was no occasion, therefore, to reproach them. And yet, there was going on a work of Divine providence which was to destroy the Temple, to supplant the altar, to subvert the ritual, to change the whole exterior economy of their religious life—to change that religious life, however, for the sake of giving it a larger expression, a purer flow, and more power in the individual and in the race. The change was already in the air; the signs of it were about; and yet men who held to the Temple and the whole economy of worship did not discern it; or if they discerned it they condemned it, denounced it, resisted it; and our Saviour laid them under condemnation because, while they were faithful to the statutes and economies of the past, they were not sensitive to what God in His providence was doing all around them. They were bound to understand the signs of the times, and what God meant by changes so marked and so wide. And we, in our time, are liable to precisely the same mistakes which they committed. We are under precisely the same rule of duty which they were under.

There is a growing impression among eminent private thinkers throughout our community that Christianity is losing its hold upon men, and that the Church is a waning power. There is a serious alarm among Christian teachers on this subject. The discourses which are preached concerning doubt and infidelity show this. It has come to be a common thing for men to say that the present is an age of infidelity. We hear much about the decay of faith. Men are attempting to retrace their steps and get back on to old foundations from which unconsciously they have slid.

I think there can be no doubt whatever that there is a universal consciousness of a change, in the air, and all around us.

* We are indebted to the *Christian Union* for the revised report of this sermon.

The extent of it, or the meaning of it, men cannot exactly understand or tell; but that there is a great change men are, I think, everywhere conscious—some to rejoice over it, and some to mourn over it.

Now, no subject is more important than this. There is no knowledge that it so concerns men to have than that which is related to their heart, their conscience and their spiritual condition in the present, and their condition in the life that is to come. It is a very great thing to increase knowledge in every department, to analyze the material universe, to measure the globe, and to find out all its treasures; but, after all, the wisdom that comes from a knowledge of the material universe is small compared with that which concerns the inward nature and destiny of man and mankind.

So, then, the state of the times, and what it augurs, are subjects worthy of the most serious consideration; and I propose, this morning, to enter upon a general view, showing that there is enough in the condition of things to account for the most serious fear of the most serious men; and this evening I propose to enter upon a closer view, and to show that there is enough in the state and condition of things to inspire the hope and confidence of men in the permanence of spiritual Christianity.*

In the first place, and upon a general view, I think there can be no doubt that the drift of educated thought in science, in art and in philosophy is away from church life; and if true religion and church life are identical, then I think it must be admitted that the educated thought of the globe to-day tends away from religion; but I do not think that church life and true religion are so identical.

In New England, in old England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in educated circles, there has been wrought a very great change in the habits of men's thought, and in their estimate of church life and all its adjuncts. The Church and its ordinances no longer hold the respect and veneration which once were felt in regard to them. That there are hundreds, thousands, millions, who look upon the church with affection, veneration and superstition even, cannot be denied; but that these feelings are passing away from the distinctly educated classes of Christendom I suppose no one who has made himself acquainted with the facts would care to deny.

It is denied that the church is a divine institution in any other sense than that in which an association for education is a divine institution, or in any other sense than that in which any association of men for a worthy purpose in accordance with their nature and with the laws of man is divine. There is a widespread feeling that all the teaching of the past in regard

* This second sermon we shall publish in the July number.

to order and worship which has been claimed to be made known by inspiration is vain. There is a doubt whether a minister is other than simply a man who has fitted himself to be a moral teacher, without bearing any special commission, and without having any transmitted virtue or right laid upon him by authority. There is a doubt whether ordinances are divine in any other sense than that in which everything that is useful is divine. They are useful if they are, and they are not if they are not; and in either case if they serve man they are divine, and if they do not serve man they are not divine; but, in the mechanical way in which it has been held, the idea that there has been laid down the plan of a Church to which all disciples of Christ are obliged to conform; that the government of that Church is definitely prescribed, or that we may by inference determine it; that the general features of public worship are ordered; that the ordinances which belong to the Church are clearly pointed out; that their measure and meaning are unmistakably indicated—this, I say, is being largely doubted; and not only doubted by those who are outside of the Church and are educated thinkers, but doubted just as much by educated thinkers inside of the Church. The rigor of belief in regard to the mechanical form and structure of the Church and of its services is undergoing a very great change everywhere; and this change is manifested by those who protest against it, and who are attempting to screw up the whole machinery of the old system, and who are thus indicating their consciousness of this dissent, as much as by those who utter such dissent in so many words.

There is also among thinkers throughout Christendom a drifting away from formulated religious truth—that is, from theology as a system, or as furnishing a complete, or even a proximate account of God's dealings with the world. Theology, from its very name, would indicate that it is a history of the dealings of God with this globe. So it has been regarded from the earliest days. Take the names of such truly great men as Augustine, Calvin and Turretin in the other land. Look at their systems, not to mention those of many others, covering the whole ground of possible thought at that time. See how the supposed logical connection was maintained from the opening clear down through to the very close; so that at the time when these systems were universally received they seemed to those who held them like a pyramid, tapering steadily, point by point, up to its very apex. Compare the present system of religious thought on the subject of theology with their ideas of systematic theology.

In our own land take the times of Edwards, of Hopkins, of Emmons and of Dwight. To be sure, we have systematic writers to-day of no inconsiderable eminence; but what a con-

trast between the general feeling of Christian men on the subject of systematic theology then and the general feeling on the same subject now! Shall we have another Dante? Shall we have another Milton? Shall we have another Pollock? Shall we have other men who undertake in poetry to give a literary view of God's dealings with mankind? The day for that seems to be past. Men appear to fall away from the very thought as if the thing itself were not possible. A unitary view of the divine government over the whole world has to a certain extent fallen from the conception of possibility. We are moving more and more away from it with our present materials and our present knowledge; for the growth of human knowledge on every side has brought into the consciousness of the Christian world and of thoughtful men in it material for which theology has hitherto had no place and no explanation; and men's thoughts are, in every center of literature and philosophy, busy with things about which there is no account given in any of the great staple systems of theology.

Then, special doctrines in these systems have undergone a very great change since a clearer view has been had of the constitution of man, and of the history of his development in this world. The nature of sin and of penalty, the possibility of reform, the method of reform, its dependence upon the power of the will and upon the scope of thought-power, the relation of material and social circumstances, gradualism, and all its moods—these have come in to change the special doctrines that once were universally received almost without question.

Then again, there has been a wandering, a drifting, an uncertainty among Christian teachers. The sermons that are preached to-day are as unlike the sermons that were preached in my childhood as it is well possible to conceive. The pulpit is changed, showing that it has, consciously or unconsciously, sympathized with the wants of men, and studied those wants in providing that which was to be their food and guidance. It is manifest that the needs of the whole community are not the same as they used to be, in many respects; and that those things which were adapted to the old needs have lost their relative cogency.

I know that all this is answered by saying that man is a sinful being, that he has fallen, that he is to be born again by the spirit of God, that after the new birth is in him through faith he is to live dedicated to God for time and for eternity, that these things are not changed, and that all the rest is surplusage. I do not doubt that it is surplusage to many men who do not trouble themselves about it, and who are content to have the old methods and forms go on as they have gone on in the past; but it does not alter the fact to any sensitive and observing

man that such is not the condition of the great bulk and body of Christian men, of men who believe in the Christian religion, but who nevertheless are preaching so as to show unmistakably that the old methods of statement have lost their power with men, and that they are not yet satisfied as to what shall be the new forms of statement; and the cry is coming up in every direction from sincere and earnest men, "We are losing the power of the old method before we have got the power of any new method." I am neither defending nor condemning this: I am simply stating it as the result of observation and experience.

Besides, a great change has undoubtedly come into the Protestant world on the subject of the Bible, as to the meaning of inspiration, as to what it is and what it is not, with the natural sequences of one or the other theory; as to whether man was simply a channel through which God, as it were, injected into his writing His thoughts; as to whether the inspiration runs through translations as well as through the original; as to whether inspiration was of the age and of the Church; or whether the minds of all men who were in sympathy with God were inspired; as to whether, therefore, the penman did more than to express the average results of the inspiration of the race. These are some of the questions that have arisen. The question of inspiration is not narrow, positive and settled, but is wandering, uncertain, doubtful in the minds of multitudes.

The extent of revelation in the word of God; how much has been revealed there: whether it was needful to reveal a thing which men could find out by the natural process of experience or investigation; whether the elements that limit the reach of man's knowledge have received any light of an important character—these are other questions that have arisen.

The scope and meaning of miracles in connection with the word of God have undergone a most searching investigation; and a vast amount of dissent and variation of opinion exists even in the orthodox Churches on this subject. Opinions differ as to the authority of the declarations of God's word in the presence of a just reason and an authentic moral sense. In other words, it is questioned whether the word of God determines what we shall think, or what our ideas shall be in such a sense as that when any doubt comes up our moral sense shall not be the tribunal which shall interpret the Scripture; whether all Christian teaching does not, in the last estate, come for audience and adjudication before the court of the reasonable moral consciousness in an intelligent age. These are questions that run very deep, and they are very widespread; and, if they do nothing more, they certainly break up the continuity and settledness of feeling that has existed aforetime.

There is a still more profound change going on as respects

the existence and government of a divine Being. Some ten years ago it was that Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, said that the question of our age was not a question of inspiration or no inspiration, but was a question whether there was any God to inspire; he said that the debate was to be as to whether there was a God or no God; and that which was foreseen ten years ago, and twenty years ago, is coming to pass very rapidly. There are multitudes of men who are not ignorant nor malignant, men who profess to have trained their minds to regular and scientific thought, who have absolute atheism as the basis of their belief. That in France, and Germany, and to a limited extent in America, there is a large and growing number of atheists, I think no observing man would care to deny; and they are not beasts, they are not even malignants, they are quiet people, and they have embraced this view for their own sake, without making themselves propagandists.

And even more numerous, I think, are they who belong to the atheistic school that we call Pantheistic, who say that God is a name that includes the whole universe; that it is another name for nerve and brain as they are made manifest in the entire organized creation; that God is the sum of all the facts, attributes and possibilities of all his creatures; and that he is without personality, vague, mysterious, incomprehensible, illusive.

This is a form of infidelity that is especially attractive to mystical, poetic natures. There are some men who can never satisfy themselves in regard to any view whose conclusions do not come to definite, crystalline, exact lines and angles. Then there are some men who are the opposite, and who can never be satisfied with anything that is definite or exact. They want their truth to be like a cloud that opens and shuts, comes and goes, with lights and shades forever changing and opalescent, and to them the idea of a Pantheistic God that cannot be defined or understood is peculiarly attractive. It must be so, or there would not be so many who are thus inclined.

Then there is a Christian Atheism—the Atheism of those who teach the unknowableness of God; who do not deny the existence of a God, who suppose that possibly there may be one, who hope there is one, but who say that whether there is or not we cannot find out, since, if there is, He is absolutely unknowable. There are those who teach this in the pulpit. There are those who teach it outside of the pulpit, and in the scientific forum, declaring that the conditions of divine existence, if there be a God, are such that men cannot understand them, and that all our conceptions of God are fabulous; that they are fictions; that they may have some basis of truth, and that they may be of some use, but that they are not scientific or knowable.

Then there is a large class of people who feel that they are not called to think about these changes and new conditions which they behold, at all; that their business is to fulfill the duties of their station, and not trouble their heads concerning God. They say that if there is a God they will find it out, and that if there is not a God they will be none the worse for not knowing it. The view that they take is that if there be a God He belongs to the other side, and that on this side there is none, so far as man is concerned.

There are, then, several forms of Atheism; and I think the number of their disciples is increasing. And these disciples are not found among the ignorant and vicious: they are found among men of philosophic reputation, men of a great deal of thought, men of real sincerity; and we may as well open our minds to this fact.

Such, then, is the state of things as I understand it. A change is going on with respect to the faith of men in regard to many fundamental points of religious truth, and in regard to the whole system of educatory influences that springs up out of these. It is a change which all sects recognize. The Roman Church discerns it with that clearness of vision which it has had in every age. Protestants recognize it—those who dread it and those who like it. It is admitted in many directions by men who declare that the old things are passed away and that all things are become new.

It is far more diffused among the laity than men suppose. There are hundreds and thousands of men in our Churches who, from one cause or another, listen to sound orthodox preaching every Sunday, for a score of years, and do not believe a word of it. They do not say anything about their unbelief; it is a good thing, they think, to have their children brought up under Church rules and regulations; they have an impression that there is much morality in the pulpit; but as to any philosophy of religion that they hear preached, it goes in at one ear and out at the other. A great many lawyers, physicians, teachers, scientific men sit, for various reasons, under pulpit instructions—some because they feel a want of reverence and worship; some because their social relationships make it convenient for them; some because they are bringing up families, and they think it is a good thing for their children to start in this way, and not blossom out into more perfect knowledge until their habits and characters are formed; and some because it is respectable, fashionable and profitable; but, whatever the cause may be, our Churches are filled with men who are very much at sea in regard to their religious beliefs.

Then, we must bear in mind that there are multitudes of men who think themselves competent to deal with these subjects more ably than they are used to seeing them dealt with.

One of the effects of general education, of the excitability of the brain, the world over, is to bring what have heretofore been regarded as special tribunals of thought within the reach of the masses of men. The pulpit is not any longer the chief instructor. Thousands of magazines, great numbers of periodicals of various kinds, are carrying knowledge out to the people. Once it was said that science dealt only with matter, and not with moral questions; and this was used as an argument defensible of the Bible; but every year science is more and more driving up its tunnel under the foundations of moral questions, of questions relating to the structure of man, the nature of moral sense, the range of thought, responsibility or non-responsibility, and the social relationships that exist among religious men and that serve to influence religious-minded men. All these matters are becoming topics of scientific investigation; and various unbeliefs or relaxation or changes of view are diffused through journals among the people. Our daily and weekly papers are spreading religious thoughts as they did not a hundred years ago. Then men read but few books, for the most part; and it was not reputable to read infidel books. Theological notions were derived from the pulpit, largely: but now the pulpit is only one tribunal among a score; and it is not the most influential one at that.

It is complained everywhere that men are abandoning the Church; that the Church in a majority of instances is thinly attended; and wherever it is thickly attended men explain the fact by saying that it is on account of the fantasies and mountebank attitudes of the preachers. It is taken for granted that men do not want to go to church anymore, and that they do not go when they can help it.

A very notable change has taken place in regard to the publication of religious matter in secular journals. I see present the son of a man who, in my youth, was approached by a clergyman—Rev. Mr. Dickenson—and asked what he would charge for a column or two of his daily newspaper for Saturday mornings to be filled with religious intelligence. Before that time no daily paper had published religious news of any kind. A bargain was made, and Mr. Dickenson filled the columns as proposed, paying for them as for advertising columns, and the proprietor and editor agreed that every Saturday morning what he furnished should be published, as published it was. At the end of the first year Mr. Dickenson visited this gentleman to renew the arrangement, when the gentleman said, "I find that my readers like it: and if you will furnish the matter you shall have the space, and I will charge you nothing for it." That was the beginning, in New York, of the publication in secular journals of distinctively religious news; but this feature of journalism has grown so that no respectable daily paper is

now without its religious news. An average *New York Herald* of a Sunday morning contains more real religious news than any weekly religious journal in the United States; and what is true of that paper I suppose is in a measure true of a great many others. I know it is true of that, because I read it.

The lay thought, therefore, though it is silent, is steadily acting, like a quiet stream which is gradually wearing the banks and changing its course; and although ministers are afraid of it, and preach more and more heartily against it, it still goes on; and men sit and listen, and disbelieve. I have no doubt that there are men in this congregation who do not believe what I say!

What the emphasis of it is, and what its importance is, I will not undertake now to determine; but the fact is to be marked and to be taken into consideration that the great mass of the intelligent community have in such a sense fallen off from the authority of the preacher, and from the influence of the Church, that it is quite possible for them to maintain growing laxity and great changes of belief, and yet not have them appear, unless there is curiosity about such things, and investigation is made.

What a contrast there would be between men's beliefs and the sermons to which they listen if there was a spiritual photographing process by which their thoughts could be taken while they sit under the preaching of our soundest and best men! If when so noble a man as Dr. John Hall is preaching you could just take a photograph of the beliefs of all the hoary-headed men listening to him, or of their thoughts, the contrast would be one of the most extraordinary that was ever known. It is quite possible for men to lay down the soundest doctrinal views, and elaborate them with argument upon argument, and for the outside of a man to listen most respectfully to those views, and to give reverential heed to them, while the inside of him is saying, "May be—may be;" and to say "may be" is as bad as to doubt or to disbelieve. The moment you do not believe, you disbelieve, so far as the moral reformatory power of any truth is concerned.

If a man tells me that a coin which I have is silver, and I think it is silver, I am easy; but if he says to me, "Are you sure that is silver? Are you used to counterfeits? Do you know anything about them? Have you looked into this thing? Do you know that that is all right? I do not say that it is not; it may be all right; but do you know that it is?" I cannot get it out of my mind that there is a doubt about its being a good silver coin until I can ascertain the facts in regard to it. For the time being he has broken my faith in it.

And the moment you have broken the absolute faith of a man in any truth or doctrine so that he doubts it, it has no

power over him. His confidence in it being disturbed, it is incapable of affording him strength, food, raiment or refuge. It is no longer that on which he leans, or by which he lives. It is simply a thing in which he has a half belief and a half unbelief.

This fluctuation of men; this wishing on their part that they knew exactly what is true; this sober and mournful regret that they find themselves sliding away from the old grounds of their fathers and grandfathers; this occasional plucking up of their loins and drawing the girdle tighter that they may keep what they have got—this is all indicative of the change that has gone on, and that is going on.

This change is not narrow, it is not local, it is not transient. It has all the appearances of a march, of an advance, and of an advance as great as that of Judaism over Media and over Assyria; as great as that of Christianity over Judaism; as great as that of Roman Christianity over Roman idolatry; as great as that of the Reformation over the hierarchical system of the mediæval age. If you look at the history of the religious development of the globe, nothing is more marked than that the faiths of men come to be inadequate to their want. A development that at first meets the necessities of men after a time ceases to meet those necessities. At the beginning it is a cradle which they can sleep in while they are yet babes; but it is too short for them to rock in when they become adults. It is sufficient for our childhood, but not for our manhood.

If the skepticism in our times means decadence of faith in man, or in God, or in Christ Jesus, or in His essential teachings; if it means the destruction of the ethical results of Christianity; then it is a murrain and a plague compared to which the plagues of Egypt were so many mercies. But if Christianity has brought the world up to a point in which the old forms are no longer adequate to the new life which is coming out of them; if there is to be an augmentation of individual manhood; if there is to be an elevation of social relationships; if there is to be a larger thought of philosophy; if there is to be a broader statesmanship and world-life; if we are only taking off the old garments and resurrecting the interior spirit and power; if we are merely putting away childish things and entering upon manhood, then no man need be afraid of what shall come.

That God is moving in His providence there can be no doubt; but many men shut their eyes to it; and if our Master were here He would say to them, "Ye can discern the signs of the sky, whether it is red or gray, and tell whether it is going to be fair or whether there is going to be rain; but the signs of the time, ye hypocrites, ye insincere men, ye cannot discern. Because ye hold to institutions instead of vital truths, and ad-

here to mere arrangements instead of fundamental elements, ye cannot discern what God means to do to make men more and larger."

For my own part, I am one of those that do not believe theology is ever going to pass away. I believe that to past theologies we owe a world of gratitude. They were efficient in bearing us through the times that have gone by; and they were good enough for the period in which they existed; but that there is to be nothing more known, that no more light is to break out of the word of God or out of human experience, I do not believe. Any system of theology which is adequate to the wants of mankind must be a system that includes all the facts, all the light and all the truth that from any quarter dawn on the world; and if we are losing our hold upon the older systems, or a part of them, it is only that we are preparing the way to build larger, deeper, with more authority and with more power.

It is to be remarked, still further, that this change, this seeming lapse, is not to be accounted for by saying that it is the result of total depravity. That there are a great many men who love darkness, and who will not come into the light lest their deeds of evil be exposed, cannot be doubted. There is no doubt there is a resistance in the carnal heart to higher forms of truth. There is no doubt that in regard to multitudes of men this is the influencing cause which makes them rejoice in any change which compels old religious truths to let go of them. But, taking the intellectual world, and particularly the religious world, in all the various sects in Christendom, this is not the case. On the other hand, religious men, men who have had settled views on the subject of religion, regard the changes which those views are undergoing regretfully and mournfully. Men are hungry for the truth, and are waiting for it; and many and many persons are more conscientious in not believing than many others are in believing. There are some men who seem to leap for joy when they get rid of an old view, and take on a new view; but it is not so with me. I wish I could—no, I don't; but I sometimes feel as though I wish I could—accept things exactly as I did when I was a boy. The fact is, maintenance of old views has the whole force of religious laziness in it. If I could only get my belief in religion as I got the multiplication table, so that there was no doubt about it; if I could settle every point of doctrine so that I did not have to think about it, and so that it did not disturb me, and so that I felt no responsibility to investigate and discriminate; if I could get rid of all necessity of thought, and all pain arising from uncertainty, and have everything settled, my total depravity would like it immensely. Professor Stuart said that three-fourths of what was called total depravity was laziness. What

everybody wants is ease. That is one of the inducements that are offered for entering that church in which everything is fixed. "Come," men say, "into our church; we have settled everything infallibly; here you will not be troubled by doubts; everything is cut and dried with us; ages have vindicated it; and no thinking is necessary. If you want to know what is true, all you have to do is to go to those who are authorized, and they will tell you." How many affectionate letters I have received urging me to go into that church, and prophesying that I was going into it, and assuring me that there I would have peace, where there was an inspired head who could determine everything absolutely, without any further controversy.

Now, everything in me which belongs to my pre-existent state, according to Darwin, would long for that; but everything in me that is a prophecy of what I am to be when I see Him as He is, and am like Him; everything in me that is as a flame of fire, or as the all-piercing sunlight that ranges, and searches, and develops—all that is discontented with any such absolute fixture as leaves me with nothing to do but to take my packed-up trunk of beliefs and walk through life with it. For God made man an investigating creature. We are to live among the spheres. We are to be as flames shooting hither and thither. We are to be made fit to be thinkers with the divine Thinker, and to be creators under the command of the supreme Creator. We are to go forth, no longer crawling as the serpent, nor flying as the eagle, but darting like beams of light, instantaneous, and every whither.

Upon every man, therefore, is, or should be, laid the responsibility of thinking or deciding; the responsibility of moral investigation and discrimination; the responsibility, not only of ethical conduct, but also of religious belief. As fast as the race are competent to fulfill this responsibility it is incumbent upon them individually. That such is part and parcel of every man's duty is indicated by the Divine plan.

So, when the spirit of out-thinking and out-rising comes in, it is not true that this is the result of malignancy and depravity. It is not the result of malignancy and depravity at all; it is the reverse. It is said that it is irregular; but although it may be irregular, was there ever a movement in this world that was not irregular? Suppose it is like a freshet that carries along with it dead trees, and roots, and all manner of rubbish? Was there ever a movement in this world that did not carry a great amount of rubbish? What if it does tear up the foundations of things here and there? Is it better to have a stagnant pond, or a river that sometimes overflows and undermines its banks? Is it better that there should be life, or that there should be death, in the realm of the spirit?

Meanwhile, the truths of sensibility and the truths of affec-

tion that are received from religious instruction in childhood ; the truths that are associated with the venerable father and the sainted mother, and the brothers and sisters beloved ; the truths that regulated the heart-beats of youth, in those wonderful days of stillness in New England that we used to know, when the church bell seemed to me like the voice of God, as its notes rolled over the hills and through the valleys ; and when, with well-behaved and well-dressed people, we walked to the house of God, and there heard the Divine word taught ; and when those strange, wild, mysterious movements called "revivals of religion" took place, and men lived as in a dream, or in a vision—can any man come to my time of life, and find any of those consecrated truths, that carry in them the very essence of his childhood, slipping out of his hands, even if he knows that they are to take on another and a higher form, and not suffer pain?

Is it your child ? and is his breath growing shorter and shorter ? and are you fading out from his eye ? and is his pulse retreating ? and is the bell that beats the moments of time striking feebler and feebler ? and what if, standing by your side, I say "O mother ! your child is called of God, and is going to shake off these cerements of clay, and rise to be an angel in heaven ; so rejoice !" Can she rejoice ? Her faith may comfort her, and she may say, "I know that" ; but she will also say, "This is the child that I have loved and reared ; and how can I part with this ?" And can a man stand with the husk of an old belief, or with the old form of a belief out of which the life has gone, even if he knows that a better one is coming, and give up the old without groans and pains and sorrows ? Change of belief in adult life is not a thing to be reviled. It is not to be spoken of irreverently, as if it were a matter of mere novelty. There have been as many heart-breakings from the recession of men's faiths as from almost any other cause.

This, then, is the condition of facts. I shall speak on the other side to-night. I shall then attempt to show that Christianity is not losing but gaining ground

Meanwhile, in view of this general statement, it seems plain, first, that God's voice is being heard, in His providence, among us to-day ; and it would seem as though the inference should be that we are bound to listen and to consider. We are not at liberty to seclude ourselves in the atmosphere and circle of our little homes, and say, "I am content with what I have got, and what I have hitherto believed." No man that belongs to the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ can afford to shut the door when the Lord Jesus is passing by in His providence. And if, in larger proportion and in greater majesty than ever before, He is going

by, woe be to the person who veils his eyes and refuses to behold Him.

There is such a thing as infidelity, but there is also such a thing as idolatry. A man may reject the truth by not accepting it, and a man may lose the truth by holding on to the body that it once had after the life or spirit had gone out of it. There is many and many a man of whose creed it might be said, as the sisters said of Lazarus to Christ, "By this time he stinketh: he hath been dead three days."

Secondly, railing accusations are peculiarly untoward and unwise when there is such a state of feeling as exists in the community. It does not follow because we do not rebuke every change of thought that we are not anxious for the truth. If there are men, and I suppose there are, who believe that they have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, that they have found out God, that they know everything He has thought in regard to this world that it is necessary for a man to know, I can understand how they may rebuke changes of thought in a Christian spirit; but I cannot understand how men who believe that truth in its nature is crescent, that it comes through a continuous process of development, that it grows in our knowledge and apprehension—I cannot understand how such a man can, when God is going by in His providence, rebuke and cast away those who sympathize with the movement.

Nor can this be remedied by tightening Church forms, by entering into combinations, by holding councils of presbyteries, or by examining men more and more thoroughly. You can examine your candidates for the ministry while they are young and do not know anything, and they will be sound in orthodoxy; but then you get them in as eggs, and they will hatch out as eagles; and what are you going to do? They are in, and you cannot help yourself. There is nothing more preposterous than to undertake to check a movement of thought that is under Divine inspiration, even if it has those inequalities and adulterations which belong to all the works of God in the hands of imperfect men. There is nothing more hopeless or foolish than to attempt to circumvent this change by implements. When a man comes face to face with a living truth which God is making manifest to the hearts and minds of men, whereby a larger interpretation is given to the word of God, how can he prevent the change which it is producing? In the oil region they sink a pump and strike oil, and it flows and flows, then begins to grow less and less, less and less, till at last it is not worth while to work the well. But do they abandon it? No; they get a torpedo, and sink it down, and explode it, and it tears the walls that have become clogged up all around with inspissated matter: and it is well sometimes to put a torpedo under

your orthodox doctrines and split them, that you may get a new flow of life out of them.

Dr. Ewer, of New York, now venerable and always excellent, has informed us that Protestantism is a failure. He is working back toward the old Roman Church, therefore, and is about as wise as I should be if I declared that the whole modern science of navigation was a failure, and that I was going back to Noah's ark to get into that; for it is absurd to attempt to resist, to forestall, to stop a movement which bears in its length and breadth, and height and depth, and in its continuity and universality, the signs and tokens of divine impulse. The attempt to keep back the tide of the sea with a broom, or the attempt to stop the course of a river with a straw, were wisdom compared with the attempt to stop a movement which has behind it the will of God and the universal consciousness of men.

We must attempt to find a larger and deeper expression of the Divine will, instead of running back into the cramped forms of the past. There was a time when the tabernacle was infinitely better than the Egyptian fetich; there was a time when the temple took the place of the tabernacle; but there never was a time when the Jews were tempted to go back from the temple to the tents in the wilderness; and that which they were too wise to do let us not attempt to do, for the Church is better than the temple.

If men, in this growing change, or tendency to change, feel that they themselves are losing force, let them take hold of that which must be the real interior consciousness of every true religion to the end of the world—namely, that God is a Father, and that they are His children; and let them come into personal relations with the living Spirit of all wisdom and goodness. In other words, let them seek not so much the wisdom of books and schools as that wisdom of the Spirit which shall testify that, in their daily life and conduct, they are bringing forth the fruits of God. When they have attained that consciousness, then they need not trouble themselves with the attempt to settle questions which cannot be settled, or which can only be settled in years to come.

One thing is certain—namely, that there is no folly equal to that of cowardice, and that there is no counsellor that is more detrimental to the good of the Church and mankind than fear. To say to one's self, "Do not think, do not listen; shut your eyes; close your ears"—this is spiritual suicide. The salvation of the times consists in believing that in His own way, and by His own method, God lives and acts; that He does not die when men think He does; that He *is*, when men think He is not; and that by the power of His great illumination He brings upon the darkness of the night of men's lives the light

of morning to chase away their fears and dreams ; that He has not forsaken the race ; but that He has given it that impulse by which it ascends higher and higher, seeking for itself, and for its proper haven. God will not leave His church, nor the men who fear Him and love Him. Mother, your children are not going to be cast out and left without a guide. Father, the foundations of morality are not going to be destroyed. Truth remains ; and though its forms may change, it will grow larger and better.

Hope thou in God ; do not be afraid of changes when they come ; fear not to think with thinkers, and to investigate with investigators, if you do it thoroughly and right ; do not shrink from meeting that change which, as I shall attempt to show to-night, means new life ; for that which means life in nature does not mean death in religion.

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Oration at the Funeral of William Cullen Bryant.

DELIVERED IN ALL-SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1878, BY **Henry W Bellows, D.D.**

THE whole country is bending with us, their favored representatives, over the bier that holds the dust of Bryant! Private as the simple service is that consigns the ashes of our illustrious poet and journalist to the grave, there is public mourning in all hearts and homes, making these funeral rites solemn and universal by the sympathy that from every quarter flows toward them, and swells the current of grateful and reverent emotion. Much as the modest, unworldly spirit of the man we mourn shrunk from the parade of public rites, leaving to his heirs the duty of a rigid simplicity in his funeral, neither his wishes nor theirs could render his death and burial less than an event of general significance and national concern. It is not for his glory that we honor and commemorate him. Public fame, for more than half a century, has made it needless, or impossible, to add one laurel to his crown. So long ago he took the place he has since kept in public admiration, respect and reverence, that no living tongue could now dislodge or add to the security and mild splendor of his reputation. For three generations he has been a fixed star in our firmament, and no eulogy could be so complete as that which by accumulation of meaning dwells in the simple mention of his name.

Few lives have been as fortunate and complete as his. Born in 1794, when this young nation was in its teens, he has been contemporary with nearly the whole first century of its life. If no country ever experienced in the same period such a miracle of growth, if none ever profited so much by discoveries and inventions—never before so wonderful as those made in the half century which gave us steam-navigation, the railroad and the telegraph—he saw the birth, he antedates the existence of every one of the characteristic triumphs of modern civilization, and yet he has not died until they became wholly familiar and nearly universal in their fruitful influence! Born and bred in New England, and on the summits of the Green Mountains, he inherited the severe and simple tastes and habits

of that rugged region, and having sprung from a vigorous and intellectual parentage,* and in contact with a few persons with whom nature and books took the place of social pleasures and the excitements of town and cities, his native genius made him, from a tender age, the thoughtful and intimate companion of woods and streams, and constituted him Nature's own darling child. It was a friendship so unfeigned, so deep, so much in accordance with his temperament and mental constitution that it grew into a determining passion and shaped his whole life, while in the poetry to which it gave birth it laid the foundations and erected the structure of his poetic fame. What Wordsworth did for English poetry, in bringing back the taste for Nature, as the counterpart of humanity—a world to be interpreted not by the outward eyes, but by the soul—Bryant did for America. One who knew them both, as I did, could not fail to observe the strong resemblance in character and feeling, with the marked difference between them on which I will not dwell. Both were reserved, unsmiling, austere or irresponsible men, in aspect; not at home in cities or in crowds, not easy of access, or dependent on companionship—never fully themselves except when alone with nature. They coveted solitude, for it gave them uninterrupted intercourse with that beautiful, companionable, tender, unintrusive world, which is to ordinary souls dull, common, familiar, but to them was ever new, ever mysterious, ever delightful and instructive.

Few know how small a part intercourse with nature for itself alone—not for what it teaches, but for what it is, a revelation of Divine beauty and wisdom and goodness—had even a half century ago for the common mind. Wordsworth in England, Bryant in America, awoke this sleeping capacity, and by their tender and awed sense of the spiritual meaning conveyed in Nature's consummate beauties and harmonies, gave almost a new sense to our generation. Before their day we had praises of the seasons and passages of poetry in which cataracts, sunsets, rainbows and garden flowers were faithfully described—but nature as a whole—as a presence, the very garment of God, was almost unheeded and unknown. When we consider what Bryant's poems—read in the public schools in happy selection—have done to form the taste and feed the sentiment of two generations, we shall begin to estimate the value of his influence. And when we recall in all his writings not a thought or feeling that is not pure, uplifting and reverent, we can partly measure the gratitude we owe to a benefactor whose genius

* It is his own father he refers to in his "Hymn to Death":

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses."

has consecrated the woods, and fields, and brooks and wayside flowers, in a way intelligible to plainer minds, and yet above the criticism of the most fastidious and cultivated.

But if fortunate in passing his early life in the country and forming his taste and his style in communion with nature, and with a few good books and a few earnest and sincere people, he was equally fortunate in being driven by a love of independence into the study of the law and a ten years' practice in a considerable town in Western Massachusetts, and then drawn to this city where he drifted into the only form of public life wholly suited to his capacities—the editorial profession.

It was no accident that made Bryant a politician and an editor. Sympathy with individual men and women was not his strong point—but sympathy with our common humanity was in him a religious passion. He had a constitutional love of freedom and an intense sentiment of justice, and they constituted together his political creed and policy. He believed in freedom—and this made him a friend of the oppressed, an enemy of slavery, a foe to special and class legislation, an advocate of free trade—a natural Democrat, though born and reared in a Federal community that looked with suspicion upon extensions of the suffrage and upon the growth of local and State rights. But his love of freedom was too genuine to allow him to condone the faults even of his own party, when freedom's friends were found on the other side. He could bear, he *did* bear the odium of his unpopular conviction, when what was called the best society in New York was of another opinion and belonged to another party—and he could bear with equal fortitude the ignominy of lacking party fidelity, when his patriotic spirit felt that his old political friends were less faithful than they should be to freedom and union. The editorial profession enabled his shy and somewhat unsocial nature to work at arm's length for the good of humanity and the country; and I can conceive of no other calling in life that would have economized his temperament and faculties so fully in the public service. His literary skill, his industry, his humane philosophy, his sentiments of justice, his patriotism, his love of freedom here found full scope without straining and tasking his personal sympathies, which lacked the readiness, the tact and the genialty that in some men make direct contact with their fellow-creatures an increase of power and of influence. What an editor he made you all know. None could long doubt the honesty, the conscientiousness, the elevation and purity of his convictions or his utterances. Who believes he ever swerved a line, for the sake of popularity or pelf, from what he felt to be right and true? That he escaped all prostitution of his pen or his conscience, in his exposed and tempted calling, we all admiringly confess. And what moder-

ation, candor and courage he carried into his editorial work. Purity of thought, elegance and simplicity of style, exquisite taste and high morality characterized all he wrote. He rebuked the headlong spirit of party, sensational extravagances of expression, even the use of new-mingled phrases and un-English words. He could see and acknowledge the merits of those from whom he widely differed while unbecoming personalities found no harbor in his columns. Young men and women never found anything to corrupt their taste or their morals in his paper, and families could safely lay the *Evening Post* upon the table where their children and their guests might take it up. Uncompromising in what his convictions commanded, and never evading the frankest expression of his real opinion, however unpopular, he was felt to be above mere partisanship, and so had a decided influence with men of all political preferences. His prose was in its way as good as his poetry, and has aided greatly to correct the taste for swollen, gaudy and pretentious writing in the public press. He was not alone in this respect, for none can fail to recall the services in this direction of Charles King and Horace Greeley, not to name less conspicuous instances. But Bryant's poetic fame gave peculiar authority to his editorial example, and made his style specially helpful and instructive. That he should have succeeded in keeping the poetic temperament and the tastes and pursuits of a poet fully alive under the active and incessant pressure of his journalistic labors—making his bread and his immediate influence as a citizen and a leader of public sentiment by editorial work, while he “built the lofty rhyme” for the gratification of his genius and for the sake of beauty and art, without one glance at immediate suffrages or rewards, if not a solitary, is at least a perfect example of the union in one man of the power to work with nearly equal success, in two planes, where what he did in one did not contradict or conflict with what he did in the other, while they were not mingled or confounded. Nobody detects the editor, the politician, the man of business, in Bryant's poetry, and few feel the poet in his editorial writings—but the man of conscience, of humanity, of justice and truth, of purity and honor, appears equally in both. This is somewhat the more remarkable, because affluence, versatility and humor are not characteristic of his genius. It is staid, earnest, profoundly truthful and pure, lofty and perfectly genuine—but not mercurial, vivacious, protean and brilliant. Like the Jordan that leaps into being full, strong, crystal-pure, but swells little in its deep bed, all its course to its sea—admitting few tributaries and putting out no branches, Bryant's genius sprang complete into public notice when he was still in his teens; it retained its character for sixty years almost unchanged, and its latest products are marked

with the essential qualities that gave him his first success. Never, perhaps, was there an instance of such precocity in point of wisdom and maturity as that which marked "*Thanatopsis*," written at eighteen, or of such persistency in judgment, force and melody as that exhibited in his last public ode, written at 83, on occasion of Washington's last birthday. Between these two bounds lies one even path, high, finished, faultless, in which comes a succession of poems, always meditative, always steeped in love and knowledge of nature, always pure and melodious, always stamped with his sign-manual, a flawless taste and gem-like purity—but never much aside from the line and direction that marked the first outburst and last flow of his genius.

Happy the man that knows his own powers—their limits, and their aptitudes—and who confines himself rigidly within the banks of his own peculiar inspiration. Bryant was too genuine, too real a lover of nature, too legitimate a child of the muse, ever to strain his own gift. He never *made* verses, but allowed his verse to flow, inspired by keen observation and hearty enjoyment of nature, watching only that it flowed smoothly and without turbulence or turbidness, which his consummate art enabled him perfectly to accomplish. Never, perhaps, was a natural gift more successfully trained and cultured, without losing its original raciness and simplicity. Nothing less than the widest and deepest study of poetry, in all literatures, young and old, in all languages and schools, could have enabled him to keep his verse in such perfect finish for sixty successive years. He knew all the wiles of the poet, some of which he disdained to practice—but of no man in his time was it less safe to assume ignorance or neglect of anything that belonged to the poet's art. His knowledge of poetry was prodigious, his memory of it precise and inexhaustible. He had considered all the masters, and knew their quality and characteristics. But marked as his own style is, it is marked only with its native hues. There is no trick in his adroitness—no artifice in his art; nothing that tires, except it be the uniformity of its excellence. Considering how long his genius has been known and acknowledged, and how thoroughly he represents the old school of Dryden in his purity and fastidiousness of language—it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that his popularity, as a citizen and a man, has even somewhat eclipsed his immediate popularity as a poet. I think him fortunate in not having the popularity of novelty, of fashion, of sing-song verse, of morbid sentiment, of mere ingenious thinking, or some temporary adaptation to passing moods of popular feeling, whether in universities or in social circles. He curiously escaped, if indeed his truthful genuineness of nature did not give him an original defence against it,

from the introversive, self-considering, and individualistic temper which has characterized much of the poetry of the highest academic culture in our time. Either he was born too early, or he emigrated from New England too early, to fall under the influence of this morbid subjectiveness; or his active and practical pursuits kept him in the current of real life, and near to the universal feeling of men. At any rate—free, rational, as his genius ever was—there is not a suspicion of the skeptical or denying element in his works. He is not sick, nor morbid, nor melancholy, nor discouraged.

Sentiment enough he has, but no sentimentality; awe of the Infinite, but no agnosticism; a recognition of all human sorrows and sins, but no querulousness, much less any despair. He loved and honored human nature; he feared and revered his Maker; he accepted Christianity in its historic character; he believed in American institutions; he believed in the Church and its permanency, in its ordinances and its ministry; and he was no backward-looking praiser of the times that had been and a mere accuser and defamer of the times that are. This made his poetry, as it made his prose and his whole influence, wholesome, hopeful, nutritious; young, without being inexperienced; ripe, without tending to decay. The very absence of those false colors which give immediate attractiveness to the clothing of some contemporary poetry, gives his undyed and natural robes a fadeless charm which future generations will not forget to honor. Every one must notice that great immediate popularity is not a good augury for enduring fame; and futher, that poetry, like all the products of the fine arts, must have not only positive quality, power and harmony, but must add to these freedom from defects. It is strange what an embalming power lies in purity of style to preserve thoughts that would perish, even though greater and more original if wrapped in a less perfect vesture. What element of decay is there in Bryant's verse? How universal his themes; how intelligible and level to the common heart; how little ingenious, vague or technical; how free from what is provincial, temporary, capricious; how unflawed with doubtful figures or strained comparisons or new and strange words; how unmarred by a forced order or weary mannerisms! He is a rigid Puritan, alike in his morals and his vocabulary; there is scarcely a false foot, a doubtful rhyme, a luckless epithet, a dubious sentiment anywhere to be found in his works. And, perhaps nature withheld from him what is called an ear for music only to emphasize his ear for rhythm and save him from the danger of a clogging sweetness and a fatiguing sing-song.

It is the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Distinguished equally for his native gifts and consummate culture, his poetic inspiration

and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day, even more for his stainless purity of life, his unswerving rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of humanity, his unfeigned patriotism and his broad humanity. It is remarkable that with none of the arts of popularity a man so little dependent on others' appreciation, so self-subsistent and so retiring, who never sought or accepted office, who had little taste for co-operation, and no bustling zeal in ordinary philanthropy, should have drawn to himself the confidence, the honor and reverence of a great metropolis, and become, perhaps, it is not too much to say, our first citizen. It was, in spite of a constitutional reserve, a natural distaste for crowds and public occasions, and a somewhat chilled bearing toward his kind, that he achieved, by the force of his great merit and solid worth, this triumph over the heart of his generation. The *purity* of the snow that enveloped him was more observed than its *coldness*, and his fellow-citizens believed that a fire of zeal for truth, justice and human rights, burned steadily at the heart of this lofty personality, though it never flamed or smoked. And they were right! Beyond all thirst for fame or poetic honor lay in Bryant the ambition of virtue. Reputation he did not despise, but virtue he revered and sought with all his heart. He had an intense self-reverence, that made his own good opinion of his own motives and actions absolutely essential. And though little tempted by covetousness, envy, worldliness or love of power, he had his own conscious difficulties to contend with, a temper not without turbulence, a susceptibility to injuries, a contempt for the moral weaknesses of others. But he labored incessantly at self-knowledge and self-control, and attained equanimity and gentleness to a marked degree. Let none suppose that the persistent force of his will, his incessant industry, his perfect consistency and coherency of life and character, were not backed by strong passions. With a less consecrated purpose, a less reverent love of truth and goodness, he might easily have become acrid, vindictive or selfishly ambitious. But he kept his body under, and, a far more difficult task for him, his spirit in subjection. God had given him a wonderful balance of faculties in a marvelously harmonious frame. His spirit wore a light and lithe vesture of clay—that never burdened him. His senses were perfect at four-score. His eyes needed no glasses: his hearing was exquisitely fine. His alertness was the wonder of his contemporaries. He outwalked men of middle age. His tastes were so simple as to be almost ascetic. Milk and cereals and fruits were his chosen diet. He had no vices, and no approach to them, and he avoided any and everything that could ever threaten him with the tyranny of the senses or of habit.

Regular in all his habits, he retained his youth almost to the

last. His power of work never abated, and the herculean translation of Homer, which was the amusement of the last lustre of his long and busy life, showed not only no senility or decline in artistic skill, but no decrease of intellectual or physical endurance.

Perhaps the last ten years of his life have made him nearer and dearer to his fellow-citizens than any previous decade; for he had become at last not only resigned to public honors, but had even acquired a late and tardy taste for social and public gatherings. Who so often called to preside in your public meetings or to speak at your literary or social festivals? who has pronounced as many hearty welcomes to honored strangers, unveiled as many statues, graced as many occasions of public sympathy? who so ready to appear at the call of your public charities, or more affectionately welcomed and honored on your platforms? All this, coming late in life, was a grateful, I might almost say a fond surprise. He had wrapped himself in his cloak to contend with the winter wind of his earlier fortunes, and the harder it blew (and it was very rough in his middle life) the closer he drew it about him. But the sun of prosperity and honor and confidence that warmed and brightened the two closing decades of his life fairly melted away his proud reserve toward the public, and he lay himself open to the warm and fragrant breeze of universal favor. He was careful, however, to say that he did not hold himself at the public's high estimate. In a long conversation I had with him at Roslyn, two years ago, he showed such a surprising self-knowledge and such a just appreciation of popular suffrages, that it was impossible to doubt his genuine humility, or jealous determination not to be deceived by any contagious sentiment of personal reverence or honor springing up in a generation that was largely ignorant of his writings. Yet he fully and greatly enjoyed these tributes—and more and more, the longer he lived.

Of Mr. Bryant's life-long interest in the fine arts; his large acquaintance with our older artists and close friendship with some of them; of his place in the Century Club, of which he was perhaps the chief founder, and of which he died the honored president, I could speak with full knowledge; but artists and centurions both are sure to speak better for themselves in due time, as the city and the nation surely will.

I must reserve the few moments still left me to bear the testimony which no one has a better right to offer to Mr. Bryant's strictly religious character. A devoted lover of religious liberty, he was an equal lover of religion itself—not in any precise dogmatic form, but in its righteousness, reverence and charity. What his theology was you may safely infer from his regular and long attendance in this place of Christian worship. Still he was not a dogmatist, but preferred practical piety and work-

ing virtue to all modes of faith. What was obvious in him for twenty years past was an increasing respect and devotion to religious institutions and a more decided Christian quality in his faith. I think he had never been a communicant in any church until he joined ours, fifteen years ago. From that time, nobody so regular in his attendance on public worship, in wet and dry, cold and heat, morning and evening, until the very last month of his life. The increasing sweetness and beneficence of his character, meanwhile, must have struck his familiar friends. His last years were his devoutest and most humane years. He became beneficent as he grew able to be so, and his hand was open to all just need, and to many unreasonable claimants.

The first half or even two-thirds of his life had been a hard struggle with fortune. And he had acquired saving habits, thanks chiefly to the prudence of his honored and ever-lamented wife. But the moment he became successful and acquired the means of beneficence, he practiced it bountifully, indeed, perhaps often credulously. For he was simple-hearted and unsuspecting, easily misled by women's tears and entreaties, and not always with the fortitude to say No—when only his money was at stake. Indeed he had few defensive weapons either against intrusion or supplication, and could with difficulty withstand the approaches of those that fawned upon him, or those that asked his countenance for selfish purposes. Perhaps he understood their weaknesses, but he had not the heart to medicine them with brave refusal.

He endowed a public library in Cummington, his birth-place, at a cost of many thousands. He built and gave a public hall to the village of Roslyn, L. I., the chosen and beloved summer home of his declining years. When, at his request, I went to dedicate it to public use, and at a proper moment asked "What shall we call this building?" The audience shouted "Bryant Hall." No, said the modest benefactor, let it be known and called simply "The Hall," and The Hall it was baptized.

I shall have spoken in vain, if I have not left upon your hearts the image of an upright, sincere, humane and simple yet venerable manhood—a life full of outward honors and inward worth. When I consider that I have been speaking of one whose fame fills the world, I feel how vain is public report compared with the honor of God and the gratitude and love of humanity! It is the private character of this unaffected, Christian man that it most concerns us to consider and to imitate. He was great as the world counts greatness—he was greater as God counts it.

He is gone! and the city and the country is immeasurably

poorer, that his venerable and exalted presence no more adorns and crowns our assemblies. But heaven is richer ! The Church of Christ adds one unaffected, unsanctimonious saint to its calendar. The patriarch of American literature is dead. The faithful Christian lives ever more :

“Thou’rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my very heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.”

—*Bryant’s lines “To a Waterfowl.”*

We are about to bear his remains to their quiet and green resting-place, by the side of his beloved wife—the good angel of his life—in Roslyn, L. I. Let me read in conclusion the warrant for this step in his own poem called “June,” which I am persuaded you will feel to be the only fit conclusion of these memorial words :

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
’Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton’s hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away !—I will not think of these,
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by,
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my celi ;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come from the village sent,
Or song of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent ?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument ?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the Summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

The Body of Christ.**A SERMON**

PREACHED BY **A. P. Stanley, D.D.** (DEAN OF WESTMINSTER), IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 23, 1877.

Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.
—John vi : 53.

IT is said that a great orator once gave this advice to an inquiring student who asked his counsel : "You are more anxious about words than about ideas. Remember that if you are always thinking of words you will have no ideas ; but if you have ideas, words will come of themselves." That is true as regards human eloquence ; it is no less true in considering the things of divine eloquence. In religious conversation, in religious ordinances, we ought, as much as possible, to get beneath the phrase we use, and never to rest satisfied with the words, however excellent, till we have ascertained what we mean by them. Then alone can we fathom the depth of Scripture. Then alone can we grasp the heavenly realities of which words and forms are the shadows. This is the most general meaning of the words of the text, on which, not for the first time, I now wish to address you. It contains at once the principle which I have just mentioned, and also is one of the most striking examples of it. It is one of those startling expressions used by our Divine Master to show us that He intends us to dive below the letter to the spirit, by which He shatters the crust and shell in order to force us to the kernel. It is as if He said in these words : "It is not enough for you to see the outward face of the Son of Man, or to hear His outward words, or to touch His outward vesture : that is not Himself. It is not enough that you walk by His side, or hear others talk of Him, or use terms of affection and endearment toward Him. You must go deeper than this. You must go to His very inmost heart—to the very core and marrow of His being. You must not only read and understand, but you must mark, learn and inwardly digest, and make part of yourselves that which can be alone the part of the human spirit of man." It expresses, with regard to the life and death of Jesus Christ, the same general truth as is expressed when the apostle says, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ"; that is, "Clothe yourself with His Spirit as with a garment." It is the same general truth as when the apostle says, "Let the same mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus." In all these and many like expressions the meaning is the same ; but inasmuch as the figure of speech is much stronger in the text, it also expresses more fully and more forcibly what the others

express generally. It is a figure not altogether strange to Western ears, but still much more familiar to Eastern minds, in which intellectual and moral instruction is represented under the form of eating and drinking, feasting and carousing, digesting and nourishing. "I am the mother," says Wisdom in the Book of Ecclesiasticus—"I am the mother of fair love and fear and knowledge and holy hope: I therefore, being eternal, am given to all my children. Come unto me, all ye that be desirous of me, and fill yourselves with my fruits. For my memorial is sweeter than honey, and mine inheritance is sweeter than the honeycomb. They that eat me shall still hunger, and they that drink shall thirst for more."

It is this necessity of penetrating from the outside to the inside of the gospel mystery which makes these words specially appropriate to the season of Christmas, to which we are now approaching. What we have to learn respecting Christ our Lord are the peculiar characteristics which distinguish Him from everything else—what are the special points in which, if we are Christians in deed as well as in word, we ought to make Him our example. I shall have, perhaps, other opportunities of drawing out these essential characteristics of the mind of Christ; but on this occasion I propose to take a more confined view, and to limit myself to the task of showing how the same truth which belongs to these words as we find them in the gospel of St. John is also found in those kindred, but yet more famous, words in the other three gospels, and which also, as given by St. Paul in the account of the Last Supper in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, contained the very earliest recorded speech of the founder of our religion—"This is my body: this is my blood." They have, as I shall endeavor to show, a direct connection with the whole earthly course of our Saviour, of which Christmas day was the beginning. And, besides this, there is a special fitness in considering Him on the eve of the first great festival on which the Church expects the holy communion to be administered. "This is my body: this is my blood."

I will endeavor, with all reverence, to ask on this day, first, What is the Scriptural meaning of the body of Christ? and then on Christmas day to ask the same question, What is the Scriptural meaning of the blood of Christ?

The body of Christ. What are we to suppose that our Lord intended when, holding the large, round Paschal cake in His sacred and venerable hands, He brake it and said, "This is my body"? And, then, what are we to suppose that His apostle, St. Paul, meant when he said, speaking of the like custom of the Corinthian Christians, "The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

First, then, the meaning of our blessed Lord, judging from

the analogy of the Church, must be something like this : As, in other parts of the Bible, the hand, the heart, the face of God are used for God Himself, so the body, the flesh, of Christ are used for Christ Himself. The body, the flesh, the bone, was the strong Hebrew expression for the identity of any person or any thing. "The body of heaven" means the very heaven itself. "The body of the day" meant, and is translated in English, the self-same day. The body of a man meant his full strength. This seems to be the occasion of the words in our Lord's mouth. Even were we to adopt the strange belief of those who first heard Him—that He meant literally to give His flesh to be eaten—even if we adopted the belief which the Pagans ascribed to the early Christians—that the sacrament of the Last Supper was a cannibal feast in which they devoured actual human flesh—even then, unless Christianity had been the most monstrous of superstitions, this outward participation could have been of no possible use. It would have been not only revolting, but it would have been, and must have been, by the nature of the case, altogether unprofitable. What is eternal cannot touch the spirit. To suppose that the material can of itself reach the spiritual is not religion but magic. Even as in the conversation and communion with our actual friends it is not the countenance that we value, but the mind which speaks through the countenance, and as it is not the sound of the words, but the meaning of the words, that we like to hear, so also it must be in communion with our Lord and Master. After the flesh we know Him no more. It is nothing outward in Him by which God was glorified and man redeemed. It is, as the Prayer Book expresses it, "the one oblation of Himself once offered." It is not the mere name of Jesus which sounds so sweet to a believer's ear, but the whole mass of vivifying and sanctifying associations which that name brings with it. It is not the mere picture of Jesus, however sanctified by long tradition, or that fabled portrait sent to King Abgarus of Edessa, or that still more fabled portrait impressed on the handkerchief of Veronica. It is the living image of his sweet reasonableness—His secret of happiness—His method of addressing the human heart. This it is that is portrayed in the four gospels as the object of our veneration. It is not the physical, anatomical dissection of the Saviour's heart, such as appeared in the seventeenth century to the sickly visionary of France ; but the wide, embracing toleration and compassion—which, even to the holiest sons and daughters of France, at that time was as a sealed book—that constitutes the true sacred heart of Jesus. And the true cross of Christendom is not one or all of the wooden fragments, be they ever so precious or ever so interesting, found, or imagined to be found, by the Empress Helena ; but it is the divine depth of sorrow of which the cross has become an emblem.

"It is," as Luther said, "that cross of Christ which is divided throughout the whole world—not in the particles of broken wood, but that cross"—(I quote the great reformer's words)—"that cross which comes to each of us in his own portion of life. Thou, therefore, cast not thy portion from thee, but rather take it to thee. Thy suffering, whatever it be, is a most sacred relic to be laid up, not in a golden or silver shrine, but in a golden heart—a heart clothed with gentle charity." And as the cross—the picture—the heart of Christ, must, of necessity, mean something beyond the mere outward form or symbol, so also the body, which is represented in the sacramental bread, or spoken of in the sacramental words, must of necessity be, not the mere flesh and bones of the Redeemer, but that undying love of truth—that indefatigable charity—that absolute resignation to His Father's will by which alone we recognize His unique personality. The words that He spoke, so He Himself tells us, were the spirit and the life of His existence—those words of which it is said at the close of a long and venerable career, by one who knew well the history of Christianity, that they and they alone contain the primal and indefeasible truths of the Christian religion which shall not pass away. That character and those words have been and are and will be the true sustenance of the Christian spirit, and the heavenly manna of which it may be said, almost without figure, that he who gathers much has nothing over, and even he who gathers little has no lack.

Such, amid many inconsistencies and variations, was the definition of the body of Christ, even by the aged fathers—by Origen, Jerome, and by Gregory, called the Great; and such, amid many contradictions, is the nobler view maintained, at least, in one remarkable passage even in the ancient Roman missal—that where the sacrament cannot be had, "*sufficit vera fides et bona voluntas: tantum crede, et manducasti*;" that is to say, "True faith and good-will are sufficient: believe only, and thou hast eaten." And the same is brought out yet more distinctly in our own Prayer Book, where we are told that a good man doth receive the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ profitably to his soul's health, although he doth not receive the sacrament with his mouth. It has been well said by a devout Scottish bishop of our time, in speaking of this sacred subject, "We should never expect to arrive at the secret of Hamlet by eating one of Shakespeare's bones; and so, though we eat ever so much of the material bones and flesh of the Redeemer, we should not thereby arrive one whit nearer at the mind which was in Christ Jesus." It is only by the mind and heart that we can approach the mind and heart of Christ. It is only by the spirit that we can appropriate the Spirit; and therefore it is an old truth, but one which requires to be again and again repeated, that all acts of

communion with Christ must be useless except in proportion as they involve and express a moral fellowship with the holy, the just, the pure and the truthful, wherever His likeness can be found. Except in proportion as our spirits, minds and characters may be in unison with the parables of the prodigal son, and the good Samaritan, and the faithful servant, and the good shepherd—with the beatitudes on the Galilean mountains—with the resignation of Gethsemane—with the courage of Calvary, in proportion as the ordinance of the Holy Eucharist enables us to do this, it is a true communion of the body of Christ. In proportion as it fails to do this, it is no communion with Him at all. And this is what is meant by the first prayer that we find in the Prayer Book after the administration of the elements, which describes that every communicant pledges himself thereby to walk in the steps of the great fellow-sacrificer, and to offer himself a sacrifice of body, soul and spirit to the heavenly Father. We must be incorporate and incarnate in ourselves—that is in our moral natures—with the substance—the moral substance—of the teaching and character of Jesus Christ. That is the only true transubstantiation. We must raise ourselves above the base and the little and the commonplace trivialities of the world—of the Church, to the lofty ideal of the gospel story. That is the only true elevation of the host. The record of the life and death of Christ our Lord, however diversely it may have been interpreted, is and must always be the body, the substance, the backbone of Christendom. It is felt to be so even more than when He was on earth. “Even those who have most questioned and most doubted will acknowledge”—(I use the well-known words of a great French scholar)—“that He is now a thousand times more living and a thousand times more loved than He was in His short passage through life—that He still presides, year by year, over the destinies of our race, which from Him receives a new and onward direction.”

And this leads me to ask, in the second place, what St. Paul meant when he spoke of the body of Christ. He tells us distinctly what he means in the very next words after he has used the phrase, for he says, “We, being many, are one bread and one body;” that is, as the bread is one loaf made up of many particles and crumbs, so the Christian society is one body, made up of many different members, and that body, he says, is the body of Christ. Christ is gone, and the body—the outward form of substance that takes His place—is the assembly—the congregation—the community of all His true followers. In this second sense the body of Christ, as the second prayer after the communion of our Church expresses it—the body of Christ is the blessed company of all faithful people. This community and fellowship one with another is that body which the

Corinthian Christians were so slow to discern. This is the sense in which the phrase is used in the vast majority of instances where the expression occurs in St. Paul's epistles. It is a striking use of the word, which, no doubt, varies from that in which it is employed by Christ Himself, and thus shows the freedom of the apostle in dealing even with the most sacred phrases; but, nevertheless, the doctrine which the apostle intends is the same as that which in substance pervades all the teaching of our Lord, namely, that the wise, the good, the suffering everywhere are His substitutes. "Where two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst of them." "He that receiveth you, receiveth Me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me." If this be so—if every faithful servant of truth and goodness is the representative of the founder of our faith—if every friendless sufferer to whom we can render a service is as though Christ Himself appeared to us—then, not perhaps in the scholastic, but certainly in the Biblical sense of the word, there is a real presence diffused through our whole daily intercourse. Wherever we meet any good thought, or deed, or word, in any part of the earth, there we touch a hand that is vanished. There we hear a voice that is silenced. It is the hand—it is the voice—of the figure of the fountain of supreme justice and mercy. Other teachers—other founders—have cared that their names should be honored and remembered. He cared not for this if only to the suffering and to the good were paid the service due to Him. In their happiness He is blest; in their honor He is honored; in their reception He is received. It is the last triumph of divine unselfishness: it is its last and gracious reward. It is the truth which, even amid the darkest superstitions of Christendom, has shaped itself into a hundred beautiful legends—St. Martin and the beggar at the Gate of Amiens—St. Julian and the Pilgrim, so wonderfully painted by Fra Angelico on the walls of the cloister at Florence—St. Elizabeth and the Leper, down to the lovely hymn of the Moravian Montgomery. It is the truth set before us in the words of our Saviour sitting in judgment, where He says that even the good heathens, who had never heard His name, yet had seen Him and had served Him. And when they asked Him, "When saw we Thee?" He answers, without a moment's hesitation, "It was I who was hungered, and you gave Me food. It was I who was thirsty, and you gave Me drink. It was I who was a friendless stranger, and you took Me in. It was I who was naked, and you clothed Me. It was I who was on my sick bed, and you visited Me. It was I who was shut up in prison, and you came unto Me." These good deeds, wherever practiced, are the true signs that Christ and Christianity have been there. Even if practiced, without naming His name, they are still the trophies of victory

over evil for which He lived and died. They are the foot-marks on the desert island of this mortal existence which show that something truly human, and, therefore, truly divine, has passed that way. Yes, the whole of Christendom—the whole of humanity—is, in this sense, one body and many members. In the vast variety of gifts and characters it is only this sympathy, forbearance, appreciation of that which one has and the other lacks, that forms the ideal of society such as St. Paul imagines—such as Butler, in his famous sermons on Human Nature, has so well set forth. It is the old Gentile fable of Menenius Agrippa taken up and sanctified by the Christian apostle. It is, as the French would say, the recognition in the Bible of the *solidarité* of people, of churches and of men. It is the protest against the isolated selfishness in which we often would shut ourselves from wider sympathies. If there is much at the present moment that is dark and gloomy in the distress of nations with perplexity, there is, at least, this encouraging sign. Many of us are, and have been feeling, some beyond others—some of us, it may be, with excessive warmth—for the Christian populations of the East struggling to be free—some, it may also be, with excessive warmth for the Mussulmen soldiers gallantly fighting for their national existence. Wherever this sympathy for those distant races is genuine and not artificial it proves to us that we are all one human family—that we are, so far at least, one body in Him who knows neither Greek nor Scythian, neither Turk nor Russian, but whose heart beats for every scene of desolation and anguish, and whose blessing rests on every generous and heroic act of whatever race or creed.

And also, as a nation, we are one body drawn together by the long traditions and lineage which has made us of one flesh and blood. "Blood is thicker than water." Except we acknowledge the unity of this our common kindred, we have no true national life abiding in us. We are one body politic—a fine expression which St. Paul himself has taught us. Our eulogy, as Englishmen, is also our eulogy in Him after whom all the tribes and families on earth are named. We were made one nation and one race by the order of His providence; and they who make more of their party and their sect than of their country are refusing communion with the body of Him whose fullness filleth all in all.

And also in the Church, whether the Church universal or the Church of our country, we are one body, for the differences of character, opinion, and pursuits which divide us, whether of schools within or without the pale of the national Church—all these are but as so many bones and muscles, tissues and fibres, whereby the whole body, being fitly joined together, and com-

pacted by that which every joint supplieth, may give increase to the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

We are one body, also, in that closer and nearer sense in which we are members of the same institution, or of the same neighborhood, or of the same household hearth. To these, if to any one, we ought to be drawn when, on Christmas day, we are invited to partake of the body of Christ. Every neighborly kindness, every Christmas gift, every happy Christmas party, is the carrying out of the sacramental pledge, and the Christmas blessing of the good-will of God to men.

And, finally, there is the one body in which there is the one eternal communion of the living and the dead. Here the partitions of flesh do indeed fall away. Here there is and can be but the communion of the spirit, but that union is the deepest and the most endearing of all, for it is beyond the reach of time or chance. It can never be broken except by our own sin, selfishness or negligence. Whether it be the departure of the soul in the fullness of its glory and its usefulness, or of a soul burdened with the decay and weariness of its long pilgrimage, the union may and shall still subsist.

"We do not count by months or years
Where they are gone to dwell."

We only know that they are in Him and with Him, in whom we also live and move and have our being. They live because God lives, and we live, or may live, with them in that unity which is beyond the grave and the gate of death.

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
One army of the living God,
Divided but by death."

The Prodigal Son.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Joseph Parker, D.D., IN THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON, ON
SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1878.

And He said, A certain man had two sons.—Luke xv: 11.

THIS is the opening of what is known as the parable of the Prodigal Son, though why the parable should have been spoken of as if it referred to one prodigal only I am unable to say, forasmuch as there are clearly two prodigals in the story—one prodigal lost through want of righteousness, and the other prodigal lost through self-righteousness. We are all prodigals—some conventionally respectable and well dressed, and others utterly vulgar and cast beyond the lines of what is known as proper society—but all we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and mocking there should be none. You are lost, well put on, well instructed man, woman, as you are—lost, poor mean creature, hardly welcome in any sanctuary.

My purpose in looking at this parable of the Prodigal Son this morning is not to preach the customary sermon upon it—an excellent sermon, full of evangelical faith and unction, much needed to-day and every day, in fact—the one sermon which the Gospel minister has to declare, though he may pass its form through many permutations; but my object is rather to look at this parable as giving us a standard by which to measure the mind of Jesus Christ Himself. He was under thirty-three years of age when He spake this parable. He had done no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; the cup of devils He had never tasted; from the clear, simple high road of purity and nobleness He had never strayed; and yet He attempts, in this parable, all tragedies and romances in one brief delineation, to picture the way of evil, to show the outcome of lawlessness and wastefulness, and my special point will be to inquire whether He, young, inexperienced in evil things, has been true to fact in this delineation of human life, or to find whether He is not here out of the beaten road, and does not, therefore, subject Himself easily to the criticism of men who, having been practiced in evil, will instantly detect any flaw or crookedness in His statements.

You often wonder how this or that man knows so much about the world, as if it were needful to go very deeply into the world's ways in order to know all about them. It is matter of surprise to some of you that a minister can understand so much about

business, depravity, the ways of mankind generally, that are supposed far beyond all church influence and all theological study. The explanation is not far to seek. A man need not acquaint himself with the multitudinous details of the world in order to be learned in a certain lore. He has but to study one case: one heart is all hearts, one human life is a concentration of all other human histories.

Jesus Christ here undertakes a very novel work—to describe the career of a prodigal, for He can by experience certainly know nothing about prodigal desires and prodigal doings. It will, therefore, be here, if anywhere, that we shall find Him at fault; here we shall have the laugh over Him, for He will not know what they do in the tavern, He will not be able to speak the infernal lingo of the pit. Wait, then; you may catch Him now and prove Him mistaken.

The inquiry is, How far does this description of a prodigal life conform to nature and to fact? Understand that this is a parable: it does not profess to be authentic history, but to be a parable or an imaginary representation of certain conditions and proceedings. Is it not true to fact in its picture of family contrast? Is it not a bold imagining to divide the human family into two classes? It is so, verily; but is it not a still more audacious fancy to go into one house, to find there two boys, children of the same father, and distinguish them by contrasts of the most startling kind? What would ordinary common probability be? It would certainly be that the two boys, sons of the same father and mother, would be alike—both very bad or both very good, or both exceedingly commonplace—but they would certainly be alike. Jesus Christ says: "Here are two boys who are not akin; they are brothers animally, but they are not related in the deeper life." Jesus Christ, therefore, begins by laying down a fact which can be tested, which has been confirmed by the experience of nearly every man, woman and child in this house, and, therefore, so far He begins well. He does not confuse human life; He does not speak of it under one great generality; He does not indiscriminately huddle it together as one mass. He marks differences of disposition; He separates the genial from the ungenial, the lavish from the avaricious, the careless from the so-called prudent. He analyzes details and minutely specifies human character.

Up to this point, therefore, the parable is true to fact. Is it not in harmony with all that we know of life when it proceeds to state that lawlessness is wastefulness? Get away from discipline and you get into loss; leave your father, not in the narrow sense of merely leaving a man, but leave the paternal principles, leave the paternal control, the fatherly watchfulness, the family genius, and the very first step you take outside that charmed and sacred circle is a step into wastefulness. That is

a deep and holy law of life: Jesus Christ is there on philosophic as well as on dramatic ground. Our safety is in discipline. The oldest man among you is only right so long as he is subject and not king; so long as he says, "The law is higher than I am; I must accept the law, obey it, honor it by a diligent and filial obedience." Your mistake, perhaps, young friend, is a mistake as to the true nature and scope of independence. You want to be free—you cannot be free without law. Liberty without law is licentiousness. You chafe because the iron touches you here and there, and you say if you could but escape from that fret you would lead a larger life, you would develop more freely and fully and harmoniously, and by a very generous enjoyment of all the elements that enter human life you would grow into a solid and sober manhood. That is not inspiration: it is madness. Know what you are by the spirit in which you take discipline; find out your quality by the answer which your own heart returns to the exactions of natural, honorable law. If you repel these or undervalue these, then know that it is not your highest nature that is speaking, but your lowest; that you are not at your best, but at your worst, and that the temptation is not toward liberty, but toward license and devildom and perdition.

And is it not true to fact in its estimate of outward pleasure? Jesus Christ speaks about this as if He had undergone the whole process of disenchantment with regard to the offered prizes and promised delights of this narrow and deceitful world. He says that the young man's path was a path of expenditure; it was all outgoing and no incoming; it was a process of decimation by evil men who waited upon the path of the youth who had something to give. Why, He talks as if most learned in all the ways of the pit. Had He ever been found in the lowest depths of iniquity He could not, with a more cunning and delicate skill, have delineated the downward path, with all the meanness, trickery, chicanery, selfishness, and all the diabolical ministry and mischief to be found there. Goodness has a learning of its own; holiness knows evil afar off; when honor would describe dishonor, it speaks out of its holiness and out of its strength; it does not go to take the infinitely hideous portraiture from the thing itself; it consults its own inspiration. No one can be so powerful in descriptions of evil as he who has prayed most and is most filially intimate with God. It is there, as elsewhere, that extremes meet. When thou art deep in prayer and close to God, thou dost get visions of evil which he never saw who never prayed.

Might I not call many witnesses this day to the fact that Jesus Christ was speaking according to nature when He spoke of outward pleasure as being costly, as being expensive, as be-

ing a continual outlay of one's self under the deceitful promise that it was a continual accretion and help of one's own best nature? You cannot tell what men are when they are in the sanctuary. You do not know what depths of experience have been probed by the men who are sitting decently and reverently in the house of God. Without asking you to take a holy book in your hand and make oath in the hearing of the angels, but asking you to speak silently, to assent mentally, I beseech you to say in your own selves how far Christ was true when he said that outward pleasure was costly, self-defeating, self-deceiving, mocking, false through and through—a great gilded lie. You carry that sentiment unanimously, you curse yourselves for having contributed to establish its truth. You say that were it denied by a thousand worlds you would be compelled in the supreme hour of your conscience to make oath that Christ was right.

Was He not further right in describing the selfishness of those persons who, having exhausted the young man's fortune, abandoned him to his disgrace and his poverty? Now, what could this Son of Mary have known about such people? Yet in the hearing of publicans and sinners, scribes and Pharisees, He makes this impeachment: "When you have plucked every feather from your bird, sucked his blood, blinded his eyes, you leave him." Did any man arise and charge Christ with having drawn a travesty of human nature on its gay side? Did any one say, "Make a parable, if you please, but do keep within the lines of probability; there is honor among thieves, there is a law of co-operation and support among men who go out to do gay things and drink gay cups and serve gay devils; draw your parable if you like, but do keep somewhere within the lines of probability"? No such challenge was made, no such challenge can be made. Dear young man, come to London with some of thy father's little savings; hear me. There will be persons who will make up to you and laugh and joke with you right freely, merry fellows, genial souls; they will show you what they can, accompany you in your journeys, join you in your pursuits, divide with you your recreations, meet you to enjoy in common your holidays, and so long as you have the gold they will find the fun. But when your last sovereign is changed, and the last half-sovereign is dwindling down, they will find fault with you, they will turn cold toward you. They have exhausted your little store saved by much labor on the old man's part, saved because of the dear old mother at home who pinched herself that she might enrich you, as she thought it enriching; and when you have come to your last penny the people who have enjoyed most all you had to give will leave you. Is it possible that you can believe that just now? I despair of writing that con-

viction very deeply upon your hearts. You say, "It cannot be true; you do not know these young men; if you knew them, you would not say so for a moment; more jovial, free-hearted, kind, generous young fellows you never saw." They have succeeded, you have failed; they meant to write themselves just in that character upon your heart and your imagination; they have succeeded; they are cleverer than you; they have completed their autograph, and it will be an abiding impression. They have you now in their power, and they will wreck you.

But is any young man to be turned back by mere preaching? Never. No young man believes a preacher till he has tested the devil; then he begins to say, "The preacher is not so romantic as I once thought he was; he has got the grip of truth; he speaks good, strong common sense, does that man; I begin to see that he was right when I was wrong." It would seem, however, as if every man must put to the test for himself the whole circle of evil; he must knock at every door that has a promise of liberty upon it, to find it opened by a hag and to be dragged in to his destruction and his shame. Some of you have been so often dragged in that it is about time you should be listening to words of instruction, gospels of deliverance; and I want to say these things to you now, and to ask you on this spring morning, in the name and strength of Christ, to say you will arise and go to your Father. I know what you suffer; I am in communication with persons you know nothing about; I know what toils are round you, what secret sufferings some of you endure, what mortal shame is burning the blood and life of some of you, and I want to come out into the far country where you now are to tell you that the Father lives and loves and wants to see you back again.

Is not the parable true to nature in its bringing the young man to think about his father in the time of his last distress? He thought about nobody else. There comes a time in life when everybody else vanishes and the father comes up supreme, alone—not always the human father, the natural parent, but the father's spirit, the father's principles, the paternal home—and that carries itself upward in every heightening aspiration until it finds itself completed and satisfied in the Fatherhood of God.

And how wonderfully true to fact is it when the young man, luxuriously brought up and well stored with common wealth, has only the most humiliating alternative to fall back upon in the day of his overthrow! Let us understand that a little, if you please, as part of what I consider to be true of the family economics. This young man in the parable was brought up luxuriously; his father had beautiful robes, rings for the fingers, fatted calves for banquets, servants in considerable numbers to relieve him from labor; the

young man had been brought up to be nothing and to do nothing. So long as his store lasted the training was not bad, but the moment the store was done, what is the alternative? Feeding swine. Think of the philosophy of that conception; see Christ's mind at its best there. What alternative has the daintily brought-up young man who has no trade at his fingers' ends to fall back upon in the day of distress? Menial service—feeding swine. It is in that suggestion I see my Saviour's genius. It is so all the world over, and of necessity it is so. How are you bringing your boy up? "Well, I am worth a quarter of a million, and he will never have any occasion to work, you know, and I am allowing him a good deal of bridle and license; and, in fact, he has nothing but a gentleman's fortune to look to, and therefore the question of occupation or profession has really never come up very seriously before my mind." What is your son's alternative—because even a quarter of a million can take wings to itself and flee away—what is in the other hand? Why, if he could make a shoe he would never be poor; if he could make a box of matches he would have a measure of independence; but if you have brought him up to dainty do-nothingness, if the quarter of a million should fail, as it may do—I have known a million vanish—your boy would have to feed swine!

Young man, get your fingers into use; study a profession, learn a trade; have a way of your own of making honorable money; then, if your father's little gold hill should melt away, you can go to your studies, and to your trades, and to your mechanics, and can maintain an honorable independence. The working man is the rich man. He who holds money only is a poor man; he who holds a good profession or a good honest trade never needs to be poor. Will you, young men, think of this? Get rid of your foolish notions of gentility; take your coats off and go to work, and if there is no dignity in the occupation, put it in. The occupation is what a man makes it.

Jesus Christ is talking thus among us this morning. He always speaks to the point; He is always square upon our life; we never catch Him in a misstatement; whenever He addresses Himself to human experience and human necessity, He speaks the right word; He gives utterance to our deepest feeling, and makes us by so doing witnesses to the profound truth of His gospel and His appeal.

There is one pathetic expression in this parable that does really melt the heart. It is an expression which is part of every day's history, "He began to be in want." What he had never seen before, a vision that had never looked at him, a grim face that had never been seen in the flashing saloons, in which he had been imaginatively brought up. Do you know what it is to get your first views of the most trying

elements and forces of life? Observe, this was a beginning; he *began* to be in want. Recall first aches, first pains, first disappointments, beginning of depression, fear, ruin. You have gone to the box, lifted the lid and thrust your arm up to the elbow in the big store, and you have said to appealing friends, "Take what you want; there is more where it came from." And again you have gone, and still the store lay thick upon that velvet, and you have taken it out with a lavish hand once more. And again you have gone and the layer is thinner, and you have no means of putting any in with the other hand, for you have no industry, no mechanics, no trade, no profession; you are a consumer and not a producer. And at last your fingers get at the velvet before they get at the gold. Then you begin to count—one, two, three; but in your infatuation you think the thing will grow. Put down the lid, go back to-morrow, and somehow the store will have increased; you cannot tell how; you trust to the chapter of accidents, which is the Bible of the fool, that the gold will be there when you go again. It is not there, and you begin to be in want. You have one sovereign, and the man at the door wants two, and the man at the door is never pitiful. If he thought you had two thousand he would be bland as the summer morning, "Thank you, sir"; but if you have only one and he wants two, the wolf will get up in him, and no beast of the forest will be so savage as that man at the door when he wants his two sovereigns and knows that you have only one.

The Gospel is thus full of real, strong, urgent talk. Christianity thus comes to us in a very plain, matter-of-fact, solid, earnest manner. The Christian appeals are not appeals to your nice little dainty fancy that can be pleased with gilded soap-bubbles floating in the summer air. Christianity is righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, and nothing will test the whole fabric and shape and outline of your life so severely as the fire of Christ's great Gospel. Are you in want? Let us not disguise it; we are all in want: in want of sympathy, in want of love, in want of one strong, kind hand just to give a lift, in want of a gentle word for the solace of death. By every pang thine heart can feel, by every sense of loss that makes thee poor, by every aching void in thy distressed bosom, I charge thee to come to Him who can relieve thy want, answer thy prayers in blessings, and turn thine aspirations every one into infinite satisfactions.

Why have you come to listen to me this morning? You cannot tell. I know: God sent you to have your wants talked about, to hear and see a minister of His, who would point you to the unsearchable riches, to the eternal benedictions of the one Gospel. If you are in want and know it, I am glad of it. If you are in pain, and understand the origin of this pain, I thank

God for it. There is hope of a man who feels the pressure of his burden, who is smarting under actual and most acute pain, and who is asking, "What must I do to be saved?" When such a man comes in presence of the Christian teacher, it remains only for the Christian teacher to preach to him Christ and His Cross, Christ and His righteousness, Christ and His blood, Christ and His readiness to save. Oh! poor soul, thou camest in here in want; thou mayest go out rich with unsearchable and inexhaustible riches. Believest thou this?

Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism and Romanism.*

THIRD CONFERENCE.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, PERFECT AND IMPERFECT, LEAVES ROOM FOR PLAY OF MENTAL ACTIVITY. CATHOLICITY THE "YEA" OF CHRISTIANITY, PROTESTANTISM THE "NAY." TRUE CAUSE OF PROTESTANT REFORMATION. PROTESTANTISM, DIVERSITY WITHOUT UNITY; ROME, UNITY WITHOUT DIVERSITY; CATHOLICITY, UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

DELIVERED BY THE **Rev. F. C. Ewer, S.T.D.**, IN NEWARK, N. J.; (at the request of leading Episcopal Laymen of that City), MAY 22, 1878.

BEFORE beginning his Conference, Dr. Ewer stepped out to the front of the rostrum and made the following remarks, viz.: I have come up to the consideration of this topic not to attack a single human being living. I am, on the other hand, criticising a system. The whole issue is too solemn, too lofty, too vital in itself for either side so far to forget itself as to lose temper. I am attacking not Protestants, for I have many respected and many dearly loved friends and near relatives who are Protestants; but I am attacking *Protestantism*. I am attacking not Roman Catholics, for I have loved and respected friends who are Roman Catholics; but I am attacking *Romanism*. I speak, gentlemen, not at my own motion, but in obedience to your call. Hitherto abstracts only of these Conferences have appeared in the secular press. Indeed who could expect that any daily paper could find space, in this busy age, for six long addresses, each four solid columns in length? But it results as a fact, that the public outside of this building cannot adequately ascertain the ideas of this counter-Reformation. Before me indeed is a great sea of heads; but you, gentlemen, are nothing in comparison with the vast public. They cannot comprehend what it is that has banded together the 15,000 of the nobility, gentry and clergy of the "English Church Union," the 12,000 of the "Church of England Workingmen's Defense Association," the 13,000 members of the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," nor the thousands that signed the late monster petition to the authorities in England. And certainly the position of the Catholic school of thought cannot properly, nor indeed at all adequately, be answered unless it is comprehended.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by F. C. Ewer, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, 1878.

The *Tribune*, day before yesterday, very naturally therefore fell into the mistake of speaking of this great movement, which began more than a half century ago, as a retreat toward the Roman Church; and Mr. Beecher, in his two sermons on Sunday last, virtually gave the same impression. All this shows how radically the movement is misunderstood.

In a brief word, then, Catholics claim that Protestantism has failed as a *preservative of Christianity* on earth. The two main counts in the indictment presented ten years ago against Protestantism were, that if its premises were true, its logical conclusion was not Christianity but infidelity; that Theodore Parker and Frothingham were the legitimate brain-children of John Calvin and Martin Luther; and that it is impossible for any of the Trinitarian Protestant sects to answer Parker's and Frothingham's arguments. Secondly, that what ought thus logically to happen after three hundred years of Calvinism and Lutheranism has happened historically—namely, that while Protestantism three or two hundred years ago held great thoughtful peoples, it has failed to retain its hold on those peoples; that with rare exceptions it has to-day lost both their intellect and their masses. Ten years ago, with all that was said in pulpit and press, these two counts in the indictment were in no one case met and answered. They were received simply with a shout of holy malediction and impotent scorn. But ten years have wrought a change. Robert Dale Owen, in his calmly written Introduction to "The Debatable Land," admits them. Mr. Beecher last Sunday admits, and even more fully than your speaker had ever charged, that it is indeed true that lands once believing the Protestant presentment of Christianity are to-day honey-combed with atheism, pantheism and infidelity generally. He says that skepticism is wide-spread in the pews even of the very Protestant Churches themselves; that a photograph of what is going on in the brains of the people as the preachers preach would be curious; that sober-faced, thoughtful gentlemen sit in the pews and listen, and say in reply in their minds, "Maybe—Maybe"; which means "No."

Ah, then, it is beginning to be admitted at last that Protestantism is effete. To say nothing of Noah's ark, against which, by the way, the stubborn multitudes, who were shortly after drowned, protested most vigorously, I am afraid Mr. Beecher is about as wise in remaining in Protestantism as I should be if I insisted on sailing to Albany in a sloop, or going to Boston in a stage-coach, instead of using the railroad or steamboat. Mr. Beecher's entire sermon condenses down to the following statement: "Yes, Protestantism has destroyed Christian belief and created infidels, pantheists and atheists by the thousands. And, isn't it glorious!" Mr. Beecher, Mr. Beecher, you shouldn't joke in the pulpit.

Now, this counter-Reformation of ours goes on to say, "Yes, and Romanism is a failure, too; the sixteenth century burst that bubble; and to-day Roman lands also are honey-combed with infidelity."

Is *Christianity* a failure, then? Why, it would be, were there no other presentment of Christianity than the Roman and the Protestant presentments. But there is a third presentment, radically different both from the Roman and from the Protestant. And this third presentment is "Catholicity," an explanation of which you, gentlemen, have asked for in these Conferences. Eighteen hundred years ago this Catholic presentment of Christianity went forth into Europe, and in less than four centuries captured not only the thinkers but also the masses of Europe. But in the middle ages Romanism arose as a poisoned presentment of Christianity; and afterward, in the sixteenth century, Protestantism came on as another poisoned presentment of Christianity. And it is because they are both of them poisoned presentments that the thinking world has virtually rejected both. Very well, what is the cure for all this? Surely Catholics were grossly illogical to say, as Mr. Beecher thinks we say, "Cure one failure by going back to something that had previously failed."

Nay, say we, if Protestantism and Romanism have both failed, let us have the Catholic Christianity once more; if it be tried for a century or two, it can do again what it has already done; it can regain again to Christianity what Protestantism and Romanism between them have lost.

In the great world to-day Early Church and Catholic Christianity is a still small voice, it is true. But now that Romanism has filled the world with its great strong wind and its fire for 700 years, and Protestantism with its earthquakes for 325 years, possibly the world will listen to something that is not in the wind, and not in the fire, and not in the earthquake.

GENTLEMEN—In our First Conference we found Catholicity to be a Continent of Certainty and Protestantism an Ocean of Conjecture. In our Second we found Catholicity to be a Life and an Organizer and Protestantism a Disorganizer and a Death. In taking up for the last time the subject of Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism, let me say that I listen with respect to an objection which I am sure has arisen in your minds since last we met, and which I should have treated at the close of the last Conference had I not feared exhausting your patience by detaining you too long.

If the Catholic Church is the Body of God Who is still on earth, how is it, you will ask, that It exhibits so many infirmi-

ties, not only in the life, but also in the religious opinions of Its members touching points lying outside of the Creed?

All God's great works are composite and intricate. And the answer to this question will advance our conception of the Church; for, as I understand the subject you have assigned to me, it is primarily "Catholicity"; and secondarily "Its Relationship, first, to Protestantism, and secondly, to Romanism."

In the first place, then, it is with the Church—it is, that is to say, with the God-man on earth in the centuries, as it was with the God-man in Palestine. In His Divine element He was perfect, indefectible and infinite. But in His human element He was finite; He grew in stature and in wisdom; was often wearied, soiled and hungry; "His visage so marred more than any man that many were astonished at Him;" His poor frame stretched at last and out of joint upon the cross, bruised and swollen with lashings, thorn-pierced, spear-pierced and dead.

Furthermore, it is with the Church as it is with the Bible. The Bible contains not only a Divine element, but also human elements; the Bible is therefore both infinite and finite, both perfect and imperfect. Parts of it are written in imperfect Greek; its style is sometimes involved; St. Paul's Epistle to the Laodiceans is gone from it; passages are in it which all agree should be out of it; one-half of the Christian world—more than one-half of the Catholic world even—hold that the Epistle to the Hebrews, St. James' Epistle, St. Jude's, the second and third of St. John, the second of St. Peter, the verses from the 9th to the 20th in the 16th chapter of St. Mark, the statement concerning the bloody sweat in St. Luke, and other passages here and there, are not fully canonical. The majority of quotations in the New Testament vary from the Old Testament text. In St. Mark the Magdalen came to the sepulchre at the rising of the sun; but according to St. John it was still dark when she came and found the tomb empty. In short, the Bible goes down through the ages bearing the Divine element unharmed within it, but showing at the same time the unsightly bruises and the dark stains of its human elements with which the Divine is inseparably bound up. The Bible has 925,877 words; and yet while that band of words is organized into the one perfect outward body expressive of the infallible message of heaven, each word, in itself considered, is a poor finite word, and each sentence, in itself considered, is liable to imperfections and fallibility.

So also the Church is at the same time infinite and finite, divine and human. Infinite and infallible, because It is as a whole the one organic Body of God, expressing perfectly His truth and conveying perfectly His graces; finite, because that Body is made up of human atoms each of which, individually consid-

ered, is fallible and progressive, and of provinces and great Communions each of which, in itself considered, is liable to imperfections and error. The whole Anglican Church together, therefore, is fallible; the whole Roman Church is fallible; the whole Greek Church is fallible. The whole body of bishops is in itself alone a fallible body. For it is to be remembered that God did not promise to be with any part of His Church, however large or small, to preserve that part from error when acting independently of the rest as a definer of new truth. No, He only promised to be with His whole Church and guide It into truth when It acted together as a definer of new truth. However, more of this when we come to Romanism.

Furthermore, with regard to these infirmities in the Church. Man is often compelled to combine many means to produce one end; but God not seldom brings out one single means to accomplish many different ends. And it is to be remembered that if God is on earth *en rapport* with us, He is here not for a single purpose, but for a two-fold purpose—to meet our two-fold necessities: namely, not only to speak to us all infallibly, but also to cure each of us individually. The Catholic Church is, therefore, under one aspect, the Body of God speaking the perfect truth and imparting grace; but It is also, under another aspect, the human race convalescing. And that there should be pains during convalescence is not surprising, nay, it is inevitable.

A word or two more touching differences of opinion in the Church on points lying outside of the Creed and of those verities mentioned in the last Conference. Suppose God, having defined the essentials of truth, should go on constantly defining new truth on subordinate points as they arise. Should He thus do everything for the individual, should He define all religious truth infallibly, the individual would relapse mentally into leaden inertness in the matter of theology. Christ, therefore, neither does nothing, nor yet does He do all. But while helping the individual where otherwise he would be left helpless, He leaves to each a necessity for action—mental action as well as moral action. This is one of our necessities, and is attended to simultaneously with His other works in the Church. How is it accomplished? Why, outside of the Creed and the verities mentioned in the last Conference, outside, that is to say, of the fundamentals of truth, outside of the essentials of salvation, Christ leaves in the Church a region where mental activity can reverently play, where each can reason on non-essentials, which are yet not without their importance, where each can investigate, form theories and discuss. The essentials being fixed, no eternal harm follows from temporary differences on other matters.

But at the same time we are all in one Body, we are all in

one System, in the centre of which stands as a sun the Creed with the essentials of truth. And that sun of truth exerts throughout the system a centralizing force of gravity which is felt by all the erratic and conflicting theories and reasonings that are within the system, which restrains them from developing and straying to lengths that would be finally disastrous, and which, in the long run, draws them all into harmonious revolutions about itself. Thus Catholicity is a system which holds all up to God, holds all up to The Life, holds all up to The Truth. While it is, therefore, the great benign, unifying force, it does not at the same time crush the individuality out of any man. For it is to be borne in mind that if the Body Mystical, the Church, is a creature of God and therefore sacred, so, too, is each separate individual a creature of God and therefore sacred. Neither of these sacred creatures must crush the other. If the Church crushes the individual, or the individual the Church, it is murder. If the Church allows itself to be crushed by the individual, or the individual allows himself to be crushed by the Church, it is suicide. In Romanism the Church crushes the individual. In Protestantism the individual kills the Church. He who perverts from Catholicity to Romanism commits the sin of suicide. He lays himself beneath the wheels of the car of its Juggernaut.

Now, cut off by self-action from this grand, unifying Catholic system, Protestantism is left to fly away from the "Yea" of Christianity into a condition of perpetual and uncontrolled fluctuation and instability touching even the very essentials of truth themselves; and finally to drop off into the utter darkness and nothingness of the "Nay" of Christianity; "while the Son of God, Jesus Christ, Who is preached among you by us," His Priests, "is not yea and nay, but in Him is only yea."

Thus the Church hath the Divine and infallible element of truth and grace bound up into benignant oneness with the fallible and progressive elements of humanity; and, like the Bible, displays sad evidences of its human elements as well as glad evidences of its Divine.

We have only this Conference in which further to treat Catholicity in its relationship with Protestantism. Permit me, then, to present very briefly a third aspect of the two.

Before Jesus Christ came, as the human race had gone into fragments through the fall, so Truth itself was also in fragments. There were glittering shards of Truth in all the ancient false philosophies, in the Kings of China, the Vedas of India, the Zend-Avesta of the Persians, and in every cultus of ancient Paganism. Catholicity, coming with Jesus Christ in the centre of time, was the restorer of Truth as well as of man. It was the gathering up and harmonious concentration of all those verities that were dispersed in previous modes of wor-

ship. It was the cleanser of them all. It was the supplier of the parts that were lost; and it was the restorer to the world of the rounded sphere of Truth in all its integrity.

But, sixteen hundred years afterward, Protestantism came to smite the rounded truth and to disperse its fragments broadcast once more. I cannot refrain here from quoting, with slight variations, a striking paragraph of the Count de Maistrés: "Consider," he says, "the Catholic Truth as an assemblage of positive dogmas; the unity of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Real Presence, etc. The sixteenth-century sects denied one and another and another of these dogmas. But those dogmas which they retained are common to Catholicity. So that Catholicity includes all that the sects believe—this is incontestable. The sects, be they what they may, are not *religions*, they are *negations*; that is to say, they are nothing in themselves; for directly they *affirm* anything they are Catholic."

And Mr. Baring-Gould, in one of the most remarkable books of the century, "The Origin and Development of Christianity," admirably illustrates the same truth. "Catholicity," he says, "proclaims the union of the Divine and human natures in Christ. Arianism appeared, and, abandoning more or less completely the first of these two terms, reproduced the second alone. What did Arianism affirm? The humanity of Christ. Catholicity equally affirms this; it believes all that Arianism believed. What did Arianism add to that article of faith? A negation of the first term, *i. e.*, nothing. Catholicity proclaims the co-existence of grace and free-will—that is to say, of divine and human action. Pelagianism started up and left on one side the first of these terms and reproduced the second alone. What did it affirm? The existence of human liberty. Catholicity had affirmed it long before and believed in all that Pelagianism held. What, then, did Pelagianism add to this article of belief? A negation of the first term, *i. e.*, nothing. Catholicity proclaims the double necessity of faith and good works. Luther arose, and, omitting the second of these two points, asserted the former only. What did he affirm? The necessity of faith. Catholicity had insisted on this with unchanging voice. What did Luther add? A negation of the second point, *i. e.*, nothing. Finally, Catholicity proclaims the Sacraments, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Real Presence, etc. Protestants reject these; in other terms, they substitute for them simple negations, which are nothing. As every heretical or schismatical sect retains this or that verity which suits it, to the exclusion of other truths, and as this process takes place from a thousand different points of view, it is sufficient to add together the articles separately admitted by these communions, mutually antagonistic, to arrive at the sum of all Catholic verities. Also, it is sufficient to strike out the points which

each rejects, or to subtract them from the total, to arrive at zero, and thus to show that there is no phase of truth which they do not deny. In the first case they conclude directly for Catholicity, which is the entirety of which they are the fragments; in the second, they conclude indirectly, by showing that outside of Catholicity is nothing but a process of disintegration of all belief."

But as you stand in presence of the amazing destruction of the sixteenth century, I hear you musing within yourselves and saying, "Surely vast results cannot come from trifling causes; and was there not a reason for Protestantism?"

Certainly, gentlemen, there were mediæval abuses. The Goths and Vandals had swarmed the decks and interior of the fair Catholic ship as she sailed down time, and brought their unseemly things with them; but how could this be reason for burning and sinking the ship? If God makes the human eye, and inflammation gets into that eye, is that a reason for dashing out the eye itself from the head? There was, indeed, cause for Reformation. But a cause for Reformation is not a cause for destruction. To cleanse a palace by burning it down and tearing up the very stones of its foundation were, surely, the work of folly and of madness. Destruction is a sorry synonym for reformation. The Anglican movement was a Reformation; the Protestant movement was a wide-spread destruction. In England Catholicity was cleansed of its impurities and is saved. On the Continent Catholicity was destroyed and lost. Ah! gentlemen, if philosophy would really account for that torch of the incendiary and knife of the assassin that wrought such havoc in Germany, Switzerland and Scandinavia with the true Catholic dogma, practice and life, it must look deeper than into mediæval abuses. And what is deeper, gentlemen, than the human heart itself? What, since the first resistance of Adam and the fall of man, hath more mysterious chambers? Within it, deep-seated, there is, alas! a basilisk; and that monster is ever ready to rouse himself and resist the principle of submission to Divine authority in matters of Faith. It was not in the sixteenth century alone that this basilisk was in the human heart. For the spirit of resistance to Divine authority has manifested itself more or less in all centuries since the fall. But the sixteenth century was exceptional in another respect; for it stood at the close of a long turmoil. It was a vast crisis. Every great war is always followed, like every great tempest, by a ground-swell, which heaves up from the bottom of human nature and rouses into action whatsoever is of evil report. And the thirteen hundred long years of continual turmoil and war, in which the ancient polities and civilizations, after centuries of struggle, went down in a vast shipwreck, and out of which modern Europe slowly and painfully emerged, were followed by a

recrudescence and exacerbation of that human infirmity and spirit of resistance to God, which appeared after the fall in the unhappy Lamech and the defiant Cain.

Indeed, Erasmus said: "I know, as a positive fact, that there never were more luxury and adultery than among the Evangelicals, as they please to call themselves."

George Wizel, in his letters, says: "When I saw the evangelical people reject and ridicule all discipline, all decent living, all that conduces to make men better and truer Christians, and that my sermons, instead of amending hearts, demoralized them, then I began seriously to doubt this doctrine. My doubts gained strength when I saw the debauchery, the hardness, the avarice and pride of the leaders, their endless contradictions, and the discreditable turn the enterprise assumed in other respects."

John Egranus says: "Here are fine results! History is open to demonstrate to us that, during the eight centuries since Germany was Christianized, there has not been in the land a perversity equal to that which, as every one acknowledges, reigns triumphant now."

Luther himself said that for "one devil of popery expelled, seven worse devils had entered into his evangelicals." And yet in his recklessness he prayed that awful prayer: "O Lord God of heaven, may we be steeped in all kinds of obscenities in all abominations of sin, rather than fall back into the blindness of popery; and deliver us from even a spirit of compunction."

Bucer said: "The great bulk of those who joined the reform proposed to themselves the following advantages: freedom from the tyranny of the Pope and the Bishops; that being done they were all eagerness to give themselves up freely to their caprices and to all their carnal passions. And, indeed, it is to them a most agreeable thing to be able to say, 'We are justified by faith only; and good works, for which we have no taste, are utterly useless.' Others have favored the preaching of the Gospel solely because it offered them the means of appropriating the goods of the Church. The doctrine of the reign of Jesus Christ has been faithfully announced in a great number of places, I own, but I should be sore puzzled to name a single church where it is practiced, and where Christian discipline is to be found."

Luther describes the state of things. He says: "There is not one of our Evangelicals who is not seven times worse than he was when he was a Romanist—stealing, lying, deceiving, eating and getting drunk, and giving himself up to all kinds of vices."

Indeed, the statistics of crime in one single city show this. There were condemned to death in Nuremberg for incest, highway robbery, murder, infanticide, unnatural crimes, etc.,

in the fifteenth century, before the Reformation, 41; in the sixteenth century, after the Reformation, 190; in the seventeenth century, after the Reformation, 272.

Luther wrote to the preacher Riemann: "All the good which we hoped for in this age has vanished as a dream, and in its place a flood of evil is produced which leaves nothing to hope but the dissolution of all things. May the day of God's wrath speedily come to put an end to our miseries and to this infernal disorder." Again he writes: "For the price of the whole world I would not have to begin again. This enterprise brings such agonies with it. Oh, dear Sirs, this is no child's play!"

If such was the case in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, what would he have said of the French Revolution of the Protestants in the eighteenth and of the Commune in the nineteenth centuries?

And so we have, gentlemen, on the Continent of Europe, after the 1,300 years of turmoil, the rousing of the Basilisk, and, as a consequence, not a Reformation, but a Deformation and a hideous destruction. Shall we be stubborn heirs to this fearful legacy? Shall this continue forever?

But, notwithstanding all this, the natural human heart is of itself so much better than the Protestant system, that at last even it has reacted, and has risen, an ally to Catholicity, to restore to some considerable extent common morality.

Permit me next to present to you, in condensed form, a fourth aspect of Catholicity and Protestantism.

As we go up the scale of being, we pass from the simple to the complex; from homogeneous unities to unities each of which contains within itself variety. The simple unity marks a low and imperfect order of existence. The chick is more complex than the egg; the seed, with its radix and two cotyledons, is simpler and lower in the scale of existence than the fully developed tree. If we start from the simple unity of the atom and go up, we come to the more complex unity of the stone. We pass from the stone up to the plant, and find there more diversity still. We pass up to the animal, and we find a still greater variety in the unit; we have matter and instinct. We go up to man only to strike a unit comprehending more variety yet; for we have in him body, instinct, intellect with all its diversity, the moral sense and immortality. And so on up to God, in Whom is the complexity, incomprehensible to us, of three distinct Persons in one undivided Substance. The highest unit, then, is not the unit of simplicity. It is the unit which is differentiated within itself into variety and complexity. Such a unit fills with satisfaction the mind of man and of God. God did not make the solar system one single, enormous globe; nor did He make the earth one smooth sphere of granite. No; while He kept the earth a unit, He developed

it into the variations of land and sea, of mysterious mountain and placid lowland, of storm and sunshine, of town and farm, and forest and lake.

Behold, then, in Catholicity the perfect unit, the unit of the highest order. For while Romanism is simple organic unity without diversity, and while Protestantism is diversity without organic unity, Catholicity is organic unity in diversity.

The Oriental type of Catholic man does not object to the Catholic worship which is in harmony with the Anglican type of man, nor does the Anglican object to the Russo-Greek, although each prefers his own for himself. No one is disturbed if national religious habits differ, or if each have his services in his own language.

No two men are alike; and yet God has organized His one visible Church to include all men. It is Itself, then, Catholic and, outside of the fundamentals, tolerant. That there should be schools of thought in Catholicity is unavoidable and not perhaps wrong, so long as those parties do not, in human infirmity, develop the exclusive sect-spirit. In the Catholic Church these two forces, the party-force and the Christ-force, the sundering and the cohesive, are two poles of one power, and perhaps each, in our fallen condition, may be necessary to the healthy existence of the other. As in the solar system there is a centrifugal force to keep the worlds apart and give variety, and a centripetal to bind them, nevertheless, into oneness, so in the domain of the Catholic Church the human spirit of party goes forth into variety, and the Divine power of God goes forth unto unity. Protestantism strikes out the Catholic centripetal force, and flies off and to pieces. Rome strikes out the centrifugal force, and tumbles from the perfect living unit into the unity of simplicity, the unity of the lowest order. In Catholicity, while the rights and prerogatives of the Church are proclaimed, and the correlative duties of the individual insisted on, the rights of the individual as a creature of God are not ignored, but respected. While there is hierarchy, there is yet, normally, no tyranny. Over the child is the parent, and over the parent is the Priest, and over the Priest is the Bishop, and over the Bishop is the ecclesiastical authority of the province, and over that the great Communion or Patriarchate, and over that the whole Catholic Church in space and time. This is the hierarchy. For it is to be remembered that the Church of God is not a democracy, nor a republic; it is the Kingdom of God on earth. The King is Jesus Christ, Who exercises His authority through officers in regular gradation all the way down to the children. This is the hierarchy. And in it each grade, if a father to the grade below it, is itself a child to the grade above. Thus authority is kept from being a school of pride, finding its corrective in humility. If each

grade except the lowest has something to command, it has something also above it to obey. This is the hierarchy. "Children, obey your parents," is the law binding on every grade, and it is the mother of order throughout all the ranks. And yet in this hierarchy there is normally no tyranny. For suppose a father should command his child to steal; is the child bound to obey on penalty of breaking the fifth commandment? No. That were tyranny. Even the child has its rights. And the child knows that the Priest is a higher father still, and has forbidden him to steal. And in case of a conflict of commands issuing from the grade above, and the grade above that, the command issuing from the higher grade is to be obeyed, rather than that issuing from the lower, or the fifth commandment is really broken. Suppose the Priest should impose on his people something wrong; there is no tyranny in the hierarchy; for the Bishop is the right reverend father to control aright the priest. Suppose the Bishop should set up his private whim as binding upon Priest and people, still there is no tyranny, for the Provincial authority is over the Bishop, and the Bishop is bound to leave free what it leaves free, and to execute its will and law and not his own private notions. A bishop once refused to go to the Church of the Advent, Boston. The Priest appealed, and the Provincial authority virtually commanded the Bishop to go. Thus, when the child is in obedience to and in harmony with its parent, and the parents are in obedience to and in harmony with the Priest, and the Priests with the Bishop, and the Bishops with the Provincial authority, and that with the great Catholic Church, which is the Body of and in harmony with Christ, all swing together in obedience to and in harmony with God.

In mediæval times the western part of Catholicity, with all the evils which the Goths and Vandals brought upon it, yet still presented the ancient aspect of variety in unity. Even in later times there were the varieties of the ultramontane and the Gallican Church. Nations had their different rituals. Why, in Queen Bess's time, the Bishop of Rome offered to accept and acknowledge the Reformed Anglican Church, Ministry, Prayer-book and all, just as She was, if England would only admit his sovereignty over her Queen. But Rome, that never varies, has changed all this. She has brought her pressure upon all to Italianize and Romanize everything; to wipe out all fair varieties and to reduce everything to a simple uniformity. The Gallican school of thought is crushed. All now everywhere is Jesuit. The Gallican Ritual is abolished; all is Italianized and Romanized. The influence of the great St. Ambrose gave to Milan certain customs, and they held their ground till recently. But Rome will leave no variety; she is slowly wiping what little there is left away. If she clothes an

Italian Bishop, who has no diocese, in oriental robes to say Mass, it does not deceive the world that is gazing in attentive neutrality. She will reduce all to the lower order of simple unity in all things. She will brook no variety in unity.

The statement, on the other hand, that Protestantism is utter diversity without organic unity, needs no enlargement or illustration. If there is any apparent unity, it comes from the fact that Protestantism has drifted so far off toward negation that there is little care left in it as to what is believed. And so in my native town, and elsewhere, it has come to pass, at last, that the Unitarian exchanges pulpits with the orthodox Congregationalist.

You have assigned to me three Conferences on Catholicity and Protestantism. In bidding farewell to this first half of our subject, let us see to what we trace back Catholicity, and to what we trace back Protestantism. We follow Catholicity back, with its stately Rituals and comforting dogmas, to the sixteenth century; back through the middle ages to the ages of the Six Great Councils; back to St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, to St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, to Clement, Bishop of Rome, whose name St. Paul says is written on the Book of Life, to St. Timothy, Bishop of Ephesus, and St. Titus, of Crete, to Sts. Andrew, John and James, and up to Him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth; blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled; blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." We follow it up to Him who was much in worship, much in holy meditation, much in prayer.

We follow Protestantism back to the sixteenth century and up to Martin Luther, on the other hand, who, writing of holy meditation and prayer, said: "When the monks, sitting in their cells, meditated on God and His works, when inflamed with the most ardent devotion, they bowed the knee, prayed and contemplated heavenly things with so much delight that they shed tears; here was no thought of women nor of any other creature, but only of the Creator and His marvelous works. And yet this thing, most spiritual in the judgment of reason, is, according to Paul, a work of the flesh. Wherefore all such is religious idolatry; and the more holy and spiritual it is in appearance, the more pernicious and pestilential it is." I do not know, I am sure, why scientific meditation has so become a lost art in Protestant lands that we have to teach the art all over again; I do not know why worship has so died away that meeting-houses are shut up from Sunday night to the subsequent Sunday morning. I do not know why it should be that when, in Mecklenburg, an inquiry was made into the state of the Established Lutheran Church in 1854, "it was ascertained

that, in the three head churches of the Principality there had been no divine service 228 times, because there had been no congregation." I do not know how it is that the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* should have informed the world ten years ago thus: "The Congregational ministers of Connecticut have thoroughly canvassed their parishes to ascertain the actual religious condition of the State. The result was unexpected. In 100 towns at least one-third of the families are not in the habit of going to church. Irreligion was found to increase in proportion to the distance from the centre of towns. It prevails more in sparsely-settled farming districts than in the manufacturing villages. The Committee on Home Evangelization say in their published report: 'The returns give the impression that the Roman Catholic population do not often sink to so low a grade of heathenism as the irreligious native-born population. They do not entirely abandon some thought of God, and some respect for their religious observances. *Uniformly the districts most utterly given over to desolation* are districts occupied by a population purely native-American. A similar state of things is reported to exist in some parts of Massachusetts.'" I do not know why prayer hath so died away. I only know what Luther said.

We trace Protestantism back to Luther, who said, again: "Thou seest how rich is the Christian; even if he will, he *cannot* destroy his salvation by any sins how grievous soever, unless he refuse to believe." Who said again: "Be thou a sinner and sin boldly, but still more boldly believe and rejoice in Christ. From Him sin shall not separate us; no, though a thousand times in every day we should commit fornication or murder." Who said again: "If in faith an adultery were committed, it were no sin." To Martin Luther, who said: "The Gospel does not bid us *do* anything, or bid us leave anything *undone*; it exacts *nothing* of us; quite the contrary. In place of saying, 'Do this, do that,' it simply requires us to spread out our lap and accept, saying, 'Hold! see what God has done for you, and given His own Son to be incarnate for you: accept the gift, *believe*, and you are saved.'" And again: "You owe nothing to God, nothing, except to believe and confess Him. In everything else He leaves you perfect liberty to do exactly what you like, without any peril for your conscience; even—for He is quite indifferent to it—you may abandon your wife, or desert your husband, or not keep any engagement you have contracted, for what concern is it to God whether you do these things or not?" To Luther, who wrote again to one suffering from remorse on account of his sins: "Drink, play, laugh and do some sin even as an act of defiance and contempt to the devil. Therefore, if the devil says to you, 'Don't drink so,' do you reply to him, 'Aye, I

will drink all the more copiously in the name of Christ.' Thus do just contrary to that which Satan (*i. e., conscience*) prompts. One can drive these Satanic thoughts away by introducing other thoughts, such as that of a pretty girl, avarice, drunkenness, or by giving way to violent passion: *such is my advice.*"

We trace Protestantism back to Melancthon, who says: "Whatever thou doest, whether thou eatest, drinkest, workest with thy hand, I may add shouldst thou even sin therewith, *look not to thy works*; weigh the promise of God." Who says again, "God ought not to displease you when He damns the innocent. All things take place by the eternal and invariable will of God, who blasts and shatters in pieces the freedom of the will. God creates in us the *evil* in like manner as the good. The high perfection of faith is to believe that God is just, notwithstanding that by His will He renders us necessarily damnable." And again: "We cannot advise that the license of marrying more wives than one be *publicly* introduced. There is nothing unusual in princes keeping concubines; and although the lower orders may not perceive the excuses of the thing, the more intelligent know how to make allowance."

We trace Protestantism back to Calvin, who said that God instigates man to the commission of what is evil, and that man's fall into crime is ordained by the providence of God. To Zwingle, who asserted that God "is the author, mover and impeller to sin," and that He uses the instrumentality of man to produce injustice; "He it is who moves the robber to murder the innocent." We trace Protestantism back to Beza, who said: "The Almighty creates a portion of men to be His instruments, with the intent of carrying out *His evil designs* through them."*

But, O Jesus, Thou didst teach thy Catholic Church that "God is love!"

But, thank God, men are better than some of their systems.

Mr. Beecher, in his remarkable sermons of last Sunday, in admitting, even more fully than one had charged, the wide-spread prevalence of atheism, pantheism and infidelity generally in Protestant lands, and even in Protestant churches themselves, says: "No matter; Christianity, nevertheless, will not die." Of course not; for Catholicity still stands with its rounded sphere of truth, and the Gates of Hell will not prevail against It. And even Protestantism, in dashing the sphere to flinders, holds shattered shards of it. The sun of Catholicity, sending its gravitating force even beyond its own system and into the outer spaces, has had a restraining power. It is the system of Protest-

*I am indebted for many of these extracts from the Reformers to Mr. Baring-Gould, who, in his "Origin and Development" and "Luther and Justification," gives the references.

antism that has been attacked in these lectures, not any man—not any man, living or dead ; not even the unhappy conscience-tormented Luther. Systems may be hateful, but all men are dear ; and false systems are hateful because all men are dear.

If Protestantism be not a failure, if the Anglican Church as a double witness against Protestantism and Rome be not right, in God s name let it be known. For we speak in sorrow, not in anger, to friends and respected brothers, all of whom love Jesus Christ and His Name as much as we do ; and we seek not victory, but truth.

Fidelity and its Recompense.***A SERMON**

PREACHED BY **Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.**, AT THE DEDICATION OF UNION
M. E. CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents : behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant : thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—Matthew xxv : 20, 21.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.—Luke xvi : 10.

THE longer we study the Saviour's teaching the more will it impress us as the most wonderful teaching in the world. It is so searching that no deceitfulness of the human heart can elude it. It is so comprehensive that it were difficult to imagine any human need which is not covered by some utterance of wise and loving words. The two parables spoken in the 25th of Matthew illustrate this statement well. In the Christian service there is an inner and an outer life, both of which are necessary to the complete idea of discipleship. Each of these has its special mission and its special danger. In the inner life the heart must be kept right—the motives purified—the faith, love and zeal preserved from languishing and fed by fresh supplies. In the outer life there must be the expression of all these in action, the zeal finding its legitimate spheres, the love flowering into a bright and fragrant obedience, the faith evidenced by honest and hearty work. It is evident, however, that in this world of evil there will be a danger in the inner life of unwatchfulness and carnal security ; in the outer life of unfaithfulness in the discharge of duty. This danger our Lord recognizes as existing in the case of His disciples, to whom these parables were originally spoken. Hence their utterance—the parable of the virgins warning them against declension in the heart, the parable of the talents against unbelief and disloyalty in the life. The one deals with the contemplative, the other with the energetic. The virgins, whose duty it is to wait upon the bridegroom with all possible honor, may watch or may slumber at his coming ; the servants, whose duty is to work for their Master with all possible diligence, may be faithful or indifferent, and are commended or doomed accordingly. The former parable aims at the right keeping of the heart, without which there can be no acceptable obedience ; the latter stimulates to fidelity in action, without which there can be no true expression of religion in the life ;

* This sermon we give but in part.—ED.

and the two are correlative, and should teach their twin lessons to our souls.

My purpose to-day is to urge to this faithfulness in the discharge of duty. We must not idly wait for our Master's coming. The life that now is is rather a stern strife than a joyous bridal; and while the forces around us are lashed into unwonted activity, and there are so many chances for the use of our entrusted gifts, and for profitable commerce for our Master's sake, it were shame and sin for us either boastfully to vaunt of our talents or unbelievably to bury them. Rightly to understand the full force of the parable, we must keep in mind the relations which in those times existed between masters and their valued or confidential slaves. In the modern relation between masters and servants the force of the analogy is lost. A master nowadays never dispenses to his servants his capital that in his absence they may gain by trading. But slaves in the ancient times were not necessarily household servants, but were allowed to trade freely, paying a fixed yearly sum to their master, or were furnished with money to do business on his account, he receiving an installment of the profits. With this custom in mind you will the better understand how "the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods"; and you will be the better prepared to take the teaching of the parable into intelligent and honest hearts.

The two great thoughts I am anxious to impress are, *Fidelity and its recompense*; and, connected with these, or branching out of them, most of the deep meanings of the words will be presented to our view. The teaching of the parable, although addressed at first to the disciples, is not to be limited to them, nor to any who, like them, are charged with the fulfillment of especial duty; it is teaching for us all. It implies a common responsibility for the use of talents which have been universally distributed, although not in equal measure. The least endowed cannot escape on the plea that no talent has been given; the loftiest must not vaunt as if anything that he possesses were his own. They stand upon the one platform of responsible service—stewards, not proprietors—expected each to make the most of what he has in the great market of life, and to render his account to the absent, but not unmindful, Lord. Nothing can be plainer than that responsibility is not dependent upon the riches or poverty of a man's moral capital. Some men are royal both in opportunities and in resources; to some the chances come seldom of successful trading; but it is demanded of all that their use of what they have should be the wisest, just as the life of the animalcule while its hour lasts may be as complete and as busy as that of the patriarch of years. This thought of universal responsibility is attested by the history of Divine

Providence, and is recognized more or less distinctly by the general consciousness of humanity. And for us who believe in the Bible and in the Christianity which it reveals it is enforced both by the Word of Inspiration and by the example of our Lord. You cannot have forgotten how earnest are the exhortations of the Scripture; how all its similitudes are based upon the thought; how all its warnings and all its promises are made respectively more solemn and more endearing by it. If it were possible to conceive of man as a being self-contained, all his actions wrought at his own pleasure, with no judge above him and no future beyond him, or none about whose issues he need care, the promises of Scripture, ceasing to be encouragements to holy living, would lose all their tenderness, and the precepts of Scripture, regarded no longer as the behests of a sovereign, would be shorn of all their power. If we turn to the life of our Lord, who took upon Him our entire human nature, and of whom it is said that "He has left us a pattern that we should follow in His steps," we find the thought of responsibility to His Father prompting to the most perfect consecration. Listen, as in the glow of His human youth He announces His separation to a work so sacred and constraining as to be above the claims of home—"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" See the same spirit within Him in His bright, brief ministry, burdening His manhood with a yoke which His loving oneness with the Father made it easy to bear. Does He heal the man that was born blind? The motive which makes the healing fly on swifter wings is this: "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Is He about to open up at the well's mouth at Sychar the treasures of the upper springs, while His half-educated disciples gaze curiously and question, and "marvel that He talketh with the woman"? Remember how His purpose rose sublimely above the force of prejudice and above the force of hunger—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." And if you pass on to the unquiet eventide, when, instead of the rest, the weariness and the fainting came, and the shadows of His passion gathered densely round Him, He says with head bowed the while for the baptism of blood, but lifting itself for the moment in the consciousness of a fulfilled mission—"I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Thus enforced by the word of the Lord, and more tenderly by the highest example, our obligations to fidelity are pressed upon us to-day. This is to be the standard of our consecration. Talents have been given us, and they are neither to be hoarded in fruitless avarice nor squandered in unprofitable waste. They are to be used—laid out for God—and so laid

out that in wonderful usury they may double themselves in their returns, bringing for His blessed service the "gold" of holy character, and "the precious stones" gathered from the world's dark mines, and gathered by our hands, to sparkle in the Redeemer's crown. Brethren, I press this matter upon you. There is that within you which answers to the appeal. I have an ally in your inner nature which, while I speak, is speaking the same message, but in louder tones. You know that you are responsible to God, both for all you are and for the use of all you have. There is not a single member of a single church who is exempt from the obligation. There is not a man who affects to shake proudly loose from Church membership who is exempt from the obligation. There are, awaiting you all, a height of holy attainment and a post of allotted duty—a laborer's opportunities and a laborer's day, and you are called to an absorbing devotion of time and will and energy that you may make the most of that you hold in trust for the good of man and for the will of the Father in heaven. You are to be faithful *for your own sake*, that your account may be rendered with joy, that your work itself may become sustaining and enriching, that you may be found worthy of the Father's word and welcome; *for the world's sake*—for it has been ransomed, though it has fallen—and in spite of all other seeming there is a longing for God in its wistful eyes, and a hunger at its heart for His righteousness and rest; *for Christ's sake*, that He may rejoice in the perpetuity of His living witnesses and in the results of their testimony, and be "satisfied," because in their honest and earnest taking up of His work He sees of the travail of His soul. You are to labor promptly as well as faithfully, because difficult duties have to be compressed into fleeting hours; because the world and we are rapidly dying together; because palsy waits to spring upon the strongest workman, and the night cometh, with its envious shadows, to close in upon the most promising day. Oh! to have it constantly before us, burnt into our hearts, a conviction of which we cannot rid ourselves: There is an eye over me, there is a bar beyond me; that eye watches me unceasingly; at that bar I shall be ultimately judged. **"Every one of us must give account of himself to God."**

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Duties and Dignity of the Pastoral Office.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY S. D. Burchard, D.D., JUNE 14, 1846, THE SABBATH AFTER HIS INSTALLATION AS PASTOR OF THE THIRTEENTH STREET CHURCH, NEW YORK; REPEATED MAY 5, 1878, ON THE OCCASION OF THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PASTORATE.

So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.—John xxi: 15, 16, 17.

PETER had been called from the humble office of a fisherman to that of an apostle of Christ. The call he cheerfully obeyed, and entered his new relations with characteristic ardor and enthusiasm. Both in professions of faith and in practical indications of love to their common Master, he usually appeared the foremost of all the apostles. But that very forwardness and intrepidity of spirit which peculiarly fitted him for bold and hazardous undertakings proved a snare, by leading him to rely too much upon his own personal and unaided strength.

When Jesus, in the near prospect of the awful sufferings which He was about to endure, informed His disciples that they would all be offended because of Him that night, Peter, under the high promptings of love, felt superior even to the apprehension of danger, and replied, "Though all men should be offended because of Thee, yet will not I." Doubtless it was his honest impression that no imaginable combination of circumstances, no hostile array, no menace or threat could deter him from expressing his attachment to Christ. But no sooner had his Master been betrayed and His enemies gained a seeming victory over Him than Peter's heart sunk within him; his resolution fled, and on that very night he denied repeatedly and with oaths that he had any connection whatever with Him

whom he had just expressed a willingness to follow even to prison or to death. Whatever may have been the *subjective* reason of this lamentable defection, whether a lack of *faith*, *fortitude* or *manly courage*, we know that when the violence of temptation had so far expended itself as to permit deliberate reflection, he shed over the turpitude of his crime the tears of an abasing repentance—of an unsoftened and heart-rending remorse. It is possible, however, that no event in the history of Peter furnished him with such rich and salutary instruction as this denial of his Master. The lessons of human weakness, of caution, of self-distrust and of tender reliance upon divine grace which were thus learned had, no doubt, a powerful and conservative influence upon him in every after period of his life. From this point his life was no longer checkered with frailties and virtues. It became one steady course of active Christianity, shining, like the path of the just, more and more to the perfect day.

We accordingly find him displaying, on the occasion which the text contemplates, a truly meek and humble temper of mind. His sincerity in religious profession he, indeed, perseveringly affirms; but while he does so, accompanying his professions with a solemn appeal to the Searcher of hearts, he utters not a syllable which savors of self-confidence. The question proposed to him and repeated once and again was certainly, under the circumstances, especially adapted deeply to affect him; and when it was asked the third time he was filled with grief, and gave vent to his struggling emotions by saying, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." By his denial of his blessed Master, Peter evidently forfeited his title to be ranked among the apostles. Without new and explicit instruction he most probably would not have presumed to re-enter upon the duties of the apostolical office. This view receives confirmation from the message sent to Peter immediately after Christ's resurrection. "Go your way," said the angel to the women who had come early to visit the sepulchre, "and tell his disciples and *Peter* that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him as He said unto you."

Here Peter is named distinct from the disciples, which seems to imply that he had lost his claim to apostleship. This view is also confirmed by the Scripture chosen for our present meditation, where Peter, on giving satisfactory evidence of his humiliation and repentance and his solicitude to distinguish himself by future zeal and fidelity, is restored to the apostolic office. If you do, indeed, love me, said Jesus to him, and love the work of the ministry above all other occupations, then employ yourself *wholly* in feeding my lambs and sheep.

Without a more minute analysis of the text, let it be our

object during this calm hour of thought to show that the official work of a minister is to feed the lambs and the sheep of Christ's flock, and that *love* should be the great principle by which he should be actuated in the performance of his work.

Christ is styled the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, and this high office he sustains with the most constant, unwearied and vigilant fidelity. The Psalmist took this comforting view of Christ when in the fullness of his heart he exclaimed, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." He feeds His flock like a shepherd; He gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in His bosom, and *gently* leads those that are with young; and He requires the ministers of His grace, as under-shepherds, carefully to imitate *His* example.

The original term which in the text is translated *feed* is of very strong and extensive import. In general it means to exercise the office of a shepherd, which implies not only furnishing a supply of food, but also exercising various other forms of pastoral care. How much it implies may be rendered evident by the following induction of particulars:

I. And, first, it is part of the duty of a shepherd to be a *guide* to his flock. Of all animals in the world, sheep stand most in need of a guide; they are both timorous and defenceless; they are more liable to go astray and less capable of rectifying their mistakes and returning to their appropriate fold or pasturage than any other; and hence in this particular they very strikingly represent the flock of Christ.

"It is not in man that walketh," says the Scripture, "to direct his steps." And certain it is that even the *renewed* man is liable to err—prone to wander out of the way, and forsake the rich fields of God's grace and wander upon the dark and barren mountains of sin. Accordingly the influence and instruction of a guide are as necessary in the latter case as in the former. As it belongs to the literal keeper of sheep to go before them, pointing the way and calling them to follow, so does it belong to the spiritual shepherd to go in and out before the people over whom the Holy Ghost hath made him overseer. He is to lead them beside the still waters into green pastures, conduct them over the broad fields of evangelical truth and into all the paths of practical obedience. While he exhibits the law in all its breadth and spirituality as a rule of life and the example of Christ as the only perfect pattern of holy living, he is to call upon them to be followers of him, even as he is of the Master. Said Paul to Timothy, "Be thou an example to believers in all things." We are imitative creatures, and much more disposed to follow example than to obey

precept. Plain minds are more sensibly affected by the former, which is the *practice*, than by the latter, which may be called the theory. Mankind are more easily *led* by one going before them than driven by one at their back urging and goading them by threatenings and commands. Ministers are appropriately represented under the figure of a star, to illumine, to *guide*, to cheer, to bless. Its lodgment is a candlestick—a church brightened with its heavenly brilliancy and upholding its pure and steady radiations. Ministers must be like the star of Bethlehem, which did not only *direct* and *light* the wise men of the East to Christ, but also *led* them to Him. A preacher whose practice is inconsistent with his teaching stands before his people condemned out of his own mouth. He destroys by his life *out* of the pulpit the fair fabric which he builds while in it. We cannot reasonably expect others to follow our doctrine when in practice we forsake it ourselves. Men generally *see* much more quickly than they hear. We must preach the gospel to their *eyes* as well as in their ears. We must embody it in our example, make it appear as a living and impressive reality; prove it, demonstrate it, illustrate its power to cheer, to uphold, to fortify against the influence of temptation, to raise us superior to earth and sin. Thus do we become living epistles seen and read of all men, the true successors of the apostles, “in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity;” and then our profiting will appear to all. Such a beautiful harmony of theory and practice of teaching and example will secure confidence, win respect, make the ministry a light and a blessing to the world—give the gospel a power over the human conscience which neither genius nor eloquence can secure without it. It is the sacred amulet, the glorious phylactery of a faithful pastor, without which he is neither fitted for his office nor will he be blessed in his work. This guidance of the flock is a real and essential part of the service intended in the text by feeding the lambs and the sheep of Christ.

II. It is also a part of the duty of a shepherd to provide *food* for his flock. Sheep must have pasturage as well as guidance and protection. Appropriate and wholesome food is essential to their life and welfare. They cannot subsist upon rocks and trees or arid fields; neither can the flock of Christ. The Chief Shepherd and Bishop of Souls has fully anticipated this want. He laid down His life for the sheep, and they are called upon to eat His flesh and to drink His blood under the assurance that His flesh is meat indeed and His blood is drink indeed. There is truly in Him an inexhaustible fullness of grace, and He has appointed a variety of ordinances as means of communicating this grace to His people. He has also enjoined it upon His ministers, as under-shepherds, faithfully to

apply these means for their spiritual nourishment and edification. Among such means, the word of truth occupies a prominent and essential position. It is by this instrumentality that the life of grace is at first produced in the soul. "Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth." "Born again," says the apostle, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever." And it is by the instrumentality of the same Word that the life of grace is maintained and perfected in the soul of the Christian. It is his proper aliment—the true manna of life, under whose invigorating effects he is to grow up into the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ. All his Christian graces, his love, his humility, his faith depend upon a faithful application and appreciation of the Word. While all who receive and honor it as the Word of God will find it to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness, its influence as a means of nourishment will be proportioned to the reverence, the diligence, the prayerfulness with which it is received for the attainment of this end. It is as important that there should be good hearing as good preaching, that the Word of God may *run* and be glorified. Whether it shall prove a savor of life unto life or of death unto death depends not so much upon the speaker as upon the hearer. A responsibility is indeed upon both—upon the *former*, that he provide wholesome and appropriate food, that he distribute it in due season and in proper proportions. This done, then the responsibility is upon the hearer; if he decline to hear and receive the truth, he alone is guilty of moral starvation and suicide. But let the minister preach the Word, let him be instant in season and out of season—let him sow beside all waters, and God shall be glorified though Israel be not gathered. I say, let him preach the *Word*; not philosophy, not the metaphysics of the schools, not the theories of human wisdom, but *the Word* in its simplicity and purity, in the amplitude of its provisions and the adaptation of its promises—the Word in its awful severity and sweetness, the Word which Paul declared to be "the wisdom of God and the power . . . of God unto salvation." Thus to preach the *Word* requires no little skill, ample and varied scholarship—a deep insight into the meaning of the original Scriptures, a profound and unquestioned piety. We need, in this age and in this country, a well-taught and highly-gifted ministry, a ministry whose weapons are polished and prepared to meet the skeptic on his own ground—to meet reason with reason, science with science and learning with learning. Not that I would intimate that there is any conflict between science and revelation. The Christian world is beginning to see that the Word of God wars not with His works, that every new revelation of nature but strengthens

the chain which links earth and sky—adds to the battlements of that religion whose foundation is the eternal rock and whose pinnacle is bright with supernal glories. Still, we need a learned ministry, able to show this essential and beautiful harmony; a ministry that need not be ashamed, skillfully handling the Word of life, dealing to each one his portion in due season—unfolding to the haughty philosopher the unsearchable riches of Christ and yet with equal success revealing Him even to the apprehension of children; a ministry that shall rise above the dry and dusty details of skeletons and creeds and preach Christ as He lived, as He taught, as He spoke at Olivet, as He prayed in Gethsemane, as He died on Calvary, “the just for the unjust that He might bring us unto God”; a ministry that shall be able to probe the heart with these essential truths, and open to the thirsty lip and fainting spirit the gushing waters of life, and feed the hungry soul with the true bread from heaven. This, *all this* is implied in feeding the lambs and the sheep of Christ’s flock. Another means of their nutriment and support, which it is the duty of the faithful pastor to use and apply, are the baptism and the Lord’s Supper. These sacraments belong to that class of ordinances which we usually denominate *sealing* and *confirming*. They possess no inherent and necessary power to confer grace even though administered by those who claim a succession the most direct from the apostles. Their efficacy, under the blessing of God, depends upon a docile and proper state of heart. Like every other means of grace, if perverted, they prove a savor of death unto death. “For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord’s body.”

Their special object is not so much the conversion of sinners as the edification and sanctification of believers; and as this is the purpose for which they have been instituted, every Christian pastor ought to administer them accordingly with fidelity and zeal. Too much effort cannot be employed to bring such as are without into the fold of Christ, that they may be fit subjects of the initiating seal. Nor can too much effort be employed for prevailing upon the young who have been early dedicated to God in baptism to enter into the spirit of the baptismal covenant by giving themselves up unreservedly to the service and glory of their Redeemer. They sustain a tender and peculiar relation to the Church—they are the lambs of the flock, and should be recognized and cared for by Christ’s under-shepherds. He Himself, when upon earth, was interested in the hosannas of children, and they received His gracious benedictions. And so soon as the graces of the Spirit are developed in their character and lives, are they to be welcomed to all the covenanted blessings and privileges of Christ’s fold. Think of a tender lamb exposed to the perils of a forest—to beasts of

prey, with no kind shepherd near, no sympathy, no succor. Let the faithful pastor imitate the care of the great Shepherd and gather the lambs in his bosom, feed them with the sincere milk of the Word and give them the shelter and benefits of the fold. It is ample enough for the lambs as well as the sheep. Their age, inexperience and exposure render it peculiarly necessary for their protection and support. We do not see how a pastor may expect the blessing of God upon his labors who is not zealous for the appropriate administration of the Lord's Supper; neither can we see how any Christian can hope to be fed and strengthened in the graces of piety who habitually neglects this ordinance. It is not left at his own option or convenience whether he receive it or not. It is a duty, as much as prayer, rendered obligatory by the express and positive command of Christ, "This do in remembrance of me."

It is not only a *duty*, but a privilege the most *precious*, both to the pastor and to the people. To take by the hand those who have tasted and seen that the Lord is good and gracious, and lead them to the sacramental board, and carry them back in imagination to Calvary and the Cross, to the nails and the spear, to remind them of all those mysterious sufferings under which the mighty Redeemer sank in the crisis of His agony—thus to commemorate this scene of awe and wonder is to the Christian pastor to stand upon the very mount of God and beneath the outspread wings of the cherubim. Then may he distribute the bread and the wine, and say, "Eat, O friends, and drink, O beloved!"

Pastoral sympathy is another duty implied in feeding the lambs and sheep of *Christ's flock*. Here again the Great Shepherd excels. His heart glowed with the most lively sympathy for those He came to *guide, feed and bless*. In all their affliction He was afflicted. He mingled His tears with the mourner and felt compassion for the sad and dejected; and in this particular his under-shepherds will find ample occasion in this world of graves and sorrow to imitate His example. They will be called to enter the low hut of poverty, to stand by the bed of the dying saint, to hear the last prayer, the last farewell spoken, to meet affliction in its weeds kissing the cold lips of the dead, to behold Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not. They will be called to check the moanings of despair, to guide inquiring doubt, to turn the tearful eye of penitence to the light of promise, to lead the weary and heavy-laden to the Cross, where their burdens may be lightened and the aching heart soothed. Oh, how needful that the pastor's heart be full of sympathy, that he may weep with those that weep! Shall they be cold, formal words that gush from his lips and fall upon the mourner's heart? Oh! no; he must feel for that mourner; he

must mourn, too, or his consolation will fall like snow-flakes upon the crushed bosoms and drooping hopes that he would bind up and restore. Shall it be with an inward loathing or secret dread that he enters the home of the poor? No; he must feel that here, too, are his brethren, who need kind words, which will be to *them* like apples of gold in pictures of silver. He must mingle freely with his people—the poor as well as the rich—ascertaining their spiritual wants and trials, counseling the perplexed, strengthening the weak, encouraging the timid and leading the inquiring to the Lamb of God. . . . Thus will he enrich his own mind with lessons gathered out of the volume of human life, blurred, tear-dimmed and torn. Thus will he collect pabulum for the pulpit, and become, if not a more *philosophic*, a more *practical*, *pious* and *effective* preacher.

Still another duty of the pastor is to *govern* his flock. . . . Here, as in every other particular, the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of Souls appears pre-eminent. He is the only King and Head of the Church, and His laws are the only ones which she recognizes as having absolute and full control over the human conscience. Still, He has delegated a certain portion of authority to the officers in His Church, whom He employs as under-shepherds. It is, however, entirely declarative or ministerial. They are empowered not to *legislate*, but simply to declare and apply the laws which He has given; and this is unquestionably a part of the duty enjoined upon Peter when he was commanded to feed the lambs and the sheep of Christ. The term which in the text is rendered *feed* often means to rule. In proof of this, a single example out of many which might be adduced will be sufficient. It is thus written in the second chapter of the gospel by Matthew: "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a governor that shall *rule* my people Israel. The word which is here translated, and rightly, *rule* is the very same which is employed in our text, and it obviously implies in the latter case as well as in the former exercising authority over the objects whom it respects, as well as using other appropriate means for promoting their best interest. A keeper of sheep cannot act faithfully toward the flock entrusted to his care unless he subjects them to such restraints and corrections as are really for their good. They must not be permitted to wander at will. In like manner, a spiritual shepherd cannot act faithfully toward the people under his charge unless he watch over them and, if need be, administer closely and cautiously the discipline of the Church. Such discipline is both designed and adapted to produce the most salutary results. It is in all its parts for edification and not for destruction. There is not a single law of Christ in which His goodness does not appear equally resplendent with His

authority. Nor can anything be more certain than that in proportion as His laws are conscientiously and wisely executed the Church will shine forth in her beauty and strength, as a society separated from the world which lieth in wickedness, as a society devoted to God, beautified with the image of Jesus, and growing up into a state of meetness for the heavenly world. If, then, it be of importance that the Church should display the excellence and loveliness of her distinctive character—that she should be the salt of the earth and the light of the world—it is unquestionably of equal importance that her discipline should be fully and faithfully exercised. The exercise of it is due to her as a collective association, is due to her members individually—is due especially to her youth, the lambs in the flock of Christ. Rules for the proper exercise of this discipline are specified by our Lord in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, and in *no* case should they be deviated from or disregarded. In this work will the pastor be assisted by his Session, who are the appropriate legislative and representative body of the Church. “And let the elders who rule *well* be counted worthy of double honor.”

The particulars which have now been considered are sufficient to give some idea of the extent and importance of the duty which the text enjoins—a duty which cannot be neglected in any of its parts without peril to the pastor and his flock. He must guide, feed and govern them, and “who is sufficient for these things?” Of personal sufficiency no one, however distinguished he may be for talent, genius, learning or *even* grace, can boast. But while this is undeniable, there is an internal principle which impels every spiritual shepherd in unwearied exertions to feed the lambs and the sheep of Christ. It is the love of Christ constraining him. This is our position—not fear, nor filthy lucre, but *love* must actuate him in all his sufferings and self-denying labors. Every one who knows anything about the human heart knows that love is one of the most efficient and commanding principles by which it can be influenced. What labors, what dangers, what conflicts, what trials it will induce its subjects to encounter and suffer for the sake of the object loved! Of its power numberless examples may be quoted from the romance of real life or the records of Christian heroism. Such was the love of Jacob for Rachel that it led him to account as a single day the fourteen years of hard and painful service that he might gain her as his wife. But this was the love of a mortal for a fellow mortal; how much stronger is the love of the Christian for his Saviour may be seen by a reference to the martyr-ages of the Church. Look to the history of the apostles. Analyze the secret of their zeal, energy and self-denial. No worldly motives were operat-

ing, yet they forsook all, took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, were calm and self-possessed in the hour of danger and triumphed amid the flames of martyrdom. Read the simple narrative of the Apostle Paul as given by himself: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Such were the scenes of danger, trial and suffering through which that venerable and heroic apostle was called to pass. And yet he *gloried* in such tribulations. He "reckoned that the sufferings of this present life were not worthy to be compared to the glory that is to be revealed in us." And the secret of the whole matter is, *the love of Christ constrained him*. His life is an enigma—a mystery without the admission of this principle. This explains, harmonizes all—makes his life a beautiful offering to the master passion that animated and controlled him. Such must be the love which animates every pastor who undertakes to guide, feed and govern the flock of Christ. Without such love there can be no inducement to enter the pastoral office. Without such love no interest can be felt in the objects for whom the office has been instituted. Without such love the labors and the trials incident to the office will be intolerable. If Christ be not precious to the soul of the pastor, how can he recommend Him to others as the one altogether lovely? To preach an unknown and unloved Saviour is indeed the most comfortless and profitless employment in which a mortal can possibly engage. In the routine of his daily life and duties he will find his burden heavy and his heart sad unless cheered by the love of Christ. No profession involves so much responsibility, care, labor, anxiety, weariness, both of body and mind, as the ministerial, and yet no profession is so poorly paid; and unless sustained by an ardent love for his work, the pastor will become weary in well-doing and sink beneath the pressure of his cares. Oh! he must love his office, its sacredness and responsibility. Its labors, its toils, its conflicts must still be dear to him. He must wear outwardly no ephod breastplate garnished with precious stones, but he must wear one within, even *a loving heart*—a heart warm for God and humanity; and this he must carry unchanged and unsullied through every scene of trial and discouragement until called from his labor to his rest and reward. To an inattentive observer the usual routine of ministerial duty

may appear by no means onerous or oppressive. But perhaps there is no subject in relation to which inaccurate judgment is more common than in relation to this. To feed the lambs and sheep of Christ from week to week, from month to month and from year to year, walking continually before them even as Christ also walked, supplying them with their portion of food in due season, and so adapting the supply to their circumstances as to furnish the babes with milk and the strong men with meat, and further exercising over them a strict and salutary discipline, is a task of overwhelming labor and responsibility. Nor can any man calculate upon performing it with pleasure to himself or profit to others unless he yields his heart to the constraining influence of the love of Christ.

Having thus presented the duties of the Christian pastor and the great principle that should animate and inspire him in all his labors, we are now prepared, in a brief review, to remark, first, How dignified and important is the office of the Christian pastor! He is a fellow-laborer with Christ—an inferior shepherd under the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of Souls—a herald, an ambassador.

“The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline to glorious war
The sacramental host of God’s elect.”

Such is the pastor’s office and work. No higher honor can be conferred upon a sinful worm. It is an office that comes next to the glory of Jehovah; tends natively and mightily to bless mankind, and embodies in its amazing progress the highest interests of the world.

Surely such an office should be liberally sustained. The faithful minister demands, as his office and labors entitle him, the respect, the confidence, the sympathy, the support of those for whose good he consecrates his energies and his time. He is no beneficiary upon the charities of the church. “The laborer is worthy of his hire.” He is entitled to an ample support, such as will effectually relieve him from all pecuniary anxiety, from all apprehension of humiliating dependence when constrained by age or increasing infirmity to retire from active service. On the principle of *quid pro quo*, the world is largely indebted to the pulpit. What other single agency confers such liberal benefactions upon mankind? What affects

so essentially all the interests of society? "The pulpit must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand, the most important and effectual guard, support and ornament of virtue's cause." When the pulpit shall be properly appreciated it will not need to beg for a support. It will be seen to be identified with the best interests and hopes of the race.

Our National Sin—Intemperance in England.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **F. W. Farrar, D.D.** (CANON OF WESTMINSTER), ON BEHALF OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 26, 1878.

And He stood between the dead and the living; and the plague was stayed.—Numbers xvi : 48.

ON previous Sundays, my brethren, I have endeavored to set before you the universe as a sign of God's eternal power and Godhead, by showing you, first, that its beauty was the seal of the handiwork of its Creator; and then that neither in its illimitable vastness nor in the steady uniformity of the laws which govern it is there anything to shake, but rather very much to strengthen our faith in God. Such truths may be deeply practical if we will make them so—if we will remember that this is the God whose eye is ever upon us—that “this God is our God for ever and ever, and shall be our Guide unto death.” And such truths have a deep bearing on the subject upon which, by a national society, I am bidden to speak to you to-day; for if there be one thing that stands out clearly from such a contemplation of the awfulness of God, and yet the love which sent His Son to die for us, it is the guilt involved in the willful depravation of His work—the dreadful consequences which must follow, and which, as a fact, are daily following from the flagrant violation of His laws. Willful sin—a willful sacrifice of duty to self-indulgence, a willful choice of the lower and baser, instead of the higher and nobler, is disastrous to the individual; and pitiable indeed is the shipwreck which it causes to the hope and the happiness of life. But in the case of a nation still more disastrous is the loss, still more overwhelming the shipwreck. Take the history of any nation under the sun. Watch its rise and watch its ruin, and see whether in every instance its ruin has not been the retribution of its guilt. You may not be able to see exactly *why* it was, but you are forced to see that *so* it was. And the secular historian will tell you as emphatically as the theologian, that to every nation under the sun sin has meant, first, weakness, then decay, and lastly destruction. What ruined Judah? In its first stage, idolatry; in its second stage, Pharisaism. What sapped the strength of Greece? Sensuality. What broke the iron arm of Rome? Slavery. What ruined Spain? Avarice. What ruined Venice? Pride. What ruined the Papacy? Ambition. If ever England is ruined, what will be her ruin? Her national sin, whatever that sin may be. And what is the national sin of England?

Alas! there are many sins in England; but ask the unbiassed opinion of those who know; ask the unsuspected testimony of English judges; ask the exceptional experience of the English clergy; ask the unguarded admissions of the English Press and their unanimous answer would be, I think, as would be the unanimous answer of every thoughtful man in this vast assembly: "The national sin of England is drunkenness, and the national curse of England is drink."

My brethren, it has been my duty once or twice to speak of intemperance, and I am willing to bear the penalty. On this subject it is an imperious duty that the pulpit should not always be silent. But if I am not afraid to speak the truth I do earnestly desire to speak the truth only, and to speak the truth in love. Far from the sanctity of this place be vulgar exaggeration. This abbey, as it is dedicated to God, is sacred to truth. This abbey, as it is dedicated to faith, is sacred to charity. Were I to say from this place one word that was unwarrantable, it would seem to me as though the immortal spirits of the great men whose memorials stand thick around us were frowning on me in disdain; but they would have still more cause to frown if I glazed over the truth with lies. To exaggerate is one thing: to be charged with exaggeration is very much another. Alas! there are aspects of this matter which it is impossible to exaggerate; and though I shall touch only on facts admitted and undeniable, the worse facts are too bad to be here spoken of. And if there be any here who are concerned in the maintenance of a trade from which flow such dangerous consequences, while I do ask them to think over their responsibility, and of that strict and solemn account which we must all one day give before the judgment seat of Christ, they may rest assured that I speak of systems, and not of individuals; and as I never have said, so neither now will I say, one word which is meant to reflect painfully on them. But knowing as we do that drunkenness is a ruinous vice, and seeing as we do that the results which flow from it are of the darkest and most appalling character, I, therefore, desire to arrest—more and more to arrest—so far as I can, the attention of the people of England to this crying and wide-wasting evil. To the intemperate I am not speaking, though from my very soul I pity them; nor to abstainers am I speaking, for to them I can say nothing new; but I do want every Englishman and Englishwoman in this great abbey—every English-speaking man and woman whom in any form or by any means these words can reach—to face the stern facts which I shall touch upon, to ask themselves how far they mean to be entangled in responsibility for them, and how long they will, and why they will, look on such facts unmoved. How weak, alas! are poor human words! how timid are poor human hearts! But, oh, if that great angel of the Apocalypse could speak, and if his

voice were in the thunder's mouth, he could not speak too loud to warn England of the sin and misery which are in the midst of her, to urge her to shake out of her bosom this burning coal of fire.

"Woe," says Jeremiah, "to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower." The allusions to drunkenness in Scripture and in classical literature are not unfrequent. Yet drunkenness was not the prevalent sin of ancient times; and an ancient Spartan, an ancient Roman or an ancient Hebrew would have stared with contemptuous disgust at the sights which in Christian England are as familiar as a jest. It is not that they were less prone to sin, but they were less pelted with temptation. Southern and eastern nations have never been so intemperate as northern; and ancient nations were ignorant of that deadly spirit which has wrought a havoc so frightful among us. The simple wines of antiquity were incomparably less deadly than the stupefying and ardent beverages of this suffering land. They contained, even when undiluted, but four or five per cent.; whereas the maddening intoxicants of Scotch and English cities contain the horrible amount of 53 per cent. of alcohol. Take but one illustration of the difference between ancient and modern days. Our blessed Lord, when he lived on earth, traversed Palestine from end to end. He saw many a sinner and many a sufferer. He saw the lepers, and healed them. He saw weeping, penitent women, and restored them to honor and to holiness again. There is not the slightest trace that He ever once witnessed that spectacle of miserable degradation, a drunken man, or that yet more pitiable spectacle of yet deadlier degradation, a drunken woman. He who scathed the obstinate formalism of the Pharisee; He who flung into the sea with a millstone round his neck the desecrator of youthful innocence, what would He have said, what would He have felt, if He had heard the cries of women beaten by drunken husbands, if He had seen little children carried into yonder hospital stricken down by their mother's senseless or infuriated hand? Ah! estimate these things as He would have estimated them, and then, for very shame, for very pity, for the mere love of your kind and country, you will not venture then to sneer at those who cannot let these things be.

And, alas! my brethren, but for these spirits England need not be a drunken nation. The day was when she was not a drunken nation. Here, at the very central point of English history, listen to a page of your own history. In the reign of that great king, Henry V., who enlarged this abbey, in his army of heroic victors—the army of Agincourt—drunkenness was deemed an utter disgrace; and King Harry was so impressed with the curse of it that he wanted to cut down all the vines in France. Not yet accustomed, as one has said,

“to pour oil of vitriol on the roses of her youth”—not yet accustomed to apply hot and rebellious liquors in the blood of her children, England at that day might have said to one or other of her then not numerous drunkards—

“I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers,
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I long have dreamt of such a kind of man—
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
But, being waked, I do despise my dream.

* * * * *

—And know the grave doth
Gape for thee thrice wider than for other men.”

The great antiquary, Camden, who lies buried in yonder aisle, said that in his day drunkenness was a recent vice; and other writers say that “We brought the foul vice of intemperance from our wars in the Netherlands, as we brought back the foul disease of leprosy from the Crusades.” In the bad reaction which followed the Restoration, when people broke loose from Puritan restriction to plunge into abominable license, the evil habit was enormously increased, and many a great statesman, and many a great writer, at a subsequent epoch, shattered his nerves and shortened his life by drink. But it was about 1724, as we are told by the last historian of the eighteenth century, that gin-drinking began to affect the masses of English people, and to spread with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic. “Small,” he says, “as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was, probably, if we consider all the consequences that flowed from it, the most momentous in that eighteenth century, because from that year the fatal passion for drinking was implanted in the nation.” Yes, it is only some 150 years ago that there began the disastrous era of the dram-shop and the gin-palace, and from that era ardent spirits began to madden the brain, to poison the blood and to brutalize the habits of the lower classes. Those poisonous draughts of liquid fire which are at this moment the scathing curse of myriads, which are the fellest and foulest temptations with which our working classes have to struggle, about that time replaced the comparatively harmless wines of ancient days. The Jewish rabbis have a legend that when the first vineyard was planted Satan rejoiced, and said to Noah that he should have his account in the results. And in truth, the wine cup, which poets so extol, has, as Solomon has told us, been the cause of woes enough; but if ever the spirits of evil hailed a potent ally with shouts of triumph, it must have been when that thing was discovered which, regarded as a harmless luxury by the virtuous, acts as a subtle and soul-destroying ruin of the unsuspecting—that thing in the use of which “intemperance, the great murderer of millions, doth creep for shelter into houses of moderation.”

But to return to history. Ardent spirits had not been long introduced to England when the grand jury of Middlesex, in a powerful presentment, declared that much the greater part of the poverty, the robberies, the murders of London might be traced to this single cause. Even the morals of the eighteenth century, bad as they were, did not so acquiesce in this public demoralization as we, with our consciences seared with the hot iron of custom, are content to acquiesce. In the year 1736 a strenuous attempt was made to stem the rising tide of shame and ruin. Against the Gin Act, as it was called, Lord Chesterfield, the most polished and brilliant peer of his day, flung his whole influence, alas! in vain. When I quote his words to you, remember you are listening to a professed man of the world, perfectly cool-headed, the mirror of fashion, the idol of society, yet speaking simply as a patriot from ordinary observation of notorious results. Had he used such language now—had he used such language in the pulpit instead of in the House of Peers, he would have been called an intemperate Pharisee; but he spoke to an age not yet hardened by time to the horrors of dram-drinking. ‘Vice, my lords,’ he said, ‘is not properly to be taxed, but to be suppressed. Luxury, my lords, may very properly be taxed; but the use of those things which are simply hurtful—hurtful in their own nature and in every degree, is to be prohibited. If these liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at length, my lords, secure them from these fatal draughts by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us check these artists in slaughter who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and to ruin, and who spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as cannot be resisted. When I consider, my lords, the tendency of this bill, I find it calculated only for the propagation of disease, the suppression of industry and the destruction of mankind.’ So spoke, so thought the great Lord Chesterfield of those ardent spirits which, on this very day, will be purchased by hundreds and hundreds of men, of women, of children, in one hundred and forty houses within only a minute or two’s walk of this abbey. And he did not stand alone. If you would know what your fathers thought of these things, look at Hogarth’s pictures. And if you will not take the testimony of art, take the testimony of science. In the year 1750 the London physicians drew up a memorial to the effect that there had been 14,000 cases of fatal illness attributable to gin alone; and one of the most estimable prelates of that day—Benson, Bishop of Gloucester—wrote: “Our people have become what they never were before—cruel and inhuman. These accursed liquors, which, to the shame of our Government, are so easily to be had, have changed their very nature.” And about the same time the entire bench of English bishops protested against this act, as

founded, in their own language, "on the indulgence of debauchery, the encouragement of crime and the destruction of the human race."

It was amid these protests of ruin—it was amid these omens, as it were, from God in the voices of men, that in England the shameful and miserable tale began. You know, or you may know, and you ought to know, how it has gone on. The extent, indeed, of the calamity you do not and cannot know; and that can only be fully known to Him who hears, and not in vain, the sighs and moans that load the air—to Him alone who can estimate the area of wreck and ruin, of human agony and human degradation, which is represented by the fact, that this country spends £150,000,000 a year on drink, and that in this country there are, besides the many who drink, 600,000 drunkards. No; you cannot estimate it. You have not, most of you, even one fraction of the knowledge about it which those have who have seen it. But need you ignore it? Can you live in the midst of facts so ugly, and yet not lift a finger to make them better? Read for yourselves; judge for yourselves. Refute the facts if you can, and would to God that you could, but you cannot. Convince yourself, first, that these things are totally unnecessary; and then do not take our testimony, but get the best you can from every quarter. Health is the most priceless boon of life. Go to our London hospitals and ask how many are brought there by the diseases, by the accidents, by the brutal violences of drink. Pauperism is the curse of cities. Ask Poor-law Guardians how paupers are made; and ask any economist worthy the name how pauperism can possibly be avoided when so much idleness is due to the £37,000,000, at the very least—as much as all their rent—which the working classes spend in drink. Lunacy is one of the worst inflictions on humanity. Ask in any public asylum, if you like, the percentage of it due to drink. Idiocy is one of the saddest phenomena of life. Ask any physician how many idiots are born of drunken parents. Visit our camps and barracks, and there is not one officer who will not tell you that drink is the deadliest curse of our army. Visit our ships and sea-ports, and there is not one captain who will not tell you that drink is the worst ruin of our sailors. Go to any parish you like in town or country, where there are many public-houses and many poor, and there is not a clergyman who will not tell you that drink is the most overwhelming curse of our working classes. Philanthropists sigh over their condition: how can it be otherwise when there is always the maximum of temptation at the exact point where there is the minimum of power to resist it? Here, almost under the shadows of the great towers of our Houses of Legislature, and within bow-shot of this abbey, are streets in which house after house, family after family, is ruined, or rend-

ered miserable, by this one cause. And, oh! how long will our legislature still refuse to interfere? Oh, that we could show to them the misery of the innocent, the imbruting of the guilty, women broken-hearted, children degraded, men lowered to the level of the beasts, holidays changed into a bane, high wages wasted into a curse, the day of God turned into a day of Satan, our gaols filled, our criminal classes recruited, our work-houses rendered inevitable! This it was which made the late Mr. Charles Burton say that "the struggle of the Church, the library and the school were united, and united in vain, against the beer-shop and the gin-palace," and that this struggle was "one development of the war between heaven and hell." Have we not a right to expect—have we not a right to demand—that in this struggle the legislature should take its part?

Look at the statue of that glorious statesman, who there, "with eagle-face and outstretched hand, seems still," as it has been said, "to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes." Speaking of the proposal to use Indians against our American colonists he burst into that memorable storm of words which you all have read: "I call upon the bishops," he said, "to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn—I call upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine—to save us from this pollution. I call upon your lordships to stamp upon it the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. Again I implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away with these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration. Let them purify this house and this country from this sin." In his burning wrath of moral indignation so stormed, so thundered, the mighty Earl of Chatham when it was proposed to let loose on our revolted colonists what he called the hell-hounds of savage war. But against this hell-hound of savage intoxication the bishops did then, and the judges do now, their very best to interpose. They, at least—our great judges—can estimate, if any can, the connection of drink and crime. Have they failed to estimate it? There is scarcely a single judge upon the bench who has not spoken of it till it has become a common-place of our courts of justice. "It is not from men that are drunk," said one judge, "But from men that have been drinking that most of the crimes proceed." "The worst is," said another, "that men enter the public house sober and leave it felons." "But for drink," others have said again and again, "not one of these cases would have come before us." "Do away with drink," said others, "and we may shut up two-thirds of our prisons." So they have said. well nigh every one of them, and still the maddening wave of alcohol goes on. And are these judges fanatics? Are they Pharisees? Or is it that they are forced to see what every one of us might see if we chose as a fearful and intolerable fact?

The new year dawned upon us five months ago with all its cheerful prophecies and jubilant hopes; and when it began I thought I would make a record of a few out of those thousands of awful crimes with which drink would blight and desecrate its sacred history. Very soon I paused, sickened and horror-stricken. The crimes were too awful, too inhuman—sometimes too grotesque in their pitiable horror. Other crimes are human crimes, but the crimes done in drink are as the crimes of demoniacs. Oh, that the angel of the nation might blot them out of his record, with such tears as angels weep; to think that Christ, daily re-crucified, in the midst of us, should, from His throne in heaven,

“ —See only this
After the passion of a thousand years.”

I have some of them written here, but I dare not read them. I dare not describe the least bad, much less tell the worst. These things—these daily incidents of the year 1878 after Christ—Christian men and Christian women, are they unfit for your fastidious ears? Ah, but these things are as they are; and it is not hypocrisy to shrink, with delicate sensibility, from hearing crimes which are going on about you from day to day, while you do not shrink from the fact that they should be done and borne by Englishmen like yourselves; that they should be done and borne by women who might have worn the rose of womanhood; that they should be done and borne by children who once were little bright-eyed boys and girls in our schools, and who, but for drink, might have been as sweet and as happy as yours. And if you are ashamed that these things should be, why do so many do nothing whatever to prevent this mingled stream of crime and pauperism from pouring through the midst of us? Where are these things being done? In savage Pacific Islands? among cannibals? among ancient Pagans, such as St. Paul describes? I declare to you that I find no records of such chronic horrors among them as I find like incidents of common life, items of ordinary news, happening now—happening to-day—happening in the midst of the nineteenth century—happening in Christian England—happening in Liverpool, in Dublin, in Glasgow, in Manchester—happening here under your minster towers. Here, in the very streets hard by, oh, what a tale could I tell!—the husband imprisoned for assaulting his wife; the son in gaol for striking his aged, miserable mother; the father deserting his family of little children; the son dishonoring his home; the man once rich, now ruined; the woman barely snatched from agonizing suicide. And, Christian men and Christian women, you wonder that our hearts are stirred within us when we see whole classes of a country, which should be the very marrow and sinews of its strength, thus given wholly to intemperance. • When will this

indifference cease? When will a nation, ruined by her vice, demand that the temptations to it should be withheld? Sooner or later it must be so, or England must perish. Weigh the gain and weigh the loss, and if you will not do it, God must one day do it for us. But will you, Christian men and Christian women, will you, as lovers of your country, and lovers of your kind—dare you stand up before high God, and lay your hand upon your heart, and say, “One scale of the balance is worth the other”? Will you lay your hand on your heart, and say that these things ought so to be?

I stop at England. The half, alas! is not told you, or hinted to you. The awful guilt remains that throughout all our colonies and dependencies we, the proud race whose flag dominates the seas, and on whose empire the sun never sets—we, wherever winds blow and waters roll, have girdled and are girdling the world with a zone of drunkenness; until, as I think of it—as I think of the “curses, not loud but deep,” muttered against our name by races whom our fire-water has decimated, and our vice degraded, I seem to shudder as there sounds on my ears the stern inquiry to our country “These things hast thou done, and I held my peace, and thou thoughtest wickedly that I was such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set before thee the things that thou hast done;” and that stern menace of prophetic doom, “Shall not I visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not My soul be avenged on such a people as this?”

But, oh, will not some one interfere before it is too late? Once in the camp of Israel there arose a wail of horror and agony: “There is wrath gone out from the Lord: the plague is begun.” And, quick as thought, the high priest, Aaron, took a censer and put fire thereon from off the altar, and ran into the midst of the congregation, and put on incense, and stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed. Will no one do it now? We are encircled by the immortal memorials of those who fought the slave-trade, and shattered the biblical and other sophisms of its defenders. In yonder aisles are the statues of Wilberforce, and Raffles, and Buxton, and by the western door the liberated slave kneels in immortal marble and by the death-bed of Fox, whose errors are forgotten, and whose genius is ennobled by his championship of that great cause.

“Oh, God, for a man with head, heart, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by!”

Oh, for some one again with such eloquence as those, and with the same burning enthusiasm to redress the intolerable wrong, and to alleviate the needless miseries of man! Before the clear intellect, before the fiery zeal of such a one the

flimsy sophisms of a pseudo liberty and the perverted pleas of a feeble literalism would melt like tow at the breath of flame. Were it not better thus than to plunge into the heat of party squabbles? Will no one save the nation from multiplying, from legalizing for itself a needless and self-created destruction? Oh, what a crown would such a man deserve! He would deserve a grander monument than Wellington's—a prouder statue than Chatham's self. His name should live when many of those here recorded, and when most of those to follow them, are covered with oblivion's dust. God grant us such a one to stand between the living and the dead, for the plague has indeed begun. They have been dying of it now for two centuries. They are dying now of disease; they are dying by suicide; they are dying by violence; they are dying in hospitals, in squalid garrets everywhere; strong men—miserable women—little children dying so slowly that none call it murder. And if the drunkards cannot save themselves—if with their money they have drunk away their manliness, and with it their sense of shame, their power of will, shall not the nation save them—save them from themselves—save them from their destroying temptation—save their children—save their wives?

We are told that public opinion is not yet strong enough. Then, in God's name, let public opinion become strong enough. Let the working classes, who are mostly affected, take up the question. Let them snatch their order from ruin. Let them cleanse it from its shame. What the senate refuses now it may not, and will not, refuse when a nation knocks at its doors, with righteous and imperious demand, and tells them that they are there to do its righteous bidding. And as for us who are not senators, and whose power is small, let us at least help to form this public opinion. Let us change the national sin of drunkenness into the national glory of self-control. Let us become the Nazarites, as we have been the Helots, of the world. To hope for this has been called extravagant; nevertheless, I do hope for it. If there be in England so many drunkards, there are also 4,000,000 abstainers; and if, with no loss to themselves—if with stronger health and unwasted means, to their own great happiness, and to the example of others, there are 4,000,000 of every rank and position and every degree of intellectual power—I, for one, believing noble things of man as I believe noble things of God, do not see why there should not be many millions. And, oh, if we cannot and will not save ourselves, let us, at least, save our children. If the health and peace of the working classes of this generation is to be a holocaust to drink, let the next be an offering to God. Let us, as Wellington said at Waterloo, have young soldiers. Let every young man in his strength and every young maiden in her innocence and beauty join our

ranks. Let the manliness of the nation spring forward in its own defense ; so that by a sense of shame and a love of virtue, if this evil cannot be suppressed by law, let it perish of inanition. If so I see no end to the greatness of England—no limit to the prolongation of her power. But if not, then in all history, and in all individual experience, I see but this one lesson : no nation—no individual—can thrive so long as it be under the dominion of a besetting sin. It must conquer or be conquered. It must destroy it or be destroyed by it. It must strike at the sources of it, or be stricken down by it into the dust.

The Failures of Infidelity; or, Opposition to Christ Unavailing.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **W. B. Stewart, D.D.**, IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FORT EDWARD, N. Y., JULY 14, 1878,

. . . *Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after Him.*—
John xii: 19.

THESE desponding words were uttered by the Pharisees in the City of Jerusalem in reference to Christ. It was on the occasion of His grand entry into the city and at the time of the feast of the Passover, and when the city was full of people from all parts of the country.

A short time previous to this grand entry He had performed the noted miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead in the town of Bethany, a village about two miles from the city. Those who had witnessed that noted miracle had spread the news of it in the city, where it seems to have made a profound sensation; and when the people heard of His coming from Bethany to the city they went out in great numbers to meet Him; and when they saw Him coming they were so filled with joy that they cheered and prayed and sung praises to God. Many spread their garments in His way, and others cut down branches from the palm trees and strewed them in the way: and they that went before Him in the grand procession and they that followed after cried with a loud voice, saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest." The Pharisees had used their utmost endeavors to prevent the people from recognizing Jesus as the Messiah, and when they saw them on this occasion going out in such great numbers to meet Him, notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent it, and especially when they saw their demonstrations of joy on recognizing Him as the long-expected Messiah, they became extremely mortified at their own failure on the one hand, and were filled with intense indignation at the people on the other.

On seeing Jesus entering the city of Jerusalem in triumph they must have felt very much as Haman felt when he led the hated Mordecai in triumph through the streets of Shushan; and having assembled themselves together for mutual counsel and commiseration, they said among themselves: "*Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after Him!*" The sense in which the word "world" is here used is hyperbolical, and means a great number, or "everybody," as we would say. And when we remember the fact that this

triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem took place at the time of the feast of the Passover, when thousands of Jews, besides the citizens, were present from all parts of the country, the language of these Pharisees cannot be so extravagant after all.

Like the unconscious predictions of Caiaphas, that one should die for the people, or like Pilate's unwitting testimony to His Kingship in his inscriptions over His head on the Cross; an important prophecy seems to lie hidden in these words; for what these Pharisees here affirmed hyperbolically, His friends may now affirm almost literally.

If these Pharisees, who were His most powerful enemies, felt constrained to use such language in their age of Christianity in view of the great number of His followers, with how much greater propriety can we in the present age appeal to His adversaries and say, "*Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing?*" Do you not see that your efforts to stop the progress of the Gospel, or to prevent the people from believing that Jesus is the Messiah, are unavailing? "*Behold the world has gone after Him!*" Everybody is becoming His followers. The nations of the earth are becoming Christian nations!

The important subject, then, to which your attention is respectfully invited is: *The Failures of Infidelity; or, Opposition to Christ Unavailing.* In treating this important subject, it is proposed to notice: *First, the progress of the Gospel; secondly, the efforts of infidelity to stop its progress; and thirdly, to show why these efforts have been unavailing.*

These are all important points—points appropriate to the times, and in which every one who reads or thinks or loves information must feel deeply interested.

I. There are three important facts in reference to the *progress* of the Gospel which are admitted both by friends and by foes. They agree, first, that its progress during the first centuries of the Christian era was *rapid* and *extensive*; secondly, that the human instruments employed in its first propagation were *few and feeble*; and thirdly, that it met in its progress with the most *bitter and persistent opposition*. It is also an admitted fact that it did not commence its progress in the dark, nor in an obscure corner of the earth, but in what is acknowledged by all to be the most enlightened age of antiquity, the Augustan age, and in the most populous and polished cities of that age, such as Damascus, and Antioch, and Ephesus, and Corinth, and Athens, and Rome.

The apostles traveled over classic ground and established Christian churches in the land of Euclid and of Cicero and of Pericles. Its first triumphs were made in the city of Jerusalem. Immediately after the ascension of our Lord, His followers, to the number of one hundred and twenty, assembled together

in that city for worship; and, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, three thousand persons were converted by the preaching of one sermon, by one of the apostles, and added to that number. And shortly after the day of Pentecost we are informed that the number of *men* alone was about five thousand; and again, that multitudes of believers, both of men and women, were added to the Lord, all in the city of Jerusalem! But their labors were not confined to the capital of Judea, for, in obedience to their divine commission, they went out in different directions, preaching the Gospel with such wonderful success that in less than ten years from the time when Paul went forth on his missionary tour from Antioch in Syria it was said of him and his companions that they "*have turned the world upside down.*" And it is a fact that in less than half a century from the resurrection of Christ, Christian churches were planted in all the chief cities of the Roman Empire, and that in about three centuries from that time Christianity had become the established religion of that great empire. And from that day to this it has continued to spread from continent to continent, and from island to island, and from ocean to ocean, until the most powerful, civilized and enlightened nations of the earth to-day are Christian nations; and the most powerful, civilized and enlightened *because they are Christian nations.* And thus the Gospel will doubtless continue to progress until the few remaining nations of the earth shall also become enlightened and powerful Christian nations. The population of the Sandwich and Fejee Islands, some 350,000 in number, are now a Christian people, and yet there are those in my congregation to-day who can remember the time when they were all savage cannibals, and I have no doubt there are those here now who will live to see the time when India and China and Japan will also be Christian nations. India even now is under a Christian government. Her Christian Majesty, Queen Victoria of England, is now Empress of India. Already is the Bible translated into the language of nearly every pagan and semi-pagan nation, and the story of the Cross is read to-day in the vernacular tongues of those nations and is fast undermining their idolatry and superstition; and the time cannot be far distant when the tottering temples of paganism that yet remain will fall to the ground, and will be succeeded by the temples of Christianity; and as the friends of Christ we believe that, in view of the progress which His Gospel has already made, we can truly say to His infidel enemies, "*Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world has gone after Him!*"

II. Such are, briefly, the facts with regard to the *progress* of the Gospel; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that it made this astonishing progress without *opposition.* And

such, too, was the nature of this opposition that if our standpoint were the beginning of the first century instead of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and we were required from that point of observation to estimate the probabilities of its success, we would doubtless be forced to the conclusion that it never could prevail. Such, undoubtedly, would have been our verdict, and, with the exception of a few individuals in the city of Jerusalem, such was in fact the verdict of the world at that time. Both the Jewish and the Gentile world then agreed in their opposition to Christ, and in the opinion that His religion never could prevail. Pilate and Herod agreed on that point—Pilate as the representative of the Gentile world, and Herod as the representative of the Jewish world.

The Jewish world was opposed to the progress of the Gospel. The Jewish rulers crucified its Author, but that effort was unavailing, for in three days He rose again from the dead and remained forty days upon the earth. Again, they stoned Stephen to death, killed James with the sword and imprisoned Peter, intending after the Passover to put him to death; but all these efforts were likewise unavailing, for, in the providence of God, they drove the followers of Christ in every direction from the city, and thus unwittingly spread abroad the knowledge of the Gospel. But wherever the apostles went the Jews stirred up the people against them, exerting themselves to their utmost to prevent them from preaching the Gospel; but their efforts were unavailing, for when persecuted in one city they went to another, preaching the Gospel, until thousands of *Jews* even, including a great number of their priests, became obedient to the faith.

Again, the *Gentile world* was opposed to the progress of the Gospel. Polytheism, the religion of the Gentiles, was the great antagonist of Christianity. It was so firmly enthroned in the hearts of the people, and so completely interwoven with all the departments of government, that Christianity was regarded as treason to the State. Polytheism commended itself to the taste of the people. How? By the beauty of its mythology, by its gorgeously attired priests, by its imposing temples, by its jocund festivals, by its stately processions and brilliant ritual. "It placed genial household gods beneath every roof. It animated all nature with propitious deities. Aurora rode upon the beams of the morning, and Iris clothed herself in the melting hues of the rainbow." It formed an alliance with the fine arts, and gave employment to the painter and the poet and the artisan; and, as a matter of course, its satellites and numerous dependants roused all their energies, like the silversmiths of Ephesus, to resist the progress of a religion which would take away both their amusements and their occupation. The mechanics and the artists were filled with

indignation at such a prospect, and cried out, saying, "*Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*"

The foulest slanders, too, were invented and put in circulation against the Christians. *Nero set fire to Rome and charged it upon them.* The ablest writers, such as Celsus, Porphyry and Julian, employed their wit and learning to uphold their sacred and time-honored paganism, and to bring Christianity into ridicule and contempt. They assailed it with a malignity that out-Heroded Herod, and with a cunning that rivaled "the ingenuity of Spinoza, the wit of Voltaire and the ribaldry of Paine"; but paganism, terrified and alarmed at finding all her efforts to prevent the progress of the Gospel unavailing, finally appeals to the powers of government for aid, and then commences a series of persecutions so cruel and so revolting that it makes the heart sick to contemplate them; and yet even these efforts, cruel and desperate as they were, were unavailing. Even the Roman Empire and paganism combined were unable to overcome the simple fishermen of Galilee, but were both conquered by them in return. Paganism in that great empire was overthrown, and on the ruins of its fallen temples was reared that grand, that magnificent edifice which is to-day the glory of the civilized world—the Christian Church.

Such was the general character of opposition to the Gospel from the time of its first publication up to the time of the great Reformation period; and, although the Gospel has had her bitter enemies since that great Reformation period, yet these modern enemies have changed their tactics somewhat. Instead of making their assaults upon the bodies of Christians as in former ages, they have made them chiefly upon their minds and hearts. In this modern campaign infidelity has marshaled all her hosts and gone forth to battle under the leadership of such men as Bolingbroke, and Shaftesbury, and Tyndall, and Huxley, and Darwin, and Spencer, of England; and of Voltaire and D'Alembert and Renan, of France; and of Haeckel and Strauss, of Germany; and of Paine and Parker and Emerson in this country.

Arrogating to itself the panoply of science and perverting the facts of history, infidelity has shrewdly mingled its dogmas with these perverted facts. It has artfully infused its deadly poison into the fountains of popular literature. "Blending its notes with the sweet cadences of poetry and song, it has chanted its vulgar blasphemies in the softest strains of music." Under the garb of fiction and of polite literature, it has stealthily found its way into almost every home in the land! Decorating itself with the charms of wit and of rhetoric, it is shooting forth in every direction the polished arrows of satire and of ridicule and of caricature. Sometimes it even assumes the Christian name and some of the forms of Christian worship, and then,

calling itself a Christian Church, it seeks control of the governments of the land by means of the ballot-box, all with a view to the overthrow of popular education, a free press and a pure gospel.

But, notwithstanding all this opposition from these different forms of infidelity, the gospel of Christ is still making progress, and in its onward march is carrying along with it, in this country, our noble public-school system, and everywhere the rights of private judgment, the liberties of conscience and the freedom of speech and of the press. And, blessed be God, we can say to these modern enemies of Christianity, as certain of his ancient enemies said to one another: "*Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after him!*"

III. Now, then, here is a grand mystery demanding a reasonable solution. *Why has all this opposition to the Gospel been unavailing?* Why has it withstood the fires of persecution for ages and ages, still going on conquering and to conquer? Two answers to this important question, the Christian's and the infidel's, have been given. The Apostle Paul gives the Christian answer when he informs us that the success of the Gospel is owing not to the power and eloquence of its advocates, but to *the demonstration of the Spirit and the power of God*. No matter how well a Paul may plant or an Apollos may water, *the increase is of God*. In the progress of the Gospel the Christian sees

"The unambiguous footprints of the God
Who gives the lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."

The efforts of infidelity to stop the progress of the Gospel have been unavailing because the hand of God is in its progress. This is the *Christian answer*; and this answer is felt to be entirely reasonable and satisfactory.

The infidel's answer, on the other hand, is a failure. He affirms that the progress of the Gospel has been entirely owing to *secondary causes or to mere human instrumentality*; but this answer has always been regarded by an overwhelming majority of the profoundest thinkers as utterly insufficient to account for such a wonderful result. The human instrumentalities employed were entirely too few and too feeble to produce without divine aid such a grand and magnificent effect. *The progress of the Gospel can never be accounted for on mere natural principles or by secondary causes.*

I. The efforts of infidelity in all ages to stop the progress of the gospel have been unavailing, in the first place, because of the *character of Christ, its author*. There is no successful arguing against such a character as that of Jesus Christ. It is absolutely faultless. It is utterly vain and futile to oppose it, or, as the elegant Rousseau says, to compare the son of Sophroniscus

to the Son of Mary. Infidels may denounce him as a fraud, but they can never make the world believe it.

2. Again, the efforts of infidelity to stop the progress of the Gospel have been unavailing because the *evidences of its truthfulness, when fairly examined, have been found to be entirely convincing and satisfactory.* This has been the unbiased verdict of the greatest heads and the best hearts of all ages. Of all those mighty men who have stood foremost in every department of inquiry, the luminaries of their own age and of succeeding ages—the Bacons, and the Lockes, and the Newtons, and the Keplers, and the Washingtons, and the Websters—scarce one has been an unbeliever! The evidences which eighteen centuries have piled up around the cross are *vast, cumulative and overwhelming!* So far from being weakened by the lapse of time or the discoveries of the antiquarian or the labors of the scientist, they have, in fact, been greatly *strengthened thereby.* They form, indeed, a bulwark so massive and gigantic that the combined and oft-repeated assaults of skepticism and infidelity have utterly failed to break down or overleap. Voltaire boasted that he would sweep the Christian religion from the earth, and, after he himself had been swept away some of his disciples caught up the broom of his logic as it fell from his palsied hands and have tried to continue the sweeping; but the most that they have accomplished *has been simply to raise a dust*—a dust which may, perchance, have choked and blinded some, but the grand old bulwark of Christianity remains unbroken and unmarred.

After nearly nineteen centuries of trial, our blessed and glorious Christianity abides in her increasing strength and invincible power—the joy of the present and the hope of the future. (Homilist, Vol. XII., page 281.)

On one occasion a certain learned Chinaman was employed by some missionaries in the work of translating the New Testament into the Chinese language. At first the translating of the book had no apparent effect upon the learned Chinaman, but after some time he became somewhat agitated and exclaimed: "*What a wonderful book this is!*" "Why so?" say the missionaries. "*Because,*" says the Chinaman, "*it tells me all about myself.* It knows all that is in me. The one who made the book must be the one who made me." Ah! yes; the learned Chinaman was right. The Gospel of Christ is so perfectly adapted to all the varied wants of humanity that man's reason says that the author of humanity and the author of the Gospel must be one—*must be one and the same Divine Being.*

Again, when a man believes the Gospel and obeys it, in the sense in which it is intended to be believed and obeyed, *he knows it to be true.* He has tested it by his own inward experi-

ence. And this has been the experience of millions and millions for more than eighteen hundred years.

Let the infidel himself embrace the Gospel, and then he, too, will know it to be true. Intelligent people would not continue for almost nineteen centuries to use a remedy that never cures. The charge of stupid credulity has been often made against the Christians, but the fact is that it requires far more stupid credulity to believe the Gospel false than it does to believe it true, or to believe the infidel substitutes for the Gospel, such as pantheism, or positivism, or evolutionism, or modern spiritualism, than to believe the Gospel itself. *Infidelity has utterly failed to overthrow the evidences of Christianity.*

3. Lastly, it is affirmed that the efforts of infidelity in opposition to Christ have been unavailing because of its *utter failure to devise a substitute* for His religion which can answer the inquiries and meet the wants of man's spiritual nature. This is the *grand failure* of infidelity! It does not require much brains nor much learning to ridicule and caricature the Bible, or to find fault with it and make objections. It is much easier to pull down and to destroy than it is to build up, and yet infidelity has not been able even to *stop* the progress of the great edifice of Christianity, much less to pull it down and destroy it; and the reason is, because it has never been able to erect an acceptable substitute in its place.

It is said that one of the disciples of Rousseau had invented a religion which he was quite anxious to see adopted in France as a substitute for the Christian religion, but not making much progress with his substitute, he complained to Talleyrand of his want of success. Talleyrand suggested that it would doubtless help his cause very much if he would allow himself to be crucified and to be buried and to rise from the dead the third day, and then to show to the people the print of the nails in his hands and his feet! If he could do all that, there would not be so many doubting Thomases as to his new religion! So, like the witty Frenchman, we turn upon the infidel and say, if the Gospel is unworthy of our confidence, what have you to offer us in its place that *is* worthy? Paganism will not answer. Natural religion or pure deism will not answer. Spiritualism will not answer. These have all been tried and have utterly failed. The spiritual medium, so-called, is a fraud. Even atheism has been tried—tried in France and failed.

Again, a *mere negation* of the Gospel, however plausible, will not suffice. Human nature demands not only a religion, but also a *positive* religion, a *positive creed*. Infidelity satisfies no yearnings of the human heart on the one hand, nor quells the fears which sin has awakened in the human soul on the other.

Again, God has placed down deep in man's own consciousness and away back of the question of revelation the solemn

fact of future retribution. What, then, if you have proved the Gospel to be a fable! Human nature is not a fable; nor is its deep and irrepressible consciousness of future retribution a fable!

Again, I ask, What has infidelity to offer to satisfy these inquiries and demands of our nature? *Nothing—absolutely nothing!* But infidelity is bound to answer these demands and inquiries of our nature or give up the contest. It has had abundance of time to answer them, but, thus far, has utterly failed. In fact, the infidel has been trying to answer them for more than eighteen hundred years and has not succeeded yet, and the logical inference is that it cannot be done. Now, then, we believe that we have a perfect right to make these demands on infidelity. If we are not to have salvation through faith in Jesus, *as the Christ, the Son of God*, pray tell us what *other* name there is given under heaven whereby we may be saved. If the infidel must tear from our hearts the sweet hopes and consolations of the Gospel, what hopes and what consolations has he to offer us in their place? You doubtless remember the sad story of the mother of Hume. He had persuaded her to give up her faith in Jesus, but when sorrow and afflictions came upon her she found that, with her faith in Jesus, her comforts too had fled. and going to her infidel son, she said: "*My son, you have taken away my religion, now tell me something to comfort me.*" But, alas! he had no comfort to give his poor afflicted mother!

Oh, yes, dear hearer, there is no substitute for the religion of the Bible! The Gospel is our only hope; Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God, our only Saviour. "*Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.*" Oh, unbeliever! Oh, impenitent sinner! give up your opposition to Christ. Yield your heart to the saving power of His Gospel. Why longer oppose? "*Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after Him!*"

Concerning Jesus as a Poet.

NO. II.*

A SERMON

PREACHED BY Thomas Armitage, D.D., IN THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Consider the lilies of the field.—Matt. vi: 28.

THE poetic element in Jesus calls for the consideration of some points which, humanly speaking, enter into the moulding of His thought and expression. We fall into grave error as much in losing sight of His proper humanity as when we forget His proper divinity. It is clear enough that, as a man like ourselves, he was thoroughly influenced by all His surroundings—physical, mental and moral. All humanity bows to the truth of Macaulay's remark, "It is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. Great minds do, indeed, react on the society which has made them what they are; but they only pay with interest what they have received." This principle, when applied to ourselves, is what we call the logic of nature; and there is an important sense in which the Son of man was a son of nature too. The Greek poetic classics are filled with figures from cultured life—life which moved among the marble of elaborate sculpture and architecture. But no such exquisite human workmanship enters into the compositions of Jesus. His field of thought is beautifully suggested by the text, "Consider the lilies of the field!"—enter and contemplate the realm of nature. Living nature, humanity and God form the sublime ideal, perspective and background in His teaching.

At Southampton, the parlor-window of Isaac Watts overlooked the river Itchen and spread before him the Isle of Wight in its soft verdure of garden, field and forest. He gazed upon it till the richly-mantled scene melted his soul and drew from him the memorable hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." So when Charles Wesley stood upon the projecting rock at Land's End, two hundred feet above the sea, with the Bristol Channel upon his right hand and the wide Atlantic on his left, the spirit of poetry fell upon him. The ocean raged and roared about the rock, till, overpowered, he created that startling hymn:

"Lo! on a narrow rock of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

* Sermon No. I on this subject appeared in the June number of THE COMPLETE PREACHER.

Analyze the poems of Milton and you will find the elements which made his life and character cropping out everywhere. They tinge his streams of feeling, mould his imagination, cast his figures and throw a signally occult power into his expression. He lived in days of deep purpose and lofty will, of stern struggle and statesmanship, when the conflicts of English liberty were grim but glorious. These stirred his greatness to gallantry and patriotism and left every trait of his character upon his astonishing work. All this is true also of Dante, the gloomy, morbid, proud, but intense Italian. His *Inferno* is but the dark shade, the noxious, sullen melancholy of as unhappy a spirit as ever imprisoned itself in a haggard body. The great Scotch critic says of him, with an inimitable pungency: "It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil, of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. . . . The gloom of his character discolors all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with his own living hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne."

These cases convey the idea which I wish to express in relation to our Lord, so far as it is proper to apply them. All His utterances carry us back to the land, the day, the scenes in which He lived, embracing their economy, manners and customs, together with the religious sentiments, principles and practices of the Jewish people, and the shades of His own motives, doings and existence. He was thrown into the closest association with all the forms of nature and its phenomena, of history and home-life in Palestine; all His words bear evidence that these affected His mind, as similar things do other minds. His words constantly transport us back into His personal presence, where we breathe silently, re-live His history and listen to His voice again in all its freshness. This is one of the reasons why new beauties are constantly starting up about Him, and why the motions of His mind are constantly reworking their way into current history. As the great poets sing of nature, its rivers and mountains, its vales and hills, its seas and skies, so did He; thereby identifying each sentence which fell from His lips with the spirit of all ages. Let us trace this thought back in its application to what would be called in human parlance the youthful and formative state of our Lord's mind.

All through childhood and youth, in fact during His whole life, excepting a few of its last years, Jesus dwelt at Nazareth, in the northern province of Galilee, a spot of the most remarkable beauty in the Holy Land. Through the ridges of Lebanon there runs a waving valley, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and a mile long, and then spreading into an enlarged basin. On the northern side of this quiet spot ancient Nazareth stood, surrounded by limestone heights of from four to five hundred

feet, surmounted by rounded tops, and decorated on their sides with the foliage of wild shrubs, the fig and the vine, interspersed here and there with fields of rich grain. This most renowned village on the globe, laid nearly twelve hundred feet above the sea, and being sequestered among hills which clustered around it for five hundred feet higher, was reached by steep and narrow mountain paths. On the north of this village, also the amphitheatre in which the town nestled, was a hill, which commanded a wonderful view, spreading out nearly the whole of Galilee to the eye. From its summit could be seen the ridges of Lebanon and the white top of Hermon-Tabor and the mountains of Gilboa, the headlands of Carmel and glimpses of the Mediterranean Sea, the plains of Esdraelon and the hills of Samaria, with the whole landscape beautified by slope and lowland, orchard and upland—a sea of hills and a panorama of villages, among which were Cana and Endor and Jezreel. Probably there is no region on earth where the mountains rise in such harmony to-day, and where they inspire such grandeur of thought, notwithstanding the absence of their ancient culture and the presence of so much that is arid. Hence, Jesus had a peculiar love for them, and for prayer and meditation in their solitary places. There He held communion with Himself, with His Father and with the sublime workmanship of His hands, while He marked them with the grandest event of His career. And, probably, from that high hill, where the map of half the scenes of historic Hebrew poetry stretched before His vision, He drank in the impressions of childhood and youth till the fairy-land beneath became **the** very poetry of His soul. Then the whole region was covered with **the** mosaic of flowers. In our months of March and April **the** whole region was an embroidered carpet of wild productions of every shade and color, from the gayest to the most retiring hues. As the youth of Nazareth roamed from narrow path to narrow path there met His gaze **the** red tulip, the rock rose, both white and yellow, and scarlet anemone, the pink phlox, the golden cactus and marigold; and these were intermixed liberally with the hollyhock, the salvia, the lily and wild garlic, the wild geranium and mignonette, all blending their brilliant beauty and delicious fragrance together. Added to these came the whole fruit-bearing facility of the land. There abounded in perfection rich clumps of olive-trees and stately palms, plantations of fig-trees intermixed with the orange and the pomegranate, adorned in their white and crimson bloom or bending with their luscious fruit. Vineyard after vineyard decked the terraces, which industry and skill had worked into the sides of the hills, as we see them to-day at Malta or on the banks of the Rhine. And garden after garden, field after field, inclosed by hedges of cactus, were studded by the tangled grape and the tall cypress, the apple and the walnut.

But, as if this were not enough, every twig and shrub and tree was alive with melody. Nazareth being sheltered by the spurs of Lebanon, its atmosphere was pure, soft and mild, and the whole region abounded with streams of fresh water from the cliffs and mountains. Hence, the valley was the home of the gentle turtle-dove and the grave stork and the dancing, crested lark, fluttering over the green acres below and flooding the blue acres above with song. There lived the lively but tiny bluebird, so delicate that it could rest on a blade of grass without bending or bruising it. The willow-wren and the sun-bird, the white-throat and the black-cap, the robin red-breast and the swallow, the hedge-sparrow and the blackbird, and the thrush, all dwelt there together; for Palestine in that day, as in this, had more than three hundred different sorts of birds. They cooed in the groves, and twittered in the branches, and chattered on the house-tops, and flitted among the rocks, and warbled in the sky, and skimmed the hillsides and darted over the meadow, and vied with each other to make the Son of God welcome and happy. And it touched His heart if one fell to the ground, for He knew that His Father's eye followed its fall. In the insect world the drowsy bee and the large, gay butterfly zigzagged about Him in quest of their spicy stores; white flocks dotted the pastures, and herds grazed on the plains, and oxen drew the plow or trod the threshing-floor around the holy village. Now and then the marriage procession swept through its streets by night, to the voice of the pipe and the flicker of the lamp; and day by day He saw the mothers and maidens of the sequestered town visit its fountain with their graceful jars and tall water-pitchers, and, perhaps, many a young Rebecca among them had quenched His thirst. That fountain stood at the northeastern end of the valley, where it stands yet, and being the only one in the place, it is likely that the child Jesus and His mother had gone there in company hundreds of times to draw and drink. The whole country round about seems at one time, in ages past, to have been volcanic, as its ledges are upheaved and tilted, and all its geological strata bear marks of its irruptive outburst and contortion. And its people, like those of all mountain districts, cared but little for art or luxury, but, as agricultural peasantry, braced themselves by the air of freedom to be industrious, energetic and brave. They lived among ethereal dreams; they knew little of the grosser forms of materialism, but moved in a poetic idealism, which informally blended earth and heaven in soul-inspiring and enchanting pastorals. All this brings the youthful Christ before us through a scene of full beauty which no language can describe. He avoided the great cities and centres of population, preferring as a youth the society of humble men and the tranquillity of nature. There He was first taught

in a country home and synagogue the holy law of God and His spiritual worship. There certain wicked townsmen resented His goodness, and dragged Him to a precipice to hurl Him down and kill Him ; and the name of that obscure village was nailed above His head when He was crucified on a tree. We know the beauty and purity of men's discourses upon whose imaginations and consciences such surroundings strike ; how penetrating is their genius, and how calm is their eloquence. And it is through all this that our own sight pierces the prism of a village youth's simplicity. Its poetic life throws the charm of a lyric into His words, which makes them as emerald, and joyful and smiling as the vale of Nazareth, and at once makes this valley as the house of His pilgrimage and the house of the " King's Idyls"—the very cradle of His immortal song.

About the time that Jesus entered upon His public ministry He removed His home from Nazareth to Cana, and later to Capernaum, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, where an entirely new order of scene and life was opened to Him. This change drew Him from the privacy of nature to the thronging interests of a dense population. At Nazareth there was no sheet of water, yet, often turning His face seaward from the " brow" of its hill, He had seen the blue Mediterranean, spotted with a sail here and there, on the far-off horizon. Capernaum was on the highway from Damascus to Southern Palestine, where there was a large traffic in foreign goods by caravan ; also a Roman garrison and a custom-house. It was a great market for grain, wheat, barley, rice and millet ; also for fruits—as dates, citrons, grapes, figs and many others—besides being the centre of the great fisheries of the Holy Land. To this day are found grand chiselled blocks of stone, with corinthian pillars, their capitals and pedestals among the ruins. These indicate its former architectural splendor, and show from what material its orders of frieze and cornice and architrave were cut. Its population was all astir, and our Lord was brought in contact with Gentiles as well as Jews there. There He saw in perpetual use the hook and the drag-net, for its waters swarmed with fishing boats, so that within one generation after Christ's death they met the Romans in a naval engagement on the lake, in which eight thousand citizens were slain and forty thousand sold as slaves. There is a delta of marshy land where the Jordan enters the lake, full of reeds and rushes, and through these valleys the winds howl and the storms gather, while the moist heat of the region engenders fever, ophthalmia and sometimes pestilence.

These brief sketches of our Lord's places of abode are intended to be fruitful of suggestion to you of the influence which His surroundings had upon His mind and heart, and to

show you the sources from which His poetic soul caught its liquid melody and poured out its lyrical effusions, instead of casting upon men the bare truth in a russet dress. Wherever He went He displayed this characteristic of mind, as well in His missionary tours, after entering on His ministry, as in the days of His minority when He made His annual pilgrimages with the mountain peasantry to Jerusalem, the metropolis, to celebrate the holy festivals of the nation. This was a journey of three days across narrow, sombre valleys and over hill and desert, as well as by dark and melancholy streams from the rocks, which objects kept His soul alive at every foot of the way, awakening all sorts of holy memories and sweet histories, and making the defiles echo with the music of His soft songs and light heart. He collected each ray of beauty from every quarter and condensed it into an immortal conception, showing His mind to be an infinite fountain which opened rills of thought and feeling from every object in creation, and startled it into the life of a living soul. To Him the winds had voices, the rock shadows greatness and the inanimate all the breath and fire and pulse of deathless circulation; the sky frowned, the flower preached and the raging waves shuddered into dead calm.

One of the sweetest biblical studies which any mind could pursue would be to trace the conceptions of His mind in their historic order, and to point out His poetic utterances of them in a corresponding imagery as they asserted their authority one after another in His gentle and idyllic nature. Yet we may not attempt this, except on a small scale for the purpose of bringing out this thought without vagueness. Take, for example, the words of the text, "Consider the lilies of the field." He dropped these in His sermon on the Mount, and by them paints a perfect picture of God's tender care for nature at one stroke. "They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The sentence is a poem of grace, purity, trust and beauty in itself. In it you have Nazareth and Capernaum blended, while their enameled meadows mutually glide under your eye and their robed plains stretch before you, where the lily smiles in the freshness of the morning dew. Three distinct visions burst upon your minds. First, you are carried back to His quiet home under the roof of Joseph, where you see His lowly mother in her frugal industry plying the distaff, and you hear the hum of the spinning-wheel, while the young child wonders at the twisting thread and the growing web in the loom, the "toiled" and spun. Then your mind is transported, in contrast, a thousand years back in history to the royal palace at Jerusalem, where Solomon is seated on his throne in princely vestments, the tissue of which has

been gathered in all the lands, and the embroidered folds of which have been wrought by the needlework of kings' daughters. And then, again, His climax is reached when He lifts the veil and shows you His Heavenly Father presiding day by day and night by night at the delicate creation of the lily-cup, shaping its lines by invisible fingers, drawing its tints by the forces of nature and arraying its peerless purity in the prisms of star-ray and sunlight; so that every individual of the species excels the splendor of Solomon without the spinning of a fibre or the toiling of a hand in the whole process of the unpretending botanic fabric. You cannot prevent but that this Master-Poet of nature hangs a whole galaxy of pictures in your mind in this floral similitude of the Mount, and you fairly see the common daisy and buttercup, the wild poppy and anemone tremble with delight as they peer from under the edge of the thorn-bush to hear His great poem on the "flowers of the field."

Examine this point a little further. You may see that the mental law of association was passing Nazareth in memory when He speaks of the man who put his hand to the plow and looked back, or of the servant plowing and feeding cattle; of the sower going forth to sow; of the cockle and darnel mixed with the wheat, and of the angel reaper. The farms of Nazareth opened before Him when He spoke of the hen gathering her brood under her wings to shield her terrified young from the wheeling hawk above them; of the fox which dug a hole in the thicket; of the birds lugging building material through the air for nests in the branches of the trees, and of the shepherd leaving a flock of ninety-and-nine in the pasture while he went up into the mountains to seek the stray one and bring him back with joy on his brawny shoulders. But Capernaum and the lake are in mind when He speaks of the toiling fisher casting the drag-net and drawing in of all kinds, then selecting the good and throwing the bad away; of the traveling merchant in quest of goodly pearls, for which he gives in exchange a whole caravan of costly goods; of the dignitaries in the castles of Philip and Antipas when He discourses of those who wear costly robes and dwell in kings' palaces; of the ravens which sailed over the lake, its cliffs and shore, and were fed daily, though they had neither barn nor storehouse. And when He tells of the weather-wise and the sky-prophets, who cast their eye over the hills by the lake and said in the morning, We shall have "foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering"; but, when they saw a glorious sunset behind its western shore, gossiped about "fair weather to-morrow," yet could not read the signs of the times while they could discern the face of the sky. When He spoke of the house built upon the rock instead of the loose soil or sand, He alluded to Naz-

areth, where the streams from the cliffs sometimes poured down into the valley with such impetuosity; when the fierce winds blew the sea-cloud over the top of Carmel, and the rain descended and the floods came, that the storm swept the loosely-anchored structures away, "and they fell"; so, in order to avoid this, His townsmen dug deeply the foundations of their houses in the rocks, and in all manner of quiet nooks among their peaks and ridges, niches and edges, they perched their snug dwellings, which gave point to His picturesque song. And as evidently His mother returned to His mind's eye, in her household duties, when He tells of the woman who hid a little leaven in three measures of meal till the family bread was raised. And as He discourses of the beggar by the wayside, the wandering prodigal gone into a far country and feeding swine, and the good Samaritan healing the victim to the brigands, who infested the road from Jericho to Jerusalem, His mind was following the scenes of his various travels. So constantly and endlessly, when He wished to move, or instruct or melt, He throws a great captivating proposition into some isolated figure, clothing it in all the array of the imagination, touching it with a divine glow and fervor, and making a paradox plain by the metaphorical and poetical; so that in His hands grain is grace, the moon is blood, the stars are ripe figs ready to be shaken off; anguish is a worm that gnaws and a fire that burns men or sheep; conversion is a marriage; disciples are stewards and bankers; the world is a vineyard for toil, the Church is a fold for security and heaven is our Father's home for joy and rest. Oh, blessed Lord Jesus, thou thrice blessed Bard from the bosom of God, how rich, how beautiful, how divine thou art!

In closing, I may call your attention not only to our Lord's eloquence of passion, intellect and sentiment, but also to that soft shade of sadness about Him which gives a mild hue and a holy effulgence to all that He said—I allude to His love of the mysterious and His homage to the marvelous. What a babe-like simplicity and an artlessness of undertone mark His conversation with Nicodemus when He insists that a pulse from the divine nature must give new birth to his soul! When He tells him of the unconventional and irresistible breath of God passing over the soul, like winds from the heights piping where it lists, you feel its draughts around your temples and your hair stirs. His mind was full of the supernatural as well as of the natural, the great bond of brotherhood and the infinite spirituality of God, above all other men. His conceptions of all that was holy drew Him into visions of the elevated and meet and tender, which showed that He had communication with the bosom of Jehovah every moment. There was in Him a delicious moral naturalism which pervaded His whole being

with the poetry of the Infinite spirituality; the mysterious and the marvelous were His normal soul-state; so that every motion of His life kept Him in a divine atmosphere and subordinated all His powers to the Divine will, as one who knew the breath of God to be the life of the universe. This made the Word of God His daily food. His great familiarity with the sacred parchments and His deep insight into their spirit showed that the holy books had been the study of His life. Like Timothy, His after-servant, He had acquired the sacred passion at His mother's lap, till, from Moses to Malachi, Hebrew story and song had expended its genius upon Him and enchanted His soul with soft notes from its lyres or bolts from its stormy thunder. Many times He quoted from Moses and David and Isaiah, and other poets of Israel; but none of His citations were more majestic than that in which Jehovah promised Him a footstool on the neck of kings, and none sweeter than that of which the bending of the lake and the blue-belled flax of its shores reminded Him; when He honored Isaiah to express Himself, "A bruised reed He will not break and smoking flax He will not quench." But the Bible poets challenged His love for the great, shadowy phenomena, too, and He tells you of the waters sweeping the terrestrial globe with a flood, and of the blazing conflagration which surged over the cities of the plains, while He predicts upon His own doomed metropolis fire and smoke, war and pestilence, darkness and ruin. All that is simple and sublime, and all that is lurid and terrible mark the slidings of His cadences, with every conceivable gleam of horror and beauty between. Truly this was the Son of God; He spoke the "Omnific Word" in all its scales and syllables. No man spake like this Man, and He spoke with such intuitive unconsciousness as betray His profound conviction that He was the "Word of God" and spoke as became His Word. The one star of heaven ruling both morn and midnight; the one Poet and Poem of divinity from the very bosom of God speaking to the holy ones of all lands, in all voices and tongues, not only filling books which the world cannot contain, but inspiring new songs for all tribes and peoples and eternities to come; for He shall be both the spirit and form of the "new song" which the ransomed shall sing forever and ever! Amen.

Under Constraint.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY C. H. Spurgeon, APRIL 28, 1878, IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON, LONDON.

For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead,—2 Cor. v : 14.

THE apostle and his brethren were unselfish in all that they did. He could say of himself and of his brethren that when they varied their modes of action they had ever the same object in view; they lived only to promote the cause of Christ and to bless the souls of men.

Viewed from some points the apostle and his co-laborers must have appeared to be raving fanatics, engaged upon a Quixotic enterprise, and almost if not quite out of their minds. One who had heard the apostle tell the story of his conversion exclaimed, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad;" and no doubt many who saw the singular change in his conduct, and knew what he had given up and what he endured for his new faith, had come to the same conclusion. Paul would not be at all offended by this judgment, for he would remember that his Lord and Master had been charged with madness, and that even our Lord's relatives had said, "He is beside himself." To Festus he had replied, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness"; and to Corinthian objectors he gave a still fuller reply. Blessed are they who are charged with being out of their mind through zeal for the cause of Jesus; they have a more than sufficient answer when they can say, "If we be beside ourselves, it is to God." It is no unusual thing for madmen to think others mad, and no strange thing for a mad world to accuse the only morally sane among men of being fools and lunatics: but wisdom is justified of her children.

Every Christian minister ought to be able to use the apostle's words without the slightest reserve: "If I be excited, it is in defense of the truth; if I be sober, it is for the maintenance of holiness; if I seem extravagant, it is because the name of Jesus stirs my inmost soul; and if I am moderate in spirit and thoughtful in mood, it is that I may in the wisest manner subserve the interests of my Redeemer's kingdom." God grant that weeping or singing, anxious or hopeful, victorious or defeated, increasing or decreasing, elevated or depressed, we may still follow our one design and devote ourselves to the holy cause. May we live to see churches made up of people who are all set on one thing, and may those churches have ministers

who are fit to lead such a people, because they also are mastered by the same sacred purpose. May the fire which fell of old on Carmel fall on our altar, whereon lieth the sacrifice, wetted a second and a third time from the salt sea of the world, until it shall consume the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and lick up the water that is in the trench. Then will all the people see it, and fall upon their faces, and cry, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God."

Two things I shall note in the text: first, *under constraint*; secondly, *under constraint which his understanding justified*.

I. Our main point will come under the head "UNDER CONSTRAINT." Here is the apostle, a man who was born free, a man who beyond all others enjoyed the greatest spiritual liberty, glorying that he is under constraint. He was under constraint because a *great force held him under its power*. "The love of Christ constraineth us." I suppose "constraineth us" is about the best rendering of the passage that could be given; but it might be translated "restraineth." The love of Christ restrains true believers from self-seeking, and forbids them to pursue any object but the highest. Whether they were beside themselves or sober, the early saints yielded to divine restraint, even as a good ship answers to her helm or as a horse obeys the rein. They were not without a restraining force to prevent the slightest subjection to impure motives. The love of Christ controlled them and held them under its power. But the word "restrained" only expresses a part of the sense, for it means that he was "coerced or pressed," and so impelled forward as one carried along by pressure. All around him the love of Christ pressed upon him as the water in a river presses upon a swimmer and bears him onward with its stream. Bengel, who is a great authority, reads it, "Keeps us employed"; for we are led to diligence, urged to zeal, maintained in perseverance and carried forward and onward by the love of Jesus Christ. The apostles labored much, but all their labor sprang from the impulse of the love of Jesus Christ. One eminent expositor reads the word, "containeth us," as though it signified that the Lord's servants were kept together and held as a band under a banner or standard; and he very appropriately refers to the words of the Church in the Song, "His banner over me was love." As soldiers are held together by rallying to the standard, so are the saints kept to the work and service of their Lord by the love of Christ, which constrains them to endure all things for the elect's sake and for the glory of God, and like an ensign is uplifted high as the centre and loadstone of all their energies. In our Lord's love we have the best motive for loyalty, the best reason for energy and the best argument for perseverance.

The word may also signify "compressed," and then it would mean that all their energies were pressed into one channel and made to move by the love of Christ. Can I put restraint and constraint, and all the rest, into one by grouping them in a figure? I think I can. When a flood is spread over an expanse of meadow land and stands in shallow pools, men restrain it by damming it up, and they constrain it to keep to one channel by banking it in. Thus compressed it becomes a stream, and moves with force in one direction. See how it quickens its pace, see what strength it gathers; it turns yonder wheel of the mill, makes a sheep wash, leaps as a waterfall, runs laughing through a village as a brook wherein the cattle stand in the summer's sun. Growing all the while, it develops into a river, bearing boats and little ships; and this done, it still increases, and stays not till it flows with mighty flood into the great sea. The love of Christ had pressed Paul's energies into one force, turned them into one channel, and then driven them forward with a wonderful force, till he and his fellows had become a mighty power for good, ever active and energetic. "The love of Christ," saith he, "constraineth us."

All great lives have been under the constraint of some mastering principle. A man who is everything by turns and nothing long is a nobody; a man who wastes life on whims and fancies, leisures and pleasures, never achieves anything: he flits over the surface of life and leaves no more trace upon his age than a bird upon the sky; but a man, even for mischief, becomes great when he becomes concentrated. What made the young prince of Macedon Alexander the Great but the absorption of his whole mind in the desire for conquest? The man was never happy when he was at ease and in peace. His best days were spent on the battle-field or on the march. He could never have been the conqueror of the world if the insatiable greed of conquest had not constrained him. Hence come your Cæsars and your Napoleons—they are whole men in their ambition, subject to the lust of dominion. When you carry this thought into a better and holier sphere the same fact is clear. Howard could never have been the great philanthropist if he had not been stangely under the witchery of love to prisoners. He was more happy in a hospital or in a prison than he would have been at Court or on the sofa of the drawing-room. The man could not help visiting the gaols; he was a captive to his sympathy for men in bondage, and so he spent his life in seeking their good. Look at such a man as Whitfield or his compeer Wesley. Those men had but one thought, and that was to win souls for Christ; their whole being ran into the one river-bed of zeal for God, and made them full and strong as the rushing Rhone. They could no more cease to preach than the sun could cease shining or reverse his course in the heavens.

Now, this kind of constraint implies no compulsion and involves no bondage. It is the highest order of freedom; for when a man does exactly what he likes to do, if he wants to express the enthusiastic joy and delight with which he follows his pursuit, he generally uses language similar to that of my text. "Why," saith he, "I am engrossed by my favorite study; it quite enthralms me; I cannot resist its charms, it holds me beneath its spell." Is the man any the less free? If a man gives himself up to a science, or to some other object of pursuit, though he is perfectly free to leave it whenever he likes, he will commonly declare that he cannot leave it; it has such a hold upon him that he must addict himself to it. You must not think, therefore, that when we speak of being under constraint from the love of Christ we mean by it that we have ceased to exercise our wills, or to be voluntary agents in our service. Far from it: we own that we are never so free as when we are under bonds to Christ.

We have seen that Paul had a great force holding him; we advance a step further and note that *the constraining force was the love of Christ*. He does not speak of *his* love to Christ—that was a great power, too, though secondary to the first; but he is content to mention the greater, for it includes the less: "The love of Christ constraineth us," that is, Christ's love to us is the master force. And oh, brethren, this is a power to which it is joy to submit; this is a force worthy to command the greatest minds. "The love of Christ." Who shall measure this omnipotent force? That love, according to our text, is strongest when seen in His dying for men. Mark the context, "because we thus judge, that if one died for all." The peculiar display of the love of Christ which had supreme sway over Paul was the love revealed in his substitutionary death. Think of it a moment. Christ the ever blessed, to whom no pain nor suffering nor shame could come, loved men. Oh, singularity of love! He loves guilty men, yea, loves His enemies! Loving poor fallen men, He took their nature and became a man. Marvelous condescension!

Now, we may advance another step and say that *the love of Christ operates upon us by begetting in us love to Him*. Brethren beloved, I know you love our Lord Jesus Christ, for all His people love Him. "We love Him because He first loved us." But what shall I say? There are scarcely any themes upon which I feel less able to speak than these two—the love of Christ to us and our love to Him, because somehow love wanteth a tongue elsewhere than this which dwells in the mouth. This tongue is in the head, and it can therefore tell out our thoughts; but we need a tongue in the heart to tell out our emotions, which have now to borrow utterance from the brain's defective orator. There is a long space between the cool brain and the

blazing heart, and matters cool on the road to the tongue, so that the burning heart grows weary of chill words. But oh, we love Jesus; brothers and sisters, we truly love Him. His name is sweet as the honeycomb, and His word is precious as the gold of Ophir. His person is very dear to us—from His head to His foot He is altogether lovely. When we get near Him and see Him at the last, methinks we shall swoon away with excess of joy at the sight of Him, and I, for one, ask no heaven beyond a sight of Him and a sense of His love. I do not doubt that we shall enjoy all the harmonies and all the honors and all the fellowships of heaven; but if they were all blotted out I do not know that they would make any considerable difference to us, if we may but see our Lord upon His throne and have His own prayer fulfilled: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." He is happiness to us, yea, He is all in all. Do you not feel that the sweetest sermons you ever hear are those which are fullest of Him? We are glad to be in the place of assembly when Jesus is within; for whether on Tabor with two or three or in the congregation of the faithful, when Jesus is present it is good to be there. This joyful feeling when you hear about Jesus shows that you love His person; and your endeavors to spread the gospel show that you love His cause. The love of Christ to you has moved you to desire the coming of His kingdom, and you feel that you could give your life to extend the borders of His dominions, for He is a glorious King, and all the world should know it. Oh, that we could see all the nations bowing before His sceptre of peace! We love Him so much that till the whole earth smiles in the light of His throne we can never rest.

The love of Jesus Christ creates in man a deep attachment to the gospel, especially to the doctrines which cluster around the person of our Lord; and I think more especially to that doctrine which is the corner-stone of all—namely, that Christ died in the stead of men. He who toucheth the doctrine of substitution toucheth the apple of our eye: he who denies it robs our soul of her only hope, for thence we gather all our consolation for the present and our expectation for days to come. A great force, then, held the apostle: that force was the love of Christ, and it wrought in him love to Christ in return.

Now, *this force acts proportionately in believers.* It acts in every Christian more or less, but it differs in degree. We are all of us alive, but the vigor of life differs greatly in the consumptive and the athletic; and so the love of Jesus acts upon all regenerate men, but not to the same extent. When a man is perfectly swayed by the love of Christ he will be a perfect Christian; when a man is growingly under its influence he is a growing Christian; when a man is sincerely affected by the love

of Christ he is a sincere Christian ; but he in whom the love of Christ has no power whatever is not a Christian at all. "I thought," says one, "that believing was the main point." True, but faith worketh by love, and if your faith does not work by love it is not the faith which will save the soul. Love never fails to bloom where faith has taken root.

Our last point upon this head is that wherever its energy is felt *it will operate after its kind*. Forces work according to their nature: the force of love creates love, and the love of Christ begets a kindred love. He who feels Christ's love acts as Christ acted. If thou dost really feel the love of Christ in making a sacrifice of Himself thou wilt make a sacrifice of thyself. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us ; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." We shall for our Lord's sake count all things but dross for the excellency of His knowledge. Oh, soul, thou wilt have no choice left after thou hast once known and chosen thy Lord. That road leads to wealth, but if it does not glorify Christ thou wilt at once say, "Farewell wealth." That road leads to honor ; thou wilt be famous if thou wilt take that path ; but if it will bring no glory to Christ, if thou feelest the power of His love in thy soul, thou wilt say, "Farewell honor : I will embrace shame for Christ, for my one thought is to sacrifice myself for Him who sacrificed Himself for me."

If the love of Christ constrain you it will make you love others, for the love of Jesus Christ was a practical love. He did not love in thought only and in word, but in deed and in truth, and if the love of Christ constraineth us we shall throw our souls into the work and service of love ; we shall be really at work for men, giving alms of our substance, enduring our measure of suffering, and making it clear that our Christianity is not mere talk, but downright work ; we shall be like the bullock of the burnt offering, laid upon the altar wholly to be consumed ; we shall consider nothing but how we can most completely be eaten up with the zeal of God's house, how without the reserve of one single faculty we may be entirely consumed in the service of our Lord and Master.

II. THE CONSTRAINT OF WHICH WE HAVE SPOKEN WAS JUSTIFIED BY THE APOSTLE'S UNDERSTANDING. "The love of Christ constraineth us ; *because we thus judge*." Love is blind. A man may say that in the affairs of love he exercises a calm discretion, but I take leave to doubt it. In love to Christ, however, you may be carried right away and be as blind as you like, and yet you shall act according to the soundest judgment. The apostle saith warmly, "The love of Christ constraineth us," and yet he adds with all coolness, "*because we thus judge*." When understanding is the basis of affection, then a man's heart is fixed and his conduct becomes in a high

degree exemplary. So it is here. There is a firm basis of judgment—the man has weighed and judged the matter as much as if the heart were out of the question; but the logical conclusion is one of all-absorbing emotion and mastering affection as much as if the understanding had been left out of the question. His judgment was as the brazen altar, cold and hard, but on it he laid the coals of burning affection, vehement enough in their flame to consume everything. So it ought to be with us. Religion should be with a man a matter of intellect as well as of affection, and his understanding should always be able to justify the strongest possible passion of his soul, as the apostle says it did in the case of himself and brethren. They had reasons for all that they did. For, first, *he recognized substitution*: “We thus judge, that if one died for all.” Oh, brethren, this is the very sinew of Christian effort—Christ died in the sinner’s stead. Christ is the surety, the sacrifice, the substitute for men. Oh, sacred Substitute, I am thine, and all that I have.

In the next place, *he recognized union to Christ*, for, said he, “If one died for all, then were all dead,” for so it runs, that is to say, the all for whom Christ died, died in His death. His dying in their stead was their dying; He dies for them, they die in Him; He rises, they rise in Him; He lives, they live in Him. Now if it be really so, that you and I who have believed in Christ are one with Christ, and members of His body, that truth may be stated coolly, but like the flint it conceals a fire within it; for if we died in Jesus, we are henceforth dead to the world, to self, to everything but our Lord. We are one with Christ, and what He did for us we did in Him, and therefore we are dead because He died; hence we ought no longer to live in the old selfish way, but should live to the Lord alone.

I close with the following reflection—To be constrained by the love of Christ creates a life heroic, exalted, illustrious: no, I must come down from such lofty words—it is such a life as every Christian ought to live; it is such a life as every Christian must live if he is really constrained by the love of Christ, for the text does not say the love of Christ *ought* to constrain us, it declares that it *does* constrain us. Men and brethren, if it does not constrain *you*, judge yourselves, that ye be not judged and found wanting at the last. God grant we may feel the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Possible and the Impossible in Our Salvation.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Enoch Pond, D.D.**, PRESIDENT OF THE BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, BANGOR, ME.

Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.—Exod. xiv : 13.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.—Phil. ii : 12.

THE first of these directions was given by Moses to the children of Israel on the shore of the Red Sea. God had appeared gloriously for the deliverance of His people from their bondage in Egypt; He had brought them out with a high hand; He had led them along under an infallible guidance—a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night—to the place of their present encampment. While resting here for a little space, the Israelites learned that Pharaoh, with a powerful army, was in hot pursuit of them, and was close upon them. What should they do? To flee was impossible; to resist was desperation. They could go neither forward nor backward; they could turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. In this dreadful emergency the people began to do what they were wont to do in every trial—they began to murmur against Moses and against God. "They said unto Moses, Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us to carry us forth out of Egypt?" But "Moses said unto the people, Fear not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show you to-day."

The deliverance of the Israelites from their cruel bondage in Egypt was emblematical—and so it is represented in other parts of the Bible—of the deliverance of sinful men from a greater bondage—the slavery of sin and the bondage of the wicked one. And as, in the progress of their deliverance, the Israelites soon came to a point where they could not help or save themselves—where they were to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord—so there is that connected with the salvation of every sinner which he has no power of any kind to do, which he is never required to do, which he is even forbidden to attempt, in reference to which he is to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. At the same time, there is that connected with the salvation of every sinner which he *can* do, which he alone can do, which he

must do, and do himself, if it is ever done, and he is ever saved.

In addressing you from the Scriptures which have been read I propose to show :

I. What that is connected with the salvation of the sinner which he *cannot* do, which he is never required to do, which he is forbidden to attempt ; and,

II. What that is which he *can* do, which he is *required* to do, which he *must* do, and do himself, if it is ever done, and he is ever saved.

I. First, then, what is the impossible thing which the sinner *cannot* do ? And here, to come directly to the point, let me say, in a word, the sinner cannot possibly make any amends, any expiation or atonement for his past sins. He has already sinned ; the work is done ; and now, to make satisfaction to injured justice, and in this way to save himself, is utterly beyond his power. For aught he can do to make amends, he is a ruined soul.

We know that sinful men, in their folly, have often tried to do this impossible thing. They have resorted to various expedients with a view to make satisfaction, in whole or in part, for their sins. But such attempts have accomplished nothing. They have been altogether fruitless and vain.

Some have tried to make amends for the past by a punctilious observance of *rites* and *forms*. This was the error of the old scribes and Pharisees. By tithing their mint and anise and cumin, and by a rigorous adherence to all the forms of their religion, they hoped to do something toward making satisfaction for their sins, and thus lay for themselves a foundation of hope. And this is the grand error of the Romish Church and of all the ancient Oriental churches at the present day. The good Catholic is very strict to count his beads and say his prayers and cross himself and make confession to the priest, and when he has done all this he *trusts* to it. It is the foundation of his hope. And there is not a little of the same error even in our Protestant churches. How many there are who are careful to perform what is sometimes called the round of religious duties, and then they feel as though they had acquired some merit, had made satisfaction in part, at least, for their sins, and laid the Almighty under some kind of obligation to appear for them and save them ! But there can hardly be a grosser delusion than this, or one of more ruinous influence upon the soul.

Some have vainly tried to make amends for their sins by *tortures* and *penances*, by self-inflicted bodily sufferings. We find this error, like the last, in the Roman Catholic Church. The penances there enjoined and endured are often of great severity, and they are undertaken for the express purpose

of making amends for sin. The same error we also find in most parts of the heathen world. The heathen have often a deep sense of sin, and, knowing no other mode of satisfaction, they resort to self-inflicted tortures and sufferings. Hence you may see one swinging with a hook in his back, another sitting in an ant heap to be tormented by the ravenous insects, and a third immolating his child or throwing himself under the wheels of his bloody idols. But all such endeavors are vastly worse than vain. They aggravate sin instead of expiating it; they serve to swell the terrible amount instead of washing it away.

Persons often think to make amends for sin and recommend themselves to the favor of God by convictions, good resolutions and an outward reformation. This is the almost invariable resort of awakened sinners under the Gospel. Instead of despairing of all help in themselves and going directly to the Saviour, they set about making themselves better and getting into a readiness to come to Him. They make good resolutions; they break off from outward sins; they perform many religious duties; they think it necessary also to endure a certain amount of conviction and distress; and all this with a view to recommend themselves to the Divine favor and prepare themselves to be accepted. But all such endeavors are soon found to be vain, and worse than vain; and the individuals resorting to them either become discouraged and fall back into their former courses, or, despairing of relief from their own performances, they renounce them altogether, and do, what they should have done at the first—flee to Christ and find joy and peace in believing.

Another class hope to cancel their sins and stand accepted before God on the ground of their morality. They know they are sinners to some extent, but they are careful to discharge the relative duties of life; they endeavor to perform more good deeds than bad ones, and they see no reason why *they* should not be accepted. Such persons have no idea of the enormity of sin and of what it deserves at the hands of a holy God; they have no proper conception of their situation and prospects as sinners. Suppose them to be as good as they think they are: how is it possible that their good deeds should cancel the demands of justice, or any part of these demands, against their bad ones? Suppose them to be a great deal better than they think they are; suppose them now to become perfectly good, and so to continue to the end of life: would they be doing meanwhile any more than their duty, and thus be canceling aught of their past debt to justice? Not at all. Their debt, in this case, would be growing no larger, but it would be

growing no less. It would still stand full against them, and, for aught they could do to remove or diminish it, must sink them down forever.

In short, there is no way in which a sinner of our race can make the least amends or satisfaction for one of his past transgressions. He may do what he will, he may suffer what he will, his account of sin remains uncanceled, and he must meet it at the bar of God and bear the just punishment of it forever.

Here, then, is the impossible thing of which I spoke ; here is a thing, and one indispensable to our salvation, which no sinner has power of any kind to perform.

And as we have no power to perform this thing, so we are never required to perform it. Nor have sinners under the gospel any need or occasion to attempt the performance of it. *It has all been done for them by the Lord Jesus Christ.* He has made ample amends for their sins ; He has made a full satisfaction ; He bore their sins in His own body on the tree. His work of atonement was all finished when He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. I repeat, then, sinners have no need to make expiation for their past sins ; they are never required to do it ; they are even forbidden to attempt it. It is precisely here that they are to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.

Having shown what the sinner *cannot* do toward effecting his salvation, I proceed to show :

II. Secondly, what he *can* do, and here, as before, I choose to come directly to the point. Although the sinner cannot make amends or atonement for his past sins, he *can* accept the atonement which Christ has made for him. He *can* let go every other dependence and hope, and set down his sinking feet upon this sure and only foundation which Christ has laid. He is, indeed, *averse* to such a surrender of himself into the hands of Christ. He lacks what is sometimes called the *moral power*—that is, the inclination, the willing mind ; and he needs the special influences of the Holy Spirit to overcome the aversion of his heart and make him willing. But all the requisite natural faculties—the ability, the power, in the most proper sense of the word power—he possesses. He can come to Christ and put his trust in Him if he will. Accordingly, he is in Scripture invited to come to Christ ; he is exhorted to come ; he is commanded to come. All proper motives are used with him to induce him to come. He is threatened with eternal perdition in case he refuses to come. Yea, more than this, he is told expressly, and that, too, by Christ Himself, that the reason why he does not come to Him and receive salvation is that he will not. “ Ye will not come to Me that ye

might have life." "How often would I have gathered your children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not?"

These remarks are designed to show in what sense the sinner is able to come to Christ. He is able in the sense of possessing all the requisite faculties, lacking only the willing mind. They are designed also to show that, in the sense explained, man actually possesses the requisite ability. He cannot make atonement or satisfaction for past sins, but he can embrace that atonement which Christ has made for him. He can come to Christ, trust in Him and receive forgiveness and eternal life.

This whole subject, in both its parts, is finely illustrated by the case of the Israelites on the shore of the Red Sea. They had arrived at a point in the process of their deliverance where they could go no further. Something must now be done for them which they had no power to do for themselves or they were lost. They could not divide the waters of the Red Sea; they were not required to do it; on the contrary, they were forbidden to make the attempt. They were to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

But when God had interposed and divided the sea for them, now Moses calls out to the children of Israel to go forward. When the sea is divided they *can* march through it; and not only so, they *must* march through it, and do this themselves, or they are not delivered. The mere dividing of the sea will not save one of them. They must obey the Divine command and walk through the opened waters, or the host of Pharaoh will be quick upon them and they will be as assuredly destroyed as though the sea had not been divided.

So the sinner, in the process of his salvation, soon comes to a point where he can go no further. He comes to an insuperable obstacle—a thing impossible to him. He has already sinned; the work is done; and to make the least amends, satisfaction or expiation is utterly beyond his power. But, happily, this impossible thing the poor lost sinner is never required to do. He has no need to do it. It has all been done for him by the Lord Jesus Christ, who has made a full and complete atonement.

But now that the atonement is made it belongs to the sinner to accept it, to embrace it, and build upon it his everlasting hopes. This he can do; this he is required to do. This he must do, or his deliverance is not effected. The atonement alone will not save him, unless he embraces it, no more than the mere opening of the sea would have saved the Israelites had they refused or neglected to pass through the divided waters.

Suppose when the sea was opened and the command was given to the congregation of Israel to go forward—suppose they had treated this command as sinners under the gospel now treat the command to come to Christ and receive salvation. Suppose one had said, “Well, I think we are all safe enough as we are, now that the sea is opened. The opening of the sea will save us, whether we go forward or not.” And suppose another had said, “I do not at all like this method of being delivered. I am afraid to venture it. I do not feel any disposition to go through this frightful-looking passage, and how can I get a disposition?” And suppose a third had said, “Perhaps it is not decreed that I shall get over the sea if I attempt it; and if not, it will be vain to make the attempt.” And suppose a fourth had said, “There is no need of haste; the sea is opened and we can go through at any time. Let us wait till a more convenient season.” And suppose a fifth company had turned their backs upon the opened channel and attempted to ferry themselves over in some other way. Suppose, I say, that these Israelites had treated the command to go forward in the ways here pointed out—and these are the very ways in which sinners treat the commands and invitations of the gospel—what had been the consequence? Why, the consequence had been that Pharaoh and his destroying army had been quick upon them, and not a soul had escaped their hands. And a more terrible consequence will speedily overtake ungodly sinners unless they give up their vain excuses and objections, abandon their refuges of lies and flee to the Saviour. This is their only hope. The Red Sea is fairly divided. The once insuperable obstacle between their souls and heaven is removed. If they go to Him in faith they shall have eternal life; but if they turn away from Him and refuse to embrace Him, better had it been for them if He had never died, or if they had never heard and rejected the blessed calls and invitations of the gospel.

The subject before us will help to explain what has been thought to be an inconsistency in the representations of Scripture and in the preaching of faithful gospel ministers. There are many scriptures, as every reader of the Bible knows, in which sinners are represented as in a lost and desperate condition, in a situation where they cannot save themselves—where, unless help come from some other quarter, they are undone forever. “O Israel, thou hast *destroyed* thyself.” “The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which *was lost*.” On the other hand, there are scriptures in which it is represented that sinners have a work to do in effecting their own salvation—in which they are even directed and exhorted to *save themselves*. Thus

Peter, on the day of Pentecost, says: "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." And Paul says in the tent: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Now, what shall we say to these apparently discrepant representations? Shall we say that the Bible is self-contradictory? And shall we say that those who faithfully preach the doctrines of the Bible—preach just as the apostles did—are chargeable also with self-contradiction? This many persons do say; but is it true? We see in this discourse how this whole matter stands. It is true, on the one hand, that every sinner is naturally in a lost condition. He is in circumstances where he cannot save himself. Help must come to him from some other quarter or he is undone forever.

But help has come from another quarter. The Lord Jesus Christ has died for sinners, a full atonement has been made, terms of mercy have been proposed, and they are invited to accede to them and live. And now we come to the point where they have something to do in effecting their own salvation. They must themselves accede to these offers of mercy; they must embrace the provided atonement and build on it all their hopes for time and eternity. This they are justly required to do; this they must do, and do themselves, or the provisions of the gospel will be of no avail to them. Hence, with the utmost propriety, they are exhorted to deliver and save themselves, and to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling.

Thus we see that both parts of this great subject are true; both are important truths; and when rightly understood they are harmoniously consistent the one with the other. There is no contradiction in the case; and none should ever be charged upon the gospel of Christ.

This subject sets forth the blindness and perverseness of the natural man in the efforts which he is inclined to make for his own salvation. We have seen what is the impossible thing in the matter and what the required and necessary thing; what man cannot do and is never required to do, and what he can do and must do if he is ever saved. And now it is a remarkable fact that just as soon as sinners are enough awakened to feel the importance of doing anything for their salvation they set about trying to do the impossible thing; while the thing which they can do and must do if they are ever saved is the last which they will consent to perform.

The natural condition of the sinner is one of false security and spiritual slumber, in which he does not trouble himself at all about his salvation. But when he is enough awakened to feel the importance of doing anything, the first thing which he attempts is to make some amends, some satisfac-

tion for his past sins. He must do something to recommend himself to the Divine favor, something to improve and better his condition. He will try, if possible, to lay God under some kind of obligation to appear for him and save him. It is this kind of feeling which leads the Pharisee and the Romanist to their rites and forms, and the heathen to their self-inflicted tortures, and the legalist to his outward morality, and the convicted sinner to his good resolutions and his endeavors to reform his life, and it is not, ordinarily, till every other expedient has been tried and found to be fruitless that the sinner consents to give all up and falls down helpless, guilty and lost into the arms of his Saviour, to be saved by Him or not at all; to be disposed of by Him as He shall see wisest and best. This is the point to which he must come if he is ever saved, to which he ought to come at once, but to which, ordinarily, he will not come till he has turned this way, that and the other, and found that this is the only method of salvation. Nor even then would he consent to come here were it not that an influence from heaven is brought to bear upon him to bow his will and break his heart and bring him to the obedience of faith.

Such, then, is the blindness and perverseness of the natural man in the efforts which he is inclined to make for his own salvation—trying to do what he never can do and is never required to do, but is forbidden to attempt; while he is averse to the doing of that which he can do and must do, and do himself, if it is ever done and he is ever saved.

In conclusion, I have some advice to give to awakened, anxious, inquiring sinners. I limit my advice to sinners of this class, because it is to little purpose to give advice to any others.

First of all, then, I advise you to cease at once and forever from all attempts to do the impossible thing of which I have spoken. Why should you labor longer in the fire and weary yourselves for very vanity? Why should you persist in vain endeavors to do what you cannot do, what you have no occasion to do, what you are forbidden to attempt? Why should you pour contempt on the atoning blood of Christ by turning your back on Him and striving to climb up to heaven some other way? No; cease at once and forever from all such vain and fruitless endeavors. The only effect of them will be to affront God, displease the Saviour and grieve away the Holy Spirit.

And while you cease from all endeavors to do the forbidden and impossible thing, begin at once the doing of that which is required. Come right to Jesus. Come just as you are. He knows you are guilty, helpless and lost, and such are the very persons whom He came to save. Such

only are willing to accept of His salvation. Do you ask, How shall we come to Christ? What is meant by the terms here employed? I answer: This coming to Christ is a much simpler thing, probably, than you imagine. It is a much easier thing than you imagine. There is no difficulty about it except in your own hearts. The moment the consent of your heart is gained it is all perfectly easy and the work is done.

In order to come to Christ in a way to be accepted you must be convinced of two things: First, that you are undone without Him, that there is no other help or hope for you; and secondly, that He is an all-sufficient Saviour—just such an one as you need: able, willing and waiting to receive you and bless you with His forgiving love.

With these two great ideas impressed upon the mind—your guilty and lost condition, on the one hand, and Christ's ability and perfect willingness to save you, on the other—you are to commit your sinking soul unreservedly to Him. You are to fall at once into the outstretched arms of the Divine mercy. You are to say from the heart, "Here, Lord, I give myself away."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that the Lord has died for me,
And that He bids me come to Thee,
Here, Lord, *I come.*"

My soul, my life, my all I here commit and consecrate to Thee. I desire to live no longer unto myself, but to Him who loved me and died for me.

And now, why should not every sinner come to this very point and put forth at once this simple but saving act of faith? Is it not reasonable? Is it not right? Does not your own conscience require it of you? Does not gratitude urge it? Does not the Bible demand it? Is not its importance impressed upon you by the worth of your undying soul and by all the preciousness of an eternal salvation? Why then do you hesitate? Why delay?

"Oh, come, ye heavy laden, come,
Christ's instant help implore;
Millions have found a peaceful home,
There's room for millions more."

The Misery of Man and the Mercy of God.

A SERMON

Preached by **Adolphe Monod, D.D.** TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
J. E. RANKIN, D.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PART II.

For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all.—
Rom. xi : 32.

THIS text reduces the doctrine of the Bible to its two fundamental articles : The Misery of Man and the Mercy of God. Last Lord's Day I treated the first part, proving the misery of man. To-day I shall treat the second part, showing the remedy for man's misery in the mercy of God. In order thoroughly to understand this discourse it will be necessary to bear in mind that which has preceded it, and I shall, therefore, begin with a *résumé* of my last discourse.

The theme of that discourse was the first clause of the entire verse : " God hath concluded them all in unbelief." I began by explaining the text, and showed that the thought contained in it might be expressed in the following terms : God has declared that every man in his natural state is a sinner ; not that every man is vicious, which could not be said without contradiction in terms, since vice is a distinction, but that every man is in a state of estrangement from God, consisting in the fact that he ought to love God more than anything else, and that in his natural state he does love something else more than God.

I first established these two points from the Scriptures ; for, on the one hand, they condense the whole of God's law into a single fundamental precept, to which they subordinate all other duties, even love to our neighbor ; namely, that we love God above all things else. And, on the other hand, they prove that, by nature, man loves something else more than God. And this they do not only by isolated declarations, but when taken as a whole, and especially in those passages where they more thoroughly reveal these fundamental principles, as, for example, in the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. In the second place, I established the same two points from reason. For, on the one hand, reason shows God to man as a being supremely lovely both in Himself and in His relations to us as His creatures ; relations such that they should control our whole being, and such that unless we love God supremely we revolutionize our whole being. On the other hand, it is only necessary to depict what our life would be if we loved

God supremely to show that the natural man does not so love Him, and that he accords to Him only a cold esteem, reserving his supreme love for some other object—some men for the world, *worldly sinners*; some for the affections, *affectionate sinners*; and some for the conscience, independent of God, and therefore unreliable, *virtuous sinners*. Thus, in the name of reason as well as in the name of the Bible, we concluded with St. Paul that man in his natural state is a sinner.

You, then, whom God granted me grace to persuade that your natural state is sinful, and who cannot recall any period in your life when you were converted—that is, when you turned from one direction to a new one—and are compelled to admit that you are still in your natural state, in your state of sin, you can have not one single moment of peace until you escape from this state, for it is a state doubly wretched—a state of condemnation and a state of misery. It is a state of condemnation in which you are exposed to the just punishment of God because you are sinful, which I shall not attempt to prove, but which, since you have a conscience and a memory, you well know for yourselves. And it is also a state of misery in which you are made wretched by sin, though God does not punish you for it, and in which God Himself cannot make you happy; since He cannot make one be and not be at one and the same time. That is, you cannot be sinners, and therefore opposed to His will, and happy, that is, contented, with that will. Thus, equally sinful and miserable, equally incapable of happiness and unworthy of it, you need to be delivered from the penalty of sin and from sin itself; so that happiness is not possible for you, and what you call happiness is but a mockery of the name. Will you seek for this double deliverance in yourselves? You will soon discover by experience, if you do not find out by reflection, that there you will seek for it in vain. You cannot rid yourselves of the penalty of sin, for you cannot blot out the sin of your first disobedience by a later obedience, which, though perfect, could not be a work of supererogation, nor furnish you a surplus to apply to the past. Nor can you any more deliver yourself from sin itself; for, however determined you may be to obey God hereafter, you are as soil full of malignant weeds which cannot produce wholesome plants. And, says Jesus Christ, the flesh can only bring forth of the flesh—that is, sin cannot produce holiness, nor a sinful will reform a sinful will. So that, having no hope in yourselves, and being obliged to look elsewhere, you cry out in anguish: “Who then will deliver me?” God. He accuses you of a sinful state only to deliver you from it. He “concludes

you in unbelief' only that He may "have mercy upon you." Thus His word assures you. Look at the plan which His mercy has appointed for your deliverance and which this Word reveals to you. I say, which this Word reveals to you. For in this discussion upon which I am about to enter I shall simply present the thoughts of the Bible without seeking the approval of human reason, since it is too evident that in delivering sinful man God would not take counsel with sinful man, and that this plan will be among those "ways which are higher than our ways and those thoughts which are higher than our thoughts." This expression is usually applied to afflictions. But in the prophet's thought it really connects itself with free salvation, and the context leaves no doubt of this.

When I wanted to prove our misery in a state of nature reason could be summoned to add its feeble voice to the mighty authority of God. Reason has its own way of stating the need we have of the gospel, and the signs of divinity which this gospel bears. But when it has done this it has done all its work. Its testimony is exhausted. To-day let it keep silence. Let it listen to what God shall speak and not assume to sit in judgment upon its Judge. And do thou, O Lord, freely display to this assembly thy "foolishness," which is wiser than the wisdom of men, and by which it pleases Thee to save them.

And, in the first place, all the prophets of the Old Testament announce and the gospel begins with proclaiming a dispensation of divine mercy so consoling to sinful men, and which they have so little reason to expect, that it takes to itself the title, the Gospel, or the Good News. The first of these two deliverances which you seek you have. God consents to remit to you the penalty of your sins. He forgives you. Not that the condemnation which your conscience pronounces is not just according to the Bible. Far from abating from it, the Bible, on the contrary, pronounces it with still greater emphasis. For, to cite only a single example, in this chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where, last Lord's Day, we heard it declared that every man is a sinner, it is also declared that every man is without excuse, a position which it proves from the manner in which the corruption of former nations originated. And this demonstration, so far from being taken from the history of nations in distinction from individuals, is applied by St. Paul in his conclusion to every man in particular, because the history of nations is found in miniature in the history of the individual. For, just as the corruption of nations began because they voluntarily shut their eyes to light such as God had granted them, and God was compelled to with-

draw this light and leave them in their darkness, which betrayed them into the most frightful disorders, so, also, every honest man knows that he cherishes sin in his heart because he has willfully quenched the light which God gave him at the first, and compelled God to take from him that light and leave him in that ignorance which has betrayed him into sin. According to St. Paul, it is because of this that every man is a sinner, and has irreparably lost the possibility of "justification by works," that is, life eternal, merited by conduct which is conformed to the law of God.

But now, adds St. Paul, God seeing that no man henceforth could attain a blessed immortality by this first method opened another, different one, and proposed to him "justification by faith," that is, eternal life, as a free gift granted to the sinner. Why? Simply because He is merciful—"justified freely by grace," the pleonasm of St. Paul's, not for any merit or worth in man, but in spite of all his demerit and unworthiness. And how? "By the redemption that is in Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way. And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." My brethren, let us not wrest the Scriptures. These declarations can have but a single meaning. Jesus Christ suffered in our stead the death which we all deserved. God treats His innocent Son as if He had been as sinful as man is, that He may be able to treat man as if he had been as innocent as His Son. He wishes to remove our sins from us as far as the east is from the west, to cast them into the depths of the seas, to remember them no more, to lift us from a state of condemnation.

It is at this point that I want you to remember that I appeal only to the authority of the Bible. I do not call for the testimony of reason, which, indeed, I could not secure, and which I do not need, because I do not express my own thoughts, but the thoughts of God, nor clothed in my own language, but in the language of the Bible. And should you ask me for some connecting link between the forgiveness of our sins and the death of Jesus Christ; by what strange law divine justice can be satisfied with punishing sin without punishing the sinner; how God can afflict the innocent instead of the guilty, and pardon the guilty on account

of the innocent, I have only one word to answer : *I do not know !* And should you ask of me a discourse in which redemption shall be explained, I should follow the example of that philosopher of antiquity from whom certain persons demanded a definition of God ; I should require of you at first a week in which to prepare this discourse ; after this week I should ask of you another ; after the second, a third, and so on, until I should finally answer that I could never finish it ; for the more philosophy meditates upon God the less can it define Him ; and the more I meditate upon redemption the less can I explain it.

But, though I cannot explain redemption directly, I have a way of explaining it indirectly. Though I cannot conceive of it in itself and as to what constitutes it, I can conceive of it in some sort by what precedes and what follows it. I can see the peace which it re-establishes. When God was asked by Moses to let him see His glory, and to let His goodness pass before his eyes, Moses knew before God passed that He was to pass ; but, while he was passing, Moses did not see, for God had "covered him with His hand." It is the same with redemption. God passes before us, sacrificing His Son for the expiation of our sins. While the sacrifice is in progress we see nothing ; God has put His hand before our eyes. But before this sacrifice we see the anguish of the troubled conscience ; and after it God takes away His hand and we see the peace which He has restored. Let us be content. Let us not be so unreasonable as to wonder that God has been unwilling, has not been able in our present state, to make all things intelligible to us. A day will come when we shall "know as we are known." At present let us believe God upon His Word ; let us accept the good news as news. God proposes to forgive all men, because Jesus Christ has suffered for all men.

But it is in vain that the sinner is delivered from the punishment of sin if he is not also delivered from sin itself. God, therefore, offers us a second deliverance. At the same time that He forgives us, and which is wonderful, by the same means He awakens in our soul the germ of holiness, according to this profound utterance of the 130th Psalm, "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

The second part of the plan of God's mercy, that which has for its aim the deliverance of man from sin itself—in other words, the bringing of him back to love God with supreme love—is founded upon the principle, divinely simple and suggestive, which may be called the philosophy of evangelical holiness. Love cannot be commanded. It comes into existence, without compulsion, upon the exhibi-

tion of certain attributes which attract it. If a Being appeared to us devoid of these qualities He would not appear lovely to us. We should be able to love Him only as we made ourselves. If, on the other hand, He appeared endowed with these qualities, if He appeared lovely to us, not only should we love Him without effort, but we could not help loving Him. If, then, we sin, if we do not love God, it is simply because we do not know Him; for if we knew Him we should know that He possesses in the highest degree that quality of all most suitable to attract our love—namely, *great love for us!* “Whosoever sinneth,” or “whosoever loveth not,” says St. John, “knoweth not God; for God is love.” In order, then, to bring man to love God it is necessary to show man that God loves him. For this purpose God reveals to men His true name, which is Father; sends to them His Son Jesus Christ, who alone, having always been in the bosom of the Father, has seen God, who alone knows all that is fatherly in Him.

How well did Jesus Christ fulfill this mission, and how impossible to see the Son and doubt the Father’s love! Christ comes! Three years and a half He talks of the Father; and all that He says can be put into this single expression: *God loves you.* Then that which He proclaims in His life He demonstrates by His death. And upon the cross He not only says, *God loves you!* but, *Behold how God loves you!*

For, what love can equal that which God manifests for us in the sacrifice of His Son? When I wish to give myself some idea of it I represent to myself such a sinner as I am at first approaching the judgment-seat of God, calling to mind the sins of his life and the small proportion of them which he can remember, and discovering in them ground for his condemnation a thousand times; reflecting that, if his heart condemns him, God is greater than his heart, and that his condemnation will be still more severe because God sees in him all the evil which he himself does not see and remembers all that He has forgotten; hearing, too, those threatenings of the Scriptures, the anticipated decisions of eternal justice, which pronounce penalties upon every transgressor of the law, and which treat as a transgressor of the whole law the man who has broken a single commandment; overwhelmed with these reflections, full of remorse for the past, full of disquiet for the future, and yet compelled to advance in a despair which increases every step He takes, entering the presence of the Most Holy One, the chief of sinners, and finding, instead of a Judge before whom he dared not lift up his eyes, and from whom in gloomy silence he awaits a terrible sentence, a Father who says to him,

"My son, depart in peace: thy sins are forgiven thee." If by this end his whole existence undergoes a change; if an insufferable burden falls from his heart; if peace and hope re-enter, or, shall I so express it? rush into his soul; if he lifts upon his fatherly Judge eyes in which one knows not whether surprise does not surpass joy itself, will not the first accents which escape from his lips be: "What love, my God, what love!" Ah, well! I say to myself. But the love which God has displayed upon this supposition is tame compared with which He has shown in the death of His Son. Here all that which is tender in His mercy is subject to what is terrible in His holiness. Here, at the same time, I am taught that He shows me favor. I am also taught that His law is so inflexible and my sin so enormous, that He could not desire to show me favor without also caring for justice; that it was not only needful that my debt should be paid, but that He only was able to pay it for me. Here forgiveness is a sacred office, in which His love for the sinner, declared in the absolution of the sinful, stands in contrast with His hatred of sin, declared in the shedding of blood. "What love, my God, what love!" And who, then, is the Victim who sacrifices Himself for me? Is He a man? No, say the Scriptures. Is He an angel? No, say the Scriptures. He is the Son of God, His only Son, in whom He has centered all His love; who was in the beginning with God; who is one with God; who is God. So that the Creator gives Himself for the creature in the person of His own Son. "What love, my God, what love!"

But, finally, why such love? Is there anything in me which has deserved it? Have I only anticipated His love by loving Him? No. He has "first loved me." The secret of His mercy is wholly in His mercy itself. He has had compassion on me merely because it pleased Him to have compassion. He has saved me simply because I was lost! When I was a child "of disobedience and wrath," His "enemy," then it was that He determined to sacrifice His Son for me. "What love, my God, what love!" And yet I do not see the depths of this love. It is a deep that I cannot fathom; but the deeper I go I find only fullness of love. In the depths of it which I see I discover a love which transcends my imagination; and in the depths of it which I am unable to penetrate I have a presentiment of a love which confounds, which absorbs, which astounds all my thoughts. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. "God is love. Whosoever loveth not hath not seen God. But I, when I know

Him—I, when I see Him in Christ, how can I help loving Him? Bought with such a price I am no longer my own, and I give Him my whole heart."

By such a manifestation of the love of God to sinful man Christ would have done all that would be necessary to convert him to love God, if this manifestation had found man's spirit ready to receive it. It did not find it so. The thoughts of God expressed in redemption are so far removed from our human thoughts that they would make no impression upon the human soul were it not for a special preparation to which it is subjected. This demonstration is clear, irresistible; but it is put into a language which is foreign to us, so that it is first necessary that we receive into our hearts an Interpreter. Hence, this Preparer of our hearts, this Interpreter of redemption, is promised to us under the title of the Holy Spirit.

Do not imagine that the promise of the Holy Spirit was for the apostles alone; it was for all Christians, in all time. Among apostolic gifts, that which was necessary for the rapid propagation of Christianity, that which they received for the sake of others, is not needful for us as it was for them, nor is it promised. But, among apostolic gifts, that which was needful for the conversion of their hearts, that which they received for themselves, is as necessary for us as for them, and is equally promised. It is to all men that Jesus Christ says, "God will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." It is in epistles addressed to all the churches that the apostles write: "You have received an unction from the Holy One;" that is, the Holy Spirit. "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth in you." "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." But if these affirmations, so distinct, left us still in doubt, it would remain no longer after the declaration with which the apostle Peter concludes his discourse on the day of Pentecost, and from which it is plain that he wished to prevent in his hearers the very error which, in your minds, I am now opposing: "You shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is to you and to your children and to them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." My brethren, when God has spoken let us no longer resist. The Holy Spirit is promised to all Christians.

And do you know who the Holy Spirit is? Let us learn it from the Bible; let us listen without unbelief; let us not enfeeble the force of its expressions; let us no more make our demands and still not listen to what God has clearly promised us. The Holy Spirit is not the reaction of our spirit upon itself in meditation and prayer. The Holy Spirit

is not simply an impression naturally produced upon our spirits by just and salutary thoughts. The action of the Holy Spirit is direct, real, supernatural, exerted upon the spirit of man by a God equally sovereign over our hearts as over our nature, and who can at will give us and take from us our thoughts and feelings ; or, to keep more closely to the terms of the Scriptures, the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of God, thinking, willing, loving, acting in the spirit of man. The Holy Spirit is God in man.

The Scriptures attribute to this Spirit many kinds of influences, and especially that of which we have just recognized the need. He shows us the love of God as displayed in the redemption. They represent that the Spirit of God sheds abroad in our hearts the love of God—that is, reveals to us, or better, communicates to us, God's love toward us ; that this Spirit witnesses with our spirits that we are the children of God, reconciled to Him by the death of His Son, since by this Spirit and Him alone can we receive Christ as our Lord, our Messiah, our Redeemer. But listen to the apostle Paul, who treats this doctrine directly in writing to the Corinthians : “ I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.” “ Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man.” You see that the apostle speaks of redemption, and that he says that unaided man has not susceptibility to receive it. “ But,” he adds, “ God hath revealed it unto us by His Spirit.” “ For we have received the Spirit of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.” When, therefore, you have received the Spirit of God you will be able to believe in the redemption and to feel its power. Because the redemption conveys a vivid impression of God's love to you, your heart will of itself turn toward Him, and you will, in your turn, commence to love Him. Then will pass upon you an experience of all things new : new light, new feelings, new tastes, new memories, new hopes ; in a word, as the Scriptures represent, “ a new life.” Then, though obliged yet to keep up a warfare with sin, according to the Scriptures, you will be no longer the slaves of sin, according to the same Scriptures ; you will still stumble as you walk the way of salvation, but you will no longer follow that of perdition ; you will more and more “ abstain from every appearance of evil ;” and at last you will belong to those whom the Scriptures call righteous, converted, renewed, the redeemed of the Lord Jesus Christ, the children of God, weaned from this world and ripe for another, knowing how to live and yet ready to die.

Thus God's mercy has left nothing undone for the salva-

tion of the sinner. Man needs a double deliverance ; sinful, he needs forgiveness ; wretched, he needs a change of heart ; and God offers them both in Jesus Christ. He forgives him on account of Jesus Christ, who has suffered the punishment due to his sins ; He changes his heart by showing His love in the redemption which he has been persuaded to believe and submit to by the Holy Spirit.

But in order to avail ourselves of this plan of mercy have we nothing to do upon our own part ? or rather, finally, what have we to do ? Yes, we have something to do. God, who created us without our agency, will not save us without that agency. Whoever would receive to himself the two graces which Jesus Christ brings—forgiveness and change of heart—must have a certain disposition of the soul which has been termed *faith*. The Scriptures clearly insist upon this and upon this alone. Without multiplying proofs of it, it is only necessary for me to recall two marked illustrations : one in the ministry of Jesus Christ, the other in that of the apostles. When Jesus Christ was solicited by the sick to heal their bodily infirmities, by which He symbolized the healing of the soul, He said to them : “ Believest thou ? If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” And when St. Paul was interrogated by the jailer of Philippi as to what he should do to be saved, he replied to him, “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” So that if on one side we may be saved “ by grace,” on the other we participate in that grace only “ by faith.”

But what is faith ? Learn again from the Scriptures : faith has two significations, according to whether it is regarded in its principle or application. Faith, considered as a principle, is the general conviction that the Bible is the Word of God, and therefore that all which it says is true. This is faith in God. Faith, considered in its application, is the particular conviction that this is true which God has declared in His Word, that we are all lost and may all be saved in Jesus Christ. This is faith in Jesus Christ. The second—that is, faith in Jesus Christ—indeed, is only a consequence of faith in God—is what St. Paul demanded of the jailer of Philippi, and which is *also* demanded of all of us in order to salvation. If you wish a more exact and at the same time a simpler conception of faith you will find it in this expression of the leprous man : “ Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean. I am lost ; I cannot save myself ; Thou canst save me. Save me, Lord ! ” This is faith. The moment you experience this disposition there will be no promise in the Bible which you cannot personally appro-

priate, and Jesus Christ will no longer be *the* Saviour ; He will be *your* Saviour.

But how shall one acquire this faith ? Must God give it ? Yes, for the Scriptures say, " For unto you it is given to believe on Him." Must we idly wait till we attain this faith ? No ; for the Scriptures say again : " Be diligent ; seek the Lord ; work out your own salvation." But how can you harmonize two things which seem so contrary ? In theory they cannot be harmonized, but in practice they can. You will harmonize them by asking for faith ; for by asking you recognize the truth that you need some One to give, and at the same time by asking you seek, you act. Ask, then. Pray for faith. In order to heal you God will ask you only one question, Wilt thou be made whole ? Wilt thou believe ? Not, Do you desire, do you long to believe ? but, Will you ? do you will it more than all things else and at whatever cost ? Do you will to know the truth ? That is, will you, to know the truth, make every sacrifice which God exacts of you ?—the sacrifice of your idleness, your negligence, your pre-occupation, your interests, your affections, even your personal opinions and your boasted independence ? Will you listen to God in the Scriptures with a sincere determination to accept His testimony whether or not it conform to what you have hitherto believed ? Are you willing to be forgiven ? Are you willing to experience favor like a vile criminal ? Are you willing to be embraced in the same act of forgiveness with robbers, with " the chief of sinners ?" Do you will to become holy ? Do you will to do all that you shall find required in the Word of God, agreeable or not to your inclinations ? To have your own will no more, but to follow only God's will ; to give to Him all that you have and all that you are ? Do you will—to speak it all in one word—O littleness ! O cross of nature !—to renounce yourself ? Do you will to be worth nothing, to merit nothing, to know nothing, to count for nothing, to be nothing, to keep back nothing for yourself—nothing, nothing at all ? If this is your will, if these are your dispositions, ask God boldly for faith. Do not fear to be too bold, only fear being too little so ; for to doubt that God is willing to hear you is to doubt His express promise. If, on the contrary, you do not will this, if these are not your dispositions— But why should I disturb you with discouragements ? Ah ! if you do not perceive these dispositions within you ; if you perceive but the beginnings of them ; if you perceive only the desire of them, very well ; present to God these beginnings, this desire. Strengthen yourself before Him by the example of that unhappy father who supplicated Jesus Christ to heal his child, and when

interrogated whether he believed, answered, weeping, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!" and who was, nevertheless, not repulsed. Pray in the same manner; if not with full faith, yet with the little faith you have; if not with utter self-renouncement, yet with the little self-renouncement which you have. These imperfect prayers will obtain for you, first, graces as imperfect doubtless as your prayers. These graces will stimulate you to better prayers, which will obtain for you more abundant graces; and so from prayers to graces, and from graces to prayers, you will come slowly into the truth, and will finally reach the way of God's mercy.

My brethren, in this discourse and the preceding one I have unfolded the necessity and the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ. If any one is about to reject them, I would first ask him what he rejects. Is it only the form, the language, the arrangement of thought? Each of you is free to reject these, for they come from me. Is it, on the contrary, the foundation of these discourses, the very ideas themselves? You do not believe it true that man is by nature sinful; that he needs forgiveness such as can be secured only through the expiatory death of the Son of God; that he needs a change of heart, which can be wrought only by the Spirit of God; that he is lost, and can be saved only by Jesus Christ—only "by grace" "through faith." If this is what you reject, I want to add one thought: Take pains, at least, to know the case, and to know what you reject. It is not man; it is not the word of man. It is the gospel. It is Jesus Christ, who alone is the gospel. He shows precisely what you reject. A lost man, rejecting God the Saviour, Christ the victim; the Holy Spirit, the Renewer. Here all men agree who ever believed the Scriptures at all. It is the gospel of the Reformed Church of France, the gospel of Calvin, the gospel of Luther, the gospel of Pascal, the gospel of Fénelon, the gospel of *The Imitation*, the gospel of John Huss, the gospel of St. Bernard, the gospel of St. Augustine, the gospel of St. Polycarp, the gospel of St. Paul, the gospel of St. John, the gospel of St. James, the gospel of Jesus Christ, the gospel of God! So that if you reject it, though you may be called Christians, and may believe yourselves to be Christians, you are no more Christians than a philosopher who rejects the Platonic philosophy can be a disciple of Plato. What I have preached to you is not my opinion. It is the truth. It is not my doctrine. It is *the* doctrine. It is more. It is the life. If you do not believe it, you abide in death. What do I say? If you do not believe it, what *do* you believe? Who are you? To whom do you belong? Whence

come you, and what do you here? If you should defend yourselves, the very stones of this structure will cry out that the worship which they see you offer here to God is a contradiction. For, not to mention Communion days, when this liturgy—by authority of which you are invited to approach this Holy Table, and which you recognize as true by accepting the invitation—declares you to be “miserable sinners” who have no hope but in the mercy of God; that “Jesus Christ is the real Paschal Lamb that was slain for you,” and that you have “need of the Spirit of God to transform you into new creatures;” not to mention this, each Sunday you do not accompany the heart, but only the outward gesture, when I open the services with prayer. For this prayer supposes two parties, the first of whom is represented in my first and the second of whom in my second discourse. When the pastor says aloud, “We acknowledge before Thy holy Majesty that we are poor sinners, born in corruption, inclined to evil, of ourselves incapable of doing good, and that we every day and in multitudes of ways transgress Thy holy commandments: and that we deserve from Thee only condemnation and death”—if you reject my first discourse, you say in a low voice: “I am not a poor sinner, I was not born in corruption, I am not inclined to evil, I am not, of myself, incapable of doing any good thing, I do not daily and in multitudes of ways transgress God’s commandments, nor do I deserve condemnation and death.” And again, when the pastor says aloud, “We take refuge in Thy grace, and we implore Thee to relieve us of our misery. Have mercy upon us, O God, Father of mercies, and forgive our sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Grant us, also increase in us, the graces of Thy Holy Spirit!”—if you reject my second discourse, you must say in an undertone: “As I do not deserve condemnation, so I do not solicit favor. I was not born in corruption. I do not need to be renewed by the Holy Spirit. And as I do not believe that the innocent can suffer in place of the guilty, I do not ask to be forgiven for the sake of Jesus Christ.” So that, if you reject this doctrine, you cannot put yourself in agreement with the Protestant Church, nor with the Reformers, nor with the pious souls of the Catholic Church, nor with Christians of all ages, nor with the Church Fathers, nor with the Apostolic Church, nor with the Apostles, nor with Jesus Christ, nor with God, nor with yourselves. You must extricate yourselves in some manner from a position so false; you must either go forward or go backward; either take the thing or give up the name, receive the doctrine or admit you are not Christians.

Oh! ye in this assembly whom God has made thoughtful

through these discourses, employ this seriousness faithfully. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Who shall say that this is not your "accepted time," your "day of salvation," which, if you neglect, will never return; which, if you faithfully improve, will be to you the era of a new life? Forget all human influence, all human impressions. See only two parties—God and yourself. Say to Him: "My God, up to this moment I have believed myself a Christian, but now I begin to see that it has been only in name. I perceive that all is not well with me, that I am not at peace with Thee. Give me this peace, Lord. I will renounce everything else. Wouldst Thou have my property? Take it. Wouldst Thou have my reputation? Here it is. Wouldst Thou have my health? Here is my health. Wouldst Thou have even the objects of my affection? Must I give up friend, father, mother, wife, child? Behold, I accept the sacrifice. Thy will supreme! Thy truth supreme! Thy spirit supreme! First my conversion—'Turn me and I shall be turned.'"

My God, if any one prays to Thee thus, he is not far from the kingdom of heaven. Help him, oh, help him to do what only remains to be done by sending down into his heart the Holy Spirit to urge him, to entreat him to continue the work and conclude it; the Holy Spirit, the heavenly Advocate of truth, without whom no earthly advocate can help being "but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Amen.

Larger Definitions.**A SERMON**

PREACHED BY **Joseph Parker, D.D.**, IN THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON,
ENGLAND.

I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat.—Matt. xxv : 35.

BECAUSE certain people had given Jesus Christ bread when He was hungry, drink when He was thirsty, and clothing when He was naked, and because they had called upon Him when He was sick and visited Him when He was in prison, therefore they were called to enter into the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world. That is one side of the context. And because other people had omitted to do the whole of these things they were pronounced accursed and sent away into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. That is the other and completing aspect of the case. Then the conditions of entering into the kingdom prepared for good people from the foundation of the world are exceedingly simple, and the conditions upon which people are rejected from that kingdom are, apparently at least, most insufficient and inequitable. Because you have given a loaf to a beggar, thrown an out-worn garment upon the shoulders of some shivering pauper, and have done both things so carelessly as actually to have forgotten that you had ever done them, therefore you may enter the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, and be happy in the enjoyment of eternal life. This, perhaps, you could understand, acknowledging the simplicity of the case, and wondering much concerning that simplicity. But you could not so well and comfortably comprehend the other side of the case—namely, that because a man has not given a loaf or a garment that therefore he should go away into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, and into everlasting punishment, a state typified by the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched. If you read that in the newspaper you would say this is unjust; if any magistrate in England attempted to do anything of this kind the whole country would rise in moral indignation and rebellion against injustice so monstrous and aggravated.

Thus we are brought into a very critical condition of mind in relation to this text. Nothing can be simpler than the terms; there is no long word here within whose tortuous scope men may wriggle and make mistakes and come to false conclusions. This part of the Testament might be cut out as an elementary lesson for young readers. It be-

comes, therefore, of supreme importance that we should really understand this matter, lest some of us should be trusting false refuges in relation to the coming of the kingdom, and others should be so infinitely distressed by a sense of injustice at the very outset as to be utterly discouraged from making any attempts at a lofty and noble life. What is to be done? You have to do here what you have to do along the whole line of the Christian kingdom; if you will do it you are equal to every emergency, triumphant in every controversy, and perfectly at rest regarding the equitability and benevolence of the divine rule of mankind. What you have to do is to enlarge the terms. Observe, I will not have a word changed. I call for expansion of meaning, for the natural development of the words, for enlargement of definition, and then God's providence is illuminated and commended for its justice and nobleness, and for the very necessity of those principles which it elevates and enforces and honors with final and complete vindication. The Christian faith is to take its place amid all the controversies of the times by changing nothing essential, touching nothing vital, but in enlarging its terms so as to comprehend all unsuspected occurrences, all startling accidents, all varieties of the highest and most urgent thinking of the times.

If you take the word *hunger*, you naturally limit it to the demands of the physical appetite. A child will tell you what hunger means; ask your least child who can speak, What do we give to people who are hungry, and the child will say, "Bread." That is only the beginning of the definition, and the difficulty I have with many persons in the study of this divine kingdom is that having got the alphabet you cannot get them into the construction and combination of syllables. They will hang on by the mere alphabet, and therefore what is their Christianity? A rattle of letters, not high, resonant, infinite music. Is the child's definition of hunger correct? It is perfectly correct as far as it goes—but what is hunger? Many a man has risen from a king's feast hunger-bitten, with a thirst unquenchable burning in him. How so? Have the viands been insufficient? Nothing of the kind; the startled table groaned under the load of luxury. Were the wines few or poor? Nay, vintages are poured out through the channels of that banquet-room. What was wanting? Bread for a keener hunger, water for an unappeasable thirst. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will send a famine upon the land; not a famine of bread nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the Word of the Lord." We have all been amply satisfied with our morning repast; there is no man here, probably, with a

craving hunger within him which he, at all events, has not the means of appeasing. Yet it is possible that the richest man among us, the man that has left a table loaded that he might return to a table still more laden—it is possible that even such a man may know “the curse of a high spirit, famishing because all earth but sickens it.” Now that we are throwing out the meanings thus legitimately so as to take in the whole line of human want, we begin to enlarge the terms of the trial so as to meet the terms of the award.

First, then, in reference to the giving of actual bread—bread as usually understood. Most unquestionably there is a distinct reference to that gift; that is the very basis of the judgment; that is the initial and necessary line of the whole movement; for if you would not give natural and ordinary bread you would not give the higher necessities to the hunger and the thirst of mankind. Imagine not, therefore, that I am liberating any man from the responsibility of giving natural bread to natural hunger; that must be assumed initially, intermedially and finally; no change, modification, can be allowed there. If you ask me to justify the enlargement of my terms, I justify the enlargement by a reference to your own experience and your own consciousness. The word hunger is variously used in Holy Scripture, as is the word thirst. “Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” Let us visit this man, sitting on his velvet cushion upon his luxurious carpet, with his hand upon a bell which, touched, will bring a hundred servants around him, with pictures, horses and large estates, and gold hardly to be counted. Happy man? Never has one moment’s happiness. Satisfied? Burning with an intolerable hunger and thirst. What wants he? You must find that out. He wants one word of love, one assurance of sympathy, one breath of condolence, one prayer of intercession; he hungers to know himself; he says, “I cannot tell what I am, what I feel; I am tormented, distressed; I feel in my heart an aching void.” If you would sit down beside that man and break the bread of the kingdom of heaven to him, and give him to drink of the water of which Christ said, if a man drink he shall never thirst again, you would leave that man behind you satisfied, delighted, thankful; you would have come within the sweep of the infinite meaning of this marvelous passage. To satisfy the hunger of men is to be on the way to the approval of heaven.

Let us visit another soul amply supplied with all things material and temporal—a man to whom you can do no favor in the ordinary sense of that term. He has more than he can eat and drink of a physical kind; his house is large

enough, his resources are more than abundant—they are redundant to the utmost plentifulness. If you gave him more gold he would not know that you had given it to him. What can we do for this man? Listen to him. He is the victim of superstition, of narrow notions, of false ideas, of bigoted conceptions, of sectarian sympathies; he is in prison, his soul is in bondage. Reveal the truth to him; show him how little he has yet seen; teach him how to take up his stakes and put them further out, how to lengthen his cords, take in more roofage; give him a peep over boundaries that have already shut him in—what have you done to that man? You found him in prison; you opened the door and sent him into a wide and glorious and incorruptible liberty. We have never been in prison, in the ordinary sense of the term, and therefore I contend we must not have the kingdom of heaven shut up within a few terms that are necessarily limited; we must find for the limited word an illimitable meaning, and thus the kingdom of heaven shall overlap the kingdom of earth, and the greater shall include the less.

If we make a third call, the case will be still more complete. It shall be upon a person who has gone the round of the whole scheme of things in society—a man who has drunk every cup, tasted to exhaustion every enjoyment, who has had men-servants and women-servants, and the delights of the sons of men, and musical instruments of all sorts, gardens and pools of water; who has been in the giddy swirl and riot of conventional happiness; gone through it all and set down the drained goblet with a curse. "What are you, sir?" I say to this man, who has passed the whole round of earthly and sensual delights. He says, "I am sick, sated, nauseated, poisoned." Will you take again the goblet you have set down? Never. What ails thee? Sickness—death. Ah! let me speak to thee: there is another world, a faith-world, where souls live, where Hope rekindles her lamp, where the spirit can be satisfied; where ideas are enlarged and answered by ever-completing revelations—a kingdom thou hast never been in, bread thou hast never eaten, water thou hast never tasted. The King of the fair land sends me to thee, sick one and dead, and says, "Compel him to come in." Wilt come? He says, "Will you take me?" I answer, "I will." He says, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him: Father, I have sinned; there is nothing on Thy side to be accounted for, explained or justified; the burden is on me, and on me alone." He goes; his sickness is forgotten; a new and healthy appetite stirs every faculty of his nature. He was sick and in prison—you visited him—so you have

enlarged the number of the guests that throng the house of the Saviour.

I begin now, with these incidents before me, to see that the upshot of this, if ever it came to a great assize, must be very solemn ; for this hunger was no passing appetite ; this thirst was no flake of fire that could be put out with a drop of water ; this nakedness was no exposure of the skin ; this sickness was no affection of the physical functions. It was a hunger of the soul, and a thirst of the spirit, and a nakedness of the whole nature, and the whole head was sick and the whole heart was faint ; and if you can find a man who can answer these necessities and destitutions, you will find a man worthy of a kingdom, be it infinite in measurement, be it lasting as eternity ; you will indeed deserve the " Well done," which is heaven.

The other side of the case is thus abundantly provided for. The difficulty of everlasting punishment is now no difficulty at all, but a necessity. For what would the case be then—who are they that go away ? According to the terms set forth in the Scripture before us, as enlarged according to human experience and consciousness, there are people who have done nothing, answered no cry of the spirit, appeased no desire of the soul, healed no affection of the conscience, thrown no light of liberty upon the judgment of men, neglected every one, answered no prayers, heeded no cries, satisfied no wants—my friends, to what can they go ? When the solemn answer comes, " To everlasting punishment," the conscience says, " Severe, but right." The hunger of the universe for uprightness and justice is answered and satisfied in that going away. I believe in everlasting punishment. I cannot define it, nor will I have any ordinary human definition thrust upon me. I only know this, that it must be something fearful, beyond the imagination of man to conceive. It is not everlasting because it continues three hundred centuries rather than three hundred days. That is a question of time : everlasting is a quality as well as a quantity. Eternal is more than duration—it is duration forgotten, duration sunk in an agony or delight. Joy has no time, misery has nothing but time.

How large the field of service is—hunger, thirst, nakedness, sickness, imprisonment, destitution of every kind ! There is room enough in that field for your talent and mine, and the resources of the individual and the whole commonwealth. Find your corner—work it well. If it be the giving of natural bread, God bless you—it is much needed. If it be the giving of ideas, God bless you—they are the true bread which cometh down from heaven. If it be the giving of sympathy, God bless you—it is wanted, for the sick heart

dies of the poisoned confections of time. It is just the field Christ Himself occupied ; Jesus Christ has written His own history in these words : He did nothing else for three years than what He describes the righteous as having done in these verses—He went about doing good. If the people were hungry He said, "Give them to eat." If they were thirsty of spirit, feeling the keen necessities of the heart, he sat down upon the mountain and opened His mouth and taught them. If they were deluded, victimized, ensnared by temptations, traditions, and if they were befooled and misled by incompetent teachers, He liberated them from their prison of inadequate perceptions and perverted ideas and introduced them into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

This leads me to say that no man can occupy this field except in Christ's spirit. It is not an inviting field : no man goes to the hospital for a day of recreation, he goes to teach, to heal, to mitigate pain. No man would go to the lunatic asylum for the purpose of spending a half-holiday. He goes to see if anything can be done, if any poor wretch can yet be saved from the outermost ; and as he goes in the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest : on earth peace and good will toward men." If you have not Christ's spirit, you soon tire of dealing with the hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, imprisoned, miserable. There is nothing in these things themselves to fascinate the taste, to engage the affections, to conciliate the esteem and fire the energy of the human heart. These things are repulsive in themselves ; unless we get the right view they will shock us and affright us and repel us, and we shall seek health and beauty and plenty and freedom, and call these things our delights.

So, then, the case is not so simple as you at first thought it to be. It is not the thrusting a loaf into the hands of a beggar and therefore going to heaven. It is not a sinful life for seventy years, and then calling in some poor wretch off the streets and giving him a goblet of water, and then saying, "There, now, I am going straight up to glory." I thought it must be deeper than that ; I felt that that was wrong. I know it now. What has the Christian teacher done this morning—changed a single word ? Not one. Altered the venue ? Not for a moment. Re-written the Bible ? Not a verse of it. What then ? What every Christian expositor and every Christian controversialist must do : then he will take the spoil from mighty kings : he must enlarge his definitions, thrust out his terms to their full signification, and he will find that the kingdom of heaven is wide enough to include all science, all politics, all hunger, all thirst, all misery, all need—that it is a kingdom of kingdoms, as its Lord is King of kings.

The Prodigal's Resolve.**A SERMON**PREACHED BY **T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.**, IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.*I will arise and go to my father.*—LUKE XV : 18.

THIS young man, the son of a rich Jew, was thoroughly destitute. He was hungry and in rags. Seated amid the swine-troughs, perfectly wretched, an idea flashes across him—"I will go home. These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear. What business is this for a Jew—feeding swine? I can stand it no longer. I will arise and go to my father!" Not waiting to patch up his poor clothes or improve his personal appearance, away he flies. Homesickness gives him a fleet foot. That was a wise resolution. He could not sew up his rags or satisfy his hunger. Satan has a great many herds of iniquity, and he says he will give us large wages if we will only watch them. Liar! Down with thee into the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Satan covers his employés with rags; he pinches them with eternal hunger, and when they are weary of the business and try to get away, he chases them with all the blood-hounds of perdition.

1. I remark that this resolution of the prodigal was made in a disgust at his present condition. If his employer had set him to tending flowers or to training vines over the arbor, or to keeping an account of the pork market, or to overseeing the other laborers, that young man would have never gone home to his father's house. If he had had salary enough to clothe himself even moderately; if he had had salary enough to get on ordinarily, he would have said: "I can get along without these splendid things; I can rough it just as a great many other men have roughed it." If he had had money in his pocket he would never have started home. He would have said: "What do I want of my father, with fifty, a hundred, a thousand dollars in my pocket; what do I want to go home for? I will never apologize to the old man. Besides that, I have one-third of the property coming to me anyhow. Besides, if I went home, I know father would put me on the limits. He would not allow such goings on in the old place as I like to indulge in. Come, my boys, fill high and let's drink again to the good time that's coming." Ah! it was his utter destruction and pauperism; it was the fact that they be-

grudged him even the beans and the "carobs." It was because he had come down to destitution, beneath which there was no lower depth, that he resolved to go to his father. Let me here say that no man ever starts for God until he is persuaded of his famine-struck condition. People say to ministers, "Why do you stand and talk about the lost state of man?" For the reason that unless men are persuaded of it they do not want the gospel. If I come into your house, and you are well, and I talk about powerful medicines and physicians, you say: "That is nothing to me. I have no cough, no neuralgia, no rheumatism. Why do you talk to me about medicine?" But if I come into your house and you feel that you are desperately sick, and unless you get help very soon you must die, as soon as I begin to talk about medicines or a doctor you say, "Bring them quickly or I shall die." Now, if I can convince you that in your natural condition you are lost, that you are sick and diseased by reason of sin from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, then you are ready to hear me while I speak of Jesus Christ, the great Physician, and of the balm that will heal all our wounds.

By every possible simile the Bible sets forth the truth that we are guilty and that there is no help for us, so far as human medicament is concerned. Sin is a red-hot plow-share that turns up Eden, and it has prostrated the whole earth with the exhaustion of death; and unless a man quits his sin and comes to God for salvation he cannot be saved.

Are there not some here to-night who would like to be Christians? You cannot be where you are, down in your sin. Go home! go home! Make some stout resolution, like the young man of my text. A mere whim, a mere indefinite longing, will not amount to anything. The young man of the text did not say, "I will wait until a caravan comes along and I will get a ride." No! With an emphasis that sounded through all the ages, he said: "I will arise and go to my father."

2. I remark further that the resolution of the text was formed in sorrow at his past behavior. It was not a mere physical plight; it was sorrow at the thought that he had so badly treated his father. Oh! it is a sad thing that a son, after having been watched over by a father and educated and cared for, should go away and break that father's heart. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Oh! have we not treated our Father badly? And such a Father! Three times a day with wonderful regularity He has fed you. Through how many winters He has given you wood

and coal! How careful He has been to see that you had apparel suited to the climate and the changes of the seasons! Who fed you this morning when you arose? Who provided for you to-day as you sat at table? Who has sheltered your household? Who has given you the love of your children? In whose keeping are the departed loved ones of your heart? Who pours golden sunlight by day and by night lights up for you the street lamps of heaven? On whose earth do you walk? At whose fountains do you drink? Whose eye hath pitied you? Whose heart had compassion upon you? Whose hand hath helped you? Whose voice hath called you? Our Father, so lenient, so loving, so generous hath He been. Oh! we have all been cruel prodigals. We have chosen the wilderness to the loving arms of our Father. Have you no confessions to make? Have you no sorrows to express? Have you no pardon to ask for? Have you no resolution to make? Oh! if it had been a stranger it would not have been so wonderful that we turned away from Him. If He had flagellated us unmercifully, if He had turned us out of doors, if He had starved us, it would not have been strange if we turned our backs on such a Father. But no, He has loved us, He has caressed us all our life long. Are you sorry that you have offended? Is there in this audience to-night one man frank enough to say: "Father, I have sinned?" If you do wrong to a friend you are willing to apologize. You say: "I am sorry I said that or did that." Have you ever apologized to God? Can it be that ten thousand times ten thousand transgressions of your life are all uncanceled? If it be so, may God this night have mercy upon your soul.

3. I remark again that this resolution of the text was formed in a feeling of homesickness. I do not know how long the young man had been gone—how many weeks, how many years—from his father's house; but I am very certain from the reading of the passage that he was homesick. It is a very disagreeable feeling. You know what it is. You have been away off, and although you may have had plenty of friends around you and all the circumstances were cheerful, you said within your soul: "I would give the world if I could be home to-night."

Oh! are there not those here homesick for God—homesick for heaven? I read of a sailor boy that came back to see his parents, and he stayed a few days, and his mother importuned him not to go away again, and the night before he went back to sea he heard her praying in the next room. It made him harder than he was before. He went to sea. One bitter cold night he clambered up the ratlines; he was

out on perilous duty. The winds were whistling around him in the darkness, and he heard something that first seemed like his mother's voice, and then seemed like that very prayer, and he trembled in the darkness and charged himself with cowardice, and tried to whistle off the feeling ; but all the more it pressed through his soul—the very prayer he heard his mother utter in the next room. And there, amid the ship's shrouds, he cried : “ God be merciful to me, a sinner ! Oh ! if there be mercy for such a wretch as I am, help me ! Lord help me ! ” And I have thought while standing here to-night that perhaps some prodigal in this audience might have coming into his soul the memory of father's prayer or mother's petition long ago uttered, and that prayer might press so mightily upon your soul that you would, this moment, surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you.

4. I remark, again, that this resolution of the text was immediately put into execution. The text says he arose and came to his father. The trouble is that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand of our resolutions never amount to anything. We do not carry them out. How many of us have, scores of times, resolved upon a Christian life, and yet have not entered it. Here is a man who, twenty years ago, in the time of typhoid fever, said : “ Oh, Lord, let me get over this sickness and I will serve Thee all the rest of my life.” The fever departed ; he is well in the house of God to-night, and yet he has never espoused the cause of Jesus.

A resolution that I will become a Christian next year, or next month, or next week, or to-morrow, or ten o'clock to-night, is worth nothing. The young man of the text is one moment sitting down amid the swine and the husks. Then he says, “ I will arise and go to my father,” and he starts, starts the very instant ; as quick as that he is on his way. Oh ! my dear friends, are there not some of you to-night ready to start for heaven ? Do you not want to start now ? You feel your need of pardon, why not seek it now ? You feel that you need a title to heaven, why not get it now ? How many have put it off ? There are some who say : “ I must get my life changed first, and I must get better first, and then I will come.” Ah ! my brother, you will get worse and worse until you come to Christ. No man yet ever made himself better.

But, says one, “ Put it off a little longer and I will come.” Ah ! that is what one of olden time said : “ Go thy way for this time. I will attend to it after a while.” Did he ? No, he went away and perished. To be almost a Christian is to be no Christian at all. At Amagansett, Long

Island, a vessel came ashore and dashed itself to pieces in the breakers, and the men on the beach threw ropes and shot rockets, and the crew of the wrecked vessel got in a small boat and pulled toward the beach and they came almost to the shore ; but the ropes snapped and they were swamped. Their corpses the next day were tossed upon the beach. They came within a stone's throw of rescue, and yet they perished. Oh ! how many men there are who come almost to the beach of heaven ; they are actually within arm's reach of pardon and peace and salvation, yet right there they are swamped forever. Do you know, my brother, that eternity is at stake in this matter ? You would not risk one hundred dollars on as poor security as you have for your immortal soul. If you lend a man a hundred dollars you take a note for it. If you buy property you take a deed for it. If you build a house you get insurance on it. And yet for your everlasting inheritance you have no title, no promise, no hope. Through the darkness of this night, quick as lightning's flash, your soul may be gone—whither ? whither ? Why will you starve in the desert when you might feast in your Father's house ? God wants you to come back ; the angels want you to come back ; the Church of Christ wants you to come back. God, the infinitely lovely and patient One, leans from His throne to-night and stoops over with every possible entreaty and says, "Come, now, and let us reason together. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as snow ; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." And then God lifts His right hand and takes an affidavit, saying, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ?"

Two young men in England went down to the seashore expecting to embark. They could not bear the restraints of a kind father's house. The father wrote down to Mr. Griffin, of Portsmouth, saying : "My two sons are down in your city. I wish you would persuade them to come back." He found the two boys and persuaded one to go home. The other said, "I won't go home." Then said Mr. Griffin, "I will get you a good place on a very respectable ship." He said, "I won't take it ; I want to be a common sailor, and that will plague father most, and what will break his heart will do me most good." Some years passed along, and one day Mr. Griffin was seated in his study when word came, "There is a man on shipboard in irons awaiting execution who wants to see you." Mr. Griffin did not recognize him. "Don't you remember me ? I was the young man you tried to persuade not to go to sea." "Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffin, "I remember you." "Well," said he,

"I committed the crime of murder. I am going to die, and I thought I would ask you to pray for me before I die." Mr. Griffin, thinking of the old folks at home and of the father whose heart had long ago broken over that wayward son, said, "I will try to get you a pardon." He rushed about by day and by night, from city to city, to the proper authorities, and sure enough, he got the pardon. He moved the heart of the judge by the terrible story of parental suffering, and came in due haste with the pardon, and, as he was coming on the ship, he met the father, who had come down from the country. He had found out that his boy was in trouble under a disguised name, and there Mr. Griffin with the pardon met the father on the dock. They went on board, and the very moment that Mr. Griffin handed the pardon to that wayward son, the same moment the father threw his arms around the wayward boy's neck, and kissed him, and the son confessed his crime and his wanderings, and said, "Father, forgive me if I have broken your heart," and the father said, "I forgive you." The chains were knocked off, and the boy went home free. To-night I come to you with a pardon—the glorious pardon of the Gospel. I put it in your right hand, while at the same moment the Lord God Almighty, your Father, breaks in upon the darkness of your soul and throws the arms of His compassion around your neck, and says, "I forgive you for all your wanderings," and there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will accept the Father's embrace?

The Family in Heaven and Earth.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY **William Ormiston, D.D.**, IN THE FIFTH AVENUE COLLEGIATE
REFORMED CHURCH, NEW YORK.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.—Eph. iii: 14, 15.

THE apostle in this connection is describing in glowing and magnificent imagery the unity of the Church. In the last chapter he says: "He (Christ) is our peace, who hath made both (believing Gentiles and Jews) one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." He compares the Church to a city in which all inhabitants enjoy equal privileges. Then again, in the luxuriance of his imagery, his mind glowing with the thought of the brotherhood of all Christians, he compares the Church to a temple, every part fitly framed together, and each part essential to the completeness of the whole—a temple in which expiation is made alike for all. Then arises before his mind the thought of the family, where all are brothers, are equals, and he says, in Christ "the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

"For this cause"—because all Christians have equal privileges in Christ, all have expiation made for them, all are members of one family, are brethren—"for this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Bowing the knee indicates the reverence with which we approach God. The introduction, the petition and the peroration are sublime. Our text is the first of these.

I. God is here presented *as a father*. The first conception of family is *fatherhood*. The fatherhood of God! Sublime thought! There is a sense in which God is a father, because He is Creator. The term is not here used in this general sense—"The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Jew spoke of God as father not because He was their Creator, but had redeemed and adopted them and made them in a special way His peculiar people. So has the term father a special significance to the Christian. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God" (Rom. viii: 14). "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," etc. (1 John iii: 2). We are heirs, not servants, "begotten," etc. The unfathomed depth of meaning in the phrase, Sons of God! Abba is the first word of the newborn. God is the Father of our Lord, and through Him of us.

1. We have the truth impressed upon us that Jesus is the only way of access to the Father. Jesus is His Son, and we are begotten of the Father through Jesus. We speak of being exalted by nature—by the music of the brook, the roar of the cataract; by the fields, the woods, the clouds, the sky. There is but one name given under heaven through which salvation is possible. Jesus, with divine simplicity, says, I am the way and the life.

2. Not only is Jesus our access, but our strongest plea—"our Lord," "Father of our Lord;" He is our kinsman.

3. We have here a vision of the greatest privilege we are to enjoy, nearness to our God. Do you not find it difficult, even in the closet at prayer, to feel Him a God near by? We speak of Him as a force, a principle, an enthroned force. Were God nothing more than that to us we would be crushed. We need to realize that He is a person full of the tenderness, the unapproachable love of Christ, who, when in the world, longed to bless at all times and all people. He came to reveal to us the Father. The Spirit of Christ is the Spirit of the Father. To-day we have His sympathy, the sympathy of a divine Person. What strength this thought imparts! Remember, that all that earthly parentage has ever revealed of authority, of tenderness, of self-sacrifice is being manifested daily in an infinite greater degree in God. "We bow the knee to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

II. Christians here called *one family*—"of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Some understand by heaven and earth, Jew and Gentile. Those terms, I do not think, are ever used in this sense in the Bible. It means the "just made perfect" in heaven and Christians on earth. It is very probable that the range of the meaning of the text is to be much enlarged so as to embrace all spirits in the universe who are in harmony with God.

Let us examine further this comparison of the Church to a family. 1. The idea of unity in a family does not spring from out of outward organization or harmony of interests or of tastes, or out of affinity. No man enters the family by choice. He is born into it. So must man be born into the Church of Christ. He may join this or that denomination; he may intellectually assent to the creed as a politician accepts a platform; but all this constitute him no member of the family in Christ.

2. While there is unity there is diversity in the family.

3. The family may exist under different forms. The Church which worshipped in tents, then in temples, then as now, is one. It is all one glorious family wherever found, no matter by what name it may be called among men.

“Named.” A name often signifies little. There is sometimes no harmony between the name and the object which bears the name. But God never names wrongly, and He it is who names the Christian. The hypocrite is falsely so named. He deceives only man. The unity of Christians is a *reality*. They are by *birth* members of one family.

4. Membership in this family is highest honor.

1. It is an ancient family—patriarchs, prophets, apostles, etc.

2. A numerous family.

3. A united family. Here and there are apparent divisions. These are but on the surface. The Church is united in itself and is united to Christ, the elder brother. The unity is complete. There is one Father and the family is one.

Two questions I would ask in conclusion.

1. Do you belong to this family? Do you bow the knee to the Father? It is no great stretch of charity to believe that you all pray. But do you realize that God is the Father? Do you realize His presence?

2. Do we manifest any of the family likeness? Are we loved? Do we love? Do we realize a growing nearness to our beloved dead? Two tests will bring home this point. (1) Do you care for the little ones of the less fortunate in this great city? Do you take them in your arms and bless them as did Christ, our elder brother? That charity was born of heaven which, during this summer, has so tenderly cared for these many thousand helpless ones. (2) Have you deep, practical sympathy for the members of the Christian family in the plague-stricken South? Those are valorous souls who have taken their lives in their hands and gone down to relieve their brethren. Examine your hearts. What is your sympathy?

God be blessed for the assurance that we are members of this family of all believers on earth and in heaven, a family that will remain unbroken forever.

Self-Hurt of Sin.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **C. N. Sims, D.D.**, IN THE SIMPSON M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

But he that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul.—Prov. viii : 36.

WISDOM, as used here, is the law of God concerning human life and conduct, and sin is the transgression of that law. The text, not in a spirit of haughty denunciation, but with sad and kindly warning, declares that he who transgresses that law wrongs his own soul, is the author of his own sorrow and suffering and loss.

There are many who have a wholly different view of the methods of God's punishments, and one which prevents a clear and full apprehension of the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

They look upon God in this regard as a watchful governor, who detects the law-breakers, and with whips and fines and imprisonments and hangings punishes the guilty. Many have a sort of impression that Satan holds the office of God's jailer and executioner upon the incorrigibly wicked, and that he has a special appointment to torment lost souls. But God does not turn over the execution of His decrees to wicked spirits, nor does the Bible anywhere countenance this idea.

God's laws, under His immediate direction, work out the penalty of their own violation ; in part here, fully hereafter. All God's purposes in us are accomplished by the operation of beneficent law. To break the law is to thwart His purposes and bring the ruin which naturally follows such a course.

The law of the piano is, that its strings shall be tuned in harmony, and that under the skillful touch of the key light, cushioned hammers shall strike them. So they give out genuine music. But if you fail to tune them in harmony, and then, lifting the lid, strike them with iron hammers, you get discord and destruction. You have transgressed the law of the piano.

The law of the watch is to submit to balance-wheel and regulator ; take off the one or misplace the other, and your watch reports falsely all the time. You have transgressed its law.

The law of the circulation of the blood is from heart to artery, capillary, and back again by the veins ; and as it goes it repairs waste, carries off useless matter and gives

health and strength. But if you open an artery and send the blood outside its course, you die. You have transgressed the law. How sinful and self-destructive, then, is the violation of law, and how fatally does he who thus sins wrong his own soul !

Consider.

I. SIN AGAINST PHYSICAL LAW.

1. *The law of nutrition.*—Hunger, flavor and the delight of the palate are God's arrangements for insuring the taking of proper food to repair the waste and supply the growth of the body. Break the law, and eat for the sake of pleasing the palate or increasing sociability, then indigestion, dullness, sleeplessness at night and sluggishness by day follow. Who shall estimate the sin against the temple of the soul ?

2. *The nervous system.*—Its motor power is intended to carry messages out from the mind to the muscles, ordering work done and motion performed. Properly governed and temperately used, what usefulness, health and abundance of valuable labor accomplished may result ! Abuse it, and exhaustion, prostration, paralysis follow. Its sensitive power gives confidence or warning of danger by pleasure or pain. But if we divert it from these high uses, and compel it to minister at the vile altar of bodily pleasure, then *trembling mania* and loathsome diseases ensue.

But sadder still is

II. THE SPIRITUAL HURT.

1. *To the truth-perceiving faculties.*—The judgment and reason, acting under the restraint of a pure conscience, leads to the truth in a thousand ways : In business, society, pleasure, habits, indulgences—in all necessary things—and the life is guided in righteousness and wisdom. But let unholy ambition, improper desire for gain, any form of wicked selfishness get control of these faculties, and how they become warped, blinded, misguided ! Men love darkness rather than light, and they make their dwelling in it.

2. *To the power of self-control.*—This is the battle of growing evil habits against the will—growing more and more impatient of restraint, more and more defiant of conscience and will, till appetite, strengthened into habit, leads manhood captive and blots out every hope and joy.

3. *To the religious nature.*—Properly acted upon by the Holy Spirit, it becomes God's audience-chamber in the soul ; the natal chamber of the holiest purposes ; the place where the strength comes which gives martyr power. Sinned against, the demons of superstition, distrust, hatred of good, vile affections, skepticism and cold dark atheism come in to torment the soul.

4. *To the joys of memory and hope.*—Every life gathers up all its past and holds it in its present possession forever more by faithful memory ; and if that past be one of holy purpose and noble endeavor—if it has been one of fidelity to God, every record it holds will be a joy forever, its pains will turn to pleasure, its hardships to victories, its struggles to triumphs. But if its records be of deceit and dishonesty, of lust and recklessness, then *remorse* pours her bitterness into every recollection.

There is no joy of hope if we sin against wisdom. Two young men work for the same wise, generous and just employer, who is absent for a year. Each knows he will be rewarded according to his deserts when the proprietor returns. The one, by self-sacrifice, fidelity and untainted honesty, works for his master's interest ; the other neglects business, steals his employer's money and attempts concealment by false entries. Do they both contemplate the master's return with equal hope ? For one there is hope ; for the other apprehension. There is no ray of hope for the sinner.

III. HE THAT SINS AGAINST WISDOM INTERFERES WITH GOD'S PURPOSES FOR THE FUTURE.

God has great ambitions for us. He would build in us *noble character*. Sin defeats His wish and makes our character ignoble.

He would make us useful ; sin makes us hurtful to others. He would make us happy ; sin makes us wretched utterly and forever.

He would have us grow in spiritual beauty, symmetry and power ; sin deforms, enfeebles and mars our being.

In the onworking of God's great, holy and beneficent laws is infinite good ; but he who takes his life out from their control and submits it to the guidance of self and sin wrongs, oh ! how cruelly, his own soul !

The Prayer for Increase of Faith.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Samuel H. Weller, D.D.**, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
LINCOLN, NEB., IN THE ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

Lord, increase our faith.—Luke xvii: 5.

THE greatest need of our time is a larger Christian faith. We have an abundance of faith of a sort. Every community abounds in persons whom the schools call "historical" believers. Our Christianity is strong in the head but weak in the heart. We are, hence, able easily to hold our own in the debate as against the skeptic. We have a measure of genuine Christian faith, but it lacks in scope, in sweep, in power. It lacks lamentably in convincing, converting, overwhelming power. The text is a prayer. It is the prayer of Christ's immediate disciples. It recognizes Christ as the hearer and answerer of prayer. It is a prayer, moreover, for larger faith. It becomes thus an example for us to look to the same source for our much-needed increase of faith. There are many reasons why we should have this greater faith.

I. *We need it that as Christians we may apprehend our inheritance.* Few have any adequate notion of its significance. To many it is a *hope* to be realized by and by, but absolutely nothing now. To others their religion is a *consolation* as they walk under the shadows, but very little in the broad, sweet sunshine of material health and prosperity. Then there are those who regard it simply as a *mode of life*—perhaps the best mode of life, and so avow it on sheer economic grounds. And yet again it is looked upon as a *salvation*. It offers a way of escape from sin and its consequences and men accept it under whip of fear. We want a faith that will see in the new life something greater and better than all this. We want to see in it an inheritance which makes these ends possible and certain, and yet which inherently is infinitely more. True faith accounts it a power that allies the human with the divine; that smites evil and enthrones truth; that enriches and exalts manhood and glorifies it.

Christians are to realize that they are heirs, heirs of God, hence are become sharers in God's possessions—sharers in God's honor, power, glory. "All things are yours." Our religion, hence, has a depth of meaning of which we little dream. We get into ruts. Our worship drops into forms.

The Christian's faith should see something of infinite value beneath these forms.

A man has a garden which he prizes because of the annual harvests he is able to gather from it. The riches it brings him are from the surface and are satisfactory. He has no faith that looks beneath for treasure. He values his garden for what the surface yields. But suppose that upon good evidence he comes to believe that there is beneath this surface a mine of gold. Now what before satisfied sinks into insignificance. He is no longer content with the surface harvests. His whole mind, all his energies are absorbed by the *mine* of wealth discovered deeper down. So we are getting from our religion the fruits chiefly of surface tillage. We admire its forms; we prize its civilizing tendencies. We forget to inquire whether it has anything better for us. We are satisfied with this routine. Our faith fails to see other treasures and the real ones. Inexhaustible stores lie undiscovered beneath these forms. The surface values are religion's least values and are only incidental. As faith increases the treasure magnifies. Strong faith makes the true men, the mighty men, the conquering men—the Pauls and Luthers, the Wesleys and Moodys. We need a faith strong enough to realize this worth in our holy religion. In our ignorance we trifle. During the Crimean war a dying soldier of the French army gave to the woman, who had cared for him, what she took to be a simple memento. This she kept and valued because of its associations and its beauty. She finally hung it on the wall above the mantel in her humble dwelling. A few years since a stranger calling assured her that what she deemed but a picture was a note of the largest denomination issued by the Bank of France. Through years of poverty she had been in actual possession of what was to her a real fortune. She cherished the form but failed to see the actual treasure which it represented. How Christians prize the picture but fail to read its meaning! We hold a nameless treasure, but our faith is too weak to see it.

II. *We need increased faith that our Christian activities may be quickened.*—What could we not accomplish did we fully realize what our religion is? The measure of the Church's faith is the measure of her effectiveness. Proper faith would stay the tide of the world's wickedness. In the great cities, which are the centres of commercial life and strength, the dangerous classes are increasing out of all proportion to the increase of the population. Our faith is meagre. When we rise up higher we will be surprised at our present dullness of vision. The Church is held in check to-day because of feeble faith. Let faith be increased, and

it will move onward with resistless power. Recently, in one of our cities, a man was condemned to die for the murder of his brother. The friends of the doomed man labored day and night for the commutation of the sentence. They succeeded. That which gave them this conquering energy was a twofold faith—faith in the peril of the condemned man and faith in the fact that there was help in but one direction. The Christian's faith needs to be quickened in two directions: first, in the peril of the ungodly and then in the truth that there is but one way of escape. Touched by the power of the increased faith, all Christian life would become athrill with new zeal. The activities of the Church need the inspiring influence of the larger faith in man's peril and God's mercy.

III. *Faith is the condition of the divine working.*—The unbelief of the people limited Christ's miracles at Nazareth. To the two blind men He said: "According to your faith be it unto you." At the foot of Mount Tabor the disciples failed for lack of faith. In the context they are assured that even with a faith that is small, but genuine, nothing shall be impossible to them. Such faith endows man with God's power. There is, hence, no limit to the Church's ability with such faith. It is claimed that this faith belongs to a past age—an age of miracles. If there is any warrant in the Word for such limitation, I have been unable to find it. The possession of Almighty strength is conditioned on faith; facts can be adduced to confirm it. In recent revivals there are thousands of instances in which evil habit that has been grained into the constitution has been radically removed. For a long time it seemed to me a fanaticism, but facts confront me which oblige me to look higher for explanation. The Church ought to be clothed with power. I am convinced the power is offered. Faith is its condition.

IV. *Faith is the condition of Christian assurance.*—Every Christian should be able to say, I know that I have passed from death unto life. Too much is involved here and hereafter for us to rest in perpetual doubt. He who only guesses himself a child of God can never be strong. He cannot be full of peace when the shadows come. The question of the "higher life" is agitating the best men of the age.



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